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CHRONICLE.

The Queen.

HER MAJESTY went to Aldershot on Monday, laid the corner-stone of the new Church of St. George in the South Camp, and reviewed about ten thousand men of all arms.

In Parliament.

On *Friday* week the House of Commons did not sit, but the House of Lords did. It passed the disgraceful Eastbourne Bill, the LORD CHANCELLOR'S speech, which expressed the disgust of all honest men and good citizens at the measure, doing him, as it seems to us, more credit than his vote, or rather his influence, which prevented the thing being put to the vote at all. The proceeding was rather Pilatic, and not creditable to the Upper House. Divers Bills were then passed or forwarded, the Duke of ARGYLL making some observations on the Irish Education Bill, and the sitting ended. The Earl of MAR brought upon himself the deserved ignominy of a vote that he be not heard, by persisting in his attempt to trouble the House with his private matters.

The House of Lords did further business on *Saturday* (what time the idle Commons electioneered), and the unusual incident occurred of a division being taken (on the Witnesses' Protection Bill) without deciding the question, the total of contents and non-contents being below a quorum (thirty) of the House.

The Lords continued their useful labours on *Monday*, when a vast number of Bills received the Royal assent, and the Witnesses' Protection Bill, after some demur, was passed, Lord HALSBURY pleasantly observing that it was not what it ought to be, but was at the same time not likely to have any great operation before Parliament met again. In the Commons Mr. LABOUCHERE made a last despairing effort for "Saturday and "Small Polls," and, with the Arcadian and brotherly assistance of Dr. CLARK, wanted to know many other things. But there was nobody to answer for most of the Ministerial departments, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH played with inimitable gravity the part of one who would have given all his substance to be able to supply the information, but could not. The Lords' amendments to the Telegraphs and other Bills were agreed to, and the House adjourned after sitting little more than an hour.

At last, on *Tuesday*, both Houses found peace. Parliament was, early in the afternoon, prorogued to the 15th July in a QUEEN'S Speech foretelling the Dissolution, and referring briefly to the various measures passed during the Session. According to usage, the actual Dissolution was proclaimed an hour or two later, the new Parliament being simultaneously summoned to meet on the 4th of August.

Electioneering Chronicle.

Speeches and addresses during the week have, as a matter of course, abounded like leaves in the place which it is not lawful to mention. Mr. BALFOUR'S and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S addresses were published on Saturday last, the latter less individual than might have been expected, the former brief but to the point. On the day before "great" speeches had been made by Mr. BALFOUR at Leeds, by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE at Eastbourne, by Mr. GOSCHEN in town, by Mr. MORLEY at Newcastle, and by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Coventry. The meeting at the last-named place, according to a practice which has become frequent with Gladstonians, was much disturbed until the salutary office of the "chucker-out" was duly performed.——Still greater was the volume of matter on Monday awaiting the student. On Saturday a Chester JENNY GEDDES, who turns out to be "a strong Home Ruler," and who certainly used Home Rule methods, had flung a gingerbread nut at Mr. GLADSTONE "with a force and determina-"tion such as he had never witnessed." It struck him on the eye, causing some injury and great pain. But Mr. GLADSTONE, who has never been accused of personal cowardice, made his speech all the same, and was more confident in his assertions than ever, the circumstances, indeed, being calculated to produce warmth. His injury was real, and he had to retire to a dark room on Sunday. We need hardly say that we do not approve of the infliction of bodily pain on Mr. GLADSTONE in this way; besides, that dark room might have been skilfully used to develop votes.——On the same day Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was volatile at Derby; Mr. MORLEY not quite so volatile (somehow Mr. MORLEY'S speeches lately have been a little flat as well as a little "turned") at Newcastle; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham, fetched, by his sufficient chuckers-out, a noisy dissentient, set him in the midst, and admonished him with vigour.

Many addresses were published, the chief being one from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, almost confining itself to the question of the Union, and giving thereon no uncertain sound.——Many of the same and many other persons (including Mr. BALFOUR, who underwent a turbulent parenthesis at Paradise Square, in Sheffield, on his way to Manchester) spoke on Monday, by which day Mr. GLADSTONE'S eye had almost recovered the effects of the gingerbread nut. Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, and others issued their addresses—Mr. GOSCHEN'S naturally devoting itself mainly to financial matters. But the event of this day was the promulgation of a Manifesto from Lord SALISBURY, which appeared in Tuesday morning's papers, and with which we deal at length elsewhere. ——Lord SALISBURY supplied material for comment to the Gladstonian speakers of Tuesday. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thought the Manifesto "shameful." That, of course, is a matter of pure opinion; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may possibly think it shameful to take advantage of your opponents by writing better English and better sense than they do. We are constrained to look with less charity on Mr. MORLEY, who declared that the domestic policy of the document was purely "negative "and standstill." Considering its second paragraph, we tremble to think how the late Mr. BRIGHT would have characterized this statement of Mr. MORLEY'S. Meanwhile Mr. BALFOUR carried it roundly with the enemy at Manchester, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham, and Mr. GOSCHEN in Marylebone, where he was supporting Mr. BOULNOIS. Those about Mr. GUINNESS ROGERS promulgated on Tuesday a long, greasy, pragmatical rejoinder to the Ulster Nonconformist Manifesto.——On Wednesday Mr. GLADSTONE travelled northwards, his Chester accident curtailing his roadside addresses, from which, however, he did not entirely abstain. Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. MORLEY, Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, once more charged into the press, and Mr. GARDINER (promoted to be Serjeant Historian to the Home Rule party *vice* Mr. FREEMAN) explained that the Ulstermen "would be "well able to take care of themselves." We had thought that that was what the Ulstermen proposed to do, to the vast horror of Mr. GARDINER and his party. The historical mind, on the rare occasions of its entertaining Home Rule opinions, seems a little unfortunate when it ventures out of the study.——To the same speakers, or most of them, was added, on Thursday, Mr. GLADSTONE at Edinburgh, who made, of course, the greatest speech ever known. It at least let one great cat out of one tight bag, informing us that Mr. GLADSTONE means "by effective Parliamentary control" such control as the Imperial Parliament exercises on the Colonies at present. And that, as most people know, is just nothing at all.——Great horror has been aroused, especially in the minds of Mr. JOHN MORLEY and others who are tender of sacred things, by the news that some Salisbury printer ("Salisbury," look you! there is much in that) had executed a cartoon applying to Mr. GLADSTONE in too realistic a manner the words of the old Jacobite songster—

> But oh! to see the deil gae hame
> Wi' all the Whigs before him.

We all, Unionists and Gladstonians, hastened to express disapproval of the wicked conduct of the Salisbury printer, and, *en passant*, to hug ourselves on our improved manners.——Independently of Irish seats, there are still some sixteen or seventeen constituencies in the United Kingdom entirely unprovided with Unionist candidates—a very great mistake.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. On Monday Afghan news continued to be uncomfortable but vague. The same words might be used of that from German East Africa, in reference to which the Germans are once more echoing the French as to those dreadful English missionaries. There were reports of a "splore" in Fez as to the hoisting of the British flag at the Consulate, Sir C. EUAN SMITH having stood firm and carried his point.——On Tuesday morning Prince BISMARCK was much in the mouths of the foreign correspondents, who had to transmit opinions, some laudatory, some otherwise, on the frankness with which the ex-Chancellor has been giving his opinions during his Austrian tour. Tolerably distinct threats were uttered by German Ministerial organs that the terrors of the law would happen to Prince BISMARCK if he persisted in laying a sacrilegious tongue to the actions of Count CAPRIVI and Count CAPRIVI'S master. *Il ne manquait plus que ça.* Russian alarms about cholera also found expression; and there was gossip about a diplomatic scandal in Paris, where an American attaché, Captain BORUP, is charged with having suborned persons to supply him with State information, and, though his Government maintains his innocence, has been recalled by it in deference to French susceptibilities.——Afghan rumours and Bismarckian gossip almost monopolized the news of Wednesday and Thursday.——It is said that the German station at Kilimanjaro, the scene of the recent disaster, will be given up. This is a little annoying to England, because Kilimanjaro is properly within our sphere, and was only allotted to the Germans at their EMPEROR'S special request.——The KARAVELOFF trial, in Bulgaria, began on Thursday.

The Law Courts. The inquiry into the girl-poisoning cases was adjourned yesterday week for a fortnight, after the outline of one of the strangest stories ever told had been more or less indicated.——The DE WAHULL peerage case ended, as the knowing in such matters anticipated, by the refusal of the claim, on the ground that no proof of actual sitting in answer to summons had been given.——The sentiments of Mr. Justice WILLS in reference to a she-brute named CLARKE, who came before him on the charge of torturing for months a small stepdaughter (since dead), were lofty. His sentence—five months' hard labour—did not rise to their height.

Yachting. After a lull, in which there was little yachting, or only unimportant matches in remote districts, the Forth Regatta, with a Queen's Cup, brought out the *Queen Mab*, which won, though the once famous *Samœna* made a good fight of it.

Racing. There were some fair fields on the first day of the Newmarket July Meeting; but only three ran for the July Stakes and six for the Dullingham Plate. The first, however, would in any case have been a match between Milford and Bill of Portland, and was pulled off by the former. The two best horses in for the Dullingham Plate, Nunthorpe and Blue Green, had 10 st. 6 lbs. to carry; but Nunthorpe got within a head of Lord MARCUS BERESFORD'S lightly-weighted Versailles. Good fields were also the rule on the second day, when Versailles repeated his victory in the High Weight Handicap. Two of the Duke of PORTLAND'S two-year-olds, The Prize and Raeburn, came to the front in the Exeter Stakes and the Stud Produce Stakes, while Mr. ROSE'S Bel Demonio beat Prince SOLTYKOFF'S Star for the Bunbury Plate. The July Cup, the principal race of Thursday, was won against some good horses by Mr. LOWTHER'S Workington.

The University Match. The first day of the Oxford and Cambridge match, of which alone we can give any account here, was unexpectedly exciting. Oxford, winning the toss, went in, and promptly lost two of their best batsmen, Mr. PALAIRET and Mr. JONES, without a run. But if any Oxford man imitated Mr. WINKLE, and, retiring to his hotel, buried his face in a sofa, he did ill. For the rest of the innings was one of the most remarkable ever played in the match. Mr. JARDINE, steadiest, and Mr. HILL, most slashing, of Oxford

hitters, made, the first 140 and the second 114 (sixteen off four balls), and, with the assistance of Mr. FRY and Mr. CASE, carried the whole innings up to as many runs as there are days in the year. Cambridge then went in, and made 34 for two good wickets, those of the brothers DOUGLAS. But others there be who can hit 10r Cambridge, and the match was left in the most interesting condition.

Cricket, &c. Although, or because, the cricket of the end of last week was much affected by the rain, the matches decided on Saturday were by no means dull. Oxford defeated Sussex by 10 runs only, Mr. NEWHAM'S excellent batting very nearly turning the scale. The match between Cambridge and M.C.C., which at first looked bad for the University, was turned into a draw, though POUGHER and HEARNE had nearly landed it for the club when time came. The Winchester boys, on their own ground, beat Eton by half an innings and 84, after a match of very high scoring. Mr. MASON, in his two innings, had made 228 for Winchester, and nearly 900 runs had been put together by both sides, while Winchester had "closed" its second with five wickets to fall. In another public-school match Charterhouse beat Westminster in one innings, Mr. SMITH, the Carthusian captain, making 229. Notts beat Somerset; but Lancashire *v.* Surrey had to be abandoned, the weather not permitting it to be played out.——The two days' match at the beginning of this week between Oxford and M.C.C. supplied plenty of interest, the University batting and fielding in the second innings being very good, and the match being drawn much against Marylebone, who had sixty runs to make for their last wicket. Kent beat Sussex by an innings and 109 runs. Surrey beat Gloucestershire on Wednesday after a match the chief feature of which was the excellent batting in both innings of Captain LUARD for the beaten team; but Notts *v.* Yorkshire had to be given up owing to the weather.——In the University Lawn Tennis matches, both single and double, Cambridge got very much the better of Oxford, and had the same fortune not only at Polo, but in the singles at Tennis proper on Thursday.

Correspondence. On this day week was published a letter from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, expressing surprise that Mr. GOSCHEN should object to the word "foreign" as applied to British troops acting in Ireland, because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN once used that word in his unregenerate days. Mr. GOSCHEN rejoined on Monday, which was a lively day for Sir WILLIAM, for he got it on the other cheek simultaneously from Mr. BALFOUR in the matter of London water.——A long and very important letter was published from Mr. DIBBS, remonstrating with the tone now adopted in England towards Australian finance. Mr. DIBBS is a person of great ability, and his ability was not needed to prove that Englishmen should not use disobliging words of their colonists. But it is scarcely sufficient to conceal the fact that, when a colony has encumbered itself heavily for public works, and when—as they are sure to be under democratic government—those works are managed rather so as to give placebos to individuals than so as to earn dividends on the capital invested, the security is a doubtfully good one.——Professor DICEY and the Duke of ARGYLL have set some useful questions for Gladstonian candidates about Home Rule, and Sir FREDERICK MILNER has addressed to "My dear ROSEBERY" a mild reminder of some words of his about a Parnellite blood pledge. But "My dear ROSEBERY," remembering doubtless the lamentable fate of all Sir FREDERICK'S correspondents, has kept the tongue of silence in the cheek of discretion.——On Thursday morning the Duke of ARGYLL cut up the so-called Nonconformist reply to Ulster; Alderman SEXTON demolished Mr. GLADSTONE'S singular eulogy of the fair dealing of the Dublin Corporation, which has consisted in keeping the well-paid Mayoralty of that city for a dozen years as a preserve for Roman Catholic Nationalists; the Duke of NORFOLK, in a letter of great good sense and good feeling, assured the Unionist candidate for Winchester that Roman Catholic Unionists would make allowance for the circumstances of the present contest; and, to go to another matter, Sir JOSEPH PEASE, in an epistle of immense length, tried to justify the anti-opium fanatics. We are afraid Sir JOSEPH is hopeless; for he appeals to Canon WILBERFORCE and Mr. CAINE as his sureties. More letters from Nonconformists of weight, especially from Mr. ARTHUR, were published yesterday, appealing to their co-religionists for the Union. But the letter of the week was Lord TENNYSON'S—"I love Mr. GLADSTONE, "but hate his present Irish policy."

Miscellaneous. We deal elsewhere at length with the extraordinary sale of the DUDLEY pictures last week. It may suffice here to say that three pictures—the great RAPHAEL, the great HOBBEMA, and the CARLO CRIVELLI—fetched very nearly thirty thousand pounds between them; that prices over the thousand occurred by scores, and that the British nation was too poor to buy anything of the best.——The King of ROUMANIA arrived in London on a visit to the QUEEN on Monday.——On that day a meeting of the Royal United Service Institution was held, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE presiding, to decide, not without protest, on the rather risky and expensive step of accepting its new home in the Banqueting House, *plus* the stables of Dover House, at Whitehall.——On Wednesday a balloon accident at the Crystal Palace caused the death of the aeronaut Captain DALE, and serious injuries to his three companions. The Duke of AOSTA was entertained in the City.——A Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire has been held during the week. On Thursday a motion by Sir CHARLES TUPPER for differential duties against foreigners between England and her colonies was defeated by 55 to 33.

Obituary. The Marquess of DROGHEDA (whose chief title becomes extinct) was a good sportsman and landlord, and very popular in Ireland.

LORD SALISBURY'S MANIFESTO.

THE party in whose favour ARCHIBALD PHILIP, Earl of ROSEBERY, Viscount ROSEBERY and INVERKEITHING, Baron PRIMROSE and DALMENY in the peerage of Scotland, Baron ROSEBERY, of Rosebery, co. Edinburgh, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, has been vigorously stumping divers constituencies in Edinburgh, London, and elsewhere, is much shocked at Lord SALISBURY for addressing his Manifesto, not to some brother peer, but to the electors of the United Kingdom. The *Daily News* hopes that this will not be taken as a precedent by other peers in addressing electors in their own districts; for instance, by Lord ROSEBERY in addressing his neighbours the inhabitants of Edinburgh. It is needless to tell better informed persons that Lord SALISBURY, while discarding a rather silly fashion of no particular authority or antiquity, has strictly observed the etiquette—for it is mere etiquette between the two Houses, and to talk as Mr. GLADSTONE does of a "constitutional question" is either childish or dishonest—which prescribes that no peer shall interfere in "elections." At the time of the issue of his Manifesto the late Parliament was technically as much alive as on the first day of its meeting, and no election was going on anywhere within the kingdom. The directer form of address, therefore, scrupulously respects the decencies, and has great advantages as regard the actualities.

If we turn from the superscription of the Address to its contents, an omission, or what seems like an omission, may be the first thing, after the very unusual merit of the document as a composition, that strikes us. Very many of those who during the next fortnight will, as we hope, cast their votes for the Government, will do so, in the words of the dedication of the Church of which HER MAJESTY laid the corner-stone last Monday, "to the honour of St. GEORGE"—the honour of St. ANDREW, St. PATRICK, and St. DAVID being most carefully reserved and included. That is to say, they will vote for the Government, because the Government has, with some human slips and errors, upheld the honour and the place of Great Britain and Ireland among the nations, and because they know that the Government which hopes to succeed it would infallibly drag that honour in the dust, and lower that pride of place. To some of these, too, even the main objection to Home Rule is that any approach to independent Parliamentary government of Ireland must lead, and that far lesser measures of such independence than are contemplated have historically led, to situations in which both the honour and the interests of the country are necessarily exposed to grievous danger. But it is perfectly comprehensible why Lord SALISBURY says little of this. It would look like blowing his own trumpet, an art in which, for a modern statesman, he is wofully deficient; it would introduce an issue which is, perhaps, not very vividly before the average elector at the present moment; and, above all, it would be hard to handle without awakening painful memories, if not without casting positive slur on some present allies.

Accordingly, the PRIME MINISTER has constructed his platform, or, to use a much better image, the raft on which he has launched into the unknown sea, of two planks only—Social Reform and the Union. There may be those among the right wing of his party who at least have no extraordinary desire to commit their fortunes to the first plank. But it is important to observe that, as fashioned and fastened in these presents, it is one on which the stoutest Tory need not refuse to tread. There is nothing heterodox—we shall give no opinion whether or no there is anything Utopian—in the PRIME MINISTER'S aspirations after "the diminution "of poverty, the prevention of ruinous disputes in "trade, the improvement of the Poor Law, the pre-"servation of the lives and healths of the industrial "community." We can all, whether we be Tory, Whig, or Radical members of the Unionist party, join in them most heartily; and, if some may cynically doubt whether any one of them can be achieved by legislation, no one need hypocritically accept them without a real hope that they may, if it is possible, be achieved. There is absolutely nothing in any one of these things which need affect the just rights and privileges of any one of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. As Lord SALISBURY, with a beautiful frankness, admits, though he does not put it quite so plainly, every party will have, or will think it has, to take them up somehow. And we know that the other party, if it is put in a position to take them up at all, will take them up in a manner so as deliberately to affect and damage the just rights and privileges of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. All depends upon the spirit in these things, and Lord SALISBURY'S ideal England could be constructed—if it can be constructed—on principles which in no way run counter to sound Toryism. The objections to it are economic rather than political, and are not party-political at all. Indeed, it is the pure Whigs and the pure Radicals—if there are any of them left—rather than the Tories, who should object.

There will be little question among the impartial that Lord SALISBURY has lashed his planks together very cleverly and very strongly. "If you want social re-"form," he says, in effect, "and you all say you do, "vote, whatever you vote for, against Home Rule. It "cannot be got at all without a struggle which will "long make all other legislation impossible, and when "it is got it will engross the whole attention of Parlia-"ment to deal with the mischiefs it will cause." This, we think, fairly enough sums up the latter part of the Manifesto. And no part of the document is better than that where the PRIME MINISTER "rubs in," to the natural smarting and writhing of his enemies, the finding of the Special Commission, and thereby justifies that Ulster protest which has been now for a fortnight the subject of some pretended mockery and much real consternation among Gladstonians.

There can be no doubt that in thus running up the flag of No Surrender to Home Rule the PRIME MINISTER has done the wisest thing he could. The crew may be tempted or not by the promise of double rations, short watches, and so forth; they must, if they are in their senses, prefer the captain who says "At "any rate I will keep clear of rocks," to the captain who announces that he is going straight for the breakers on the chance of there being smooth water beyond.

BAD HISTORY AND BAD POLITICS.

THE volume entitled *Special Aspects of the Irish Question* (MURRAY), in which Mr. GLADSTONE has just published a reprint of his contributions on this subject to the periodical literature of the last six years, would be all the better, we think, for a motto. If the author agrees with us on this point, we can direct him to a sentence which he himself has quoted in one of these essays, and which, to our thinking, would look vastly well on his title-page. He mentions that, in the course of a Parliamentary debate, which took place in 1889, the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant described him as "bringing bad history to the support "of bad politics." That, we submit, is pretty nearly as accurate a description of this volume, appearing at this moment, as need be desired. Nothing, at least, seems wanted to make it completely adequate, except an indication, hardly, of course, to be conveyed in a motto, that the bad history—though its badness arises from its being perverted to the support of the bad politics—does not, in fact, support them at all. Mr. GLADSTONE is at this moment most busily engaged in the mischievous work of attempting to repeal a wise and necessary political settlement which has subsisted for over ninety years, and to revive, under infinitely more unfavourable conditions than before, the disastrous political experiment to which that settlement put an end. These are his bad politics; and his bad history consists in a perverse endeavour to make out that a work which was turned out by methods neither better nor worse than those commonly employed, and sanctioned by the political morality of the time—"combined violence and fraud, "baseness, tyranny, and cruelty in a degree rarely, if "ever, paralleled in history." And upon this it is obvious to remark that, if that account were as just as it is unjust, and as exact as it is preposterously exaggerated, the proceedings described in it would afford just as much, or as little, ground for repealing the Union as the intrigues and duplicity of some of the Whig fathers of the Revolution of 1688 would have afforded ninety years later for restoring the representatives of the exiled STUARTS to the English throne.

It is difficult to imagine what class of his countrymen it can be whose votes Mr. GLADSTONE supposes that he is likely to influence by this re-issue of the masses of extravagant rhetoric and audacious sophistry which it pleased him to pour out upon the public for several years after his last defeat at the polls. The

historical, or pseudo-historical, portion of the volume—the review, for instance, of Dr. INGRAM'S *History of the Irish Union*, and the paper entitled "Plain "Words"—almost a contradiction in terms with the name of its author—on the same subject—was amply dealt with by its critics in the press at the time of its first appearance. The laboured and shifty defence of his Irish administrative policy which he put forth in an article on Mr. WEMYSS REID'S *Life of Forster* would, even if it were successful, be but an infelicitous addition to a volume published for electioneering purposes by a subsequent convert to Home Rule; while much of the interpolated matter, be it old or new—and we cannot in every case give an undertaking—is largely "padding." That small minority, therefore, of the electorate whose views upon the Irish question have been or are capable of being determined by historical considerations, or even by arguments and reason at all, as distinct from prejudice and misrepresentation, must have long since made up their minds upon the evidence. As for the residue of voters whom it is hoped to delude, we should recommend Mr. GLADSTONE to persevere in his old methods of appeal to them. False accounts of the contents and operation of the Crimes Act, fancy portraits of the Irish Constabulary, imaginative reports of the proceedings before resident magistrates, cooked statistics of outrages and evictions—in fact, the whole farrago of the Home Rule leaflet and *supellex* of the Home Rule van are much more likely to serve Mr. GLADSTONE'S turn than these laborious attempts to re-write ancient history which the flock of Mr. SCHNADHORST will never care to read. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, as he admits with delightful naïveté, has only "for "some time past" (say since 1886) "done my best to "form some acquaintance with the past experiences of "unhappy Ireland"; and for those among whom he seems to be seeking his historical pupils, it is certainly too late to begin.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE Editor of a weekly journal once took the course of events anathematized by PORSON rather severely to task. For, said he, "important news "always comes just too late for my paper." This year the University match, being fixed to begin on a Thursday, comes most inopportunely for our comment. On the singular and exciting events of the first day we are indeed able to comment briefly elsewhere, but they rather complicate than simplify the chances. Even on Saturday the match may still be going on, and prophecy is proverbially risky. Everything pointed to a rather close match. If Oxford was well beaten in the return by Lancashire, Cambridge was well beaten by Somerset and Mr. WOODS. Then Oxford just beat Sussex, and showed much pluck by a long innings against M.C.C.—an innings of over 300, made without Mr. PALAIRET. Yet, on the same day, Oxford bowlers could not bowl GEESON and RAWLIN, the bowlers, the last cards of M.C.C. Then the Cambridge victory over Surrey was a much greater deed than any scored to Oxford's credit; and Mr. LATHAM is, apparently, a freshman even better than that celebrated athlete, Mr. FRY. Will Mr. WOOD'S slows be even as Mr. RIDLEY'S, or will they be hit out of the ground after Mr. STODDART'S example? Who can venture to predict even after Thursday's cricket?

The lists of names prove that Eton is not holding her own at cricket. There are only two Eton men in the two Elevens. Repton has two in the Oxford team, and Dulwich three in Light Blue, although, mark it well, the Cambridge captain is *not* a Dulwich man. Schools like Malvern, Bath, Wellington, Rossall, Fettes, and even Dr. GRIMSTONE'S establishment at Rodwell Regis ("Private"), are represented. Harrow has but one solitary member; Rugby has none at all. This looks as if ingenuity and application were widely distributed at the seminaries of our beloved country. Of colleges, Oriel and Balliol supply five out of the Oxford team; while modern Selwyn, at Cambridge, is as well to the front as ancient and glorious Trinity. B.N.C. and University do not contribute a single player. How are the mighty fallen since the days of OTTAWAY and "SAM BUTLER," and where is the House? Colleges and nations are enlarged and straitened again.

Were we to be "a vaticinating on future events for to "come," reason would point to a Cambridge victory; instinct, encouraged by the first day, suggests that Oxford cannot lose for ever. There has been a run on light blue, and it must end some day; but it is always wiser to back rather than to go against a run. Such is the constant practice of Monte Carlo. The two Universities have, on the whole, won with a regularity of well-divided success not to be paralleled in the records of pitch and toss. Oxford is two matches in arrears; if things go on as tradition indicates, it is time for her to win. Some say that she will win by fifty-six, and that Mr. GLADSTONE will have a similar majority. This is a very hazardous double event, and only the longest odds can be accepted. The red and raving eye of imagination can peer no further into the future beyond hinting a hope that the umpire's decisions may be equally acceptable to both parties. Of late this has not invariably been the case; small blame to the umpires. The usual difficulty in explaining the game to ladies will undoubtedly be experienced. These predictions aim at the Delphic explicitness of ZADKIEL rather than at perfectly unambiguous vision. It is said that Harrow will defeat Eton, and this is advanced with considerable confidence. Further it is forbidden to pry into futurity.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATTER-DAY SPEECHES.

THE tenth volume of Mr. GLADSTONE'S *Speeches and Public Addresses* has just been published by Messrs. METHUEN & Co., under the editorship of Mr. "A. W. HUTTON, M.A., Gladstone Librarian, National "Liberal Club," and Mr. "H. J. COHEN, M.A., of the "Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law." A man may without great ignorance be somewhat to seek in the bibliography of Mr. GLADSTONE'S writings and speakings. But, unless we are much mistaken, this tenth volume is in the order of publication the first of the series to which it belongs. If this be so, we can only express our wonder at the confidence with which the editors and publishers have declared on their title-page that their enterprise will be comprised "in ten volumes," and that the book before us is "Vol. X." Both announcements seem to us temerarious in the extreme. Mr. GLADSTONE has been speaking now, without appreciable cessation, for sixty years, and there is no reason to think that he intends to leave off. It is only at the last moment that he will say with the dying Prince of Denmark, "The rest is silence." He will speak several more volumes yet in Midlothian and elsewhere. We confidently look forward to Vols. XI. and XII. at the least. The present volume covers the years 1888–91. If the volumes dealing with the previous portions of Mr. GLADSTONE'S oratorical career are on the same scale, the series will fall but little short of twenty volumes. In the numbering of some streets we find such notations as 7, 7½, or 7A, 7B. Some of Mr. GLADSTONE'S remaining volumes will have to be designated in a similarly fractional way. A rather long-

winded *conteur*, once asking where he should begin his story, was advised to begin it at the end. A considerable novelist, not long since dead, was in the habit of starting from the catastrophe, and tracing it backwards through the events which led up to it and the causes which produced it. The course of a river may be traced either from its mouth to its sources or from its sources to its mouth. There may be something of the interest of exploration in following the winding stream of Mr. GLADSTONE'S politics from the sea which it will join, through its perturbed and often contaminated mid course, to the purer and fresher fountains in which it had its beginning. We do not, indeed, suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE'S publishers and editors had any sentimental or psychological motive of this kind. They had an eye, doubtless, to the General Election. For Mr. GLADSTONE, the publication of his earlier speeches would involve him in incessant conflict with himself at a time when he has conflicts enough on his hands, engaging him in the demonstration that opposites are the same, and that self-contradiction is the only consistency.

The contents of "Vol. X."—to give it that designation provisionally—are not exclusively political. The Eisteddfod and the Homeric ARTEMIS, Mr. BRIGHT'S death and Mr. GLADSTONE'S own Golden Wedding, relieve the bitterness of the political controversy to which most of its pages are devoted. They partly enable us to understand the Duke of ARGYLL'S conflict between his love of the man and his condemnation of the politician, though when the politician is cut out of Mr. GLADSTONE, very little, we fear, of the man remains. They further remind us that Mr. GLADSTONE has been, since the death of Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, the only representative of that blending of statesmanship with scholarship of whom CARTERET and WELLESLEY were earlier types. That Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches belong to the oratory which is also literature cannot be said. They are debating speeches and business speeches, and they have their historic importance as illustrations of a remarkable career and period. But no one will read them on their own account, any more than the speeches of PITT or FOX are now read. They are to oratory, in the sense in which we apply that word to the great masters of spoken language, ancient and modern, what improvisation is to poetry. There is about them a curious inversion, a parenthetical involution, which suggests the image of a man advancing not in a direct line, but in a series of circles, each half returning upon itself, but each still carrying him some small way further, covering a great deal of ground to make very little progress. It would seem as if Mr. GLADSTONE, by turning and doubling, wishes to conceal both from himself and those who watch him, and still more from those who follow him, what the point is to which he is really tending. The remark attributed to BUFFON that the style is the man, or, as it is said really to have been, the style is of the man—an emendation which substitutes a weak truism for a forcible epigram and image—perhaps receives some illustration from Mr. GLADSTONE'S use of language. His speech bewrayeth him. The tortuous and indirect formation of his sentences; the long winding mazes, in which the grammatical construction is sustained, but in which the thought seems to lose itself; the ambiguities of expression and duplicities of meaning in which Mr. GLADSTONE wraps up the veriest truisms and commonplaces, are slight, but not instructive, betrayals of a character which has left the statesmanship of England less straightforward and transparent than it was in earlier days.

ELECTION SPEECHES AND ELECTION ADDRESSES.

WE shall very likely hear from Mr. MORLEY or one of his political associates that Mr. BALFOUR has not directly grappled with the main criticism bestowed upon his election address by the member for Newcastle. Mr. MORLEY contended, we shall perhaps be reminded, that the chief objection which Mr. BALFOUR had taken to the project of establishing a separate Parliament for Ireland, and yet retaining an Irish representation at Westminster for Imperial affairs, can be urged against the existing system; and that this contention Mr. BALFOUR did not, in his speech at Manchester the other night, specifically notice. It is true, so far at least as we can gather from reports of his speech, that he did not deal with it in so many words; but by necessary implication, from his able review of the whole question, he quite effectually disposed of it. For Mr. MORLEY'S criticism, after all, amounted merely to this:—that, whereas Mr. BALFOUR had pointed out that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule scheme would involve a particular consequence which would be at once extremely mischievous and grossly unjust, he omitted to notice that the mischief, though not the injustice, exists already. Yes; but that qualification takes all the point out of Mr. MORLEY'S criticism. Under no scheme of representative government would it be possible to prevent a Third party of sufficient strength from holding the balance between two others. But what it is possible to do is to prevent it from exercising this power without any reciprocal check whatsoever; and to remove such a check when it exists, as it would be removed in this case by giving the Irish absolute legislative control over their domestic affairs, while allowing them still to exercise their casting vote on Imperial questions, is to aggravate the amount of the mischief as well as to increase its irritating quality by spicing it with injustice.

Mr. BALFOUR, however, did well to widen the basis of his objection. It is not—as, with irresistible cogency, he pointed out—it is not in the mere abstract unfairness of freeing Ireland from the control of England, while leaving England liable to the interference of Ireland, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S fantastic proposal offends. The scheme sins against itself, as well as against Imperial policy, by leaving powers to the Irish which would prove fatal to its own finality. There cannot be a doubt that the main purpose for which the weapon of the Irish casting vote at Westminster on Imperial politics is most likely to be used would be to compel successive revisions of a Home Rule Act in a Nationalist sense. It is a pity that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had not this most formidable objection before him when he was holding forth with his usual loftiness the other night at Derby on the "half-dozen Parliaments" of Canada, of Australia, and so forth. This sort of talk had some meaning in connexion with Mr. GLADSTONE'S original plan, the realization of which would at a stroke have given to an island within a few miles of our shores the semi-independent status of colonies removed from us by half the circuit of the globe. But from the moment when Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY found out that, even to purchase immunity from Irish obstruction in Parliament, a scheme like this would not be looked at for a moment, the chatter about colonial Legislatures might have seemed so manifestly irrelevant that, in the mouth of any one but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, its repetition might be suspected of covering a deliberate intention to mislead. And now Mr. GLADSTONE at Edinburgh has thrown us back into an abyss of perplexity on the whole subject.

We are not sure that even a politician once so eminently respectable as Mr. FOWLER could deal with

this matter without incurring suspicion; for there have lately been too many signs that this worthy person has not escaped demoralization by party politics. As a financial critic of the Government, he at one time wielded all the authority which could be possessed by any one who shared this particular function with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. But on more than one occasion in the House of Commons he has declined from that rigid standard of controversial fairness which a colleague and collaborator is always so careful to maintain. In an early speech of the present week at Wolverhampton he said that the Government had passed "four great measures." They had carried a measure for "depriving Ireland of its constitutional "rights." They had passed a Bill to enable 90 millions of English money to be raised for land purchase in Ireland. By a third Bill they had conferred local government upon the counties; and by the fourth they had granted free education. This would be well enough from any one save a financial critic; but a financial critic is not lightly to be excused for ignoring Mr. GOSCHEN'S Conversion scheme. As Mr. GOSCHEN has since ventured to remark, Mr. FOWLER'S defective enumeration was the more noticeable because the report of the speech which contained it appeared in the newspapers cheek by jowl with the text of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S election address, wherein that Minister legitimately recalls the fact that, under his administration of the finances of the country, "the weight of the National Debt, in respect both of "capital and interest, has been materially reduced and "the burden of taxation lightened." It may be presumed that, if Mr. FOWLER had delivered his speech a day later, he would have included in his list of the great measures of the Government the highly important and valuable financial operation which he omitted; but such a reminder should not be necessary to a man who has been Financial Secretary to the Treasury. And, on the whole, it cannot be said that Mr. FOWLER'S already somewhat damaged reputation has been improved by his latest speech.

It seems a little premature on the part of our modest adversaries to be not only constructing anticipatory Cabinets, but favouring us with an outline of their tactics with regard to Ministerial legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, who has been recently indulging in the last-named exercise, may perhaps plead the excuse that he is replying to the PRIME MINISTER, and, in any case, his reply has an importance, as an indication of his designs, which makes it worth studying. He has evidently been disturbed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S recent development of certain observations made some time ago by Lord SALISBURY, wherein the member for Birmingham pointed out that, if Mr. GLADSTONE returned to power and introduced another Home Rule Bill, an early dissolution must follow whether the measure passed or was rejected. It is, of course, far from suiting Mr. GLADSTONE'S book that his supporters in the constituencies should go to the polls with this agreeable prospect before them; and he endeavoured on Saturday last to show that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S dilemma can be evaded. On the alternative of his succeeding in carrying his Bill he had little to say—perhaps, because he feels that he has little to expect. But even his ingenuity would hardly be equal to the task of proving that, if he were *per impossibile* to pass his new Home Rule Bill, a dissolution could be constitutionally avoided. As Sir HENRY JAMES pointed out the other day at Liverpool, an election would in that event be required to enable the Irish constituencies to select their reduced representation in Parliament. But, in the far more probable contingency of the Bill being rejected in the House of Lords, we are now given to understand that Mr. GLADSTONE would neither reintroduce the measure nor advise a dissolution, but would hang up his Irish project till the Parliament was approaching its end, and would in the meantime set to work upon the Newcastle Programme. Upon which we need only observe that, though Mr. GLADSTONE may propose, it is his Irishmen who will dispose, and they may just possibly fail to see the fun of waiting five or six years longer for a division of the spoils on College Green. The plan, moreover, is in flagrant inconsistency with Mr. GLADSTONE'S emphatic declaration that at his age he must confine himself to settling the Home Rule controversy, and leave all other questions to younger men. But, no doubt, he felt the immediate necessity of saying something—no matter what—to reassure the dupes, who will fondly imagine that in voting for him they are voting for every item in the Newcastle Programme.

THE SESSION.

IT is possible to feel both uncertain and anxious as to the first Session of the Parliament—the thirteenth of the reign—which is coming, and yet to be relieved that the last of the twelfth has ended as it has. In these times and these circumstances the closing Session might have been so infinitely mischievous. It might have been full, from first to last, of Bills which were not designed to pass, but merely bids for votes, and of Bills which were not the less bids for votes because they were meant to pass. If it cannot be said that measures coming under one or other of these heads, or both, have been absent, at least they have not monopolized the attention of Parliament. Some Bills have even been passed, in spite of opposition, which can never bring votes to those who carried them. It may even be that in the future this Session may be memorable, as the last for years in which any business not directly dictated by the most ignoble possible form of vote-hunger—that which has appetite for the votes on which Mr. GLADSTONE is content to subsist—was done at all. Next week the frivolity and ignorance, to which the casting vote has been entrusted, may make the Session memorable indeed as a landmark indicating the point where a combination of sentiment and greed put the fortune of this country at the mercy of a politician of whom his followers insist mainly that he is very old, as if that were in itself a qualification.

But, unless it is to shine by contrast, the Session will not be memorable. Its virtues have been mainly negative. There have been no resolutions against the opium revenue, no votes in favour of the leaseholder's right to confiscate the ground-landlord's property, or the moral claim of Dissenters to appropriate buildings under pretence of using them as places of worship. The good that these displays of virtue could do had apparently in the opinion of members been done in previous Sessions. They were in this more directly concerned with the constituencies. The list of Bills passed, which is always unexpectedly long at the end of the most barren Session, includes one actually drafted in the interest of the Church, and passed in defiance of the political Dissenter at his most malignant and dishonest. The history of the Clergy Discipline Act is, in fact, really curious. It not only showed the Nonconformist conscience in one of its most remarkable manifestations, but it revealed the weakness of Mr. GLADSTONE'S control over his Dissenting allies. The Act only gives the Bishop power to remove, without a delay which is discreditable to the Church, and costly to himself, such beneficed clergymen as have been condemned in the law courts for acts of immorality. The fact that this was a matter of purely internal discipline with which the Dissenters, as such, had nothing to do, did not deter the Welsh Noncon-

formists from opposing the Bill. And what is more, condemnation by Mr. GLADSTONE had no more influence with them than decency. It was to no purpose that he argued and appealed directly and indirectly to the honesty and good manners of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Some service was intended to the Church, and the Welsh Dissenting members saw in that reason enough for opposition. They were as reluctant to allow the morality and good order of the Church to be served as their ancestors were to preach the Gospel to the invading heathen. Mr. GLADSTONE being unable to check this amiable Welsh implacability, the Chairman of Committees was at last compelled to rule that the spirit of the ancient Britons must not be displayed in frivolous amendments. They were ruled out, and the Welsh members retired indignant at the tyranny which would not allow them to impede the salvation of their natural enemies. Their opposition to the Bill and their contumacy to Mr. GLADSTONE gave prominence to a measure which might otherwise have stirred no more passion than the Scotch Burgh Police Bill.

The opposition to the Clergy Discipline Bill is worth insisting upon because it was a manifestation in a quite pure state of that spirit of merely malignant envy of, and hostility to, some institution or class which is not the least powerful influence among Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers. In this case it was shown in spite of the revered leader. He himself made full use of it in the opposition to the Agricultural Holdings Bill. The Government measure is open enough to the criticisms of those who cannot persuade themselves that pious intentions will be of any avail against material and economical facts. No answer has ever been given to the question whether it is possible that any Acts of Parliament can do now what the legislation of the TUDORS failed to do in far more favourable circumstances. But, if there is any part of England in which the nature of things makes it possible for the small proprietor to flourish, this Bill will facilitate the purchase of land for him. So modest a measure could not satisfy the Opposition. To help the small proprietor without conferring on some "popular" body the power of injuring the landlord is not remedial legislation, as it is now understood by the Gladstonians; compulsion was needed to complete it, from their point of view. Mr. GLADSTONE has even found room in his address for a reminder to the agricultural voter that, until he has power to compel the landlord to sell, his wrongs have not been redressed. The Ministry have to thank the House of Lords for taking out of the Bill an amendment which, by making the small properties held under the Bill personalty, and not realty, in cases of intestacy, would have gone some way to defeat the avowed object of the measure, which is to attach a class of peasant proprietors to the soil.

The Irish Local Government Bill is the third measure which has been prominent in the Session. Of it also one may say that its importance resided, not in itself, but in what was said and done about it. The provisions of a Bill which has not been passed are not even matter of history, but only indications of what history there was in some quarters an intention to make. But its reception in the House and its course there are otherwise valuable. Indeed, they are not less characteristic than the resolute efforts of the more pious kind of Welshmen to protect the criminous clerk, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S anxiety that Village Councils should have full power to mulct the presumably Tory squire. The Bill was howled at from first to last. The howling was not always equally loud, of course. Human nature cannot shout indefinitely without becoming hoarse. Moreover, there were variations in the ways and places of the shouting. Sir W. HARCOURT'S bass on a platform and Mr. SEXTON'S shrill falsetto in the House are not identical, though they are both used in the same spirit and to the same end. The point is that, though they did not all shout in the same way, the opponents of the Bill did nothing but shout. Now this is a method of discussion which, as the Radical minority at a Conservative political meeting knows, has its advantages. It may prevent the other man from speaking, and it saves the man who uses it from the unwonted trouble of thinking. Whether the Irish Local Government Bill had a better prospect of attaining its object than the Agricultural Bill, if by any chance it had been passed, is not a point on which there would be any hesitation in the minds of the critics to whom we have appealed—namely, those who realize the relative strength of sentiment, and of the nature of things. But if, Ireland being what it is, any system of local government is ever to work at all, it will be one in which a minority is provided with the weapons to defend itself, and its right to use them is put under the protection of some strong, independent authority. These indispensable qualifications the Ministry endeavoured to secure by a system of voting which gave property some decent proportional representation, by entrusting a check on the capital expenditure of the County Councils to an independent body representing the moneyed class, and by giving two judges (this, at least, is our estimate of a provision which was not of the clearest, and was never argued out in Committee) power to dissolve a Council in every case where, in England, the judges can send its members to prison for contumacy. Now, whether these safeguards would have attained their end, or whether they would not in practice have proved as futile as the paper guarantees which adorned Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Bill, that also is a question which might lead to a pleasant evening at a debating society. Our concern at present is with the fact that they did not lead to any debating in the House, but to howlings of round assertions and threats of obstruction. It was opposed, not because it was a bad Local Government Bill, but because it was not Home Rule. When the obvious intention of the Opposition to obstruct had forced the Ministry to give up all hope of carrying the Bill, it was found to have served as a shoe-horn to draw on a General Election, which now that it is at hand is seen to turn entirely on Home Rule.

If this was the purpose for which the Bill was designed, it may deserve to rank higher as an example of good management than it was ever likely to have ranked as a specimen of successful legislation. It can be quoted as a sign of Unionist disposition to grant all things reasonable to Ireland, but to stop short of the disruption which Mr. GLADSTONE promises. It has been the test case which has brought the Opposition to define its position. The position of the Unionist party was known all along. But, considering the Newcastle Programme, there was some undeniable obscurity as to Mr. GLADSTONE'S. So soon, however, as the Government had produced the Bill with which it proposed to make good its promise of local government to Ireland, there was a rapid clearing up of the situation. The Session, in fact, worked up through the Local Government Bill to the re-establishment of Home Rule as the one question before the country—when by Home Rule is understood Mr. GLADSTONE'S chance to end by adding some measure of that name to the half-dozen other Acts by which he has successively undertaken to settle the Irish question. One other thing has been settled in this Session; it has been Mr. BALFOUR'S tenure of the Leadership of the party. On that subject also there has been some howling on the part of those who believe, not without reason, that under the present dispensation noise may be made to do the work of argument. They howled, and then one day they ceased howling, and Mr.

BALFOUR is the Leader beyond dispute. The Session has brought Home Rule back, and left Mr. BALFOUR over against Mr. GLADSTONE, where nobody has stood since Lord BEACONSFIELD'S death. By the end of next week we shall begin to know what it is to lead to further.

THE OUTLINES.

MR. GLADSTONE has provided for the favourable reception and easy criticism of his opening speech in Midlothian. It consists, for the most part, of what has repeatedly been proved to be acceptable to the gallery. Matter of this kind needs no special notice. Who would waste time in expostulating with Mr. GLADSTONE for his hundredth repetition of his favourite proposition that in all "the great "political controversies of the last fifty years . . . "these leisured classes, these educated classes, these "wealthy classes, these titled classes, have been "in the wrong"? It would be as idle to argue with Mr. GLADSTONE as to ask his audience why they gave prolonged cheers, "many persons rising, "and waving hats and handkerchiefs." Was it for joy that they did not belong to the educated classes, or from enthusiasm at the thought that they had always been in the wrong? You cannot be both educated and right—*teste* Mr. GLADSTONE. But this sort of thing is meant to tickle the ears of the rebellious flunkey, and we see that it does.

In the agreeable state of complacency produced by this deft tickling of his ears by the Mustard Seed and Peas-blossom of Mr. GLADSTONE'S eloquence, BOTTOM at the music-hall was the better disposed to accept those outlines of the coming Home Rule Bill which formed the substantial part of the speech, as being new or satisfactory, or both. To those who are accustomed to Mr. GLADSTONE'S method, and have acquired some understanding of the facts of the case, there will be nothing unexpected in these same outlines, or in the manner in which they are presented. The new Bill, it seems, is to be the old, *plus* the retention of the Irish members, or some of them, at Westminster, and with an even smaller amount of paper guarantee. It is, in fact, to give Ireland all the self-government possessed by the colonies, subject to such limitations as the Irish may promise to submit to. Given Mr. GLADSTONE'S entire dependence on the Irish vote, it was obvious that, wherever the new Bill differed from the old, it would be in the way of giving more independence to the Home Rule Parliament, and imposing less check upon it. The "outlines," as Mr. GLADSTONE gives them, are indeed vague enough, but we are not attributing more meaning to them than they must necessarily possess. When we know what kind of local government a country is to receive we can without any great effort make an approximate guess at the kind of Home Rule Bill which must be constructed to confer it. Now for once in a way there can be no doubt as to the meaning of something Mr. GLADSTONE has said. Irish Home Rule is to be as full as Canadian or Australian. It is true, no doubt, that Ireland, "by the unanimous assent of "her representatives," and in the exercise of that moderation which Mr. GLADSTONE holds up to the admiration of "the classes" in this country, has promised to allow Customs and Excise legislation to be reserved to the Imperial Government, though they are properly speaking "local affairs," and not Imperial. But that is wholly due to her goodness.

Mr. GLADSTONE did not explain what unanimous consent of the Irish representatives he is speaking of. If it is the consent of 1886, that has been interpreted, as all men except Gladstonians know, in Committee Room 15, and very freely in Ireland. Read by the light of these comments, it is found to be a unanimous consent to accept Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Bill as an instalment, and as a weapon for extorting full power to deal with "Irish interests" in Irish ways. It is eminently probable that an equally virtuous unanimity will be displayed in promising to submit to that "supre-"macy of Parliament" which Mr. GLADSTONE argued, with greater kindness to his opponents in the way of supplying them with a damaging answer than he commonly shows, will be a reality, and not, as Lord SALISBURY wickedly says, a sham. Mr. GLADSTONE'S reason for the faith that is in him is very exquisite. The supremacy of Parliament is exercised over the colonies, not as a "shadow or a fiction," but as "a real, overshadowing, "controlling power, a power which is meant to be "called into action should occasion arise." Therefore it can be exercised over Ireland. Exactly so; that is our case. When a Home Parliament is set up in Ireland, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament will be no less real and overshadowing in regard to it than in regard to the Colonial Legislatures. In other words, it will be real and overshadowing till the occasion arises to call it into action. Now, perhaps, Mr. GLADSTONE will tell us on what occasion this supremacy has been exercised over any colony's control of its domestic affairs, and what the supremacy would be worth if Australia declared herself independent.

A SEA-SIDE REGATTA.

APART from the boating world of the Thames, more primitive regions have begun to think about, or even to celebrate, their solitary boating event of the year. Chance brought it about that we were present at one such gathering not long ago, and those who are accustomed to boats by Clasper and oars by Ayling, or the magnificence of yachting at Cowes, may be interested to read of the *gaudium certaminis* of an unfashionable meeting. There are several hundred little watering-places and seaside villages along the South and West coasts, any one of which might give a local habitation to this particular regatta, for all are more or less alike. Its real name shall not be revealed, lest emulous athletes and millionaires should descend and mar its rustic simplicity by hundred-guinea cups and fifty-tonners.

On a grey, windy, vicious-looking morning we started in an open sailing-boat to convey ourselves to the arena of battle, a distance of about seven miles along the coast. The boat was a small one, not more than eighteen feet long, quite open, and carrying a largish lug sail and a jib. The wind was in our favour, and we travelled at a very fair pace to the village or watering-place whereunto we were bound. In the boat were some seven or eight rough fishermen, very good fellows, with some idea of sailing, and very keen on securing the prize, and beating competitors from other neighbouring towns who had entered. To the unprejudiced eye the chance of their winning was small, but they had boundless belief in the powers of their boat; and, after all, racing, and life itself for that matter, is a chapter of accidents. Indeed, in our case the chapter swelled almost to a volume, as shall presently be shown. Arrived at our destination—some three hours before the race—we disembarked to procure lunch and look about at the old dock and the yet older church, whose crowded graveyard was full of the tombs of nautical heroes of the past. Having had our fill of such sight-seeing as there was, we returned to the boat, went to the Committee's hulk for instructions as to where we were to sail, and when, and then started on our trial trip. The scheme which we had before us was to win the cup, and bear it home in triumph in the boat to our own village shortly after the race was over. But *l'homme propose mais le vent dispose*, as we afterwards discovered. The wind had risen considerably while we were prospecting for food and wonders in the town, and with it the sea had also got up. Dirty yellow rollers came thundering in against the breakwater, topped with yeasty foam. Grey clouds swept across the sky and obscured the sun; while what is technically known as half a gale (to the uninitiated often more like a whole one) whistled about our ears. Our trial was fairly successful. Nothing broke, though a good many things were heard to crack as the

tremendous gusts drove the boat along through clouds of drenching spray. The bay, meantime, was alive with sailing craft of all sorts and sizes. Pilot-boats, clumsy fishing craft, small open boats rigged with no pretensions to accuracy of fit or symmetry of outline, with rough squares of canvas strung on to spars. One or two more elaborate vessels, half yacht, half nondescript, and all ridiculously overloaded with sail for the day and the wind, crashed about in all directions, occasionally fouling each other, but always with the utmost nonchalance and good-humour. Two races were over, a third—pilot-boats—was just off, and ours (flat-bottomed boats with centre-boards) came next. The pilot-boats started off at a great pace, six of them in all. The course was—first of all close hauled out to a buoy, then with the wind down to a moored boat, then tacking to another buoy, then home with the wind on the beam, about three miles in all. The pilot-boats got a fairly even start, and kept very close together as far as the first buoy. Then, with the wind behind them, two drew away fast from the others, and the race appeared to be over. But when the tacking began a third boat, hitherto among the four who followed vainly in the rear of the conquerors, began to come up, being very cleverly handled, and apparently making less lee-way than the others. By the time they reached the second buoy she was nearly up with the others, slightly behind them, and on the windward side. But this the former leader saw must prove fatal to his chances; for if once the enemy has your wind, and that wind on your beam, where are you? So he valorously put up his helm, and went over to windward, hoping to get just in front of the pursuing vessel. He miscalculated, however, and being struck full amidships, went down then and there, to the delight of the spectators, for he was a visitor and not a native, and they could not conceal their joy at the discomfiture of the stranger. The boat that charged came in a good second, but the ground lost in disengaging herself from her damaged adversary robbed her of the victory she might have gained. The third prize fell to one of the three toiling in the rear, but every one was too busy discussing the manœuvre they had just witnessed to discover which. With this omen of disaster before us we put out for our race. There were three boats entered and two prizes offered, a liberal allowance per boat as times go. One of our competitors was a smart white craft with very new white canvas, and apparently very much too much of it; but she took in a reef before the race began. The other was a dirty heavy hulk with very dishevelled-looking rigging, and not much of the racer about her, and we hoped, even if we could not be number one, that we could at least avoid being number three. We had a fair start, though the skipper grumbled that it might have been better, and while we were going close hauled got on fairly well, the smart boat leading, the grubby one last, ourselves occupying the golden mean. But when we had passed the buoy and began to go before the wind, the huge white sails of number one carried her away from us at a great pace, and anxious eyes were cast at number three, to see if she gained at all. At first she seemed, if anything, to be losing rather than gaining; but presently her crew produced from some obscure corner a huge, dirty, square sail, strung it up with a rapidity which, considering the gale blowing, did them credit, and began to plough through the waves after us, gaining rapidly. Meantime the wind blew great guns, the spray dashed over us in sheets, our boat plunged along over the rollers, falling with a bump on them with her bows, and flinging the salt water into our faces. We expected to see the bold owner of the square-sail swamp and sink, for his audacity in trying to carry all that canvas; but he held on his way gallantly, and certainly cannot have taken in much more water than we did. Somebody employed himself in baling out as much as he could, the rest of us, past hope of keeping a dry rag on us, kept our eyes on the disreputable old hulk with its dirty load of canvas fast coming up with us, while our skipper steered us for the moored boat. If we could keep our lead up to that we had no fear of being caught while we were tacking, when the square sail would be of no use. Partly by good steering, partly by good fortune, we reached the boat before our hated rivals, and, rounding it, began the tedious business of tacking back against wind and wave and tide. If we were wet and drenched before, we were literally bathed now. Sea after sea swept over us, falling in bucketsful on our backs, while the baler did his best to keep the water in the boat as low as constant accessions over the gunwale would let him. Meantime the boat with the new white canvas was leading by two hundred yards, and though less smart and clean than when she started, twenty minutes earlier, looked like winning without much difficulty. Still we kept our eyes fixed on that second prize, resigning the first to our compatriot—the white sails hailed from the same village as we did, and we had sailed up in company in the morning—with as little of envy as was to be expected. Backwards and forwards we tacked, buffeted by waves and in the teeth of the cutting blast, while with each tack something cracked ominously. We told ourselves and each other that it was the newness of the mast, that it was only the creaking of tough wood, that it was anything rather than the ignominious truth. After all too short an interval, our worst fears were realized. Crack went the mast, and out went sails, tackle, ropes, boom, all the armour wherein we trusted, over the side into the sea. Fortunately no heads were broken; but none the less, there were we a mile and a half from the pier and the welcome public-house, drenched to the skin, with a biting wind blowing right in our teeth, and only two oars to pull home with! To our credit, be it said, we kept our tempers. Everybody laughed as little ruefully as he could, the wreckage was got on board, and bidding *bon voyage* to our opponent, whom we had hoped to defeat, as she passed us floundering under her load of sail, we set to work to pull in with all speed. A more ghastly half-hour could hardly be spent than we experienced rowing a heavy boat in the teeth of wind and wave, drenched and partially frozen, with oars splashing and water everywhere. At first it seemed as if we should never get in at all; for our progress was almost imperceptible, and our friend with the white canvas, nothing carried away on her apparently, to our great astonishment, passed us on her way round the course a second time before we got to the sheltering breakwater so ardently desired. She won, after making a third circumnavigation of the two buoys and a boat; but we hardly envied her, so wet were we, and so thankful we had not had to traverse the course a second and a third time in that wind and those clothes. Hastily distributing a *donativum* to the crew, and suggesting hot whisky and water as an appropriate solace alike for damp and defeat, we retired to an inn—or did it call itself an hotel?—were provided with a bedroom, whisky, afternoon tea, and the London papers, and sat patiently in a borrowed dressing-gown and slippers, while our clothes were dried by a commiserating damsel by the kitchen fire. After about an hour and a half the garments were reported dry, and brought up steaming, as if to dispel at the first glance any doubts we may have felt of their being still damp. However, one soon tires of being clothed exclusively in an alien dressing-gown, even in what professes to be a summer day in the middle of June; so, banishing all scruples about rheumatic fever and chills, we clad ourselves in our once familiar garment—familiar now, alas! no longer. Had that *thing* once been a stiff and formal linen collar? Were *those* the brown-leather shoes wherein our feet were wont to tread? Was *that* all that remained of our blazer and our unmentionables? It is always difficult to understand how things shrink. In the first place, there are inherent difficulties in the way to the unskilful eye, and, besides, it is so inconvenient. If they stretched, one could at least get them on, or even have them taken in; but shrink——! In anguish we got into our shoes, since given to an estimable local charity. Frigidly we forced an entrance into other clammy garments, and, putting over the top of all a heavy and voluminous overcoat which had been mercifully left behind in the "jolly" when we first began our mad tour, we returned to the unsympathetic crowd upon the beach, who still watched the humours of the fray as keenly as ever. Some yawls were racing at that moment, and after them were to come races for rowing-boats, swimming races (Ugh!), a duck-hunt, a greasy-pole, and all the familiar joys of a rustic regatta. But to the really damp *voyageur* all these things are vanity, if not worse, and the idea of any one, with our example before them, tempting fate in anything below the tonnage of a steamer, and without her furnace and engines, seemed so ludicrous, that we felt it would be humiliating even to watch. Besides, "with the wind in our grey hair and the surf about our feet"—in other words, with a shrunken cap and wet trousers—a spectator is at a disadvantage as against his fellows. So we sought out our valiant captain, found

him drier, but not dry, and finding the possibilities of returning by boat that night slender, bade him a cordial farewell, and departed in search of a cab. Fortunately, cabs of a sort were not unknown in that town, and, muffled in our overcoat, we travelled back to our home alone. Whether the boat returned next day glorified with a new mast, or whether she was rowed home that night, we knew not, hardly even cared; for, with dinner and dress-clothes, past troubles and squalor are forgotten.

THE DUDLEY SALE.

THE sale of the pictures of the late Lord Dudley at Christie's last Saturday suggests some curious reflections. If we try to apply a kind of rule of three to them and to the pictures in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, the result is somewhat startling. If a "Crucifixion" in Raphael's early, almost boyish, manner is worth—and most things are worth what they will fetch—11,130*l.*, what must the Ansidei "Madonna" be worth? It is said to have cost about 70,000*l.*; but, if that was all, it must have been exceedingly cheap. It is surely worth ten times as much as the Dudley "Crucifixion." Also, if it be true that the beautiful, if damaged, Raphael now in the South Kensington Museum is to be had for 10,000*l.*, why does not our paternal Government secure it at once? Furthermore, we are led to think upon Crivelli. In the last winter exhibition at the Royal Academy there was no picture more admired than a Crivelli called "The Charge to Peter." A great manufacturer was heard to say that it contained twenty different patterns for silk and other stuffs. It had many other merits, and was in the finest possible condition. Although painted at least four hundred years ago, it is bright and fresh, and looks almost like a book-illumination, though the figures are of life-size. There is only one finer Crivelli, the "Annunciation," in the National Gallery, and the compiler of the Catalogue says of this Dudley picture—which, by the way, it calls a "Madonna"—that it is "important and beautiful." The National Gallery picture was presented by the late Lord Taunton in 1864. On Saturday the Dudley picture was knocked down, after a rapid and spirited competition in thousands and hundreds, to Mr. Murray for 7,350*l.* What must our "Annunciation" be worth? Probably not less than 10,000*l.* So, too, with the Dutch pictures, it is right and just to institute "caparisons." There were a few of first-rate importance in the sale, the best being an example of Hobbema, a landscape, of course, but with figures by Adrian van de Velde. It had a fine long pedigree, having been painted, according to the Catalogue, for a certain Edward John Littleton, who seems to have been an ancestor of the Lord Hatherton who sold it to Lord Dudley. Although not equal to the "Avenue at Middelharnis," in our National Gallery, this picture had some features of great beauty, the effect of afternoon sunshine being probably unsurpassed even by a Dutch painter. Even so, the price to which it very speedily mounted—the highest price until then ever bidden for a single picture at Christie's—seems immense. If this landscape, three feet wide and four feet high, is worth 10,080*l.*, what must our "Avenue," three feet four, by four feet seven, be worth? Two pictures, it will have been seen, on Saturday, broke the record. First, this Hobbema, at 10,080*l.*, and afterwards the Raphael, at 11,130*l.*

The crowd was enormous, comprising many politicians who might have been expected to be in "another place." A great many foreign agents were also present, and a galaxy of ladies, including some celebrated novelists. But the foreigners appeared to be choked off by the big prices, and the novelists could have found no incidents in fiction more unlikely than the surprises of this sale. One surprise, certainly, was very unwelcome to most of the audience. In the winter exhibition at Burlington House a small painting was ascribed to Van Eyck. It had evidently formed part of a triptych, and when the Academy exhibition closed it was transferred to the Burlington Club, where, under the keen eyes of Mr. Weale, Mr. Armstrong, and other very knowing people, it was speedily identified as the other half of a picture which Lord Northbrook had lent. Lord Northbrook's shows St. Giles seated in a landscape endeavouring to protect a fawn at which hunters are shooting with arrows. One of the arrows transfixes the hand of the Saint. The Dudley picture was far more important. It was gorgeous in colour and perfect in preservation as well, and showed St. Giles celebrating Mass in the church of St. Denis, near Paris, while an angel appears to him. In the foreground a king is kneeling in adoration, and all the accessories are marvellously represented. A Turkey carpet and other draperies were contrasted with a golden reredos, and the grand gold crucifix given to the church by Abbot Suger. In the background was the tomb or shrine of Dagobert, which, having been removed at the Revolution to Paris, was brought back in 1848 and replaced by M. Viollet Leduc, in a highly restored condition. This picture was well worthy of Van Eyck, but did not look very like his handiwork, and was attributed to at least half a dozen different artists, according to the taste, fancy, or ignorance of the attributor. However, as Mr. Woods said on Saturday, with or without an artist's name it was both a good picture and also historically interesting. The wildest rumours were flying about all the week as to the price it would probably fetch and the person who would probably buy it. The first bid was 500*l.*, and it speedily ran up to 2,750*l.*, when every one was glad to see Sir Frederick Burton begin to bid. At 3,000 guineas he hesitated; but eventually, amid breathless silence, he went on as far as 3,300. But his ruthless opponent, who was represented by a London dealer, carried on the bidding. Many gentlemen were heard audibly offering assistance to our poverty-stricken Gallery; but Sir Frederick had evidently exceeded his commission already, and, after 3,570*l.* had been bidden by his rival, he maintained silence. That there were many other highly-appreciated pictures in the collection may be gathered from the fact that the total came to the unprecedented sum of upwards of 101,000*l.* for ninety-one lots. It is greatly to be deplored that the National Gallery is not the richer by a single picture, although, as usual in a very great sale, there were several very cheap items.

BUFFALO BILL'S NEW HORSEMEN.

THE so-called Cossacks who have been added to Buffalo Bill's show are an interesting little group, and quite as great a novelty as the Red Indians themselves were on their first appearance. It is rather surprising that they were allowed to come at all. Permission had to be obtained from the Grand Duke Michael, Governor of the Caucasus; and no doubt it would have been refused had the men been liable to serve in the army. They are, however, all free men—the conscription has only been in force in the Caucasus for three or four years, and those who were over twenty-one when it began are exempt. The chief and one other have done a term of voluntary service; but the rest are simple farmers. They are not Cossacks at all, but members of one of the Caucasian tribes from the government of Kutais. Their proper designation is Kafkaskia Grousini—that is, Georgians of the Caucasus. They differ from the Cossacks in every particular—race, language, customs, and dress; in fact, the two have nothing whatever in common except their allegiance to the Czar. The ingenious press correspondent, therefore, who has had a "chat" with them is indebted to his imagination for the romantic relation he discovers between these men and the "handsome dusky Cossack officers leaning against the stalls," &c. at the Italian opera in Petersburg. He is equally at sea, by-the-bye, in calling the latter the "*crème de la crème* of Russian nobility." That is about as accurate as it would be to term the officers of a native Indian regiment the *crème de la crème* of the British aristocracy. Buffalo Bill's friends are not princes nor descendants of Mazeppa, who really was a Cossack. The chief is called Prince; but the rest are plain yeomen, and do not pretend to be anything else. Their soft pleasant speech and subdued manners are the outcome of ninety years' subjection to a Russian governor, not of that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

They are nice-looking men—one or two decidedly handsome, in an unkempt sort of way. Features of an Oriental cast, but fair skins, grey eyes, and remarkably broad thick eyebrows are their most prominent characteristics. Looking at them, one can believe that the Georgian women deserve their fame better than a good many reputed beauties. Their dress consists of three principal garments: a long outer coat of serge, called a *tchocha* (not *kaftan*, which is a short coat); a lighter one of linen underneath, called *archaluch*, and confined by a leather belt or *kamari*,

and a pair of tight trousers thrust into high boots of the regular Oriental pattern. Some of them have invested in patent leather shoes, which shows that they have an eye for Western glitter. The length of the *tchocha* and the high boots make them look taller than they are. They seem big men; but the tallest hardly reaches 5 ft. 9 in., and most of them are considerably shorter—as, indeed, befits a race of horsemen. They carry three weapons—sword, dagger, and pistols—all of antique make, and for the most part elaborately inlaid with silver. The sword, or *chmali*, is very much curved, almost the shape of a Persian scimitar, with a beautifully worked haft. The dagger, or *hanjali*, is a weapon in the use of which they are peculiarly expert. Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as he can walk. They first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire an extraordinary command over the weapon. Their pistols are flintlocks with long, very thin barrels, and must have been handed down for generations. They do not look very formidable. The rows of little pouches worn across the breast do not contain cartridges, but small wooden cases tipped with bone or metal, and formerly used for carrying loose charges of powder and shot; now they are only worn for ornament. All the men speak a little Russian; but their own language is more allied to Armenian. They belong to the Orthodox Church.

With regard to their performance, the song with which they begin is a kind of wordless chant, which may be considered an elementary form of the songs that Russian troops always sing when on the march. The feats of horsemanship displayed at Earl's Court are extremely graceful, but mere child's play to what the Caucasian cavalry accomplish when disciplined and trained. A favourite feat is to pick up a dismounted man from the ground and fling him over the shoulder when going at full gallop. Probably Buffalo Bill got the idea of engaging these men from seeing some of their military compatriots manœuvring during his Russian tour. They are all born horsemen, and spend their lives in the saddle, though not on the "steppes," for the excellent reason that there are no steppes in the Caucasus. Over here they are handicapped by having neither their own horses nor their own saddles. Nevertheless they are not at all jealous, but give ungrudging praise to the Cowboys, especially the Mexicans, whom they consider very fine horsemen. All the same, they do not believe in the buck-jumpers; at least, they say that if the horses were wild it would be impossible to saddle them. According to these pretty competent critics, the spurs are the secret of the bucking. As for the Indians, they think nothing of them. "Savages!" they say laconically, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

Some other impressions of these strangers from the Far East may be interesting. They came from Batoum to Constantinople, and from there to Genoa by sea; thence by land through France. Genoa they considered a very fine place, and Paris also they liked. London, they think, is not nearly so pretty a town; but they have the good taste to admire the English women. Nothing, however, seems to surprise them much, probably because they have already an unapproachable ideal. The Czar and his abode are, of course, superior to anything else on this earth. Needless to say, they have never seen either. The Czar, they say, has everything; he has tobacco and vodki; no one else has anything in comparison. *A propos* of vodki, they do not care for that delectable product; their favourite drink is wine, home-made. "But there is no wine here," they observe, with quiet decision; and who shall contradict them? In spite of their lordly indifference to our poor country, however, they are mightily pleased at the applause they receive in the ring, and make no secret of it. They are too polite to say so; but they must think us a precious lot of fools for paying them so well to do so little, according to their notions. They do not understand the delirious demand for novelty and amusement which rules the Western world.

A still later and not less interesting addition to Colonel Cody's picturesque forces is a band of Gauchos, or South-American rough-riders, who possess extraordinary skill in throwing the lasso and the bolas, an instrument made of leather thongs weighted at the ends by balls of iron. The Gauchos are of Spanish origin, and bear a strong family resemblance to the Mexicans. They wear bright purple blouses or jackets, and a curious sort of divided skirt or long apron, which we commend to the attention of the Rational Dressites. Besides the bolas-throwing, they are extremely clever at riding unbroken horses, and made a great hit on their first appearance by mounting a vicious buck-jumper two at a time. Certainly they add a new touch of colour and life to the show; which, indeed, goes better than ever. As an exhibition of varied and genuine horsemanship it is unique.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE New Victorian Loan of two millions sterling, bearing interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was offered for tender on Wednesday, was not a success, as, indeed, the Victorian Government ought to have foreseen. The whole amount was subscribed, but nearly half was taken by the Australian banks. If dependent on English applications alone, that is to say, the issue would have been a failure, and even with the assistance of the banks the average price obtained was only 92*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* In April of last year, our readers will recollect, the Government of the colony attempted to raise 3 millions sterling here, and only two-thirds of the amount was subscribed for. At the time it was very generally alleged that the reason of the comparative failure was the high price at which the loan was offered. No doubt the price was too high; but the causes of the failure were more serious. The Government seemed to have taken the lesson to heart, and to have resolved, on the advice of its English agents in London, not to attempt to borrow any more here for some time. It tried, therefore, to issue Treasury bills in Melbourne, but it did not meet with the success it anticipated, and in March last it disposed privately in London of a million sterling of Treasury bills running for eighteen months, and bearing interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Had it been wise, it would not have further applied to this market this year. But apparently its necessities were too great to allow it to act as prudence enjoined, and it has come forward now with an application for another two millions sterling, while it is known that by-and-bye a further amount of two millions will be asked for. As soon as the announcement of the new loan appeared last week there was a sharp fall in the old loans. The market was evidently taken by surprise; and, as it is understood that the whole of those loans have not been placed with the investing public, it is reported—whether truly or falsely we do not take upon ourselves to say—that some of the houses which have been unable to sell them to investors have suffered heavy losses in consequence of the depreciation, and, in fact, are plunged in difficulties. Probably the difficulties are grossly exaggerated by those who are opposed to Victorian policy, and wish to prevent further borrowing; but, at all events, it seems clear that the constant borrowing is injuring the credit of the Colony, and must have grave results if a wiser course is not followed in the future. The population of Victoria is quite small—hardly a million and a quarter—and nearly half of it is in Melbourne and one or two other large towns; the taxation is exceedingly heavy, the receipts of revenue are falling off, the colony is passing through a very serious banking and land crisis, and the debt is already very heavy. Of course it is absurd to say—as some critics do—that Victoria has already incurred too much debt, and cannot pay its way. That is sheer extravagance. The colony is quite solvent, and we hope has a very brilliant future before it. But undoubtedly it has been borrowing too fast for years past. The administration of the railways is not efficient—indeed, appears to be extravagant and wasteful, if not worse. Railways are being built in advance of the real requirements of the country. What Victoria ought to do, therefore, is to stop the construction of public works as far as possible, economize in every direction, and look to the home market for such accommodation as the Government absolutely must have. If it does this and refrains from borrowing in London for two or three years; if it retrenches and allows the colony to recover its credit, it will rapidly revive, and will be able to get what money it requires on easy terms; if it does not, and insists on borrowing as long as the London market is in a disposition to lend, then unquestionably it will increase its embarrassments and depreciate all its stocks.

As usual at the end of the half-year, there has been a slight rise in the rates of interest and discount this week,

and the Bank of England has done a fair business at 2 per cent. The rise, however, is very temporary, and the market will fall back again in a very few days. Since the failure of the New Oriental Bank, rumours respecting two or three other banks engaged in the business of the Far East have been unscrupulously circulated. It is notorious, of course, that trade is extremely bad all over the Far East, especially in China and the Straits Settlements, and that, in consequence, the banks have lost a good deal of money, but there appears to be no foundation for the rumours so recklessly set afloat. Very properly the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank has met these rumours by publishing a telegram received from the head office at Hong Kong to the effect that it will be necessary to write off from the reserve about 400,000*l.* to cover bad debts. The reserve will still remain at about half a million sterling, and there is an uncalled capital equal in amount to the paid-up capital. It is to be hoped that this frank action on the part of the bank will silence the reckless rumour-mongers. At the same time, we regret that the bank intends to pay a dividend for the half-year at the rate of 1*l.* per share. It seems to us that it would be much wiser not to pay a dividend when so large a sum as 400,000*l.* has to be written off the reserve.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to $40\frac{1}{16}$*d.* per oz., and recovered to $40\frac{1}{8}$*d.* on Thursday; but the market is weak. The resolutions adopted by the two great parties in the United States have disappointed the silver interest, and the impression is now gaining ground that, after the elections, Congress will be compelled to suspend the purchases of silver. A further fall in the metal seems, therefore, only too probable.

Business has been almost at a complete standstill upon the Stock Exchange throughout the week. The Dissolution turns away attention to politics; the elections in the United States have the same effect there, and the near approach of the holiday season also disinclines operators to engage in new risks. The news from Brazil is likewise discouraging, and the unfavourable reception given to the new Victorian loan has had a bad influence upon the colonial market generally. The Continental Bourses, furthermore, are depressed. It appears to be certain that the coming harvest in Russia will be nearly as bad, if not quite as bad, as that of last year, and the outbreak of cholera increases the distress of the Empire as well as the difficulties of the Government. It is reported that the Finance Minister has sent agents to Paris to negotiate a loan of 28 millions sterling; but it is hardly credible that any financial house in Paris or elsewhere will undertake a transaction of the kind, not only because of the famine in Russia itself, but because also the French Government is preparing for the conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents, amounting, in round figures, to $271\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. And it is certain that neither in this country nor in Germany would a Russian loan have any chance of success. The Spanish Government is likewise endeavouring to borrow. It has applied for authority to the Cortes, and the application is being very strongly opposed. Spain, undoubtedly, is in very serious financial difficulties, and it is not easy to see how it can continue to pay its way, unless it gets further assistance. But a new loan would only give temporary relief; sooner or later, there must be a breakdown, unless the Government adopts a wiser and more economical policy. The Portuguese Government persists in its repudiation of its obligations to its creditors, and the Stock Exchanges all over Europe are considering how to deal with it. The London Stock Exchange has refused to interfere with the holders of Portuguese bonds, but the Continental Bourses seem intent upon prohibiting bondholders from accepting one-third of the interest in cash offered by the Government. In the meantime a new borrower is about to appear in this market. The Messrs. Rothschild will very shortly bring out a loan for $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling for the Transvaal Government, the proceeds to be laid out in constructing railways. It is understood that the interest is to be at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and that the issue price is to be about 90. Railways are much needed in the Transvaal, and their construction ought to help in the rapid development of the country. But it is to be hoped that the Transvaal Government will not follow the example of so many other Governments all over the world, and rush too quickly into debt. Development of resources is a good thing, if carefully and gradually carried out; but, if too much is attempted at once, the future of the country will be jeopardized. Under all the circumstances, 90 appears to us rather a high price for a Five per Cent. stock of such a Government.

The highest class of sound securities has advanced during the week. Consols closed on Thursday at $96\frac{13}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{16}$; Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed at $97\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Bank of England stock closed at 331–3, a recovery of 6. On the other hand, the Colonial market has given way in consequence of the comparative failure of the Victorian loan. Victorian Three and a Halfs closed on Thursday at $92\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; New Zealand and Queensland Three and a Halfs also fell $\frac{1}{2}$ each, the former closing at 94, and the latter at $91\frac{3}{4}$. New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents fell as much as $\frac{3}{4}$, closing on Thursday at $96\frac{1}{4}$; and Cape of Good Hope Three and a Halfs fell $\frac{1}{4}$, closing at $97\frac{3}{4}$. In Home Railway stocks there has also been a general decline. Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 120, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; Great Western closed at $165\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{7}{8}$; North-Western closed at $174\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of 1; Midland closed at $157\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Eastern closed at $151\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of as much as 4. In the American market the changes have been small and not worth noting, as practically no business is doing. In Argentine railway securities, like in our own railway stocks, there has been a general downward movement. Argentine Great Western debentures closed at 53–4, a fall of 1, and there was likewise a fall of 1 in Central Argentine, Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference, the former closing at 65–7, the second at 72–4, and the last at 27–30. Inter-Bourse securities have likewise given way. French Rentes closed on Thursday at 99, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; German Three per Cents closed at $86\frac{3}{4}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Egyptian Unified closed at $96\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{8}$; Russian closed at $96\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; Portuguese closed at 24, a fall of 1; and Spanish closed at $65\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $2\frac{3}{8}$.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

WE congratulate Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley and his Committee on having achieved a genuine success with the second annual exhibition of their Society. The collection, which fills the galleries of the Royal Institute in Piccadilly, is a large, varied, and interesting one, and nearly all the leading portrait-painters of the day are represented in it. Almost the only name of great prominence which we miss from the Catalogue is that of Mr. Sargent, whose absence is to be regretted. The arrangement of the pictures deserves special praise. The large Central Gallery is hung with a single row of important portraits, old and new, which are thus presented in an imposing simplicity; the other rooms are hung in the usual exhibition manner. A certain sprinkling of important works by French masters take their place among the rest, but do not kill the English pictures. There is no doubt that the schools of this country, selected and arranged in this judicious manner, make a remarkably striking display.

In the Central Gallery two very famous portraits are hung on either side, each in a place of honour—Sir John Millais's "Mrs. Bischoffsheim" (131) and Mr. Whistler's "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" (113). The contrast is piquant. Since we saw the "Mrs. Bischoffsheim" in the great room of the Royal Academy of 1873, it has, we think, changed considerably. It is still, of course, solidly and sumptuously painted, but it seems to have lost some of its carnations, and the surface is certainly in a condition which demands careful attention. Mr. Whistler's large picture, on the other hand, although it is considerably older—unless we are mistaken—is as fresh as ever. If we can forgive the initial error of painting an Englishwoman in an attitude which only an Oriental ever assumes, this curious work has almost every merit. The colour is not merely as exquisite now as before; but the strange wasted face, under its cloud of black hair, is admirably modelled. The fawn robe and crimson sash of the lady, the blue-and-white rug on which she stands—the accessories generally—are of very great beauty and originality.

In passing round this Central Gallery we are struck in

succession by the "Madame ——" (105) of Boldini, a Sargent-like full-length of an extremely artificial-looking lady; by Mr. John Collier's "Sir W. H. Wyatt" (108); and by Mr. Poynter's "Earl of Wharncliffe" (110), a rather dull-toned brown full-length, now for the first time well seen, since it was skied in the Royal Academy of 1881. On the left-hand side of the radiant Whistler hangs a very obscure but strongly painted "Custodian of the Town Hall at Edam" (112), by Mr. Hubert Vos; while on the right-hand side is a well-known picture, the vivid but not very sympathetic portrait of "Barye," the sculptor (114), by M. Léon Bonnat. Next to this is the most charming Shannon we have ever seen—"Mr. George Hitchcock" (115), seated in a white jacket, painting, in a field of poppies. Then follows a particularly successful "Miss Rea Waller" (116), by Mr. John Collier; Mr. Symonds's "Viscountess Sherbrooke" (117), and one or two good Wirgmans. On the other side of the door hangs M. Fantin-Latour's refined and old-fashioned "La Brodeuse" (122); an excellent "Earl of Strafford" (123), by Mr. Percy Bigland; Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley's "Mrs. Colvin White" (124); and Mr. Ouless's fine "Cardinal Manning" (129), which was last seen in 1888.

On each side of "Mrs. Bischoffsheim" hangs a classic portrait. That on the left is Mr. Watts's heroic head of "Mr. Calderon" (130); that on the right is the "Sir Richard Burton" (132), in which Sir Frederic Leighton seemed of set purpose to compete with Mr. Watts. A charming girlish figure is Mr. Wirgman's "Miss Cécile Thévenard" (133). Mr. Solomon, Mr. Hubert Vos, Mr. Lorrimer, and Mr. Guthrie share the remaining honours of the Central Gallery.

As we enter the West Gallery we first meet with Mr. Symonds's "Dorothy Gouldsmith" (2), a little girl in a white dress, hugging a dark tabby kitten. On the same wall the principal work is Sir John Millais's "The Sisters" (6), round which so thick a crowd gathered in the first room of the Royal Academy through the season of 1868. It is as beautiful as ever, with its three children in their white muslin frocks and blue bows, standing, simple and passive, against a hedge of pink and white azaleas. The solidity and purity of the flesh tints are as admirable as ever, and, for our part, as an example of Sir J. Millais's fullest mastery, we would rather see "The Sisters" in the place of honour than the "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," splendidly executed as that is. Mrs. Lea Merritt is, as ever, more than creditable in her "Sir Colin Scott Moncreiff" (7), in a white coat against a strong blue background; Mr. Philip Burne-Jones is very ingenious and successful in his studio-scene of "Mr. Watts at work on a colossal equestrian statue" (12); Mr. Ellis Roberts has almost succeeded, where so many better-known painters have failed, in the portraiture of the elusive "Mr. Arthur Balfour" (16); and it is very curious and interesting to see Mr. Albert Moore, wooed for once from his decorative harmonies, painting a solid full-length figure of "Mrs. Duncuft" (17), in a black dress, leaning over the back of a chair; Mr. Albert Moore is visible here, if at all, only in the delicate brown background. We know not why so obtrusively unfavourable a specimen of Sir James Linton as his "Mrs. Meredith Crosse" (23) was chosen to represent him here; the green dress of the lady is not agreeable, and the carnations of the face and hands are painfully set and tight in the brush-work. Mr. Wirgman next contributes what we must think the best of all his portraits, the admirable three-quarter length in profile of his mother (25). Interesting examples to be noted as we pass are Mr. James Paterson's portrait of himself (27), and Mrs. Lea Merritt's "Mrs. Bythesea" (31). A vigorous and noisy "Marquess of Lorne" (37), tricked out in all the barbaric splendours of his clan, is by Mr. Lockhart Boyle. In the "Alfred Salwey" (39) we find Mr. John Collier emulating the bright, clean method of some of the pupils of Bellini; this portrait has a certain fantastic resemblance to Catena's "St. Jerome" in the National Gallery. M. Roybet's truculent lady (45), in a dark blue coachman's cloak, very pert and defiant, is admirably drawn, and is put by way of contrast close to Mr. Watts's well-known and never to be over-praised "Duke of Argyll" (46). A very powerful pastel-head is that of "Verdi" (52), grim, hatted, and hirsute, by Signor Boldini. It is impossible to approach the end of the West Gallery without a pang of physical pain, caused by Mr. Mouat Loudan's enormous full-length of a lady (71) in a glaring golden-green dress, with puffs and furbelows of brilliant geranium-scarlet. This, for excess of cruelty, is hung against a group of white and pearl-grey portraits, painted with extreme refinement by M. Boutet de Monvel, and near M. Léon Comerre's delicate figure called "André" (74), a little stately boy dressed in a pink-and-white costume of the eighteenth century. The remainder of this Gallery is taken up by pastels and drawings in black and white. Here is Mr. Wirgman's study of "Mr. Hamo Thornycroft" (88) working on his statuette of Lord Beaconsfield, and dated 1881; Mr. Staples's head of "Lord Wolseley" (84); a remarkable profile of "Archbishop Vaughan" (93), by the same artist; and some studies of famous musicians by Mr. Birkenruth.

In the East Gallery, Mr. Alma Tadema is prominent with three well-known portraits, of very various merit. The full-length of his daughter (147), originally exhibited in 1885, but painted much earlier, belongs to the period when Mr. Alma Tadema affected creamy and greenish tones, with great elaboration of detail. The "L. Lowenstam" (144) belongs to a much simpler phase of the artist's work, and, with the intense black hair and dark skin against brilliant white planes, is of an almost startling vivacity. The heads of two florid girls (148), on the other hand, make a disagreeable group, and are harsh and dirty in flesh-tone. Further on, we find the tall "Lady in Green" (152) with which, in 1883, Mr. W. Llewellyn made a sensation, and awakened hopes which have scarcely been realized. We have seen no portrait of Mr. Edwin Ward's so vivid and life-like as his "Charles Strick" (154), a figure which produces a positive illusion of reality, and with which (could one but be presented) one could almost engage in conversation. The kind of skill which achieves such a success as this is, perhaps, not the most artistic, but it can but awaken admiration. In our judgment one of the most original and fascinating portraits in the Gallery is that of "Mlle. Jeanne Kefer" (166), a tiny shy girl, alone against a door in a great room, by Mr. Fernand Khnopff, the whole very delicate in colour. We note, in passing, Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley's excellent "Lady Cecil Scott Montagu" (187), and move on to "Master Gordon Orchardson" (193), who holds the place of honour in this Gallery; this is Mr. Orchardson's well-remembered picture of a baby, lying on its back upon a yellow sofa, fanned by a pathetic lady in a black dress. The rest of the Gallery, over which we must not linger, contains admirable work by Professor Herkomer; a sketch of "Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands" (204), by Mr. Hubert Vos; a group of Mr. Glazebrook's full-lengths; and several of the strong, though slightly coarse, portraits of Mr. Herman G. Herkomer.

CONCERT RECORD.

TUESDAY, June 14th.—M. Paderewski's Recital—at doubled prices—was the occasion of a display on the part of the audience such as is rarely witnessed. The artist played, as he always does, extremely finely; a Rondo by Mozart and Schubert's Impromptu (Op. 142, No. 3) being especially models of delicate expression. At the end of the concert the platform was stormed by the majority of the female portion of the audience, and the artist was literally mobbed and compelled to play several encores. This kind of thing may be gratifying, but it is not creditable to English manners or taste.

Wednesday, 15th.—The last Philharmonic Concert took place, at which Señor Arbos played Bruch's First Violin Concerto with refinement and finish, and M. Sapellnikoff was heard in Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor. Pianoforte recitals were given by Herr Schwarz and Miss Muriel Elliot.

Thursday, 16th.—Signor Buonamici, who is an old favourite with those who appreciate sound and unsensational playing, gave a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall. ——Miss Sonntag gave her second recital at Steinway Hall.

Friday, 17th.—Mr. Edgar Hulland, a young pianist of much promise, and Mr. Alison Phillips, a new baritone, gave a Recital. Mr. Hulland has improved since we last heard him; his playing is clever and vigorous, but his phrasing is sometimes careless, and he has a habit of hurrying the *tempi* which should be guarded against. Mr. Phillips has a pleasant voice, and sings like an intelligent amateur. With further training he should become a good singer.

Saturday, 18th.—At Señor Sarasate's Concert a long and

ambitious Symphony from the pen of Mr. Cusins was played for the first time. Detailed notice of this work must be reserved until another opportunity is afforded of hearing it. Señor Sarasate played Lalo's charming "Symphonie Espagnole," and brought forward an effective Fantaisie for Violin and Orchestra of his own.

Monday, 20th.—At the concert given by the students of the Royal Academy Bach's Funeral Cantata, "When will God recall my Spirit," was given with a small chorus and orchestra, the organ part being especially written by Mr. Prout. The programme contained several other interesting features, and all the performances were full of promise. Two graceful and well-written songs by one of the students, Mr. Idle, were received with deserved favour.——At the Richter Concert Smetana's bright Overture to a Comedy was admirably played (for the first time at these concerts) and narrowly escaped an encore. The concert ended with Beethoven's seldom heard Fourth Symphony.——At Miss Nellie Atkinson's Violin Recital the clever young artist was assisted by Mlle. Kleeberg and others.

Tuesday, 21st.—Mlle. Szumowska gave a Recital at St. James's Hall, and Mme. Caravoglia a miscellaneous Concert at the Lyric Club.

Wednesday 22nd.—At his Second Recital Herr Schwarz, the Director of the Raff Conservatorium at Frankfort, gave a correct, but uninspired, interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 101. His playing of a Saraband and Gavotte of Bach's was better, but his style is cold and wanting in vigour.

Thursday, 23rd.—The Concert of the Magpie Minstrels was one of the most enjoyable of the season. The choral singing was characterized by great delicacy and expression, and the selection of madrigals and part-songs, ranging from works of the sixteenth century down to the compositions of Cornelius and Brahms, proved most interesting. Mr. Bispham gave a spirited performance of Professor Stanford's fine Cavalier songs (with male chorus), and Mr. Plunket Greene repeated Cornelius's "Vätergruft," which created so profound an impression at the Society's concert last year.

Friday, 24th.—Signorina Elvira Gambogi, a young soprano who was heard in opera a few years ago, gave a Concert at the Lyric Club, at which she introduced some effectively-written Italian songs of her own composition.

Saturday, 25th.—The artistic value of any performance on the scale of the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace must of necessity be small, owing to the want of proper balance between soloists, chorus, and orchestra; but, setting this consideration aside, the performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, with Mmes. Albani, Patey, and Clara Samuell, Messrs. Lloyd, Humphreys, and Santley in the solo parts, was very successful. The band and chorus numbered some 3,000 performers, and the choral singing was always careful and sometimes very fine. The chief successes among the solos were won by Mme. Albani and Mr. Lloyd, the former of whom sang "Pious orgies" admirably, while the latter showed that his American tour has not affected the quality of his voice.——At Señor Sarasate's last concert a modified version of the scene at M. Paderewski's Recital was repeated. The audience clamoured for encores, and would not be satisfied until the good-natured artist had played two extra numbers at the end of the programme, in return for which he was unmercifully mobbed by a crowd mostly consisting—to judge by appearance, if not by behaviour—of ladies. The programme included a new "Sérénade Andalouse," by Señor Sarasate.

Monday, 27th.—The Miscellaneous Concert given by Miss Esther Palliser was more interesting than such entertainments usually are. Miss Palliser's singing has much improved lately, and she was heard to the greatest advantage in a scene from Gounod's *Mireille*, in a charming song by M. Blumenthal, "Tchadja" (encored), in Widor's "Doux Appel," and in a fine duet from Lalo's *Roi d'Ys*, in which she was joined by Miss Marie Brema. The appearance of a very young violinist, Arthur Hartmann, seemed to interest the audience, though his playing at present is most immature, and his performance in public much to be deprecated. Miss Evangeline Florence was encored after a charming rendering of the "Couplets du Mysoli," from David's *Perle du Brésil*, and a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Norman Salmond and the Meister Glee Singers.——At the Richter Concert a very fine performance of the end of Act I. of *Parsifal* (omitting the solo parts) and Brahms's *Schicksalslied*, were the great attractions. The choral singing was on the whole good in both works, though the tone of the soprani was rather poor, especially towards the end of the *Parsifal* selection.

THE *AGAMEMNON* AT BRADFIELD.

IT is always pleasant to record the complete success of a difficult undertaking, and it is scarcely possible to suggest a circumstance which could have heightened the success of the Bradfield play at the final performance on Saturday last. Those of the spectators who were unfortunate enough to miss the *Antigone* at Bradfield last year—or was it the year before?—might well doubt whether a nineteenth-century representation of Greek tragedy would stand the broad daylight of Midsummer, and whether a newly-organized school-theatre could hope to emulate the annual success of the Westminster Play. But the mere aspect of the theatre was almost enough to clear away misgivings. The stage buildings looked the most natural thing in the world, standing as they did in a miniature Greek theatre, cleverly constructed in an old chalk-pit. The tiers of seats built of rough concrete slope upwards to the grass and overhanging trees of the field above. For a few moments during the performance a full-voiced thrush proved a serious rival to the warblings of the Chorus, and Clytemnestra's lines—

χελιδόνος δίκην
ἀγνῶτα φωνὴν βάρβαρον κεκτημένη—

were emphasized by the unrehearsed swoop of a swallow beneath the pediment of the proscenium. The illusion helped by the scene and its surroundings was well maintained by the acting. Here and there, as was inevitable, a modern touch jarred upon feelings which the general tone of the performance made all the more sensitive to any discordant note; but such moments were rare, and the Chorus, that most perilous feature in a modern representation of Greek tragedy, so far from affecting us with any mirth-moving sense of incongruity, was one of the most thoroughly satisfactory points in the whole performance.

The stage management was excellent. The stage itself was rather small, and not deep, and was arranged exactly like that of a Greek theatre in all details known to us. The watchman's tower was to the spectators' left, projecting from the proscenium, and approached from the stage by steps. The orchestra was just large enough for the chorus of fifteen to manœuvre without crowding, and all their movements, some of them rather complicated, were carried out without the least hitch or hesitation. This was largely due to the skilful leading of the Headmaster, Dr. Gray, who took the part of the Coryphæus, and who was excellent alike in gesture and elocution. Dr. Gray also played, and played very well, the part of Ægisthus, owing to the sudden illness of one of the performers, and when he had to leave the orchestra just before the long scene between Clytemnestra and the Chorus, he was replaced as leader by a player whose name was not given, but who possesses a very good tenor voice, and who chanted the greater part of the lyric passages between ll. 1450–1520 as solos, the whole Chorus joining in now and then. A very striking point in the performance was the extreme clearness of utterance in the choral odes. It is hardly too much to say that every word sung by the Chorus was heard as distinctly as the dialogue spoken on the stage. The credit due to the Chorus in this matter must, however, be shared by the composer of the music, which seemed to us to be excellently suited to its purpose. It was melodious, sufficiently varied in character to escape monotony, well fitted to the words, and never obtrusive. The only instruments admitted were a harp and a flute—which, by the way, appeared to be no flute at all, but a clarionet, if a lay opinion may be ventured on such a point. These were quite sufficient both for accompanying the voices and for the occasional music, such as the spirited march which introduced Agamemnon's triumphal procession, the leading motive of which was repeated with excellent effect when the guards enter to seize the Chorus.

Of the leading parts, Clytemnestra's is, of course, the most important, and it was played exceedingly well by Mr. Blagden, whose appearance, elocution, and gesture were alike excellent. The picture of Clytemnestra standing with blood-stained axe over the bodies of her victims will

not soon be forgotten by those who saw it. Very good, too, was Clytemnestra's start and look of suppressed fury when she first catches sight of Cassandra crouching behind Agamemnon in the chariot; but, perhaps, Mr. Blagden's best moments were in the scene with the Chorus, when Clytemnestra defends and glories in her crime. Clytemnestra's protestations of wifely devotion earlier in the play savoured somewhat of modern "gush"; but this is the only fault, if it is a fault, that can be found in a really fine performance. Cassandra was, to our mind, less good. Not that the actor failed to impress his audience, but that he impressed it in the wrong way. The function of Cassandra in the play is surely to heighten our sense, not of the pity of it, but of the horror of it. She is the inspired prophetess who sees her own and Agamemnon's fate, but sees also that it is inevitable, rather than the terrified captive woman stricken with fear of death. It was the latter aspect of the character that was emphasized by the cowering figure and tremulous voice of the Bradfield Cassandra. The remaining parts were very well played. There was one piece of stage business which struck us as peculiarly happy. Just before the murder a man—perhaps Ægisthus—walked from the side entrance and disappeared through the central doorway, carrying the fatal net slung over his shoulder, and dragging after him a reluctant boy, who bore a huge knife. Just after Agamemnon's last cry within, the boy rushed out again with a scream of terror, and escaped through the side door. It was a small point, but the natural way in which the little scene was acted by the boy made it very impressive.

No notice of this performance can be complete without mention of the excellence of all the arrangements, and not merely those immediately connected with the play itself. The transport of visitors by breaks from Theale station was admirably organized, and though the entrance to the theatre was through one narrow gate leading from the high road, the audience were marshalled to their places with little delay and no inconvenience. The spare time before and after the performance was most pleasantly spent, thanks to the courtesy and hospitality of the school authorities, in wandering about the pleasant grounds and pretty buildings of the school; and the only instance of unpunctuality of any sort was that the special train back to town was charitably delayed for perhaps a minute at Theale to await a small party of hot and dusty pedestrians who had consented, by ill advice, to walk from Bradfield instead of driving.

THE WEATHER.

THIS week has brought us a return of warm summer weather, and towards the end of it the temperature even reached 80° in the East of England, with a tremendous thunderstorm to boot, bringing the thermometer quickly down again. On Thursday morning, June 23, a small depression suddenly developed itself over Sussex, for it does not seem to have advanced to us over France, although more than an inch of rain fell over Brittany. In London the rain began about 8 A.M., and nearly an inch fell there and in Jersey. At the North Foreland the inch was exceeded. By Friday morning the disturbance had moved on to Denmark, and from that day up to Tuesday the barometer was very steady, and the temperature fairly high, while no rain of much consequence fell up to Tuesday night. The thermometer on every day had risen above 70° at several stations, and above 80° at Cambridge and Yarmouth on Monday. At nights, too, as in last week, the minimum thermometer remained above 50°. The change came on Tuesday evening. In the early afternoon there was but little sign of trouble, though a magnificent display of mirage at Walmer showed that the atmosphere was in a very unquiet condition. By 6 P.M., however, as may be seen from the map in Wednesday's *Times*, the fall of the barometer off the coast of Devonshire had become marked, and a definite depression showed itself over the Channel Islands, while mare's-tails in London showed the approaching thunderstorm. This burst about 8 P.M., and lasted till 3 or 4 A.M. The rain collected at stations in the south-east of England was not quite an inch, but at York 1·60 inch and at Liverpool 1·58 inch were measured. In the Potteries district the fall was over 2 inches. The rain fell over two clearly marked regions; one belt crossed England from Yorkshire to the Irish Sea, more than an inch falling at Loughborough, Spurn Head, and Holyhead, while the other districts covered the south-eastern counties. On the south coast no rain was reported from Devonshire or Hampshire. Much damage has been done by floods, by the bursting of sewers and culverts. On the Continent, as in these islands, during the week 80° has reappeared in the maximum temperature columns, and even 90° at Lisbon on Sunday and Monday, and at Rochefort and Lyons on Tuesday. The rain at most stations during the week ending June 25 was above the average, and the amount of sunshine was exceedingly low. No station received even half its possible amount. Douglas in the Isle of Man was best with 48 per cent., followed closely by Fort William and Tenby with 47 per cent.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN'S VICTORY.

THOUGH the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire (Extension to London) Bill is, technically speaking, not yet passed, and must await the assemblage of a new Parliament next month in order to go through its final stages, for practical purposes the contest is at an end, and Sir Edward Watkin may fairly be congratulated on the victory which his indomitable energy has at length secured. It is, of course, true that getting an Act is one thing and building a line another; that eight millions of new capital is a heavy weight round the neck of a small and not over-prosperous concern like the Sheffield; and that, judging by all experience, the present estimate of eight millions is likely to be largely exceeded before the new Company finally establishes itself in London, some five or six years hence. For all that, and whatever representatives of rival railways may say, it is, we take it, practically certain that the scheme will be carried out, even though the finances of the existing Company should temporarily break down under the strain, and that by the end of the century the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, if, after amalgamating the Metropolitan and the South-Eastern, it still keeps its old and most inappropriate name, will stretch from Dover (if not, indeed, from the middle of the Straits of that name) to Lancashire and Yorkshire, and also, in all probability, *viâ* Oxford and Worcester, to the furthest confines of Wales, and so be able to face the competition of great Companies like the North-Western and the Midland on full terms of equality.

A programme such as this is not, however, to be carried out without a very serious disturbance of what may be called, in diplomatic phrase, the balance of power among the existing railway Companies. There are few people who are not interested as investors in some at least among the English railway stocks. And as, in the long run, Stock Exchange prices, capricious as they often seem, are bound to conform to intrinsic value, it is perhaps worth while to consider briefly a few of the more obvious consequences of the new departure. At the outset one can say pretty positively that two long talked of and frequently announced amalgamations—of the Metropolitan District Railway with the Metropolitan, and of the London, Chatham, and Dover with the South-Eastern—may be finally dismissed as henceforward out of the question. On the map the Metropolitan and the Metropolitan District seem naturally to constitute a single system. But, in fact, the traffic that passes round the Inner Circle is but a fraction of that which is brought on to it by the tangent lines which meet it at different points. And in reference to all this traffic, both westward at Ealing and Hammersmith, and eastward at Whitechapel or New Cross, these two Companies are naturally not allies, but keen competitors. With the development of omnibus services, and with the now promised construction of underground railways down the main thoroughfares in the heart of London, the purely metropolitan traffic of the Metropolitan and the District Companies must, in any case, have become year by year a less and less important percentage of the whole. And now, further, when the Metropolitan line is to become a highway for express passengers and for valuable goods between Lancashire and the Continent, its managers are less likely than ever to care to encumber it with trains run for the benefit of penny or twopenny passengers from Victoria or Kensington. What, then, is the fate in store for the District? Will it continue to drag on in its present semi-animate condition,

or is it not rather probable that it will follow the precedent set by the Metropolitan Railway and become the London entrance of a new system, serving the Southern and South-Eastern districts of England? As for the Chatham and Dover, that the great railway Companies—still more that public opinion—will permit it to pass under the control of Sir Edward Watkin is henceforward out of the question. It is, perhaps, however, an instance of the irony of fate that an almost certain result of Sir Edward Watkin's success must be to add considerably to the value of the line of his rival, Mr. Forbes. For, if the Sheffield Company is to have possession of one road to Dover, the Great Northern, the Midland, and the North-Western will all naturally be inclined to bid against one another for possession of the other. And that Mr. Forbes may be trusted in this advantageous position to make an extremely good bargain on behalf of his shareholders, the most hostile critic of his methods of everyday management of existing traffic will not venture to deny.

Turning from the south to the north of England, the Company most profoundly affected is unquestionably the Great Northern. For years past the Great Northern has been gradually falling away from the proud position it once occupied as the most prosperous British railway. One amongst the causes of this change of position alone concerns us here—the fact that the Great Northern is too small to live alone. The final dissolution of its ancient alliance with the Sheffield is likely to synchronize with, if not exactly to cause, a distinctly new departure. It is true that statements have been made, both before Parliamentary Committees and elsewhere, that the relationship between the Great Northern and Sheffield Companies will remain unaltered. Reduced to plain English, this statement means that, having expended eight millions on the construction of a new line to London, the Sheffield Company will do its best endeavours to keep the Lancashire traffic off that line, and to send it to London *viâ* another Company's system. In a world where we are not even expected to love our neighbours better than ourselves, such a statement is surely unworthy of serious refutation. Assuming, then, that the Great Northern has to look out for a new partner, *vice* the Sheffield Company retired, the question remains to be considered who that partner will be.

A railway newspaper some months back gave its readers to understand that an agreement for the amalgamation of the Great Northern and North-Eastern had been practically concluded. A more improbable statement was seldom put forward, however natural such an amalgamation might seem to any one who regarded merely the geographical position of the two Companies. For the North-Eastern is, so to speak, the Belgium of railway diplomacy. Its territory has been neutralized by universal agreement. At Newcastle and at Middlesborough, at York and at Hull, all the rival Companies meet at present on precisely equal terms. The North-Eastern is the friend of all; the ally of none. And it is only by a strict adherence to this policy that it has been able to protect its territory from invasion by competing railways. Once let the North-Eastern abandon this attitude of neutrality in favour of the Great Northern, and instantly the North-Western, the Midland, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire would claim—and claim, it can hardly be doubted, successfully—to redress the balance by the construction of independent lines of their own. But, though a North-Eastern amalgamation seems for this reason out of the question, there is nothing to prevent an amalgamation of the Great Northern and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. Like the Sheffield Company, the Lancashire and Yorkshire has an enormous short-distance traffic which it has to hand over to a stranger for conveyance to London. Nothing would seem more natural than that the Great Northern should take for the Lancashire and Yorkshire the position it has hitherto occupied in reference to the Sheffield Company. Indeed, the wind seems already to be blowing in this direction; for last year Parliament sanctioned the construction of a line from Sutton, on the main line of the Great Northern, near Retford, to Rotherham. And this year, with the express support of the Great Northern, an extension from Rotherham to join the Lancashire and Yorkshire at Barnsley has been approved. But the Great Northern has also large interests in South Lancashire and Cheshire. And here a Lancashire and Yorkshire alliance could help but little. The new East and West Railway, whose advent was noticed in these columns a fortnight back, and which has already entered into a friendly agreement with the Great Northern in reference to one matter, could, however, do a good deal. Its projected route through the Peak country, past Buxton to Macclesfield, would undoubtedly give the Great Northern a new access to Manchester, at least as good as that which it uses to-day, while to Cheshire and Liverpool the new route would be decidedly better. Whether our forecast will be fulfilled in whole or in part remains to be seen. In railway diplomacy, as in the larger diplomacy between sovereign States, the personal equation must always count for a great deal. But in the long run railways and States must follow the line of their permanent interests. And in the long run these interests would seem to lie as we have roughly sketched them. But, however this may be, one thing at least is clear. Sir Edward Watkin's victory has thrown a very large stone into the somewhat stagnant pool of English railway management, and the ripples are likely to widen out for a good many years to come, and to be felt in the furthest corners of England.

RACING.

As we journeyed to Newmarket First July the heat was very great, and upon our arrival we heard that the town had been visited by a rainfall of nearly sixteen hours, at the end of last week. Therefore it was clear that, even if the heat was to be great, the going would be good, and on the July Course there is always the deliciously cool plantation to take refuge in. A stroll to the sale paddocks, and a comfortable lounge there opposite to Messrs. Tattersall's rostrum, served to pass a pleasant hour or two after breakfast. Not that there was anything sensational in the way of prices, but then we must remember that recent Jockey Club legislation is tending to put an end to the enormous two-year-old stakes that sprang into vogue during the last decade. When we arrived at the charming course so well known to all frequenters of Newmarket as "Behind the Ditch," we thought we had often seen more people. Of course the rapidly approaching General Election has much to do with the absence of many, whose hearts are no doubt at Newmarket, but whose duties compel them to go the wearisome rounds with the same set speeches to the same audiences as before. But we are digressing—Newmarket is for racing and not for politics; and, with eleven runners for the first race, the Trial Plate, we had no cause of complaint; and, as Mr. Blundell Maple's Golden Garter was favourite, and moreover won, the backers may be said to have begun well. But it was only by a very short head that Mr. W. Low's Gone Coon was beaten, with Orontes close up third, and the running of the latter gave Mr. W. Cooke great hopes of securing the Maiden Plate for two-year-olds with a very pretty but improving filly, Armorel. This daughter of Florentine and Ursula was purchased at the sale of the Beenham yearlings at Ascot last year for 1,300 guineas. She is not a tall one, but a long, low, thick mare, with great propelling power.

As we viewed the race we thought she looked like winning very easily, but a short distance from the winning-post she stumbled, and, running very green into the bargain, she was most unlucky in being beaten a head by Mr. Henry Milner's Grand Duke, a good-looking brown colt by Isonomy out of Princess Louise Victoria. It is quite likely that this is a very smart animal, as he was well backed; but still we think that Armorel was unlucky to be beaten, and probably, with her experience on this occasion, she may show in vastly improved colours on her next appearance. Mr. Blundell Maple's colours were for the second time in the day successful on the good-looking Lightfoot; but it did not say much for the quality of the opposition when she could win with the top weight. The July Stakes has often brought out a larger field—in fact, it was an unusually small one, as only three runners came to the post—but rarely has so much interest been given to the race, as the two cracks Milford and Bill of Portland opposed each other, the other antagonist to them being Mr. Fairlie's Encounter. Milford was favourite, and he justified the confidence reposed in him by winning, after a magnificent race, by a neck. We must confess that we thought Bill of Portland would win, as we imagined that Milford would feel the effects of the hard ground at Ascot; but he apparently did not. Anyhow, he won, but it was a great race. A two-year-old Selling Plate was won by Agathos, an own brother to Aristos and Parlington; but, though the winner was entered to be sold for

100*l.* only, no bid was made, his stilty forelegs probably stalling off buyers. The Dullingham Plate gave us an interesting race, and Versailles, to whose great chance we drew attention in these columns last week, won, after a good race, from Nunthorpe, by a head only. Certainly Nunthorpe is a curious horse; he must have been in his best form, as he was giving the winner 2 st. 8 lbs., and had Blue Green, Therapia, and others behind him. The Bottisham Plate produced some of the most speedy animals of the day, and Lady Lena's recent successes at Ascot and Manchester caused her to be a strong favourite; but she had no chance with Ratton, who won in a canter, and must be one of the speediest horses over five furlongs we have seen for years. It was a pleasant day—warm, but with a delicious breeze—and in the evening we were treated to the usual July week thunderstorm. Wednesday opened with a dull morning and some heavy showers; it was an extraordinary change from Tuesday, as it was quite cold. The sales were not exciting, one colt from the Blankney lot making 1,550 guineas; but, as a rule, bidders were shy. When we got to the course a cold thin rain, driven by a high wind, was most uncomfortable, and the attendance was scanty, especially of ladies. Racing began with the Soham Plate, for which there were twenty-one runners; but a Yorkshire-trained horse, Wrinkles, was made a great favourite, as on his running with Towton at Redcar he was very favourably handicapped, and he justified the confidence of his supporters by winning easily. The Duke of Portland's The Prize won the Exeter Stakes from a moderate field, and after Sherwood's stable had won a Selling Plate with the least fancied of the pair he ran, the Duke of Westminster's huge Galopin filly, Mimera, who is a bad roarer, beat a large field in the Plantation Stakes. The Stud Produce Stakes fell to the Duke of Portland's highly-bred Raeburn, by St. Simon out of Mowerina—Donovan's dam. This colt is rather light of substance, and short—but, then, his sire was rather short. Raeburn won like a racehorse, from a nice Peppermint colt, Shelley. Peppermint, with few opportunities, has proved a success at the stud, and this is a sire that breeders who cannot afford the big fees demanded for fashionable sires should make a note of. The High Weight Handicap was a sporting kind of race, but the three handicappers, from the average of whose weights the race was the result, must have taken a very wrong idea of the merits of Versailles, as that colt won with his 7 lbs. penalty. Bel Demonio waited on Star in the Bunbury Plate and won as he liked.

Next week we have the pleasant meetings at Stockbridge. The Bibury Club appropriate the first day, Tuesday, when Curio may win the Portsmouth Plate, and Son of a Gun looks to possess a great chance in the Champagne Stakes, whilst the Duke of Portland may take the Bibury Club Home-Bred Foal Stakes. The best two-year-old form of the year is to be found amongst the entries for the Stockbridge Foal Stakes, but it is hard to say what may start, Bill of Portland, Meddler, and Milford being amongst the entries, the name of the latter being also down for the Stockbridge Cup, which reads a certainty for him with a start, but this is not likely, and Martagon may win it. That sweet filly, Bird of Passage, is in the Mottisfort Plate, and may make amends for her Epsom fiasco, whilst Bill of Portland and Milford are again both in the Hurstbourne Stakes and also in the Post Sweepstakes.

POETS AND PUPPETS—AND CENSORS.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity." There is nothing like the *argumentum ad hominem* for bringing home to a man great truths in which he does not at the first see his own concern. In February last Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* a letter, which he headed "Puppets and Actors," and in which he made the following dicta:—"The mere suggestion that stage presentation is any test of a work of art is quite ridiculous." "It is not by the mimes that the Muses are to be judged." "For modern plays, however, perhaps we had better have living players, for in modern plays actuality is everything." In June Mr. Wilde is "interviewed" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his words are reported as follows:—"To hear my own words spoken by the most beautiful voice in the world has been the greatest artistic joy that it is possible to experience." "I hold that this [the art of acting] is as fine as any other art." What was the great light which suddenly shone round Mr. Wilde and so changed his views, or at any rate the expression of them? Simply that a play which had been accepted by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and was already in rehearsal, was denied a licence by the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Wilde had every right to be proud of his work and the recognition of it by such an artist, and more especially when, being written in a foreign language, it was so highly approved of by the greatest artist speaking that tongue. But if his February utterances were morally true, he ought not to have any cause of complaint. He should rather rejoice that his creative work should be denied the opportunity which he would fain have achieved for it, of appearing in a form less noble than that in which it had at first been conceived. "*It is not by the mimes that the Muses are to be judged.*" Though for modern plays living actors are perhaps admissible, what about plays of antique subjects? *Salomé* should, by Mr. Wilde's February showing, be represented by puppets, and the words of his dramatic poem could be aptly spoken by Mme. Bernhardt in the same fashion as that of the Lyric Club a few days ago, when "the most beautiful voice in the world" was heard from behind a screen reciting the impassioned love verses of M. Armand Sylvestre.

If the action of the Censor in refusing to license *Salomé* has been the means of bringing Mr. Wilde's intellectual feet into the true path, surely the last person to be wroth should be Mr. Wilde. To have such a misty error dissipated is surely worth the sacrifice of having a play saved from the shame of an inferior method of publicity. Mr. Wilde has a personal grievance against the Lord Chamberlain—"that he allows the personality of an artist to be presented in a caricature on the stage, and will not allow the work of that artist to be shown under very rare and beautiful conditions." Here let us inform Mr. Wilde that the remedy is in his own hands; if he objects to his personality appearing on the stage, he has only to inform the Lord Chamberlain of his objection, and the latter will at once enforce the rule by which theatre managers are bound to stop representations of living persons on the stage. Though why Mr. Wilde should object to vicarious appearance on the stage we may wonder. At present there are two great poets represented in person on the London stage—Mr. Oscar Wilde at the Comedy and the late Mr. William Shakspeare at the Globe—and it would almost appear to any moderately intelligent onlooker that objection might as reasonably be raised by one gentleman as by the other. But, although the attitude of the Censor towards the personality of Mr. Wilde puts that functionary in his "most contemptible" light, that is not the gravest part of his offence. "What I do care about is this," says Mr. Wilde, "that the Censorship apparently regards the stage as the lowest of all the arts, and looks on acting as a vulgar thing." "The insult in the suppression of *Salomé* is an insult to the stage, as a form of art, and not to me." "The people who are injured are the actors; the art that is vilified is the art of acting." "*It is not by the mimes that the Muses are to be judged*," nor is it evidently by the Censor that the mimes are to be judged. Who then is to be judged, and by whom? In his interview Mr. Wilde apparently surprised the Correspondent of the *Gaulois*, who was present, by saying—"I am not English; I'm Irish, which is quite a different thing." A story is told in his native land of a priest who found fault with the excuses of his congregation regarding fasting. "The old can't fast," he said, "and the young won't fast; an' who is to fast?" To which an old crone present answered, "Sure none but yourself, agra!" The only person to be censured is the Censor, and the only person to censure him the poet! That this state of things is not acceptable to Mr. Wilde is deplorable, and entails serious consequences on the English people. "If the censure refuses *Salomé*," said Mr. Wilde, in a burst of very natural indignation at the insult to the art of acting—["*it is not by the mimes that the Muses are to be judged*"]—"I shall leave England and settle in France, where I shall take out letters of naturalization. I will not consent to call myself a citizen of a country that shows such narrow-mindedness in its artistic judgments. . . . All are looking forward now to producing it for the first time in Paris, where the actor is appreciated and the stage is regarded as an artistic medium."

Let us trust that England's loss may be France's gain, and that in artistic Paris, where, of course, there is no Censor, and where the production of a play on any subject is, of

course, never forbidden—not even in the cases of such plays as *Mahomet* or *Thermidor*—and where the actor is appreciated and the stage is regarded as an artistic medium, and where, therefore, the Muses must occasionally be judged by the mimes, Mr. Wilde may find a freer and more congenial atmosphere for his talents. We can only wish beyond this that England will not as a nation break down under the loss of her—or her neighbour's—poetic child, especially when he had just seen the error of his intellectual ways regarding players and puppets; and that she will not in a momentary burst of hysterical sorrow too radically alter the laws of the land so as to bring them more into harmony with the requirements of Mr. Oscar Wilde, in the hope of luring him once more to her deserted shores. Let us, in the hope of averting such a choice of national evils, implore Mr. Wilde to reconsider his decision, and not plunge a nation either in grief or else in possible disaster. He must not take too much to heart the cruel wrong done him by the censor, even though it have the additional sting that it has been inflicted by the hand of a brother Irishman, Mr. Pigott. England may yet be able to prove to him her gratitude for his forbearance, and, secure in his approval of her ways of government, can henceforth look on the works of her lesser poets with a more tolerant eye.

REVIEWS.

RULERS OF INDIA—LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.*

IT is very desirable that some impartial and consistent account of the pacific administration of "Lāt Bantik" should be laid before the public, were it only to remove the unfavourable impression caused by the fifth volume of Thornton's *British India*. This half-forgotten work is fairly readable but it cannot be called history; and the chapter of sixty pages giving a summary of Lord William's administration is characterized by an amount of what looks like personal spite. It is also clear that Mr. Thornton had not the faintest notion of historical proportion. He devotes ten pages to an outbreak of Muhammadan fanaticism that occurred in 1832, in the district of Baraset some twenty miles from Calcutta, and had little more political significance than a poaching affray in Norfolk, or a row at an Irish fair; and he gives just one page to the abolition of the rite of Sati. It is true that a very spirited reply to Mr. Thornton was published in an early number of the *Calcutta Review*, written, if we remember rightly, by the late Sir John Kaye. But Bentinck's administration marks a new phase in Anglo-Indian history. He won no great battles and he annexed but one small kingdom. But he left the Indian exchequer full to overflowing, and between 1828 and 1835 he "created new offices of trust and emolument for the natives; introduced them to a large extent into the judicial administration of the country; and opened a new world of hope to the whole body of the people." These are not the expressions of Mr. Boulger, but they represent his views, as well as the opinions of administrators, dead and living. They must honour the statesman who promoted English education, abolished the transit duties, simplified the administration of justice, and all but freed the press.

We pass briefly over the fifty pages in which Mr. Boulger narrates the experiences of Bentinck in Flanders, Italy and Sicily, and in the government of Madras. We are reminded that Bentinck was actually present at Marengo and other battles, and that he saw a good deal of active service. But it can hardly be urged that he achieved any great success in any one situation. He arrived too late in Egypt; he had to retreat at Corunna; and it is a disputed question whether the failure of the Anglo-Sicilian expedition was due to him or to Sir Frederick Adam. The circumstances of his recall from the government of Madras in 1807, are peculiar, and here we agree with Mr. Boulger in thinking that Bentinck was somewhat unfairly treated by the Court of Directors. That body, however, has never failed to make all the amends in its power to any official superciliously or harshly dealt with; from the Governor-General to the Deputy Collector, from Richard Colley Wellesley to De Souza and Gomez, the secretariat clerks. The mutiny at Vellore was caused by the issue of some irritating military regulations about the Sepoys' dress; but a Civil Governor in India has always come in for and must bear his share of blame whenever a native soldier suspects something wrong in his rice, in the fat of his cartridges, or in the shape of his turban. Mr. Thornton, by the way, sneers at Lord William for aspiring to the post of Governor-General when the Marquess of Hastings resigned office in 1822; but when the expenditure of the first Burmese War in the time of his successor Lord Amherst made financial reform imperative, no one but Lord William Bentinck was thought capable of grappling with the difficulty. He arrived in Calcutta in the middle of the rainy season of 1828, and we shall first dispose of the only little war of a remarkable administration. The Raja of Coorg was a tyrant and a profligate, combining the cruelty of Domitian with the licentiousness of Nero. After due warning his realm was invaded, his capital occupied, and he himself deposed. He was allowed to reside at Benares on a pension, and he ultimately died in England in 1859. The Raj was annexed to the British dominions. The grave mal-administration of Mysore—a state of things passed over in silence by Mr. Thornton—also demanded our interference. The Raja who had been put on the throne by Arthur Wellesley after 1799 and who died only in 1868, was set aside. His dominions were administered for his benefit by an English Commissioner and, it should be noted, were restored to his successor during the administration of Lord Lawrence. When two Rajas, refractory or incapable, had thus been taken in hand, when the murder of our Agent at Jaipur, Mr. Blake, had been avenged and the affairs of that Rajput State had been placed under a Resident aided by a Council of Regency, and when the King of Oudh had been told in the plainest language that persistence in evil courses would infallibly lead to his deposition, the Governor-General found ample opportunity to carry out those internal measures of reform which entitle him to an honourable place in Sir William Hunter's Series.

The celebrated "half-batta" order, as it is called, may be termed a reform; but it is just one of those doubtful measures which secure a small financial saving and create a maximum of annoyance and discontent. *Batta* or *Bhatha*, as Mr. Boulger tells us, means extra allowance. Full Batta used to be given to officers at all stations within the British territories. It was doubled on service beyond the frontier. The Court of Directors, disregarding the remonstrances of Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst and others, sent out peremptory orders to Lord William, not to do away with the extra allowance altogether, but what was worse, to reduce it by one-half at some five stations in the Presidency of Bengal. It may well be doubted whether it could ever have been worth while to make every mess-room in India a focus of discontent in order to effect a saving of 20,000*l.* a year. Other measures of reform were more necessary and far more justifiable; and they were Bentinck's own. He appointed a picked body of officials of whom the late Colonel Sleeman was probably the most eminent, to detect and bring to justice the venerable fraternity of *Thugs*. Their dexterous handling of the *rumal* or handkerchief with which they despatched their confiding victims had been suspected for centuries; and how well they plied their dreadful trade may be read in Meadows Taylor's graphic volumes. Nothing had been done by Muhammadan Emperor or English Statesman to deal with these accomplished garotters till the days of Bentinck. The abolition of the practice naturally took some time. Thugs were still apprehended and confessed after the reigns of Hardinge and Dalhousie, and we have in our possession a photograph of a Thug who owned to an English officer that he alone could account for 200 victims. It bears a striking resemblance to Domenichino's St. Jerome in the Vatican Gallery.

Judicial and revenue reforms were carried out in much less time and by the passing of a few enactments. The Collectorates of the whole Bengal Presidency had hitherto been under a single Revenue Board at Calcutta. The acquisition of the North-West Provinces rendered it impossible for such a controlling body to deal properly with the very different systems of assessment and collection prevalent in Behar and Bengal, in the province of Benares, and in Upper India. So a second Board was created for the Agra division of the Presidency. The Settlement of this fine tract of country with its minute and accurate record of rights, responsibilities, and privileges, was entrusted by Lord William to the late Mr. R. M. Bird. Commissioners of division, bearing some sort of resemblance to a French Prefect, were created for no less than twenty divisions, with the superintendence on an average of three or four districts a piece. The old Courts of Circuit called Provincial Courts, cumbrous and dilatory, by which Sessions could be held only once in six months, were abolished. A gaol delivery from this time forth was to be held monthly in every district by the Sessions judge; and this reform in all essentials holds good to this hour. The above were improvements of a system already in existence. The next reform was an original idea and a new departure. Lord Cornwallis who, with his predecessors, had lamentable experience of

* *Rulers of India—Lord William Bentinck.* By Demetrius C. Boulger, Author of "The History of China" &c. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

the legacy of untrustworthiness bequeathed to us by native rule, changed the whole character of the English Civil Service, substituted high pay for commercial profit, relieved the native official of much responsibility, and, it has been said, left no native anywhere in the receipt of more than one hundred rupees a month. Bentinck saw that the time had come for allotting more onerous duties to natives trained for forty years in our system, and for giving them better salaries. Native judges of three classes were vested with powers to try all original civil suits affecting real or personal—in Anglo-Indian phraseology—moveable and immoveable property. A separate Court of Appeal of English judges was created for the North-West Provinces. And the administration of justice, civil and criminal, was simplified in more ways than one, though a more complete reform was only effected in the days of Lord Canning. Then, by an Act of 1883 of which the title and scope seem to have escaped Mr. Boulger, a new class of officials styled "Deputy Collectors" was created. They were placed under the English Collector, and were only to try such rent suits or similar cases as were made over to them by their superior. And here we may say is apparent the disability under which an able writer must labour who has no practical knowledge of the working of our revenue, judicial, and magisterial systems. Mr. Boulger talks of the "very natural course of trying ordinary native offenders by a native tribunal" and of "native magistrates who were nominated and permitted to deal with the majority of those who broke the law." As a strict matter of fact, not a single native was appointed to be Deputy Magistrate till the time of Lord Ellenborough, when, under Act XV. of 1843, the first selection was made in the nephew of the late Dwarkanath Tagore. Mr. Boulger adds that the employment of natives of India "in trying their fellow-countrymen is open to no possible objection." A good deal has been done in this way, but only during the last twenty or thirty years, seeing that for ten years after Lord William's days no native, except perhaps the Moulavi or Muhammadan law officer, ever convicted, fined, or imprisoned the lowest criminal, and then only when such cases were expressly referred to him by the English magistrate. It is a severe test that of picking your way safely through the jungle of circular orders, and extending, consolidating, improving, and repealing Laws which must always characterize a legislation of a cautious and experimental character. Lord William Bentinck was, however, the first statesman to avail himself freely of the experience of natives and to place them above temptation by salaries of 200 to 500 rupees a month. Even with the higher standard of morality, the better pay, and the more secure position of native magistrates, a well-to-do native, accused of some offence affecting his life or liberty, generally to this day prefers a trial before the white judge.

The battle between the Pandits and the English professors is more familiar to Englishmen owing to the publication of Macaulay's famous Minute. We have always maintained that the Whig historian, aided by the late Sir Charles Trevelyan, Charles Cameron, Dr. Duff, and other reformers, was in the main justified in the preference assigned to Bacon, Shakspeare, and Milton over *Kalidasa*, the *Ramayana*, and the *Alif-Laila*. Those eminent philanthropists need not be censured for not having exactly foreseen the conceited, vapouring Baboo and the impudent Congress-wala, with whom Sir Lepel Griffin has dealt, sharply but truthfully, in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. But woe to the statesman who toys with the "elective principle," and relaxes the Englishman's grip of the three hundred districts of the Empire.

We can only give an imperfect notice of the *Sati* question. When Bentinck arrived in India he found an enormous official literature on this subject awaiting his decision. Since 1814 when the Government became alive to its importance, a violent controversy on *Sati* had raged in the Council, the *Kacheri*, and the press. Every magistrate had reported on the rite. Learned Orientalists had turned over the *Shastras*. Philanthropists had protested; timid counsellors had hoped vaguely in the spread of education; energetic Commissioners had recorded their opinion that the practice could easily be put down by a simple law. Unfortunately, previous administrations had only increased the number of funeral pyres. The rite might have been let alone, or it might have been treated as murder. Government, with the utmost gravity, proceeded to lay down precise rules under which reversioners and relatives might be allowed to rid themselves of the burden of supporting Hindu widows; and a distinction was made between "Legal and illegal Suttees." It became a firm belief of the villagers that, on the whole, the English Government rather wished the widow to die with her husband. Large marts and bazaars turned out bodily to witness the *tamasha*, when it was announced that *Rasmoni Dasya* or *Soudamini Debya* were about to immolate themselves with the corpse of their husband; or with his old slippers or his pillow-case if he had died far away from home. Mr. Boulger, by the way, does not seem to appreciate the remarkable distinction between *saha-maranam* and *anu-maranam*. In the first case the widow was obliged to burn with the corpse; in the latter with something that had belonged to it; and this event often took place months and years after the husband's death. The prejudice of the Sepoy in favour of the continuance of the practice and the terrible danger of any interference with his religion, had often been used as arguments by those who upheld the custom. It was shown, however, conclusively that a Brahman's widow only could burn with her husband's corpse, and that this restriction did not prevent scores and hundreds of Brahmans from entering our army and dying in battle against the Mahrattas and the Nepaulese, many miles away from Oudh and the Doab of Hindostan. Practically, out of 800 widows sacrificed in one horrible year, 500 became *Satis* in the unwarlike and unheroic villages of Bengal. It is to Bentinck's eternal honour that he only took seventeen months to cut the knot over which his predecessors had been vainly fumbling for nearly as many years. In December 1829 he passed a stern law of five sections, declaring *Sati* illegal, and empowering Courts, in aggravated cases, to treat it as murder. The judges of the old Supreme Court had, in reality, anticipated the Governor-General in declaring that they would look on *Sati* as murder if committed within their original jurisdiction of the City of Calcutta. With some errors and misconceptions that might have been avoided, Mr. Boulger, in clear language, has done fair justice to his theme. Bentinck was occasionally brusque in manner, and at other times more reticent than one in his high position need have been; but no one questioned his justice, firmness, and truth. Macaulay at the close of his essay on Clive rather goes out of his way to record an eulogium of Bentinck. No winter tourist should neglect to look at the portrait of Lady William and the statue of her husband. The former, by Hayes, hangs or used to hang on the wall of the billiard-room of Government House. The bronze statue of the Governor-General stands in front of the Town Hall, the face showing a combination of shrewdness and benevolence. The bas-relief represents some coarse and incomprehensible women and children. The inscription by Macaulay was nearly illegible some years ago. It is republished in the miscellaneous works of the historian and in the memoir before us and does full justice to the character of the man and to his "wise, reforming, and paternal administration."

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

A GOOD deal of rather odious cleverness has gone to the making of *In Fool's Paradise*. The odiousness is displayed principally in the choice of subjects, and the cleverness in the treatment. The story, which is slight, serves only as a pretext for an account, such as is called "realistic," of the lives of two rowdy and needy young gentlemen living in chambers in London. One of them suffers from a *grande passion*, and ultimately succeeds in marrying the seamstress who inspired it, with considerably less disagreeable consequences than might have been reasonably expected, inasmuch as she was so obliging as to die just in time to stave off family unpleasantness and financial ruin. Mr. Finlay Knight writes with ease, and not without humour; and his descriptions of a music-hall, a police-court, an endeavour to borrow of a money-lender, and so on, are faithful to nature without being dull. We are also indebted to him for a spirited burlesque of a sort of "society" article common in a few of our weekly contemporaries. On the other hand, he skirts the brink of impropriety with a frequency which is tiresome and a suggestion of relish which is offensive. These are the principal faults of the story, and they are sufficiently grave; but, these notwithstanding, it has more than average merit.

Claude Wynter was an artist, and a fictile artist at that, and he loved Gertrude Farningham, and she him. Gertrude's papa was a hard, stern man, and demanded that Wynter should write a book which every critic should acknowledge to be a masterpiece, and thereby demonstrate his ability to keep a wife in affluence, before he, Mr. Farningham, would consent to the union.

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* *In Fool's Paradise.* By H. B. Finlay Knight. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

Wynter's Masterpiece. A Novel. By Frederick Leal. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

Miss Falkland; and other Stories. By Clementina Black. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

The Mystery of a Studio; and other Stories. By Robert Howe Fletcher, Author of "A Blind Bargain." London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

Lucy, Francis, and Cousin Bill. A Novel. By Aden Wistan. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1892.

To most men such a condition would have seemed onerous, but to Claude Wynter it was nothing. He was not too proud to forge a book of travels for his friend, Lord Retford, a patron of literature, and although his lordship's adventures, as dictated by himself, were profoundly uninteresting, Wynter "invested everything, by the sheer magic of his style, with the interest of novelty. His own reflections, which he introduced, the flash of his own wit, and the play of his humour on every page" would have made it a very remarkable book if it had ever been finished, as, if we recollect right, it was not. With these transcendent abilities Wynter had no difficulty in writing a novel which was certain to be, and which, when it actually came out duly was, universally acclaimed as a masterpiece. This astonishing work was sold to a publisher for the nominal price of 70*l.* down (because the accomplished author was short of cash) "and a certain royalty," and the MS. was on the eve of going to the printer's when a rival suitor for the affections of Miss Farningham suborned burglars to steal it, which they did, and thereupon began the struggles and cross-purposes which Mr. Frederick Leal's story unravels. Of course, ultimately Wynter recovers his masterpiece and marries his young woman, as *per* agreement with Mr. Farningham. It is a foolish kind of story tamely told. The sheer magic of Claude Wynter's style, the flash of his wit, and the play of his humour are strictly reserved for his own masterpiece, and never allowed to overflow into Mr. Leal's. Also, all the people behave with extreme absurdity, and the lingo in which the burglars converse is intolerable. It is an abject book, and yet it is that kind of abjection which one can sometimes contemplate without being bored. To praise it more highly than this would be dishonest.

The "other stories" wherewith Miss Clementina Black furnishes forth the volume entitled *Miss Falkland* are five in number; one, "Captain Lackland," being of considerable length, and the others quite short. *Miss Falkland* is a "short story" of, perhaps, the commonest sort there is. A girl living in hotels abroad with her scampish father, who wants her to marry, and a well-to-do man travelling by himself, meet and flirt with mutual eagerness and satisfaction. He is summoned away by telegraph —*bonâ fide*—and the flirtation ultimately has a sequel. It is an ingenious one too, and rather novel, so that altogether *Miss Falkland* is not a bad little story. "Captain Lackland" is a mid-eighteenth-century tale of true love and misunderstandings between a fashionable and gallant but impecunious young officer and a rustic but well-dowered country maiden. The archaisms are a little irritating, and the misunderstandings hardly less so. The shorter stories are more ambitious than successful. "Moonlight and Floods" may be taken as a specimen. A boat removes persons from a house likely to be washed away in a flood. There is not room for all, and a bachelor and spinster, because they are not of sanguine temperaments, volunteer to stay. They are strangers to each other, and their names are not mentioned. They yarn to each other spasmodically, and expect to be drowned. After an hour or two they are drowned. To be done at all, this sort of thing ought to be done exceedingly well, and Miss Black does not do it exceedingly well.

Miss Black's stories, however, have more in them than those collected by Mr. Robert Howe Fletcher under the title of *The Mystery of a Studio*. The scene of the first is laid in Italy, that of the last in Spain, and those of the others in America. They are one and all exactly such stuff as one or two articles are made of in every monthly magazine. They are not in the least good or bad, but indifferent.

"Morning, evening, noon, and night, 'Praise God!' sang Theocrite." It is difficult, without emulating the persistent piety of Theocrite, to express the joy and relief of him who, in the unremitting performance of his duty, has finished *Lucy, Frank, and Cousin Bill*. It looks a harmless, ordinary three-volume novel in red covers, with less than 300 pages to a volume, but it is so bad, so dull, so incoherently fatuous, and so bewilderingly obscure, that it really is the very longest, and beyond all question the most unutterably oppressive, of all the abominably bad novels that have ever come under our notice. It is about an atrocious set of vulgar young people who pour out endless floods of copybook sentiment expressed in the most slipshod and ungrammatical phraseology. Yet, rubbish though the stuff is, it never rises to the ludicrous. The story deals exclusively with passionate attachments, and obstacles placed in the course of true love by the extraordinary ingenuity with which Lucy, her lover Francis, and her cousin Bill contrive to lose each other for nearly the whole period of the story, and to suffer the most dreadful agonies of mind in consequence. These persons are not even alive enough to make one hate them and rejoice in their misfortunes—the worst of which probably was that they and others all came together at last, and begot innumerable children, who, "seventeen years after," as the concluding chapter informs us, all agreed enthusiastically to marry each other. There is just one great and excellent thing about this detestable story, and that is that there is an end of it.

ROMANES UPON DARWIN.*

THIS book (of 460 pages) forms Part I. of what will be shortly —in the autumn Mr. Romanes hopes—a complete account of the Darwinian Theory, and of the supplementary as well as of the opposing theories which have been put forward since the appearance of the *Origin of Species*. It was originally intended to preface the volume now under consideration by an introductory sketch dealing with evolution before Darwin; but this project has, it appears, been abandoned; at any rate, the introductory volume is "to stand over for an indefinite time." The present volume hardly challenges criticism in so far as it is an exposition pure and simple of Darwin's theory of natural selection; this theory is now accepted "as *a* cause, even if it be not *the* cause, of evolution" by the vast majority of naturalists. We are of opinion, however, that Mr. Romanes has occasionally exaggerated the strength of certain arguments, particularly of those which have been deduced from the remarkable and complex phenomena of animal colours and markings.

Here, and in one or two other places, it has appeared to us as if the mantle of Darwin had descended upon Mr. Romanes in such a way as to obscure his vision, instead of resting gracefully upon his shoulders. Among the best instances which illustrate the influence of natural selection Mr. Romanes says in effect is protective coloration. If Mr. Romanes had noticed the remarkable flat fishes exhibited at the Royal Society's soirée by Mr. Cunningham, he could not fail to have been struck by the strong evidence there presented of the mere dependence of the colour as such upon the influence of light. The sole and other flat fishes have been always a stock instance of the effects of adaptation to a useful end; and yet the "protectively coloured" upper surface of these fishes is usually invisible, for the reason that they habitually cover themselves with the sand of the sea bottom when at rest; the white under parts have been held to be white because there was no need for them to be anything else; nature, being a rigid economist, has not, it is thought by many, wasted tints where they would be superfluous.

It is held, in fact, that flowers are not born to blush unseen, and that some purpose is always served by colour; but Mr. Cunningham has discovered that, by exposing certain flat fishes in glass tanks to the influence of light coming from beneath, and therefore impinging upon the lower surface, that surface became in due time pigmented like the "back" of the creature. An illustration is given (on p. 322) of the wonderful imitative butterfly, *Kallima*, which has a brilliantly-tinted upper surface, but the wings are coloured below by obscure browns and greys, so as to bear the closest likeness to withered leaves, a resemblance which is heightened by their variability in markings and by white spots, suggestive of mildew. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable likeness ever noted between an animal and its surroundings, and if all the instances brought forward were of equal strength, it would undoubtedly be the case that defensive colouring formed the strongest array of arguments in favour of natural selection. We have been informed, however, that this particular butterfly does not frequent shrubs whose leaves decay and remain upon the branches. This evidently requires looking into.

Mr. Romanes has selected, from among the beautiful series of birds with their natural surroundings, presented to the National Museum at South Kensington by Lord Walsingham and other gentlemen, the Norfolk plover, which is represented as crouching upon the ground in an attitude of concealment. Its colour harmonizes with that of rough stony ground; but Mr. Romanes has also, with a candour which is all the more meritorious as it is undoubtedly imprudent for his argument, depicted the young chick of the same bird in an attitude of open defiance to some approaching foe. Now it is perfectly clear that protection is much more needed by the young than by the old bird; apart from the fact that the parent bird is better able to protect itself by physical strength, the chick needs specially looking after, because upon it will devolve the duty of continuing the race. It has been properly pointed out that natural selection is concerned only with the prosperity of the race, not at all with that of the individual; it would obviously, therefore, be more advantageous that the young should be fostered than

* *Darwin and after Darwin: an Exposition of the Darwinian Theory and a Discussion of Post-Darwinian Questions.* By G. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. I. The Darwinian Theory. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

that the older birds who have already laid their eggs for some seasons should be particularly protected. This section of the book could be read and appreciated by persons with no technical knowledge of zoology; and Mr. Romanes tells us that the present volume is entirely written more for general readers than for professed naturalists; pains have been taken not to assume "even the most elementary knowledge of natural science on the part of those to whom the exposition is addressed." Mr. Romanes's opinion of the general reader and of what constitutes elementary knowledge must be exceedingly high. We should like to be personally introduced to the general reader who could follow the explanation, and who could understand the figures illustrating the division of the nucleus and the formation of the Polar bodies on pp. 132 and 133. It may even be doubted whether five-sixths of living zoologists of established reputation are familiar with these complex processes, termed collectively "Karyokinesis"—the name alone would weed out many, if they could be subjected to an examination. The whole section dealing with Embryology is open to the same remark. It is rather premature to refer to vol. ii.; but we must protest against the creation of a class of naturalists to be called specialists in Darwinism, and to whom Mr. Romanes intends to appeal in his forthcoming volume. It is, in our opinion, precisely those naturalists who have paid practical attention to the facts of zoology and botany—it may be even in a limited field—who are best fitted to grapple with the general problems to which their special studies have introduced them. The existence of "specialists in Darwinism" is argued for with so much energy that, were we not acquainted with Mr. Romanes's valuable papers upon the Physiology of Starfishes and other similar subjects, we should inevitably have thought of the fox without a tail.

In his chapter upon the arguments furnished by embryology, the author describes and figures (after Haeckel) the "ideal primitive vertebrate"; it is certainly useful to make such reconstructions, and speculation in these directions is perfectly legitimate as tending to bring out and illuminate the essential characters of a given group. Mr. Romanes is not, we think, right in objecting to the "manufacture of archetypal forms"; this industry may of course be abused, and lead to misunderstandings. There is a story told of a student who complained at the conclusion of a course of study in a zoological laboratory that his Professor had not given him the opportunity of dissecting the "Archetypal mollusc." We are glad to notice that Mr. Romanes has stopped short of giving this hypothetical ancestor of ours a name, as has recently been done by a distinguished American savant in the case of an equally hypothetical creature.

One of the most interesting chapters (Chap. V.) deals with Palæontology. The horse is of course trotted out, and its pedigree, as elucidated by Professor Marsh, expounded. The Tertiary rocks of North America furnish the strongest evidence that we have of a gradual evolution of animals; these rocks absolutely teem with links, missing elsewhere, which unite one type with another—the difficulty, indeed, appears to be to find species of the higher mammals that are untrammelled by various lowly connexions. If our knowledge of the evolution of other groups was as extensive as that which we possess—thanks to the labours of Leidy, Marsh, Cope, and others—of the mammals, Mr. Romanes might have written much more strongly than he did in remarking that "there is no *positive* proof *against* the theory of descent to be drawn from a study of Palæontology."

There are some inaccuracies in Mr. Romanes's book. We do not think that the distinctions between the Protozoa and the Metazoa on p. 104 will satisfy any one—except, perhaps, a "specialist in Darwinism." According to the author's definition, *Volvox* ought to be a Metazoon, for it is multicellular, and the cells are to some extent specialized. The real distinction between the two is that all the Metazoa, from sponge to man, are permanently or temporarily formed as a two-layered sac with a central cavity, the inner layer of cells being different in character and function from the outer layer. In stating (on p. 114) that nothing comparable to the formation of Polar bodies has ever been observed in the Protozoa, Mr. Romanes has overlooked the description (by Professor A. Schneider) of something very like Polar bodies in a Gregarine; but we ought not perhaps to press this criticism. In any case Mr. Romanes has committed himself to a decided error, which seems to be not unfrequently made, when he says (p. 205), "the case of the dog being doubtful, there is an entire absence of all Mammalian life [in Australia and New Zealand] except that of one of the oldest and least highly developed orders, the Marsupials." Mr. Romanes must surely have included New Zealand by a slip of the pen. There are no indigenous Mammalia at all in New Zealand except the ubiquitous bats, and a more than legendary carnivorous creature—only known apparently by its footprints. As to Australia there are, in addition, of course, to a most varied assortment of Marsupials, not only bats, but the aquatic rodent *Hydromys*, of which there are some five species.

The book is illustrated by 125 woodcuts and one coloured plate; some of the pictures are decidedly better than others. The infant three weeks old supporting itself in a "simian attitude" upon the branch of a tree is good; a judicious arrangement of shadow prevents the heartrending expression of that infant's face from being too apparent to the tender-hearted reader. The figure of the hydra (on p. 111) is provided with so much unnecessary environment that it forcibly suggests a pollard willow growing upon the banks of a stream with a background of distant mountains. Balanoglossus (fig. 48) is not, we may remark, nearly so black as Mr. Romanes's artist has painted it. The most striking series of figures are those illustrating the effects of artificial selection; they occupy 14 full pages. The author considers them to be a "tolerably extensive" series; extensive they certainly are, but not always tolerable; they have got the appearance of cheap lithographs which often form the frontispiece to shilling handbooks to the farm and garden. We must admit, however, that, although not pleasing, they seem accurate, and will, no doubt, serve a useful purpose.

SHORT STORIES.*

ALL of the five stories that make up "Q.'s" last volume are, with one exception, worthy of the high place the writer has gained in the art of fiction. "A Blue Pantomime" cannot be considered successful, though we are willing to believe it is an "improvement," as the author suggests, upon a "boyish version," published some years since in a magazine, which we have not read. All imaginative persons have experienced the peculiar mental condition—"fallings from us, vanishings," &c.—which supplies the story with its keynote. Yet the theme is not effectively worked out in "A Blue Pantomime." We neither feel the apprehension of the uncanny subject at the outset, nor are moved by a responsive thrill by the climax. And, it is curious to note, this imperfect execution of an admirable design seems to be chiefly due to the absence of that preparative art in which "Q." generally shows a rare degree of excellence. He knows how to envelope his story with its own proper atmosphere, and how to raise betimes in the reader, by many a light artistic touch, the necessary high-strung nervous excitation, just as Poe does, with imcomparable skill, in *The Fall of the House of Usher*. In "I saw Three Ships" "Q." is exceedingly happy in exercising this gift. The very humorous passages in this dramatic story, which are worthy, by the way, of the raciest dialogues in *Troy Town*, or the best stories of that excellent humourist, the late lamented Hicks, of Bodmin, are no mere comic interludes, like the humorous scenes in an Elizabethan tragi-comedy. They serve to heighten the tragic presentment of the unhappy and betrayed hero, the love-lorn Zeb. Young Zeb Minards is a Cornish fisherman, who, in defiance of the local superstition that it is unlucky to save a drowning man's life, rescues from shipwreck a stranger who cunningly assumes his name and supplants him in the affection of his beloved. Driven desperate by his wrongs, Zeb vows vengeance, and schemes to deliver his enemy into the hands of the press-gang. At the critical hour, however, he repents, and carries off his rival hidden in a cart of sea-weed from under the very eyes of the gang. Not to be outdone, the sham Zeb forces the true Zeb to exchange clothes with him, and, arrayed in the wedding finery of his reconciled foe, the latter gets him to church and is married. Such, in outline, is the story. As told by "Q." it glows with colour, and human passion, humour, and pathos, and is altogether a most effective example of artistic narration. The Cornish speech is not merely employed as a philologer would have it, but with apt humour and genuine actuality. Not that the speech of Troy Town is mainly Cornish, for such Gallicisms as "ally couchez," "rende voo," and "causey" (*causer*) are common to both sides of the Tamar, and every hedger through the length and breadth of Devon uses the term "suent," which the old crowder and leader of the church musicians applies to the serpent which Elias had blown from his youth up (p. 11). Of the remaining stories, "The Haunted Dragoon" is quite equal to the best of the collection entitled *Naughts and Crosses*, and the highwayman's story, "The Two Householders," is a masterpiece.

Under Other Conditions is chiefly remarkable for the new

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* *I Saw Three Ships; and Other Winter's Tales.* By "Q." London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

Under Other Conditions. A Tale. By the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, M.A. London: A. & C. Black. 1892.

The Sinner's Comedy. By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

avatar it presents of that old favourite in romantic fiction, the Mysterious Being. Dr. Ezariel, who plays strange pranks, of a hypnotic or telepathic kind, among Italian mountains and lakes, and on the topmost tors of rugged Dartmoor, shows some points of affinity with the marvellous creations of the illustrious Maturin, or the author of *A Strange Story*, and other wonder-working romances. Not that he is guilty of dark compacts, or a leader of *Illuminati*, or the last Rosicrucian, though he caused as much consternation and wonder as if he were all these. He is merely a visitor from another planet living on earth "under other conditions." It is a pity, perhaps, he should have recourse to such well-observed means of exercising power as mesmerism and thought-reading afford, and has little to tell of the nature of other worlds and societies. The argument in favour of a plurality of inhabited worlds is by no means forcibly urged in the chapter "A Remarkable Conversation," which is so inconclusive and so abruptly ended that it suggests some premature accident at the introduction of the fourth tumbler. Yet, withal, Dr. Ezariel's exploits are not a little surprising. He takes up a volume of Plato for the first time, and shows a complete knowledge of the philosopher on closing it. He paralyses his enemies at a glance of his eye, and revives dying persons with a drop or two from a mysterious phial. He has his flying-machines, too, which are driven by electricity, in one of which he takes a pleasant voyage with some earthly friends from Great Mis Tor to the Swiss Alps As to the Plato incident, it seems that he was still more the friend of truth than of Plato, or, as he says in his enigmatic style, "I may know truth, and Plato knew truth, but I do not know Plato."

Something of enigma clings to *The Sinner's Comedy*; for it is hard to decide who the sinner is in the story, and what is the comedy. Of story, indeed, there is little enough in this clever and even brilliant, if not entirely satisfactory, little book. A delicate perception of the ironical unfitness of things in this world is among the author's most distinctive gifts, and in the touching story of the unselfish and heroic Anna Christian and the Bishop's devotion it finds its most striking expression. These characters are revealed with uncommon insight. Indeed, it may be said that the author, though somewhat apt to indulge over-much in mere epigram in delineating persons, excels in sketching character by a kind of introspection that suggests a few rapid flashes of a search-light. In the dialogue of *The Sinner's Comedy* there are many examples of this process. The speakers act and react upon each other, and are made to reveal themselves, even to the depths, by what appears to a chance phrase only. Perhaps, the persons in the story are too uniformly brilliant of speech and apt in epigram, but there is no denying that they are cleverly drawn, and drawn from life.

HUXLEY'S ESSAYS ON CONTROVERTED QUESTIONS.*

As we turned over the pages—for the most part very well known ones—of Professor Huxley's *Essays on Controverted Questions* (which he has reprinted in a form cruelly unwieldy from one who, as he not vainly boasts, enjoys the calumet, and who ought to have thought of the comfort of other lovers thereof in wielding his book and the implement), we came on the following note:—

> 'Yet I must somehow have laid hold of the root of the matter; for many years afterwards, when Dean Mansell's *Bampton Lectures* were published, it seemed to me I already knew all that this eminently Agnostic thinker had to tell me.'

And as we read a strange thing happened. The pages of Mr. Huxley seemed to melt away, and there appeared in their stead other pages in an unfamiliar, but intelligible, letter, which somehow or other (somehow or other is the familiar thing in dreams) we knew to be New Zealand type of the year 4000, or thereabouts, and to express the opinions of a New Zealander *retour de London Bridge*. The words ran thus:—

It has been absurdly maintained by a few belated disciples of the Scientific Church, who, instead of quietly battening on the endowments which the zeal of our ancestors bestowed on them, struggle against the clearest demonstrations of a more enlightened age, that this passage is the work of T. H. Huxley, one of their oracles in the nineteenth century. It is somewhat uncertain whether T. H. Huxley ever existed, and more than uncertain whether he was the author of the writings which now go by his name. But if nothing survived save this passage, it would be sufficient to prove how utterly untrustworthy is the canon of the Huxleian scriptures, as our fat Professors have received it. We shall not dwell much on the fact that, though vestiges exist of an immoral and unworthy attempt to make out that the lectures to which the pseudo-Huxley is referring, and which are now generally admitted to be among the noblest relics of philosophical Christianity, were of an atheistic, or at least Agnostic, tendency, there is no doubt that their author was a sincere and staunch defender of orthodoxy. This would not of itself be conclusive, for the rage of controversy, as the Scientifics have too often shown, goes fast and far. But there is a much stronger proof. Fortunately authentic registers of the sometime University of Oxford have been preserved, and that part of the list of Bampton Lecturers which concerns this period is supported by all the best texts elsewhere. There is no such name as "Dean Mansell" there, though there is the name of "Mansel," who, it is from other mentions not improbable, afterwards became Dean of St. Paul's. Now is it, for one moment, probable that, if the real Huxley ever existed, and if he wrote these essays, he would have been guilty of a gross error in spelling the name of a contemporary who was well known, who might be called famous? It is impossible to believe it. This Huxley—the Huxley of Scientific hagiology—is represented to us as a man of scrupulous exactitude, of high personal honour, excessively sens itive (as his controversies, fragmentary as they are, with Gladstone, Wace, Lilly, and others prove) to the minutest details of citation and argument. Would he have been guilty of such an oversight? Could he? He who has left us long disquisitions on "Gabara" and "Gadara," "Gerasa" and "Gergesa"? The thing is not improbable; it is impossible. No! If the Scientifics can bring no better evidence than this evidence, vitiated as it is by the most irrefragable arguments of internal falsity, they had better shut up shop.

"How childish they were in the fortieth century!" thought we to ourselves as, the dream hardly faded, the New Zealand document disappeared and Mr. Huxley's stout tome resurged. Childish, certainly. And yet?—and yet? Is the argument so very different from those which Mr. Huxley's revered masters, the Biblical critics, have been using for two centuries? Is it so very different from the arguments which he himself uses *passim* in this very book?

We must leave the complete answer to this possibly impertinent question to his readers. The bulk of the volume consists of papers which have made a considerable noise during the last few years, some of which have been at the time of their appearance commented on at length in these pages, and most of which seem to us to be hopelessly vitiated by a fallacy which on these occasions we have more than once pointed out. This fallacy is the confusion of what Mr. Huxley himself agrees to call "Nature" and "Supernature," and the demand that the things of the second shall conform to the laws of the first. That these essays have many lively and excellent characteristics, and do always more or less "stimilate," we agree in the heartiest manner. We are not, indeed, quite sure that the author's apologies for retaining and reprinting his "vivacities of language" are quite sufficient. For we believe that the sharpest, the liveliest, and the most earnest controversy can be carried on without any such vivacities of language at all. But we are not concerned to defend Mr. Huxley's opponents. Some of them are very well able to defend themselves; others have argued in a manner which gave him an easy triumph over their arguments, if not over their conclusions. He would not have had so easy a time of it with that divine whose name he has shown an apostolical inability to spell.

The fresh interest of the present book lies, of course, chiefly in a Prologue of some fifty or more pages, in which Mr. Huxley resumes his views and defends his position. To some it may be a relief to learn that, if he will only admit the Bible not to be inspired, Professor Huxley would be almost a fanatic for the study of the Bible from the Humanist and anthropological point of view, to others, that he thinks it the most democratic book in the world; while to yet others it may be a grief that he has hard things to say of "Protestants." Our withers are unwrung; our heart-cockles unwarmed. The Protestant Consuls are quite at liberty to see, if they like, that the Protestant Republic takes no harm from Mr. Huxley. If the Bible is the most democratic book in the world, our edition is different from Mr. Huxley's. As members of the Church of England who receive the Bible as inspired, we experience a faint difficulty in perceiving how the doctrine that the Bible contains the words of Him who made man interferes with its interest or authority as a document of man's faculties. We are students, too, of those faculties, and Mr. Huxley has himself given us a remarkably interesting document in regard to them in this Prologue. Its most interesting points we find in two propositions—one to the effect that the author i discussing "allegations respecting matters *lying within the province of natural knowledge*, which he believes to be erroneous" (the italics are ours); the other (occurring later in the book) that

* *Essays on Controverted Questions.* By T. H. Huxley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

"for himself, he is bound to say that the term Nature covers the totality of that which is." We, in our turn, are bound to say that these two passages, taken in juxtaposition, reduce Mr. Huxley's book to a matter of very high curiosity certainly, but of curiosity merely. For the entire contention of his opponents, among whom, with the highest respect for him, we rank ourselves, is that the term Nature does not cover the totality of that which is; that the supernatural complement of that totality is quite different from Nature, is at least probably governed by different laws, and certainly cannot be proved to be governed by the same; therefore, that any attempt to admit or to exclude facts of "Supernature" because of their ability or inability to establish themselves in accordance with natural laws is a fallacy of the most hopeless kind. We could produce from this Prologue not a few instances of the minor fallacies into which this initial paralogism has led Mr. Huxley. But until he meets the main demurrer—as, to our knowledge, he has nowhere yet done—it seems more or less useless to argue the minor points which may be found scattered all over the Essays, and on many of which we should be perfectly well prepared to join issue.

In short, the characteristics of the Prologue are the characteristics of the book. We are sure that Mr. Huxley speaks with sincerity and conviction in repudiating Mr. Lilly's imputation against him that he "puts aside as unverifiable everything which is beyond the bounds of physical science," yet it is obvious from every page in his book, and from the contrasted declarations which we have just quoted in particular, that he does in effect do this. And though it is hazardous, and even almost impolite, to attempt to explain other people's mental processes to them, we suspect that he does it by a half conscious half unconscious *petitio principii*, extending the domain of what he calls Nature over the domain of what he calls Supernature. And so, while not explicitly affirming that what is without the bounds of physical science is unverifiable, he practically restricts his verifications to that which, he assumes, is within them. It is clear also that, perhaps from want of a training in literary criticism as thorough as that which he has received in scientific inquiry, he altogether mistakes the value of that kind of literary criticism which is called Biblical. For our own parts, we can assure Mr. Huxley that the best Biblical critic *in posse*, if not *in esse*, whom we ever met in print is Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. The processes of that great man in his Shakspeare cryptogram-hunts, his assumptions, his attitude, his method, are exactly identical with the processes, the assumption, the attitude, and the method of Mr. Huxley's revered masters in Biblical criticism from Simon to Volkmar. When Mr. Huxley "repeats, without the slightest fear of refutation, that the four Gospels as they have come to us are the work of unknown writers," he perhaps hardly knows how curious a figure he cuts in the eyes of some careful students of logic and literature. For observe, he does not say that he sees grave reasons to doubt whether the known or assumed writers are the true ones. He is positively certain that they are *not*. He asserts that "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John" did *not* write the Gospels as we have them. Now, it would not be very easy to prove such a negative in any case, even in a time quite close to our own. It has as yet been as hard for the ingenuity of patient and competent inquirers to prove that Francis did not write "Junius" as to prove that he did; and, in default of evidence, which is very recently forthcoming, or of tests of style, which are highly dubious, the task must always be one of the extremest difficulty. But Mr. Huxley, referring to a division of literature as to which we have practically no contemporary documents external to itself to guide us at all, is certain that four persons did *not* write the Four Gospels. We can only say that we admire his sacred boldness. We could not pretend to knowledge on such a basis. We are no *voyants*. We do know, having examined it fairly, that the evidence against the supposed authorship of the Fourth Gospel is exceedingly weak, and that the evidence against the supposed authorship of the other three is next to valueless. We do know that the evidence on the other side is as strong, at least, as the evidence on which the authorship of a large number of profane books is accepted. But, as a matter of evidence, we could not speak so freely on the one—the easier, the affirmative—side as Mr. Huxley does on the other, the more difficult, the negative. His Agnosticism is infinitely more confident than our gnosis.

These strange paralogisms appear throughout, and vitiate seriously the value of what is still an interesting book. We are, as we have always been, somewhat in the dark as to the motive which induces Mr. Huxley, as it has induced so many others, to strain logic and outrage probability in order to deny what it can certainly do them no harm to accept. We do not suppose that Mr. Huxley is afraid of being damned; and if he is, his fear of itself proves with terrible force what his arguments disprove with lamentable weakness. If he is not afraid of being damned, what does it matter? Why spend all this heat, all this labour, all this ingenuity, learning, what not, in formulating, defending, and endeavouring to clothe in all sorts of insufficient covering the nakedness of one simple fallacy:—"Man couldn't do this. Therefore, God didn't."

THE GENTLEWOMAN AT HOME.*

OF all the volumes hitherto published in this rather aggressive and alarming series, we gratefully recognize *The Gentlewoman at Home* as having the truest resemblance to "the genuine article." Mrs. Talbot Coke's contribution is written in a lively and pleasant way, and if she wanders rather wide of her subject at times, she is always sensible when she accidentally keeps to the point, and truly feminine in her harmless affection for the use of many adjectives. After having played leapfrog with the gentlewomen in their *Book of Sports*, and followed them in their ideas of hygiene, and learned from them what they think is "good Society," we are thankful to be allowed to contemplate them at Home, a place from which we should not be altogether sorry if they never emerged. Mrs. Talbot Coke gives her views on the decoration and, above all, the colouring of "the Home.' We find it difficult to put ourselves in the position of any one possessing a house and yet lacking all ideas how to furnish and make it homelike. But apparently our author has a large consulting practice, and those who follow her recipes are not likely to go very far wrong.

We could wish that for the sake of "pure colour" there were fewer descriptions dealing in bronzy browny yellows, or greeny lettuce, or tawny coppery toned reds. Those who have an eye for true colour will interpret these words aright, but for the totally ignorant, and we must presume it is for them this book is written, they are dangerously vague words, and the result may be too often found in muddy and heavy tones. We are also inclined to think that Liberty silk, quilled, and fussily frilled, is recommended in rather extravagant quantities. In the chapter on "Table Decoration," we must object very decidedly to the mixture of ribbons with flowers. The only proper place for a bow of ribbon is on the dress, and for the purpose of tying some material, but "Liberty sashes of turquoise silk meandering amongst the flowers, and tied in a large careless bow at either end," or "eight yellow silk sashes, like the spokes of a wheel, ending in a careless knot before the plates of the eight guests," such "decorations" are enough to spoil the best of appetites. The appropriate is the essential thing, and without it nothing is in good taste. Sashes and bows and spokes of wheels are utterly useless and meaningless on a dinner table, and, therefore, lack the essentials of true decoration. "Madam's Garden" and "On the Shelf" are written with a kindly thought of those whose lives are not all sunshine, and the invalid who has looked to Mrs. Coke for enlivening her dull surroundings, and lightening the life which has to be passed on her narrow couch, will not be sent empty away. Practical experience obviously dictates most of the recommendations in this book, and we believe it will be found suggestive and helpful to many.

VOLCANOES.†

OF late years so much has been written on the subject of volcanoes that there is little room for a new book. But the publishers, we suppose, required one for their series, and Dr. Hull has supplied it. As Professor Judd had already treated volcanoes ("The International Scientific Series") in a masterly fashion from the more scientific standpoint, Dr. Hull has had to regard them in a more geographical aspect. He makes as much use as possible of his personal experiences, especially in Palestine, the latter being the most novel part of the work. It is, in short, a conscientious piece of book-making, diversified by a few blunders.

As examples of these is the statement that tridymite is "a form of crystalline *quartz*," when the author should have written *silica*. Apollonarius for Apollinaris, and lampophyre (thrice) for lamprophyre, whereby the name is made complete instead of incomplete nonsense. The Wolf Rock is a phonolite, not a leucite basalt, and gabbro is not a volcanic rock, unless the latter term be extended to include granite, which Dr. Hull expressly excludes. But his proposed classification of igneous rocks is a marvel of confusion, for which there is no excuse, since little

* *The Gentlewoman at Home.* By Mrs. Talbot Coke. London: Henry & Co.

† *Volcanoes: Past and Present.* By Edward Hull, LL.D., &c. ("The Contemporary Science Series.") London: Walter Scott, Limited. 1892.

difference of opinion now exists among competent petrologists. Paternal affection doubtless caused him to favour a gratuitous and improbable hypothesis, emitted by Dr. E. G. Hull, as to the origin of the domite masses in Auvergne; but he would have done well to explain to the student how any movement in the mass of basalt could have produced the curious flexures in the columns at the Clamshell Cave, Staffa. Why does he credit Mr. Blake with the discovery that the felsites of Llyn Padarn are of volcanic origin, when that was placed beyond all question, by more than one observer, before 1880?

There are numerous illustrations, but few of them are good. The microscopic sections of Vesuvian minerals will not be of much use to the student; those of rocks are poorly executed. The cone of the Peak of Teneriffe, after Von Buch, is of impossible steepness, and the ridiculous diagram of Cotopaxi is again reproduced from Humboldt's book. For this, after Mr. Whymper's admirable picture in the *Great Andes of the Equator*, there is no excuse. Dr. Hull seems to have forgotten that it has been proved by this traveller that Humboldt cannot have been within two thousand feet of the summit of Chimborazo. In short, except for the accounts of two comparatively recent events—the eruption of Krakatoa and the latest Charleston earthquake—the student will not find much in the book which he could not obtain elsewhere at least as well.

THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN MARY.*

THIS is a reprint which we should rather have expected from the Sociedad de Bibliofilos Españoles than from an English editor and publishers. Mr. Garnett was of another opinion, and Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have agreed with him. Hence this nicely printed text and translation of the narrative of Antonio de Guaras. "Estan en su casa, donde son reyes de ella," as Cervantes might say. They are masters of their own house, and may do as they please with it. Our part is to thank them for whatever pleasure or profit we may get from their book, and to make our remarks on the way in which they have brought it out. This second part of our rights cannot be performed without some differences of opinion with the editor. Mr. Garnett has decided to reproduce the text with the abbreviations common in books of the early sixteenth century—lines or dots over a vowel to indicate that a consonant is suppressed, crosses on the tail of a "p" to show that it stands for the whole syllable "pro," and so forth. Now this is indispensable in a facsimile, and would be right enough in a publication which was designed to show how closely the type of the early printers followed the form of the manuscript writing. But this is not a facsimile, nor is it meant to illustrate the history of printing. Therefore, we are rather exasperated than not when we get "q̃l" for qual, or "quiẽ" for quien. Once or twice we should like to know whether Mr. Garnett is deliberately following the printer's errors of the Medina de Campo edition of 1554, or whether his printer has committed errors of his own. *Adõ de*, as two words, was bad printing in 1554. In 1892 the word should be printed "adonde." "Insigniaer exerunt" was, and is, bad for *insignia erexerunt*. If the original has been followed in its blunders there has, we think, been supererogation of accuracy. If the blunders are modern, does this not make the laboured precision of the reprint look a little foolish?

As regards the matter of the reprint, the narrative of Antonio de Guaras, we must confess that its interest seems to us to be limited. It shows that there was an alert Spanish commercial gentleman living in London in the middle of the sixteenth century who acted as chargé d'affaires during the absence of an ambassador. It tells us how things looked to him, but that is nearly all. Mr. Garnett thinks that Guaras really adds to our knowledge when he says that Mary left Hunsdon before hearing of her brother's death. But the Spaniard was not there himself, and his evidence is therefore of doubtful value. We cannot agree with Mr. Garnett that Mary could not have reasonably complained after her arrival in Norfolk that the Council had not informed her of Edward's death "if she had spent the intervening period upon the highway." Mary might very reasonably do whatever would make her own case look best, and the Council's look worst. Besides, reasonable or unreasonable, the complaint does not prove, or even imply, that Mary did not know. "You ought to have told me" and "I have not been told by another" are not identical statements. In any case the point is of trifling importance. When Guaras speaks as an eyewitness his narrative has the interest which must always belong to the words of one who saw memorable things with his own eyes. His account of the execution of Northumberland is striking. It confirms the old evidence that this very wicked man died desperate and reluctant, and will add to the now considerable body of proof that men were not beheaded at a block, but stretched full length on the ground. The passage is, indeed, the most vivid in the narrative, and will bear quotation:—

> 'Having spoken thus, almost word for word as I have said, withdrawing himself from the rail, he knelt in the middle of the scaffold and read a prayer in a book presented to him by the aforesaid Bishop, his confessor, and repeated the creed in Latin with great devotion, and thereupon his vesture was taken off and his eyes bandaged, and at the time when he had to cast himself upon the beam where his head should be cut off with an axe, he made the sign of the cross, which was a great offence to some, as well as the discourse he had spoken. And as the bandage was not well fitted when he was about to stretch himself upon the beam, he rose again upon his knees, and surely figured to himself the terrible dreadfulness of death. At the moment when he again stretched himself out, as one who constrained himself and willed to consent patiently without saying anything, in the act of laying himself out inactively and afraid, he smote his hands together, as who should say this must be, and cast himself upon the said beam, and the executioner struck off his head at a blow, and may our Lord be pleased to have him in His holy glory!'

Guaras, as was indeed a matter of course, was a strong partisan of a marriage between Mary and Philip. In his anxiety to recommend that alliance, he even went so far as to declare that the Queen was of "matchless beauty." The narrative was written to the Duke of Albuquerque immediately after Mary's coronation, with which it stops. Guaras puts the number of Catholics in England as compared to those of "the sect" at one hundred to four, and when the word Catholic is used as Englishmen then used it, and should use it now, he was probably not far wrong.

A few words of praise must be given to the get-up of the book, which is excellent. Mr. Garnett's translation reads easily, but its accuracy is at times of the mere dictionary order. In the passage we have quoted the words "inactively and afraid" are a somewhat tame rendering of the Spanish "perezosamente con el temor." Lingeringly from fear was the way in which Northumberland resigned himself to his death. But it would be unbecoming not to thank Mr. Garnett for a translation which must be a voluntary contribution of his to the cause of English history; and though we cannot think that Guaras adds to our knowledge, it is always interesting to look at the past through the eyes of a contemporary.

* *The Accession of Queen Mary; being the Contemporary Narrative of Antonio de Guaras, a Spanish Merchant resident in London.* Edited, with an Introduction, Translation, Notes, and an Appendix of Documents, including a contemporary Ballad in facsimile, by Richard Garnett, LL.D., Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

ROD AND RIVER.*

THERE is a refinement in this especially good work on fly-fishing which is very attractive; and the natural flies, the ephemerids and others, with all their surpassing beauty, are described by a fisherman who knows and loves the supremely delicate work of nature, which, in the short-lived imago stage of existence, has sent to flit over the waters of romantic streams insects of the brightest hue, of the most exquisite form, equipped with wings of fairy texture, that for a few hours or a few days dance in the sunbeams to seek their mates, and then to die; the next generation to spend two years in the ugliest of grub forms, until, shaking off their scales, they appear that day two years to fret their hour on the stage of the shortest and gayest of lives. Major Fisher tells about all this with a loving pen, the ephemerids, a numerous tribe, being a favourite prey of the trout, and he treats of how these fanciful creatures are to be imitated with feather, fur, and silk on a treacherous hook to bring the wily trout to bank.

He, like other fishermen of taste, gives the palm to trout-fishing, though he does not neglect the grayling and the salmon. The art of trout-fishing is the finer, therefore it is the more attractive to the true artist. In these pages the fineness of the art is fully exemplified, and for this reason among the rest they have a right to the highest praise.

Major Fisher devotes his first chapters, and the most of his good work, to trout-fishing, and gives every detail that a fisherman should know in a pleasant downright style, with no waste of words. The natural history of the fish, and of the flies which he devours, is a very attractive part of the book, and proves, if proof were wanting, that not the least pleasure in sport, possibly the most to such as he, is the pursuit of the knowledge of the animal and his ways, rather than the pursuit of the quarry itself. This raises the fisherman above the worm and the beetle, which

* *Rod and River; or, Fly-fishing for Salmon, Trout, and Grayling.* By Major A. T. Fisher. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

are of the earth earthy, into the sphere of the ephemerids and their other winged companions of airy flights.

"The best fishing month of all the year is 'leafy June,' the most beautiful of all the twelve. Everything is out and about in June, flowers, birds, fish, all seem to revel in the sunlight of the summer's day" (Prefatory p. xv.) This extract from the Preface is a good text on which to enlarge on the merits of the work, and attention must be called to some of its salient points. The author complains of the ignorance of the habits of fish on the part of fishermen, and proceeds to enlighten them in many very interesting particulars. It is only too evident that even fishermen, whose precarious livelihood depends upon fish, have not informed themselves of matters of the utmost importance to them, as the officials of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth can testify, who are at work to remedy the evil. Thirteen of the *Salmonidæ* are mentioned, classified by Yarrell, whom Major Fisher considers the best authority on the subject, and of these he takes seven as worthy of the attention of the fly-fisher—the salmon, the bull-trout, the salmon-trout or sea-trout, the salmet or parr, the common trout, the great lake trout (*Salmo ferox*), and the grayling. He has a strong feeling on the subject of the pollution of rivers, and pity it is that fishermen alone seem to take this great evil to heart, an evil that pervades the whole life of the nation, and with the sympathy of the naturalist, he protests that otters, herons, kingfishers, &c., commonly condemned as the enemies of fish and fishermen, do an infinitesimal amount of harm in comparison with sewerage, gas, and other abominations, or even with a big trout. As his book should be a classic on fly-fishing, may its influence be felt by the otter, the heron, and the kingfisher, and in pleading for these children of nature may it be blessed with the praise of many readers.

Flies have the author's special attention, and fly-fishers, it seems, are as ignorant of the fly as they are of the fish. The ephemerid *par excellence* is the May-fly, for which trout are excessively greedy. Other well-known fishing flies are also classed as ephemerids, though some of them live three, four, to eight days. Of these the blue-dun, or blue-upright of Devonshire, or blue-boa of Yorkshire, is one of the best known and most used.

"As a rule, the largest and wariest fish are only to be taken by means of the smallest flies and the finest gut," we find at page 86. And it is the best fisherman who catches the best fish. The flies are described under their fishing names in full detail, with the feathers, furs, silk, &c., with which their imitations should be tied. These pages should be studied by the fisherman. He will find advice from a skilful hand on rods, lines, and hooks, as well as flies, so given as to be available by the aid of the index without wasting time in searching for a needle in a bundle of hay, as some would have you do. Major Fisher truly remarks that a fish looking at a fly from under water, the fly being between his eye and the light—which to him is probably strong—is a very different thing from the fisherman looking at the fly from the reverse aspect, and this accounts for the curious artificial flies that find favour with fish. Trout, however, differ exceedingly from salmon, to which we shall refer later on. Fish have a great power to expel a fly from their mouths. The mouth consists of a hard scaly substance, except the tongue, which may be a trifle more sensitive, and one may be allowed to doubt whether the fish feels any pain when hooked, except a slight prick. He fights vigorously for his liberty, and he uses his power of rejecting the disappointing morsel from his mouth to the utmost. To hook a fish well is therefore essential, and the instructions on casting a line, the hooks to be used—some very small—and playing the fish are ample, and as sound as a first-rate practitioner can make them. The dry-fly and the wet-fly are described as quite distinct and different in their use for fishing. The author prefers the dry-fly, which can be used with effect on streams that flow with more or less placidity and maintain the finest trout. The brawling brooks of the mountains, where the trout are small, cannot well float the dry-fly, and to them the wet-fly, so much better known, must be thrown. The dry-fly, with a small hook and very fine tackle, skilfully cast for the bigger fish, requires the higher art, and is therefore more to the taste of the past-master of the craft. To make your own flies is a worthy ambition, and Major Fisher makes his; but he warns the ambitious that it takes infinite trouble, industry, and pains to learn to make them, as they should be made with great accuracy, great neatness, and great strength. Some professional fishermen, who seem to live on the streams, certainly make very rough-looking flies, with which they catch a great many fish; but their intimate knowledge of their river, and the many hours they are at it every day, may be a set-off to the finer skill of the greater artist. Besides, the professional fisherman, whose sole idea is to catch fish—the birds, the flowers, the hills, and the dales being things of naught to him—fishes with every bait the fish will take, and impales the worm or the beetle with a reckless disregard of everything but his business.

Trout-fishing having been treated in a masterly manner in the first nine chapters of the book, grayling-fishing follows, for which one chapter suffices, and the all-important salmon-fishing comes last.

Getting hold of a really big fish at one end of a rod and line with yourself at the other end is to fishermen about the most joyful thing that any one can experience. Major Fisher tells us, after a sufficient study of all authorities besides his own observation, that there are three species of fish of the salmon kind that resort to the rivers for breeding and to the sea for restoring their exhausted energies. These are the salmon, the bull-trout, and the sea-trout or peal. The salmon and bull-trout are so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish them without examining their gill-covers with some care. The bull-trout sometimes attain to over seventeen or eighteen pounds weight, and are mistaken for salmon by experienced fishermen. The salmon is called a parr when young before it gets its scales, a smolt after it has got its scales and leaves the river for the sea, a grilse in its first year before it has ever spawned, then a salmon, and a kelt after it has spawned, male or female. Salmon ascend the rivers at all seasons, and all three fish return to the sea about the month of April. Many more very interesting particulars are given; and the rod, line, flies, and hook, together with the behaviour of the fisherman, are treated with a hand which every one who knows anything about it will acknowledge as competent to tell of such things. Salmon before spawning do not feed, which, considering the time they take to ascend to the spawning-beds, according to the length of the river and the weather, is a very remarkable fact. There can be no question that they go up in fine condition, and come back lean and wasted; but, if they do not feed, how is it they are taken with the fly and minnow? The salmon-fisher knows that they are very capricious, and he uses flies of the most extravagant colouring—of which a list of thirty-eight different kinds is given at p. 314—to us like nothing in the heavens above or the waters beneath; but Major Fisher says that in all probability these monsters, as they are moved in the water, appear to the salmon like shrimps, which he would go for as his favourite food at sea. The facts are notorious, whatever the explanation may be, and this theory seems the most rational. Salmon do not take the fly in blazing light, and in comparative darkness they may mistake the fly for anything. Their powers of expulsion may lead them to take any brilliant thing, confident that they can reject it if disappointing to the palate. Kelts are ravenous, and will devour anything, which accounts for the injury inflicted on trout streams by salmon. The fisher on the upper reaches of a river is victimized by the law that protects the salmon at the expense of the trout. Artificial spawning-beds would be very beneficial to the salmon fisheries, and would save the salmon the trouble of going up to the trout streams. But these things are not understanded of the many, and our fisheries, both of the sea and rivers, have only now just begun to be studied as one of the best means of supplying food to man.

We commend Major Fisher's book most heartily to the angler, and to all who want to know about the charms of fishing.

THE AINU OF FAR-EASTERN ASIA.*

THE author of this unpretending volume, the outcome of many years' devoted study of the language, habits, and religion of an obscure but very interesting people, tells us at the outset that the subjects of his researches should be known as Ainu, not as Aino, a contemptuous Japanese expression signifying a mongrel race half-way between man and brute—a nation of "missing links," in fact. But *Ainu* unaltered would in a Japanese mouth be a much more insulting name. *A inu* might be rendered "O those dogs," *inu* being the Japanese word for "dog," a vocable which philological amateurs may like to compare with the Chinese *Kiuen* and the Latin *canis*. Where the Ainu came from there is little to show, probably from the north-east corner of Asia and the adjacent islands. They are still found on the Kamschatkan mainland, in the Kuriles, and in Karafuto (Saghalien), as well as in Yezo, where they number some 17,000, but appear to be already on the high road to extinction. It is with the Yezo Ainu that the present work is concerned. Their language has been investigated by Mr. Chamberlain, and more fully

* *The Ainu of Japan: the Religion, Superstitions, and General History of the Hairy Aborigines of Japan.* By the Rev. J. Batchelor, C.M.S. Missionary to the Ainu. With 80 Illustrations. London: the Religious Tract Society. 1892.

by the author, who has published a dictionary and grammar of Ainu speech which reminds one, with curious force, of pure Japanese, yet differs altogether from the tongue of old Nippon. Like Japanese and Korean, and, indeed, most of the languages of the Far East, Ainu still preserves the secret of its origin and kinship, probably because we know so little about the languages of the Ostiaks, Samoyedes, Tunguses, and Chukchis. At no very remote period an Ainu race still occupied the greater portion of the Japanese islands not then wholly conquered by the progenitors of the modern Japanese. "When our august ancestors," quotes Mr. Batchelor from the oldest Japanese document extant, written about the beginning of the eighth century of our era, "descended from heaven in a boat, they found upon these islands several barbarous races, the most fierce of whom were the Ainu," and in the province of Sendai there still exists a stone, set up by the celebrated General Tamura Maro, in the ninth century, on the occasion of an expedition against the Ainu of the main island of Japan, on which an inscription is even now legible to the effect that the frontier of Ainuland is distant only fifty miles. In addition, Mr. Chamberlain has shown that, from one end of Japan to the other, numerous place-names are of Ainu origin, strangely Japanized, and still more strangely Sinicized, so to say, through the use of the Chinese character. The name of the great volcanic mountain, Fuji itself, is an instance, the word being, according to Mr. Batchelor, nothing more than the Ainu *huchi*, fire, or, according to the more probable theory of Mr. Chamberlain, a Japonization of the Ainu *pets* or *pits*, a heap, which a Japanese tongue would naturally fashion into or confound with the word *fuji*, the name of the Wistaria, a very common plant on the mountain slopes, or transcribe in Chinese as *fu-ji*, immortal, so embodying an ancient myth of Celestial origin.

The principal additions made in these pages to Miss Bird's well-known and graphic account of the Ainu deal with the religious and social ideas and practices of the Ainu race. The Ainu are very far from being mere savages. They have a definite system of village government, and obey an unwritten customary law; they practise a well-ordered etiquette, and their myths and beliefs do not appear to fall below the standard, not a high one, it is true, still accepted by their masters, the Japanese, and by the teachers of all Far Eastern Asia, the Chinese. When the Ainu meet, they rub their hands together in a peculiar manner, invoking blessings upon each other the while, and may continue this procedure for a considerable time. They then stroke their beards, making a curious rumbling sound in the throat, and again rub their fingers and palms together, after which the beard is once more stroked, and the business of the interview begins. The women behave in a still more curious manner. They do not salute their own sex at all, but are extremely respectful to the men, covering their eyes and looking down on the ground when they pass a male acquaintance or even a male stranger. On entering a hut where a man is, a woman first of all removes her head-dress, and hangs it on her left arm. She then brushes back her front hair, and covers her mouth with her right hand. All this is preliminary. When she sees that the man deigns to look at her, she draws the right index-finger across the left palm, up the left arm to the shoulder, thence across the face beneath the nose, and so round backwards behind the ears. When Ainu, especially Ainu women, meet after a separation that has lasted some time, they have a pretty way of telling each other their experiences in a sort of chant, and in the pleasant sound of their singularly sweet voices one forgets their wild and unkempt looks. The Japanese women are equally remarkable for the sweetness of their voices, but have the advantage over their Ainu sisters of delicate and dainty ways, the charm of which the most stolid globe-trotter is constrained to own. If the women of Ainu-moshiri, as the Ainu call their land, are the drudges of the men in their youth and middle age, their opportunity for revenge comes with the lapse of years. The curses of an angry old woman excite the utmost terror in the bravest bear-hunter; he flies panic-struck from such names as *shunuma-ash* (mangy deer), *tontoneppo* (bald-pated boar?), or, worst of all, *rai-guru* (corpse), or *inao-sak-guru* (godless fellow). After death her ghost is regarded with even deeper dread. "It is really wonderful," says Mr. Batchelor, "what an amount of power for evil the ghost of a deceased old woman is supposed to possess." It is only with this power for evil that women are endued, no blessing ever proceeds from them, and the evil influence is exerted against their own families, against the clan they belong to, and the district they inhabit. This curious terror of aged females is tolerably widespread, and is, perhaps, due to the crabbed and sour disposition, coupled with volubility, developed during the long years of brutality and tyranny to which women are subjected in the lower stages of human evolution. Even in Japan, the principal virtue of the sex, in the estimation of men, is unquestioning and silent submissiveness to father, husband, brother, son—and mother-in-law.

The chapters dealing with the religious notions of the Ainu are of extreme interest. Despite their long contact with the Japanese, scarcely any trace of Confucianism, Shintoism, or Buddhism are found either in their rituals or in their beliefs or myths. They have no shrines or temples, but the east end of the hut is sacred; to look through the east window is a dire insult and offence, and it is east of the house that the devout Ainu plants his *nusa* and *inao*, and fixes on poles the trophies he has won in the chase—skulls of bears, and deer, and wolves. We seem here to have a memory of some ancient form of sun-worship. The *nusa* are assemblages of *inao*, and the latter are peeled willow-wands, whittled in a peculiar manner, so that the shavings remain attached in whorled clusters at the point of the wand, and often—for there are many kinds of *inao*—at two or three points below as well. These *inao* are certainly not the gods Miss Bird took them to be—the Ainu, polytheists as they are, are not idolaters—but offerings to the gods of a vaguely symbolic or emblematic nature. No Ainu would dream of setting out on an expedition of any kind without renewing his cluster of *inao*; least of all on a bear-hunt, which he considers "the most manly, exciting, and useful way in which a person can possibly spend his time." A capital account of a bear-hunt is given by Mr. Batchelor, including the curious story of the death of the hunter Pinakoro, translated from the Japanese by Professor Chamberlain; but to attempt a summary would spoil the tale.

A funeral is always followed by a wake, at which everybody who can gets as drunk as possible. Drunkenness, indeed, is the Ainu's one pleasure and chief vice, though to get drunk on Japanese saké must be considered an acquired taste. No tombstone marks the grave, but a rude semblance of an oar is set up, from the centre of which hangs the headdress of the deceased. So, ages ago, Ulysses told the Phæacian King, was marked the tomb of the ill-fated Elpenor:—

πήξαμεν ἀκροτάτῳ τύμβῳ εὐῆρες ἐρετμόν.

Widows wear a sort of widow's cap, which is certainly better than the Chinese and Japanese plan of shaving the head. Of death the Ainu have a strange dread, and often regard a death as a proof of the laziness or malignity of the deities. On one occasion when Mr. Batchelor was present, the goddess of fire was cursed as having failed in the duty allotted her by the Creator, and the gods generally as symbolized by the *inao* were threatened in passionate accents with total cessation of worship. Yet the Ainu, whom Mr. Batchelor describes as a really devout and religious people, fully believe in the immortality of the soul. The spirit has great power to work good or evil on earth, and if that of a woman is certain to do all possible harm on the first opportunity. Not only are the souls of human beings immortal, but those of animals are so also. In the other world life is pretty much what it is here, except that there is no pain or sorrow or death. But its denizens have this curious characteristic. They consider themselves "to be the natural and substantial people," and "look upon persons who have not crossed the river of death as ghosts. They think of us, in fact, just as we do of them." There is, however, a hell as well as a *kamui-kotan*, or Paradise—not a place of fire, but a "wet underground world," of eternal damp and frost, though some, indeed, believe it to be a place of torment by fire. Though his creed be polytheistic, the Ainu believes in one Supreme God and Creator, Maker of *kotan* (places), *moshiri* (worlds), and *kando* (heaven). The under-gods are His servants, governing the world under Him, and while some are good (beneficent), others are evil (maleficent), the evil gods obeying a chief or devil. None of the gods appear to be of an ancestral character except *Aioina*, the Adam of the race—the godship of Yoshitsune, the Japanese hero, is exploded by Mr. Batchelor—they are gods of the elements, of the natural forces, and of natural phenomena, gods of the mountains, the forests, the rivers, the seas, and the estuaries. Of the beneficent deities the goddess of fire is the most popular in South Yezo. Everything is attributed to the gods, and the stories and myths given in this volume—it is impossible to summarize any of them without injustice—show that the Ainu have a deep sense of the grandeur of the theistic conception. In this particular they appear to have attained a higher grade of religious thought than their masters have ever reached. The Creator is often addressed as the *tuntu*, or pillar of the universe, or as the *shinda*, or cradle of humanity; and in the word *turen*, commonly occurring in prayers, lies the idea of His providence and guardianship. Nevertheless, though they listen readily enough to the exhortations of the missionary, his efforts can scarcely be said to be successful. In 1889 "one Ainu only was gathered into the Church."

The Ainu race is dying out. Even Japanese civilization kills

them. The half-castes are weakly and die early. A people with no past, a miserable present, and no future, the Ainu are the disinherited of the Far East. Yet they have many attractive traits under all their wildness and dirt—we can bear some personal testimony on their behalf—and it is good that they should have found so able, laborious, and sympathetic a witness as the author of this remarkable volume.

TWO CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

IN the preface which Mr. Bury has written to his edition of the *Isthmian Odes* he makes somewhat defiant allusion to the critics who had disapproved of the very ingenious, but not quite convincing, "theory of verbal responsions" which formed "an express feature" in his edition of the *Nemean Odes*. He has nothing to retract, nothing to qualify, and he has again employed what he considers an aid to interpretation. Nevertheless, he has been discreet enough to lay much less emphasis on the "word-signals"—some of which are, no doubt, genuine—and you may read a good part of this Commentary without the uncomfortable suspicion that the natural meaning of language is being twisted to suit a dainty bit of very learned artificiality. Having modified—in act, if not in profession—what sober judges must regard as a failing, Mr. Bury's present work will be received with gratitude and admiration by those who are qualified to appreciate it. He delights in the obscurities of his text. It is one of the charms, he says, of the study of Pindar that "nothing is final" about it. There will always be something to puzzle and employ the commentator. Even when the odes were first written they required explanation. "The contemporary doubtless could perceive at once special allusions which escape us; but if we were told that the Greeks themselves did not find the same difference in difficulty as we between an ode of Pindar and, say, an ode of Euripides, the tale would pass our belief." Of special interest is Mr. Bury's view of Ægineta history and culture, especially with regard to its School of Sculpture, and he takes the opportunity of indulging his taste for pretty writing:—

> 'Looking at these spare correct figures, chiselled with accurate skill, in their various attitudes—standing, kneeling, or reclining, natural, and yet all under a certain constraint—as though they were conscious of their symmetrical grouping—we may wonder what possibilities lay in the school of Ægina, what her sculpture would have come to if the development of the island had not been arrested. Did any spiritual idea, waiting to come forth in its hour, lurk, like a dream, behind the unspeculative eyes, or under the indifferent serenity of the mouths, not set into any character of smile or purpose, not betraying the pain of the wounded or the stern intention of the fighter—Charis, at this stage of art, finding it necessary, one might say, to veil all faces with a comely mask which told only of comeliness? But Ægina was not the place of her full revelation.'

In original emendation of the text, as in the choice amongst his predecessors' conjectures, it need hardly be said that Mr. Bury lacks none of the courage necessary to a successful editor of Pindar. At line 14 of the First Isthmian (a well-known difficulty) he makes an ingenious and plausible suggestion, δόμεν for τὸ μέν, but does not incorporate it in the passage, which he prints as below:—

> ἀλλ' ἔγω Ἡροδότῳ τεύχω τὸ μὲν ἅρματι τεθρίππῳ γέρας
> ἀνία τ' ἀλλοτρίαις οὐ χερσὶ νωμάσαντ' ἐθέλω
> ἢ Καστορείῳ ἢ Ἰολάοι' ἐναρμόξαι νιν ὕμνῳ.

The MSS. here write τεύχων, which would have to be taken as co-ordinate with ἐθέλω, while the μὲν is answered by τε. Other suggestions had been τεύχειν and μέλος, but they fail to explain the corruption; and, admitting that there is room here for scholarly divination, it would be hard to better the δόμεν, although, as Mr. Bury remarks, τεύχω is simpler, and preserves the idiomatic use of the enclitic. In the following passage—

> κεῖνοι γὰρ ἡρώων διφρηλάται Λακεδαίμονι καὶ Θήβαις ἐτέκνωθεν κράτιστοι
> ἔν τ' ἀέθλοισι θίγον πλείστων ἀγώνων, κ. τ. λ.—

he displays once more his preference for the judgment of Mezger, who joins ἀγώνων ἀέθλοισι, in opposition to Dissen, who makes ἀγώνων dependent on θίγον and takes ἐν ἀέθλοισι as "in the matter of games"—the objections urged against the latter view being that in Pindar θιγγάνω is not elsewhere used with the genitive, and—this by no means insuperable—that if ἀέθλοισι means "contests," the ἀγώνων becomes redundant. At line 35, ἐρειδόμενον ναυαγίαις, Mr. Bury again follows Mezger in rejecting the metaphorical interpretation adopted by most recent editors, and in holding that Asopodorus had lost his fortune in an actual shipwreck—not in any political turmoil. But we are not, therefore, to infer that the man was himself on board the destroyed vessel. That would be carrying literalness too far. But Mr. Bury does not bind himself hand and foot to Mezger. For instance, at v. 15—

> τοίαισιν ὀργαῖς εὔχεται
> ἀντιάσαις αἶδαν γῆράς τε δέξασθαι πολιὸν
> ὁ Κλεονίκου παῖς—

he rejects the rendering "boasts that having realized such a lot he awaits death" as inconsistent with the context, and as requiring δέχεσθαι instead of δέξασθαι. On the other hand, Mr. Bury is scarcely better satisfied—though the substantial difference is less—with Dissen's and Mr. Fennell's view that ἀντιάσαις may be rendered *compos factus*, since for this meaning the genitive would be required instead of the dative. The latter case, we are told, suggests "a chance meeting," and then—with that superfine scholarship which sometimes leads Mr. Bury a little astray—that we have here an example of Greek irony in that "Lampon's realization of his dearest wishes is described as a chance encounter." A similar defect—or, if Mr. Bury prefers it, a similarly perilous tendency—is displayed in an attractive appendix on the supposed shade of difference between the meanings of ἀνά and κατά with the accusative. Going through a considerable number of Homeric instances, he asserts that both phrases agree in expressing "motion through or in a space, but that with κατά the motion is not defined as continuous or methodical, whereas with ἀνά we get an implication of method or definite aim." To take the very neat illustration offered, if we had to translate into Homeric Greek "led in triumph through the streets of Rome," we should write ἀνὰ ἄστυ, but *flâner les rues* would be κατὰ ἄστυ. And the refinement which Mr. Bury believes that he has discovered in Homer he applies to the text of Pindar. It must not be supposed, however, that the definiteness of the views which are taken up and urged in this edition proceeds from any inability to see all round a question, or that the author is unwilling to confess that he has not got to the bottom of everything. At vii. 51 he frankly admits that his mind is not made up. He prints it as follows:—

> φαντὶ γὰρ ξύν' ἀλέγειν
> καὶ γάμον Θέτιος ἄνακτα.

Ξυν' is Hermann's emendation of ξυναλέγειν, and is taken with γάμον in a kind of hendiadys. But we are warned that the conjecture is by no means final, and in a tentative way—if ἄνακτα is considered ambiguous as referring to Zeus—Ζῆν' ἀλέγειν is thrown out as a possible restoration. We have quoted or summarized Mr. Bury's notes on these few passages, not because they are the most important ones in the *Isthmian Odes*, but as being fair samples of his method and way of thinking. Of the work as a whole, it is enough to say that it must be taken into serious account by every future editor of Pindar, that it is marked throughout with scholarly acuteness, and is in every respect worthy of the author's high reputation.

The type, the paper, and the marginal spaces in Dr. Hague's text and translation of the *Odes and Epodes of Horace* are beyond praise. Of the scholarship displayed we may give an adequate idea by mentioning the four classes into which the texts of the author are divided. First come the older Dauphin editions; second, the younger Dauphin editions; third, the Anthon editions; fourth, the Latin text represented by the translation of Lord Lytton, and bearing the names of Orelli, Macleane, and Yonge! The most enjoyable reading in the book is the Introduction, especially the vindication of Horace's moral character. It had been supposed by some random readers, who were misled by the variety of young ladies and others to whom amatory verses are addressed, that the author of the Odes was something of a flirt. No such thing. But let Dr. Hague speak:—

> 'To say nothing of the improbability that the poet (or, indeed, any man) would feel special personal interest in so large a number of women of such different ages and positions in society, we have found that at his twenty-sixth year, up to the time of his taking the position of trust and responsibility in the household of Mæcenas, he was free from anything which the phrase "Horace's mistresses" would imply, and that it was this very circumstance, this purity of life, which contributed so largely to his becoming a member of that household. . . . . May we not ask, too, whether in the midst of so large an acquaintance there may not have been women of culture and refinement, both young and of maturer years, with whom Horace associated in honourable friendship? . . . . He who knew Galatea would scarcely admire Barine."'

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* *The Isthmian Odes of Pindar.* Edited, with Introduction and Commentary, by J. B. Bury, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Editor of the "Nemean Odes of Pindar." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Odes and Epodes of Horace. Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction, Notes, and Latin Text, by John B. Hague, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dr. Hague is particularly proud of rendering line for line—a good thing in itself and a check upon verbose expansion. But the merit is discounted if your English line is longer than the Latin one. This is the metre which is used for i. 4:—

Stern winter's gone, sweet spring has come with zephyrs in her train,
The ships once more desert the shore, and seek the billowy main.

This may be line-for-line, but it is not word-for-word translation of

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice Veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas.

Sometimes Dr. Hague quietly drops the Latin, and writes out of his own head, as in i. 6:—

Nos Agrippa neque hæc dicere nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei
Nec sævam Pelopis domum.

We scarcely recognize it below—

Not Achilles wakes our strains,
Nor the ocean's watery mains,
By Ulysses wandered o'er,
Nor Mycenæ's bloody shore.

But to give Dr. Hague the credit which he deserves—it is not much—he is not always so weak or so loose as in this passage. Sometimes he shows a certain ease and fluency which may satisfy readers who do not know their Horace, or know him only in their Anthons—which are extensively used, the author tells us, in the United States. When his Minerva is willing, Dr. Hague rises for a time nearly to the poetical level of a second-rate hymn. These are the opening verses of the address to Lyce (iii. 10):—

If Lyce drank of Tanais' stream,
A wife where jealous daggers gleam,
She scarce would close her jealous door,
And leave me to the North Wind's roar.

The creaking gate and whistling grove
Re-echo to the winds that rove
Around your mansion; deep snows lie
Frost-glazed beneath the winter's sky.

Abjure thy pride lest Venus frown,
Lest changeful Fortune's wheel run down;
Of Tuscan birth, thou scarce canst be
A cold and stern Penelope.

But we prefer Dr. Hague when he drops into prose. In his introduction to this ode there is an inimitable passage, which we cannot resist:—

'The exposure and ridicule of the serenaders would be of service to Lyce, and Horace, as in many other odes, personates one of them, making him complain of the wind and cold without and of her utter indifference within—a thing certainly not to the lady's discredit!'

It is clear that Horace had a serious object in these apparently light verses. He wished to laugh out of existence a foolish and not altogether moral fashion of serenading married ladies. We are to understand, Dr. Hague says, that Horace did not himself engage in "street demonstrations of this kind, scarcely reputable with the better classes, and not in keeping with the position of a secretary of Mæcenas."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is a pleasant melancholy, not unmixed with mirth, in reading the posthumous *Dernières poésies* (1) of the late M. de Banville. They contain, we think, putting any pathetic fallacy quite out of question, better work than he had published for a good many years, and besides this they are an admirable foil to the

School Verlainian, Jean-Moréasian, Viélé-Griffinian, Corybant,

as the Laureate might have sung, only that he did not. While these latter gentlemen (we except M. Verlaine himself, who is a poet, though an ill-guided one) were trying new prosodies in style radically antipathetic to French, M. de Banville, with only reasonable and ancestral licenses, was still showing how perfectly flexible any prosody is in the hands of a poet. While they were exhibiting the effects of what he calls in one of the most powerful pieces here the "Three New Graces," "Absinthe, Névrose, Morphine," in *assommoirs* and *hôtels garnis*, he was still on the heights and in the woods of Arcady with Dionysus and Aphrodite and the real Graces. There are specimens of most of his styles here, from audacious *tours de force* of rich rhyme, with "Bergerat" and "Trocadéro," to pantoums and ballades de Banville in the brave old way, to those pieces of generous panegyric on others—Hugo, Gautier, Baudelaire—which have always been a speciality with him, to more serious poems, and to that admirable mixture, the serious and the lively, of which the poet among French poets is also a special master. Of which last let us give a specimen:—

Paris, que le songe berçait
Comme Ecbatane et comme Tarse,
Rentre au néant tragique, et c'est
Toujours la même vieille farce.

Partout c'est, on n'en sort jamais,
L'orgie écœurante ou le jeûne,
Et la planète est vieille, mais
Comme la jeune fille est jeune!

There was no mistake about the poet who wrote thus in the year of grace 1890 and the seventieth of his own life.

It is interesting to turn from M. de Banville's practice to M. de Souza's theory (2). There is, of course, much about the author of the *Petit traité* in M. de Souza's book, and he has also very diligently studied all that has been written about French verse, as well as many examples of it, from the *chansons de gestes* to the above-mentioned M. Viélé-Griffin. In taking La Fontaine as the standard and starting point of the French *vers libre*, M. de Souza is right enough, and a great many of his individual criticisms on critics and poets old and new are sound. But, like too many students of prosody, he begins at the wrong end, and repeats the "classical" mistake in a new form. The good poet does not write verses according to prosody; prosody is the result of an induction from the verse of the good poet. No doubt there are certain general—very general—laws, varying slightly, though not much, in different languages which can be deduced from this induction, and which invariably and inflexibly condition poetry. But, as a rule, poetry comes first and prosody afterwards, not *vice versâ*. Which thing *les jeunes* (and oh! as M. de Banville has just told us, but in another sense, *comme les jeunes sont jeunes!*) do too often forget.

With General Thoumas for sponsor, the least suspicious may accept as genuine the *Souvenirs* of Victor Dupuy, who served for more than twenty years in the cavalry of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic armies, was afterwards a *sous-préfet* under the July Monarchy, and did not die till 1857, at the age of 80. Besides, they are transparently authentic. Dupuy had the luck not to serve at all in Spain, and at Waterloo, where he was *chef d'escadron* under Marbot, his regiment was not engaged till four o'clock, when it had brushes with the Prussians before retreating. But he was constantly engaged for more than twenty years in Central Europe, lived through the retreat from Moscow, saw Austerlitz and Wagram, and many other great fights, and gives an account of his innumerable adventures which is curiously artless, but contains, briefly and dryly heaped together in outline, the "bones"—as the saying is—of a score of military novels. Dupuy seems to have been a tall man of his hands, neither cruel nor rapacious, a fervent Bonapartist, and for a soldier singularly free from jealousy.

A great deal has been written about Rouget de Lisle (4), and a great many theories have been started, demolished, and restarted about his famous song. But nothing so thoroughgoing as M. Tiersot's book has, we think, yet been published, and it should set all controversy at rest. The genesis of the "Marseillaise," words and music (the former, we beg leave to observe, next door to rubbish, the latter magnificent), seems to have been ascertained and adjusted once for all. There is not much else about Rouget himself that is of interest, though he was concerned in some interesting matters, and was a kind of innocent instrument in the Quiberon treachery. He seems to have been an amiable sort of person, with no judgment and little talent, who stumbled upon a melody absolutely suited, not to the absurd words he mismarried to it, but to the sentiment those words so lamely and imperfectly try to express.

M. Weiss's *Autour de la Comédie Française* (5) deals with the three years 1883–1885, and discusses, in the author's well-known manner, the principal performances, new and old, during these years. It, of course, contains excellent things, and often diverges from the affairs of the moment into historical discussions of great value; but, from its very nature, it is not very susceptible of review in a small space.

We have also before us M. Burdeau's *L'Algérie en* 1891 (Paris:

(1) *Dans la fournaise.* Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Le rhythme poétique.* Par Robert de Souza. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Souvenirs militaires de Victor Dupuy.* Publiés par le Général Thoumas. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Rouget de Lisle.* Par Julien Tiersot. Paris: Delagrave.

(5) *Autour de la Comédie Française.* Par J.-J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Hachette), a Parliamentary report, with some account of the debate on it in the Chamber of Deputies, which supplies the latest authentic, or at least official, survey of the great French colony; *Le mardi de la Vicomtesse* (Paris: Calmann Lévy), a pleasant comedy in one act by Lucien Perey, the well-known writer on eighteenth-century subjects; and two of Messrs. Percival's French series, a good collection of *Unseens for Army Candidates*, by Messrs. Coulton and Huntington, and a school edition of Mérimée's *Chronique du règne de Charles IX*, by M. Desages. The *Chronique* is not exactly itself without divers things, notably the crucial scenes with Diane, which could not be given in a school-book, and it might have been better not to attempt to remodel it with omissions, and present it as if it were continuous, but frankly to give the separate scenes that were usable.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMONG "Social Questions of To-day" there is none of greater importance than that treated by Mr. Anderson Graham in *The Rural Exodus* (Methuen & Co.), and none that has suffered so much obscuration at the hands of political partisans in the press. What is now described as the rural exodus is not quite the new movement that certain impassioned scribes would have us believe. As a tendency it is as old as the century, and some sixty years ago the emigration was in steady progress in the north of England, and did not lack observers at the time. Compared with such local manifestations in the past, it must be owned, of course, that, since the census of 1871, the rural emigration into towns has become more general and more considerable. Still, if the great increase of the population be considered, there is nothing in the movement that deserves to be called "phenomenal," to adopt a favourite term of the picturesque pressman. And since it has not lowered the wages-rate of the agricultural labourer on the one hand, nor that of the town artisan on the other hand, it cannot be said to have produced any serious economic disturbance. As a new competitive influence in the town labour market the rural exodus is practically ineffective at present, while the depletion of the country districts has certainly not reduced the supply of agricultural labour below the present reduced demand. Mr. Graham has handled the subject in an enlightened spirit. Like everybody else he is convinced that it would be well that the flow of rural labourers to the towns should be stayed. In his inquiry into the cause and effects of the migration, as in his very interesting pictures of the present conditions of English agricultural life, he shows a most praiseworthy determination to see things as they are. His book merits the consideration of everybody interested in the question. As to the chief cause and the chief cure of the movement Mr. Graham undoubtedly is in the right. The depressed state of agriculture is the true cause of the rural exodus, and whatever promotes the revival of agricultural industry is the only kind of remedy that deserves the attention of statesmen. Some, indeed, believe in allotments; others pin their faith in Parish Councils endowed with powers of the most extravagant kind. But allotments, as Mr. Graham shows, are most successful precisely where the population is most dense and where there has been no rural exodus at all. As to Parish Councils, it is notorious that their advocates are mainly politicians of the narrowest partisan type. One of the most candid supporters of Parish Councils in the House of Commons has not concealed his prospective view of their utility. They would, as he hoped, constitute new instruments wherewith to harry the parson and the already over-burdened landowner. "Radicals," remarks Mr. Graham, are too much disposed "to pull down the house because the fireplace wants mending." Some of them, on their own showing, are ready to set the house on fire to roast their own eggs.

This year *The Naval Annual*, edited by T. A. Brassey (Portsmouth: Griffin & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), has been prepared in the absence of Lord Brassey on a foreign cruise, though the concluding portion of the volume, Part V., comprises contributions by Lord Brassey on Shipbuilding, the Navy Estimates, Navigation and Pilotage, and other important topics. Part II. is occupied with the usual statistical tables with reference to the British and foreign navies, both armed and unarmed vessels, with illustrative plates of British and foreign warships, by Mr. F. K. Barnes. The editor deals with the progress of our navy during the year, and Mr. E. Weyl contributes a useful sketch of the progress of foreign navies. Captain Orde Browne, who is charged with the section on Armour and Ordnance, treats, among other interesting matters, of the United States armour trials, of the Brown-Tresidder face-hardened plates tried at Shoeburyness last autumn, and of gun-bursting accidents during the past year. He gives also an important report on the Canet quick-firing guns, with which it was decided last January to arm French cruisers. This section of *The Naval Annual* is fully illustrated by diagrams and ordnance statistics.

In the pretty "Cameo Series," issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, we note the separate publication, under the title *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology*, of Dr. Garnett's charming collection of epigrams, which originally appeared with certain *Idyls* that are now printed in the volume of the same series that contains the author's dramatic poem, *Iphigenia in Delphi*.

The inspiring mantle of Marryat cannot be said to have fallen upon Mr. John A. Steuart, who contributes a set of stories—*The Jolly Pashas* (Henry & Co.)—to the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," of that most depressing kind of humour which is called new.

Mrs. Fenwick Miller's half a dozen essays on the lives of "six interesting women"—*In Ladies' Company* (Ward & Downey)—are somewhat overcharged with the current sentiment concerning the emancipated woman. As to the amusing delusion that the genius of fair woman has been blighted by her subjection to tyrant man, it is prettily illustrated in the essays on Fanny Mendelssohn—"A Genius Wasted," and Caroline Herschell—"Only a Satellite." Mrs. Miller gravely insinuates that it was owing to "prejudices about her sex" that Fanny Mendelssohn did not equal or excel her brother in music; as if genius ever was known to refuse to shine forth on such or any other grounds Does Mrs. Miller really believe that Fanny Mendelssohn could have written *St. Paul* or the Scotch Symphony? It were as reasonable to argue that Ida Pfeiffer was "a great woman traveller" because in her youth she wore the garments of a boy.

The Art of Singing, by Sinclair Dunn (T. Fisher Unwin), is a harmless and unnecessary booklet by a well-known singer of Scotch ballads. The "treatise"—to use the author's term—consists of some desultory remarks about voice production and cultivation, with the usual modicum of scientific smatter, a list of songs fairly representing the feeble repertory of the English concert-room, and a few disconnected anecdotes and "chats" about a dozen or so of singers, living and dead. Mr. Dunn can compete with any man at "a nicht wi' Burns"; let him stick to it. He need not have increased the sadness of nations by dropping into print.

My Suitors, by Ella March (Digby, Long, & Co.), is spoken of with needless diffidence on the author's part as "a simple story," told by a governess, who was by no means simple, if we read aright her tedious and long-drawn-out history of her wooers.

Tom Buxton's Aims, by Smith Robertson (Digby, Long, & Co.), if of less length and dulness than the preceding tale, is marked by a vulgarity of tone that is all its own. Then the plan of the story is wholly preposterous, and its incidents very foolish indeed.

The "Jorrocks edition" of the "Handley Cross series of Sporting Novels" is a handy form of a delightful set of novels which need but a faint reminder to recall their charms to the seasoned reader. *Handley Cross* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.), in this edition, contains Leech's inimitable woodcuts and one of the coloured plates by way of frontispiece.

We have also to note a second edition of Mr. W. P. Treloar's excellent and well-illustrated *Ludgate Hill, Past and Present* (Hazell, Watson, & Viney), a book descriptive of the history and antiquities of Castle Baynard Ward.

Among recent publications of the American Academy of Political and Social Science of Philadelphia we note an address by Mr. Charles de Garmo on *Ethical Training in Public Schools*—a question of general interest in America just now; and a paper by F. von Wieser, of Prague—*The Theory of Value*—in reply to Professor Macvane's criticism of Dr. Böhm Bawerk's economic views.

We have received *The American Journal of Mathematics*, Vol. XIV. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press); *The Life of George Mason*, by Kate Mason Rowland (Putnam's Sons), a biography, in two extremely stout volumes, of an eminent American patriot; *Beside the Waters of Comfort*, compiled by Agnes Giberne (Seeley & Co.), a volume of extracts—"Thoughts from Many Minds"—in verse and prose; Vol. IX. of the "*Bijou*" *Byron* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), comprising *Cain*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *The Two Foscari*; Mr. A. W. Pinero's play, *Lady Bountiful* (Heinemann); *A Key to Infantry Drill*, 1892, by Captain William D. Malton (Clowes & Sons); *Melanism and Melanchroism in British Lepidoptera*, by J. W. Tutt, F.E.S. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Songs for the People*, by an Oxford Undergraduate (Oxford: Plummer); *Under a Spell*, by Fred. James (Leadenhall Press); and *An Altered Part* (Digby, Long, & Co.)

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A reprint of the scheme for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales, to which frequent reference was made in the House of Commons in the Debate on February 23, is now ready.

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CHRONICLE.

Election Chronicle.

FIRST blood was drawn for the Union on yesterday week by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S unopposed return at Paddington. There were a few other nominations on that day; but a poll was required in all. In the evening two important replies to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Edinburgh speech were made on the ground by Mr. GOSCHEN and at Manchester by Mr. BALFOUR, who made an excellent hit as to the "effective control, same as in the colonies," in reference to the Queensland Labour question.

The unopposed returns of Saturday last numbered fourteen, and, with Lord RANDOLPH'S, gave the Unionists a start at the beginning of the actual polling on Monday of eleven to four. The SPEAKER, Mr. VILLIERS, Mr. FOWLER, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK were among the fortunate unopposed. Mr. GLADSTONE at Glasgow, Mr. BALFOUR in Staffordshire, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (returning thanks) at Paddington, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham were the chief speakers. Lord RANDOLPH'S references to the present Government were, on the whole, a happy mixture of the politic and the generous. Mr. LABOUCHERE at Coventry gracefully preferred JUDAS to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had not had the grace to hang himself. We have not heard how Mr. JOHN MORLEY took this profanity, which must have come severely on nerves already shocked by the Salisbury cartoon. "In the cool of the evening Mr. "GLADSTONE walked in Dalmeny Park"; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT took Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to his bosom as the flower of the Liberal flock. Alas! for that parsonage at Bolton Percy!

The returns on Tuesday morning after the first day of actual polling had taken place were not good, there being eleven Gladstonian gains to three Unionist. The former were in most cases obtained by very small majorities, but valid for all that. Mr. BUTCHER came in at the head of the poll in York, ousting Mr. PEASE, so that, had Mr. BUTCHER had a good colleague, Mr. LOCKWOOD might have been relegated to the profession of the law and the practice of comic portraiture. Rochester and Nottingham West were the other Unionist gains, and Gladstonians are not to be congratulated on having exchanged Mr. BROADHURST at the latter place for Mr. KEIR HARDIE, one of the wildest of Labour agitators, at West Ham. But, after all, as one philosopher observed, after casting a chagrined eye over Tuesday morning's list, what is to be done in a time when people will re-elect, as did the Petriburgians, Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON? On Monday Mr. GLADSTONE had spoken at Stow, in Midlothian, Mr. BALFOUR at Manchester, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Walsall, Mr. GOSCHEN at Glasgow, and Mr. MORLEY at Newcastle; but, as none of them had heard the results of any polling, there were neither crows, nor "Who's afraids?" nor explanations. On Tuesday morning the total stood—Unionists (48 + 7), 55; Gladstonians, 39.

Next day things went much better, and the balance-sheet on Wednesday morning showed a positive Ministerial gain as between Gladstonians and Tories, the gains of the former from the latter being only three, and those of the latter from the former six. The Liberal-Unionists, however, had been unfortunate, and lost the Government four seats, Mr. RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN being defeated in Islington, Mr. STANLEY failing in his not very well-inspired attempt at Lambeth, Mr. HENEAGE being turned out at Grimsby, and Mr. FRY at Bristol. The London seats, despite the two losses just mentioned, were, on the whole, held excellently, and Mr. GRAHAM gained one at St. Pancras from Mr. LAWSON. At Stockton, Sir HORACE DAVEY had to reflect that, though Mr. GLADSTONE may be a "pillar of the people's hopes," he has proved a rotten reed to Sir HORACE'S. Mr. WHITELAW, a Tory, set Scotland an excellent example by turning out Mr. PARKER at Perth. Sir HENRY TYLER, at Yarmouth, was a decided loss, but Sir GEORGE SITWELL recovered Scarborough well from Mr. ROWNTREE. In the way of talking, Mr. GLADSTONE had spoken at Dalkeith and elsewhere (lugging in JOHN KNOX by head and shoulders, crowing a little prematurely over Greenock, and omitting to apologize to Sir LINTORN SIMMONS), Mr. BALFOUR at Wigan, Mr. MORLEY at Newcastle, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (picking up the elegant appellation of "JUDAS" very neatly, and requesting to be informed, first, where his thirty pieces of silver were, and, secondly, whether the comparison was exact in other matters) at Manchester. The upshot on the second morning (with a scrutiny threatened at Greenock,

where the Gladstonians were so eager to turn out Sir T. SUTHERLAND that they "multiplied themselves," as the French say, in a too literal sense)—Unionists (90 + 8), 98; Gladstonians, 61.

The spirits of the Gladstonians, which had distinctly drooped on Wednesday, were restored on Thursday morning, the balance of gains being once more on their side, thanks to four victories in the London district (one of them going, by three votes only, to the gentleman whom we must not call black), and to two of the usual dockyard swings at Devonport and Portsmouth. But these advantages were partly balanced by severe losses. Two important Scotch seats were captured, at Edinburgh and Glasgow, by Liberal-Unionists, the success of Lord WOLMER, in the former place, being particularly satisfactory, because it ejects from Parliament a Unionist deserter, Mr. BUCHANAN; and Mr. PAUL was only able to keep Mr. CHILDERS'S seat in South Edinburgh by a majority reduced from more than fifteen to less than five hundred. In West Belfast Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER turned out Mr. SEXTON, and Walsall and Wednesbury followed the lead of Birmingham. This last was unmistakable, the total Unionist majority in the capital of the Midlands being not much less than five-and-twenty thousand. In Manchester, on the contrary, the polls were very close. But the results there were unaltered; though Mr. BAUMANN had better have stayed in London than have tried for a seat in Salford, which was lost for the Union; and Oldham, by a narrow majority, put "four votes on a division" to the Gladstonian credit. The chief speaking of Wednesday was in Midlothian, by Mr. GLADSTONE, who tardily apologized (as Gladstonian apologies go) to Sir LINTORN SIMMONS, was very angry over Perth and the West-end of Edinburgh (those classes! those wicked classes, who will defend themselves when attacked!), and, to the horror of his adorers and his own great wrath, was heckled severely by an intelligent and audacious person, one Mr. USHER. Totals on Thursday morning—Unionists (124 + 19), 143; Gladstonians, 98.

By yesterday morning the London seats, except Deptford, were all allotted, and, in the poorer and more gullible districts chiefly, five more had gone back to the Gladstonians. One of the victims was the President of the Local Government Board. We are sorry for Mr. RITCHIE; but people who will spend trouble on bringing up County Councils and suchlike animals—the proverb is something musty. Other Unionist seats—both insecure ones—were lost at Hull and Monmouth. But in Newcastle the Tory candidate, Alderman HAMOND, came in at the top of the poll, outstripping Mr. MORLEY by 3,000 votes, and ousting Mr. CRAIG. The great Yorkshire boroughs, Leeds and Sheffield, gave unchanged results, the Unionist majorities being, indeed, increased in some cases. Mr. GLADSTONE spoke at West Calder, and argued that, because Lord DERBY opposed responsible government in Canada fifty years ago, we ought to give Home Rule to Ireland now; and Mr. BALFOUR supported Mr. CONINGSBY DISRAELI'S candidature in the suburbs of Manchester. Result yesterday morning, Unionists (141 + 19), 160; Gladstonians (which term includes Socialists, Parnellites, and Anti-Parnellites), 128.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The foreign news of this day week was mainly gossip, the chief solid item being the passing of the Free Silver Bill in the United States Senate.——Also on Monday telegrams were rather numerous than important—Afghanistan and its disturbances, the reported resignation of Dr. PETERS in German East Africa (subsequently contradicted; but a not unlikely thing, for the valiant Doctor was particularly set on Germanizing the Kilimanjaro country, which has been abandoned), a fresh seizure of sealers in Behring Sea, some brisk fighting with "pirates" in Tonquin, cholera, silver, Argentine finance, disturbances in Spain, and trials in Sofia all had their share. ——On Tuesday morning the French were reported as concerned about duelling at home and Dahomey abroad, while there was news from Morocco that their Minister there had "drawn up" with the SULTAN'S dreaded rival, the Shereef of WAZAN. The Portuguese had returned fair and fine words (what is the Portuguese for a parsnip?) to the German protest in the matter of the debt.——On Wednesday morning the BISMARCK *v.* IMP. controversy continued to rage, with, it must be confessed, an almost equal lack of dignity and discretion on both sides. M. RIBOT had complained to Lord SALISBURY of the acts of English missionaries in Algeria. Now missionaries are troublesome people, but just at this moment it looks very much as if (and the proceeding would be thoroughly Gallic) the French missionaries were demanding a *revanche* in Algiers for their defeat in Uganda.——On Thursday morning fighting in the Khyber was reported, and a few more details came as to the other chief subjects of the week. But *the* item was the account of a regular battle at the works of Citizen CARNEGIE (who, by the way, has been receiving the freedom of Aberdeen) in Pittsburg. The Citizen's workmen were not pleased with the Citizen, and the Citizen's representatives had fetched "PINKERTON'S" police," and there was much shooting with small and great arms. (N.B. On the same day Mr. JOHN BURNS was elected a member of the British Parliament.)——Yesterday morning there were more details of the Pittsburg riots, and more letters (of the most obviously untrustworthy kind) from "Catholic" sources about the Uganda troubles.

The Law Courts. The Smoke Ball case was decided by Mr. Justice HAWKINS on Monday in favour of the plaintiff, who gets her hundred pounds and costs. The most surprising thing is that the Company should have adopted the course of resistance, instead of paying, using the payment as an advertisement, and dexterously withdrawing the promise.——On Thursday Mr. Justice CHITTY declined to interfere with the proposed sale of Emanuel Hospital, a matter in which, as we have before hinted, there is much to be said on both sides.——The Wiltshire murderer who some time ago shot first his sweetheart's uncle, and then a policeman, was found guilty and sentenced to death.——On Thursday Mr. Justice ROMER decided a case which at least partially established the much-disputed right of way in the Norfolk Broads, and there was more strange evidence in the girl-poisoning case.

The Dublin Tercentenary. Trinity College, Dublin, celebrated its tercentenary on Tuesday and the following days with much pomp and troops of friends, many of whom were honourably "doctored."

Yachting and Boating. There was good racing in bad weather on the Clyde this day week. In the usual duel of big yachts the *Iverna*, by grace of a tricky wind, beat the *Meteor*, and the *Queen Mab* had far the best of the forty match, while the *May* won a handicap race in which there were some awkward accidents. On Monday the already so often mentioned rivals sailed (by time allowance) a dead heat; the *Marjorie* won a coincident handicap, and the *Thalia* just out-sailed the *Queen Mab* among the forties.——News came of the defeat in America of Harvard by Yale, between which latter and the Oxford crew of this year a match has been half arranged.——Tuesday brought Henley Regatta and a true Henley rain with it. The principal feature of the early heats was the good sculling of the foreign competitors, Mynheer OOMS and M. MACHENRY. So also on Wednesday, when the weather was rather better, the chief event was the contention of these two, the Dutchman proving an easy winner. He rowed again successfully on Thursday, and, the chief English scullers being absent, won easily. Leander

won the Grand Challenge Cup, and First Trinity the Ladies' Plate.

Racing. On the last day of the Newmarket July Meeting the chief race, the Fulbourne Stakes for two-year-olds, was won by Lord LONDONDERRY'S Inferno.——The first day of the Stockbridge Meeting on Tuesday (technically called the Bibury Club) had bad weather and several walks over. Of the contested events the chief were the Bibury Stakes, with a field of eleven, won by Sir J. THURSBY'S Foghorn; and the two-year-old Champagne Stakes, which fell to the Duke of BEAUFORT'S Son of a Gun. On Wednesday Bill of Portland walked over for his match; Peter Flower won the Stockbridge Cup for Lord DURHAM; and in the Danebury Plate for two-year-olds, with a large field, General WILLIAMS'S Hippona was successful.

Cricket, &c. The second day of the University match continued to provide sensations for spectators. The resumed first innings of Cambridge brought them nothing but bad luck, and though it closed for the not contemptible total of 160, this sum was mainly due to two men—Mr. WEIGALL, who had played with admirable steadiness for his 63, and Mr. JACKSON. But in the follow on things altered very much. It was known that the bowling of Oxford was very much below its batting and fielding, and the Cambridge batsmen, recovering from their demoralization, collared and punished it severely. Mr. STRATFIELD and Mr. LATHAM made 142, not out, between them, and each of the five wickets which had fallen before had good double figures to it; so that when stumps were drawn Cambridge had made 314, with the chance of making nearly as much more. They actually carried the total to 388 next morning, thus outstripping the Oxford first innings, and leaving their rivals 184 to get to win. Oxford began badly, but Mr. JARDINE once more "settled the love" for his University, and Mr. PALAIRET, the Captain, coming in, made 71 not out, the match going to Oxford by five wickets. The hero of it was certainly Mr. JARDINE, whose last year of playing it was, and who in his two innings made the top score—179—in the history of the match, and fielded almost better than he batted. Mr. GAY'S wicket-keeping for Cambridge was much admired. In all the great number of 1,100 runs had been scored. The Players scored very heavily against the Gentlemen on Tuesday, making 376 for five wickets; while Dublin on their own ground made a good fight with Cambridge, which had gone over to play them in honour of the Tercentenary of Trinity. The rain cut up the former match a good deal, and the Players won in one innings on Wednesday; while Cambridge defeated Dublin after a very good fight.——Cambridge was fortunate in the four-handed tennis, which, like the single-handed game, she won. Mr. PIM came out winner of the Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting at Wimbledon; but he had no chance with the holder, Mr. BADDELEY, who kept his place by two sets to one.

Correspondence. This day week Lord GRIMTHORPE put the facts about the interference of peers in election correctly enough, though with his usual insuavity, and without observing that a "sessional order" establishes the etiquette, though not the law.——Lord ASHBURNHAM finished a somewhat acrimonious controversy with the Reverend Doctor JOSEPH PARKER on the subject of Roman Catholic "vows," and Professor VAMBÉRY was gloomy on Afghanistan.——On Tuesday morning an important letter was published from Field-Marshal Sir LINTORN SIMMONS on the subject of Mr. GLADSTONE'S references to his Maltese marriage mission. Mr. GLADSTONE, for obvious reasons, had represented Sir LINTORN as a Roman Catholic, which is not the fact. And this was, though the most glaring, not the only, falsity. But what did it matter? The lie had forty-eight hours' start and a whole day's polling to influence; nor is it certain that even the truth killed it in the minds of some foolish Protestants. Certainly Mr. GLADSTONE is, as he has yet again boasted, an old Parliamentary hand. In curious contrast to all these jars, Mr. MAUNDE THOMPSON, from the serene temples of the wise in Great Russell Street, reminded the public that examples of election literature, wherewith they are surfeited, will be very welcome to him as Librarian of the British Museum, and to the painful historian of the future.——Lord GREY protested yesterday against Mr. GLADSTONE'S statement that "It took twenty of the "most active years of my life to break down Protec-"tion"; urging, what is undeniably true, that till the very eleventh hour Mr. GLADSTONE was a strenuous opponent of Free-trade. Does not Lord GREY know his Mr. GLADSTONE yet? *We* do. "Twenty years of "*my* life" meant to the ignorant audience "*I* spent "those years." When challenged, Mr. GLADSTONE will say, "Well! it did take twenty years, and those twenty "years were part of my life"; or else, "Oh, I meant "after 1845, not before it!"

Miscellaneous. An Atlantic liner, the *City of Chicago*, went ashore on the Old Head of Kinsale yesterday week, but without loss of life.——The portraits at the MAGNIAC sale, this day week, sold very well, fetching some twelve thousand pounds in all. This great sale, which is to last in all nearly a fortnight, has made large sums every day; 3,000 and 2,900 guineas, for instance, being given on Tuesday for two pairs of portrait enamels, and 6,300 on Wednesday for the famous hunting-horn, all by LEONARD LIMOUSIN. The feature of the sale on Thursday was the famous piece of HENRI Deux ware which some call Oiron. It fetched 3,800 guineas, disappointing, we believe, some expectations. But will any one say that the actual beauty of this ware is such as to induce a man to give thousands of pounds for a piece of it, but for the fact that there only happen to be a few dozen pieces in the world?——The Bishops dined at the Mansion House on Wednesday, and there has been a renewal of the sempiternal fuss about a new University for London.

Obituary. Mr. ROBSON, Premier of British Columbia, who died in London from the results of an accident, and for whom a numerously-attended funeral service was held in St. Margaret's on Tuesday, was a colonial politician of standing.——Mr. MYBURGH, Q.C., who was still, as lawyers go, a young man, was nearly at the top of the tree in Admiralty cases.——Dr. CONDER was a very prominent member of the Congregationalist sect.

THE BOROUGH POLLING, AND AFTER.

THE multiplication of single-member county districts has to a certain extent deprived the borough voting of its supreme importance, and the agricultural labourer is still a quantity so unknown that a distinct swing to one side on his part may still place one party or the other in the position of complete and easy winners. This, however, would not be the result indicated by the earlier pollings, which on Thursday morning had accounted for more than a third and yesterday for nearly half the House of Commons, including almost all the English and Scotch boroughs. The features of these earlier pollings were, except in Birmingham (which remains steadily Unionist, with immense majorities to spare—majorities sufficient to have turned most, if not all, of the remaining contests), very close voting, and not more wearing away of the Government majority than might have, almost as a matter of course, been expected. London was known to be the weakest point; and the reckless policy of bribery to the poorer metropolitan voters, and the action of the majorities in the two County Councils

for London, might have been thought likely, in addition to the regular desire for some new thing, to produce an even greater change in the representation of the capital than has actually been the case. And in almost all the losses it will be found that unwise choice of candidates or insufficient work is to blame. So, too, in the other great Tory stronghold, Lancashire, though there have from similar causes been losses, nothing like the predicted "sweep" has occurred. On the other hand, the capture of Stockton for the Government, the partial recovery of York, the actual recovery of Scarborough, the great victory at Newcastle, and the narrow miss of victories at Darlington and Gateshead show a change for the better, not the worse, in the North. The four Dockyard seats which have swelled the Gladstonian gains at Devonport and Portsmouth are notoriously among the most unstable in the whole country, affected as they are by resentment against economy on the part of a Ministry in office, by hopes of greater lavishness on the part of the other side, by private grudges, greeds, and caprices of all sorts. At any rate, on a survey of the whole borough voting, the most reckless Gladstonian who has any respect left for facts may be challenged to detect any distinct change of popular opinion. Even the much-threatened Liberal-Unionists have escaped that complete vanishment which was promised them. If Tuesday was a bad day for them, Wednesday was a good one, and it is somewhat doubtful whether Tories would have won the fights in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast which stand to their credit. Finally, when the wasted majorities at Birmingham are considered, the balance of aggregate votes must have been decidedly, if not largely, in favour of the Union in that part of the electorate which, if not particularly intelligent or well informed, is probably rather more awake to general political considerations than is the case in the counties.

Unless, therefore, some entirely new development takes place in the county voting, the history of the borough polls seems to point either to a further, but not total, whittling down of the Government majority, or to the obtaining by the Gladstonians of a small majority on their side. This has been the result expected from the first by some careful observers, who at the same time have all along confessed that, in the conditions of present electioneering and elections, it is impossible to anticipate with any certainty what will take place, especially in the country districts. Now, few people, perhaps, realize how powerfully the conditions of political life would be altered by the return of either party to power with a small majority. To all but a very few oldsters the navigation would be in a totally unknown sea. For fully a quarter of a century—in 1868, in 1874, in 1880, and in 1886 (not to mention the short and exceptional Parliament of 1885, which, however, was not exceptional in this point)—whatsoever party has been in a majority has been in one so decided as to make it necessary for a Prime Minister merely to consider how much or how little the country, the House of Lords, and his own party will stand without bothering himself much about the Opposition in the Commons, and without taking a thought about angling for small groups. Such a change as is now not impossible would restore politics (with, of course, the great difference introduced by the different class of member and the different temper of constituencies) to a kind of antediluvian, or at least anti-Niagaresque, condition. The least dissatisfaction of a quite small section of his own followers would be either fettering or ruinous to a Prime Minister; the desertion or quasi-independence of a small part of the Opposition would make it powerless. It would, moreover, be far more troublesome than at present to suppress obstruction, and the long manifested indifference of certain members to understandings and etiquette of any kind would have much freer play and more power. A weak-kneed or weak-backed Government might feel more and more tempted to the sin which does so easily beset our modern Governments at all times—the sin of vote-hunting and cat-jump watching. It might also be tempted to hurried and repeated dissolution—an abominable thing. Foreign nations might be inclined to presume on its situation. As for those Tories especially who have not entire confidence in the possession by their chiefs of a firm code of principles "by "which they mean to stick," such a prospect might well make them afraid with a good deal of amazement.

Yet there might be a silver lining even to this cloud. In the first place, a Radical Government with a small majority is very unlikely to undertake—and if it undertakes them is not very likely to carry out—anything like the wild programmes of destruction, the debauches of senseless change for change's sake, which marked the periods of 1868–1874 and 1880–1885. And a Tory Government in such a case is much less likely to neglect the wishes of its loyaller supporters for the sake of its Extreme Left. Had Lord SALISBURY had a majority of twenty, instead of seventy, the costly folly of Free Education would hardly have been inflicted on the country; for the stricter Tories could have made it impossible without the Gladstonians, and the Gladstonians would have taken care that nobody carried it but themselves. And, besides this, politics would become a finer art, and politicians would be braced to a less nervous condition. When a man's majority in these days is less than fifty—a number with which his grandfather would have undertaken to fight NAPOLEON or reconquer America—he begins to think that all is lost, and either throws the Union to the wolves or saddles the exchequer and the taxpayers with payments they ought never to have to make, in order to increase it, or at least to prevent further dwindling. The healthy flutter of a series of narrow squeaks would, or at any rate might, steady the political hand a little, and straighten the political back. It might, we say—for there are some who would rather not risk it on their own side, though they might not be sorry to see the other take the chance. And it may be repeated that, if the counties do as the majority of the boroughs have done, one side or the other is extremely likely, if not almost certain, to have to face the experiment. We have purposely left out of question the all-important point, that if the Gladstonians have to face it, more than a fifth of their army will be an Irish brigade, divided against itself, and hardly less divided against its allies.

CRICKET

THE conclusion of the University Match was worthy of the first day's play. It is an old story now, but the affair will linger long in the memory of amateurs. It was not so close as the matches of 1870 and 1875, but it was full of surprising changes of fortune, and people who were foolish enough to lay odds before and during the match must have got their books into a condition singularly embroiled. That the better Eleven won it is impossible for even Oxford patriotism to maintain. In bowling neither side had much mastery. Mr. JACKSON, for Cambridge, showed great courage; he never despaired of the Republic, and from the rapidly rising long hops which yielded catches to Mr. GAY, to the virulent yorker which nearly bowled Mr. PALAIRET in the last over, he tried every move in the game. Mr. WELLS, on the other hand, was not puzzling, and Mr. STREATFEILD is hardly so skilled in this department as of old, while Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT was distinctly unlucky. He morally bowled several wickets, which just escaped destruction.

For Oxford Mr. WOOD'S slows had a success which proved that slow bowling is too much neglected. In the second innings the wonderful fielding of Mr. JARDINE won him some catches, and no batter seemed on first going in at all happy with the lobs. Mr. WILSON bowled very steadily; so did Mr. BERKELEY, whose success was not on a level with his deserts. But neither side had a really dangerous bowler; on the whole, Oxford is, perhaps, slightly the stronger in this part of the game. In fielding the great superiority of Mr. GAY at the wicket kept merit level. Perhaps Cambridge has no rival to Mr. JARDINE, who covers so much ground, and who throws in from any attitude in the same action with which he stops the ball. But the Cambridge fielding, especially at coverpoint, was very nearly, if not quite, as good as that of Oxford. Except the severe chances given by Mr. HILL, scarcely anything was missed. Mr. PALAIRET'S catch of Mr. STREATFEILD was magnificent, the more as he had just cut his hand badly in fielding a ball. On the whole, we never saw both Universities field better; though their fielding is usually the perfection of the game. In batting it may be held that, as against the best professional bowling, Cambridge is probably superior. But, where the bowling is but second-rate, there is very little to choose. In the magnificent second innings of Cambridge, Mr. STREATFEILD and Mr. LATHAM showed all possible spirit and accuracy. The first innings Cambridge simply gave away, by successive runs out. Mr. JACKSON'S was the worst. Mr. WEIGALL, we think, should have run, and would probably have saved his wicket, but, as run he would not, Mr. JACKSON should have tried to return, in place of resigning himself to fate. He might have got home, and it was his duty to try. The other runs out were inspirations of Atê, which blinds cricketers as well as heroes, now and then. Going in with two hundred runs on the wrong side, Cambridge quite out-wearied the Oxford bowling, already beginning to suffer from the heat. Mr. FRY was wildly erratic; perhaps the endeavour to mitigate his action was the cause of this. Mr. HILL might have received more of a trial; in brief, however, the Oxford bowlers became helpless victims, and only longed for night, like WELLINGTON. Next day, bowlers being fresh, things improved, and the Cambridge tail did next to nothing. Still, 184 runs to make on a fatigued, though excellent, wicket was a considerable task. Two wickets down for 17 seemed very hopeful, and layers of long odds were alarmed. We know the advantage of the bowling side in these emergencies. But Mr. BERKELEY was wisely put in to stay the rout, and entirely justified our recent appreciation of his batting. He played as well as any man, except for the Bowlers' Slog, which he attempted twice or thrice, finally making a fatal attempt to hit a straight ball to square leg. His 38, with Mr. JARDINE'S similar and excellent score, was invaluable, and Mr. PALAIRET'S 71, not out, was one of the finest pieces of play in the match. Mr. FRY'S cutting was masterly, till he cut a ball into his own wicket. Then Mr. CASE, with his impregnable defence, enabled Mr. PALAIRET to win, by five wickets and plenty in hand; for Mr. HILL was not required, with his Herculean hitting. Cambridge went, on Monday, to Dublin, and the Silent Sister gave them plenty to do. Who knew that Dublin had bats like Mr. JOHNSON, Mr. THOMPSON, and Mr. MELDON, or bowlers like Mr. MELDON, Mr. JOHNSON, and Mr. GWYNNE? It was a revelation. Why or how Mr. WELLS proved so deadly in the second innings of Trinity College we scarcely understand. Mr. HILL was needed. The Cambridge victory, by six wickets, was hardly won; Mr. LATHAM and Mr. SCOTT had the chief batting honours. Mr. SCOTT did not play at Lord's.

The Gentlemen were very unlucky in their match with the Players. Mr. O'BRIEN did not play, Mr. MCGREGOR was absent, and the rain of Tuesday destroyed all chance of equality. On Monday Mr. WOODS was not bowling like himself, Mr. PHILLIPSON missed GUNN before he had begun to score, and Mr. MCGREGOR was sorely longed for. SHREWSBURY played for hours by the celebrated clock. GUNN'S hitting was wonderfully clean and neat; WAINWRIGHT covered himself with laurels; and BARNES was on the level of his best days. Mr. GRACE never bowled better; he alone was not to be hit, and he bowled both GUNN and SHREWSBURY clean for 98 and 103. Except for Mr. SMITH, who made capital catches, the fielding of the Gentlemen was a painful and clumsy contrast to that of the undergraduates. With 454 against them the Gentlemen began very well, making 91 for one wicket. But Tuesday's rain played havoc with the ground, and, except for Mr. WOODS'S hard hitting, the tail was worthless. Going in again to make 196 to save the innings defeat, Mr. GRACE was hopelessly baffled by the heavy and bumpy ground on which WAINWRIGHT and PEEL made the ball curl like a living thing. PEEL caught and bowled Mr. SCOTT, for 14, by wonderful agility; he was lying on the ground when he held the ball. Mr. NEPEAN played a beautiful innings for 36, but Mr. ERNEST SMITH, by the brilliance of his hitting, won what honours were to be gained, and Lord HAWKE'S humorous style of slogging received frequent applause. He lofted a straight ball on to the awning. The rest were passive victims. BARNES, WAINWRIGHT, and PEEL all bowled to admiration. The Players won by an innings and 26; but had the Gentlemen gained the toss the result might have been reversed. They certainly did not play their strongest Eleven. With Mr. JARDINE, Mr. MCGREGOR, and Mr. O'BRIEN they would have shown a stronger front. It is melancholy to think of the probable fortunes of Scotland at the Oval. Poor old Scotland! to her the cricket field is ever a Flodden.

MR. GLADSTONE AND SIR LINTORN SIMMONS.

THERE is much in Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest feat of reckless mendacity which recalls the most memorable of all his performances in that kind. Were it not that the venerable inventor of the fairy tale of "The "POPE, the PRIME MINISTER, and the Governor of Malta" was at Edinburgh when he delivered himself thereof, whereas his trusted fabulist was at that time in London canvassing for dear life those Hoxton constituents who had returned him by a majority so much the reverse of overwhelming, we should have been inclined to exclaim with the fullest confidence, *Aut Stuart aut diabolus.* For the tissue of—well, inaccuracies which some one apparently put into Mr. GLADSTONE'S mouth, with reference to Sir LINTORN SIMMONS and the negotiations with the Vatican on the subject of Maltese mixed marriages, was worthy of him who told the story of Colonel DOPPING and the unloaded rifle with which he failed to "accomplish" his mysterious "object." In some respects, indeed, the later performance eclipses the earlier one; for, though the downfall of the romancer has not been so complete and dramatic—owing, perhaps, to the absence of a lawyer's letter—the more recent romance is distinctly richer in imaginative matter. It may be worth while to compare the two in some detail.

Mr. GLADSTONE then stated that "a highly respect-"able gentleman, a general in the army, and a Roman "Catholic who had been Governor of Malta, was sent "as envoy to the POPE." Now, here, as in the never-to-be-forgotten precedent, there are a variety of propositions alleged of which one only is of importance, and that is untrue. That Sir LINTORN SIMMONS is a

"highly respectable gentleman," a "general" (it would have been more polite to say a field marshal) "in "the army," and a late Governor of Malta, were circumstances even less material to the charge which Mr. GLADSTONE was endeavouring to trump up against Lord SALISBURY than Colonel DOPPING'S military prefix was to his denunciation of Mr. BALFOUR for necessitating and encouraging "scenes" at evictions. The essential point in either case was that the Colonel's rifle should have been loaded and that Sir LINTORN SIMMONS should be a Roman Catholic; and the latter of these assumptions is as unfounded as was the former. Sir LINTORN SIMMONS has been able to inform Mr. GLADSTONE, through the columns of the *Times*, that "it is absolutely untrue that he is, or "ever has been, a Roman Catholic, and that he has "always been a member of the Church of England." But from this point onwards Mr. GLADSTONE beats his former record easily. He "held in his hand," he told his hearers, "a draft ordinance which exhibits the relation "Lord SALISBURY seeks to establish between the British "Government and the Court of Rome," and one of the incidents of that relation was, according to him, that the Court of Rome insisted, and the British Government agreed, "that a marriage between persons who, "with a view to elude the law of the Catholic Church "concerning marriage, have abandoned the Catholic "religion," should be invalid. What had really passed in the negotiations between the Cardinal Secretary of State and the British representative was that the former expressed a wish that a provision should be adopted to prevent simulated profession of faith made with the object of facilitating marriage; that the latter pointed out the necessarily inquisitorial character which would attach to such a provision; and that thereupon his Eminence withdrew his suggestion. And it further appears that what Mr. GLADSTONE "held in his hand" was a proposal brought forward, in the Maltese Legislature, by the most "inveterate opponent of HER "MAJESTY'S Government in the island"; and that this person had been informed that, if the Council passed it, HER MAJESTY'S Government would veto it. In other words, the draft ordinance was, and was likely to be, about as accurately expressive of the "relations" sought to be established between the British Government and the Vatican as a resolution, introduced by Mr. SEXTON or Mr. HEALY, with reference to the illiterate voter would be likely to express the views of Ministers as to the employment of priests as personation agents in Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE'S recklessness of assertion has grown upon him inordinately of late years; but he would hardly, we should think, have promulgated this last and most daring of all his inventions had he not reckoned on its carrying further than its *démenti* in the turmoil of a General Election. The extremely ungracious apology which he has since made to Sir LINTORN SIMMONS—of whose "discourtesy" he has had the effrontery to complain—appears, at any rate, to have been studiously designed for the reinsinuation of all but one of the false statements which he had previously circulated.

FOL QUI S'Y FIE.

IT is to be feared that to most Englishmen the lamentable story—or, rather, want of a story—about Dr. HERMANN FOL, related in an advertisement in the *Times* this day last week, and in a leading article in the same journal on Monday, is entirely new, although it is some months since there was every reason to be apprehensive on the Doctor's account. The loss, either by the perils of the sea or by the piratical or barratrous conduct of persons unknown, of a more or less distinguished and doubtless highly respectable scientific gentleman is, no doubt, a thing to be deplored; but the story is one which might easily be made ludicrous, and has certainly been treated in that sense with freedom and success both in the advertisement and the article to which reference has been made.

It appears that Dr. FOL left his home at Geneva because the enlightened and benevolent Government of France was anxious to benefit by his studies in some branch of science which is not specified "on the coasts "of Tunis and Dalmatia." Whatever Dr. FOL'S particular "wanity" in the way of science may have been, it was one that required "machines," and these machines were capable of being procured at Nice. It is not far from Geneva to Nice, nor yet from Nice to Marseilles, and from Marseilles there are undoubted possibilities of taking ship to Tunis. As to Dalmatia, it is not impossible to go thither by land from Geneva; indeed the conjunction of Tunis and Dalmatia as the fields of Dr. FOL'S proposed employment of scientific machines is not the least picturesque feature of the story. However, what Dr. FOL did was to start in precisely the opposite direction to that in which Dalmatia lies, and betake himself to Havre. There he bought a steam yacht of moderate size, and set out "across the Bay" to get the machines at Nice. Her name was not the *Bolivar*, but the *Aster*, and it seems that she carried Dr. FOL safely as far as Brest, from which port came, some four months ago, the last definite or satisfactory news of the unfortunate man of science. The yacht, indeed, is said to have visited and left a place called Bénodet, in Finisterre; but it is alleged that upon that occasion one of the crew told a lighthouse-keeper "that his master was no "longer on board." What is clear is that she never arrived at Vigo, where Dr. FOL had settled to call, as the advertisement prepared by his friends ingenuously alleges, "to take his courier." "The phrase," comments the *Times*, with a mixture of caution and acuteness that is almost sublime, "is rather obscure, "but perhaps it means that Dr. FOL had given Vigo as "an address where letters might be sent to him." The translation of the advertisement into English may have been rather literal; but one's pleasure in it is lost in anxiety as to how the *Times*, were it travelling abroad, would express in French its intention to call anywhere for its letters. Perhaps it would say "j'appellerai," or "nous appellerons pour nos lettres."

The *Aster* is more or less vaguely alleged to have been sighted at different times off Corunna, and "in "Algerian waters," and the friends of Dr. FOL fear that an "act of barratry" has been committed. We are afraid that it looks more like an act of piracy. It is, no doubt, barratry to sell a ship that does not belong to you; but it is piracy to maroon (or to jettison) your owner and go to Algiers without him. And the mention of Algerian waters really sounds as if the yacht was about to commence corsair. The sceptical *Times* opines that the *Aster*, less lucky or less well served than the *Bolivar*, failed to cross the Bay, and was lost at sea. It may be so, and in that case the story is tragical enough, without the possibility, suggested to the *Times* by the obscurity of the language of the advertisement, of a courier, conversant with the necessities of travel alike in Tunis and in Dalmatia, waiting indefinitely at Vigo for a man of science to come and take him.

WHICH IS THE PROTECTIONIST?

LORD SALISBURY was bitterly assailed by the precisians of Free-trade for having stated that, while taxation of the raw materials of industry and the necessaries of life was out of the question, the imposition

of duties upon articles of luxury imported from foreign countries might be expedient. He did not propose to put these duties on in order to keep them on, but to put them on in order to create favourable opportunities of taking them off again. The remission was to be the consideration which we might offer to foreign countries for removing duties which are gradually shutting out English products from the markets of other countries. They were the fulcrum on which he proposed to plant the lever of Free-trade which should move the economic world. In other words, he proposed to restore those conditions which enabled Mr. GLADSTONE, when he was more innocently occupied than he now is, to pursue the policy of commercial treaties to which orthodox doctors have always objected; but which Free-trade statesmen, from the time of Mr. PITT to that of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, have always used for the promotion of freer commercial intercourse between nations. If you cannot have universal Free-trade, it is as well to have reciprocal Free-trade; and so Mr. BRIGHT thought when he suggested, and Mr. COBDEN when he undertook to negotiate, the Commercial Treaty with France. Theoretic economists, from ADAM SMITH to Mr. FAWCETT, have admitted that, whether it may be expedient or not to impose retaliatory duties, there is nothing contrary to economic principle in doing so. ADAM SMITH advocated them. "It may be at once "admitted," said Mr. FAWCETT, "that, if our manufac-"tured goods are kept out, for instance, of the American "markets by heavy protective duties, there would be "nothing morally unjustifiable in imposing duties "with the view of impeding the importation of "American produce." If Lord SALISBURY can find articles of simple luxury, and yet of general consumption, articles the taxation of which would not impose any burden on the native consumer, while it would exercise pressure on the foreign producer to open his markets to us, by all means let him do so. *Das ut dem* is a sound maxim of economic tactics. But, unless he can translate his theory into action, his disquisition is, perhaps, too academic for practical statesmanship.

Foreign economists, and especially we believe German economists, tax Mr. GLADSTONE'S finance with imprudence in throwing away, during a period of temporary prosperity, resources which should have been held in reserve for a time when the revenue had ceased to advance by leaps and bounds; and with reducing England to a condition in which she is left without anything to offer to other countries in return for the concessions she might desire from them. Whether or not the criticism be just, the fact remains that the gates of foreign nations and of our own colonies are closed to English products, and that we have thrown away the golden keys which alone will open them. This is not enough, apparently, for Mr. GLADSTONE. He contemplates, and does his best to bring about, a state of things which will add to the exclusion of England from foreign markets, her exclusion from the markets of Ireland, and, it may be, of Scotland too. The right to impose Customs duties and Excise duties, he told an Edinburgh audience, is clearly involved in Home Rule. It will be seen from this statement how much more thorough Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule is than Home Rule as it is understood in the United States, in Switzerland, and in the German Empire, which do not allow mutually hostile tariffs between the confederated states, cantons, and kingdoms. The people of Ireland have, however, magnanimously made this "large surrender of the rights "of autonomy." But when they have got their autonomy, they will certainly develop it to its legitimate consequences. What the great Liberator declared to be their due they will peremptorily demand. Scotland, Mr. GLADSTONE adds, has only to ask for Home Rule and to have it, and with it, of course, the right of applying, if it be so minded, the doctrines and practices of Mr. MCKINLEY to English products. When the Parliamentary independence of Ireland was only three years old, Mr. PITT tried, by his celebrated Propositions, to compensate for the political separation of Ireland from England by promoting their commercial union. His plan of reciprocal Free-trade was defeated by the English Whigs and manufacturers. Mr. GLADSTONE contemplates adding economic to political separation. He will not be able to complete, even if he be allowed to begin, the work of disruption, and leaves his unfinished task of mischief as a legacy to the next generation.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

IT is difficult to say which of the two "high con-"tending parties" in the singular duel now going on in the German newspapers presents the more undignified appearance; and it is still more difficult to indicate the one which is likely to come the worse off in the encounter. For the moment, it seems to be "anybody's game," and a matter of pleasing uncertainty whether Prince BISMARCK or his Imperial adversary—assuming that august personage to be directing the inspired penman of the *North German Gazette*—will put himself the more completely in the wrong. Up till the other day the mistakes—if, indeed, we can describe proceedings so apparently deliberate by that name—were on the side of the Prince; but the article of so-called "warning," published in the same official organ above-mentioned, appears to us to have made the score even. We may say this without by any means adopting the overstrained animadversions which have been pronounced in some quarters upon the conduct of the German Government. Their position was, doubtless, one of great difficulty, and would have been far from easy even if they had not to steer their course between the respect due to the name and services of an illustrious, if wrongheaded and somewhat unscrupulous, statesman, and the consideration necessary to be shown to the susceptibilities of an exceptionally self-conscious sovereign. From the very nature of the case, indeed, the question what you are to do with a "Father of his Country," when (or if) his determination to let no one govern it but himself impels him to conduct fraught, in the opinion of its rulers for the time being, with intolerable mischief or danger to the State, must always be desperately hard to resolve. The commonplaces with respect to the indecency and the scandal of calling such a national benefactor to account like an ordinary citizen are excellent as commonplaces; but even those who deal in them most freely would hesitate, one must suppose, to push them to the length of claiming immunity for high treason. And to decide how near to this offence the *pater patriæ* should be allowed to go without being called to a halt must always therefore be an anxious and painful task for those who are charged with the protection of those national interests which he is compromising.

Nevertheless, though it may be hard to say what a Government should do under such circumstances, there is less difficulty in indicating at least one thing which they should not do. They should not do what the German Government have done. They should not publicly lecture the offending national hero in the columns of an official journal, and warn him therein that, though they would be very sorry to be compelled to take criminal proceedings against him, they will really have to do so if he persists in his recent course of behaviour. It is surprising that they should not perceive that the mere public utterance of such a threat

is a scandal only one degree less grave than its execution; while it lacks that air of sternly Roman virtue which might partially redeem the actual performance of such a seeming act of national ingratitude. As it was, the "philippic" against Prince BISMARCK afforded him a chance—which he has not taken—of putting himself almost in the right by a dignified rejoinder. But, unhappily, the Prince and dignity have long since parted company, and the late Chancellor sees in the situation only an opportunity for a couple of smart replies in his North German and South German organs, in which he resorts to the familiar controversial device of feigning disbelief in the official inspiration of the article which he is answering in order that he may relieve himself of any obligation to deal respectfully with its real author. Furthermore, in talking of those "voices in Germany" which carry their "felonious" counsels "to the length of being "willing under certain circumstances to put German "policy and the German army at the disposal of "England," he virtually repeats the worst of the offences with which he has been, as he alleges, unjustly charged. What foundation there may be for this complaint against certain advisers of the Government, or against the Government themselves, is immaterial. Prince BISMARCK may have reasons for his suspicions, or he may have none; he may have reasons or none for his objections to the policy which he suspects; but to Englishmen, at any rate, it will in either case appear equally unseemly and deplorable that he should resort to such means of thwarting that policy in the hands of his successor.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.

IT will be satisfactory to the humane to learn that there is some prospect of a diminution of the practice of duelling in France. The reform will hardly be brought about by the Bill of the so-called "General" CLUSERET, even though it has been taken into consideration by the Chamber in spite of the recommendation of the Committee to which it was referred. The Committee was perhaps influenced by the absurdity of the "General's" claim to be a reformer of manners—which sits ill on a leader of the Commune. Perhaps it was persuaded to recommend the summary rejection of the Bill by the absurdity of the General's style, which appears to bear a striking likeness to the eloquence of JÉRÔME PATUROT in his *juste milieu* days. It may even be that the Committee was of the same opinion as its Chairman, M. RABIER—namely, that duelling is nearly as harmless as riding or going to see fireworks, and does not deserve the particular attention of the Chamber. But when the report of the Committee was presented, many speakers argued that, however absurd General CLUSERET'S style may be, and however harmless duels may be as a rule, the contrast between the theory and the practice of the French law in regard to duelling is not harmless. The Chamber decided by a very substantial majority to take the Bill into consideration. This, no doubt, is little more than a matter of form, but it is an indication that the deputies have begun to think that "something ought "to be done."

It is not unnaturally but very commonly forgotten that by the theory of the French law it is murder to kill in a duel, and that to fight one at all is to attempt to commit murder. This has been explicitly ruled by the Cour de Cassation. Yet, as a matter of fact, no one has in modern times been condemned for killing his man, and when death has not been the result of the encounter, the duellists are never proceeded against at all. When life has been lost, the successful combatant is imprisoned and inconvenienced; but he has no serious sentence to fear. As this has been the custom in France for a very long time, one would suppose that it suits them very well. But of late some Frenchmen have begun to be uneasy on the subject. The extraordinary and growing laxity of French juries towards what they call *crimes passionnels* has really become very serious, and some have asked themselves whether it is wise to tolerate the evasion of the letter of the law in the matter of duelling any longer. Then the duel shows a distinct tendency to become as great a nuisance as the obligatory New Year's gifts. Novels and plays and public opinion are continually adding to the reasons for which a duel must be fought, till it has come to this, that any loose-tongued rascal can force you to go out. The duel has conspicuously failed to produce that politeness which is sometimes said to be its fruit. As M. MAGNARD has justly observed in the *Figaro*, the French press grows more blackguard in its language every day in spite of continual duelling. A good sharp law of libel rigorously applied would, in his opinion, do more to improve the manners of the press than duelling. M. GASTON DESCHAMPS even asserts that young gentlemen who can afford to pass much of their time in the fencing-room are noted for a certain impertinence. This is, perhaps, his little joke; but there does seem to be a pretty general agreement that the standard of French manners is not what it was, and yet the duel is more common than ever. The truth seems to be that some men are gratuitously impertinent, and others take unnecessary offence, because they are afraid that civility or good temper would lay them open to the imputation of being unwilling to fight. This might not be the case if duels were commonly fatal, though, with a people of spirit and some vanity, even that is doubtful. As the shock caused by the death of Captain MAYER shows, the French do not like duels to end fatally. This misfortune, and the almost simultaneous death of a sergeant in a dragoon regiment in a "reglamentary" duel for which he was not to blame, have excited some irritation with the whole system.

It may be that this is only a passing spasm which will be forgotten. But if it endures there will probably be a change of fashion in the matter of duelling. Any reform of what has certainly become a very silly business must be produced in this way. There does not appear to be any need for changes in a law which is already quite sufficiently stringent, though something might be done by inflicting fine and imprisonment on the seconds. But it is idle to alter the law as long as the authorities will not prosecute and juries will not condemn. The difficulty in France is, that even those who condemn the present mania for duels cannot work themselves up to the point of condemning duelling altogether. They wish to see it preserved for difficult cases. This is a mere half measure, for as long as the duel is allowed at all the combatants must decide in the long run as to the difficulty of the case. The check which is supposed to be applied by the necessity of finding seconds is no check at all. People who wish to advertise themselves by fighting will find others to advertise themselves by acting as seconds. What will stop duelling is the general agreement of Frenchmen that a social superstition which allows any unscrupulous scamp to make himself notorious at somebody else's expense, or two of that kidney to make a fuss about themselves in the papers, is intrinsically barbarous and ridiculous.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY TERCENTENARY

IT is in some respects no doubt unfortunate that the tercentenary of Dublin University should have fallen in the middle of a contested election. The attention of a public preoccupied with matters of so much

higher dignity and importance—as, for instance, the question whether Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON did or did not retain the confidence of the electors of Peterborough—has inevitably been much diverted from the academic celebration; and it has passed off with a good deal less notice of the popular and journalistic sort than would otherwise have been bestowed upon it. In ordinary circumstances this, perhaps, might have been a reason for congratulating rather than condoling with the members of this respectably ancient and more than respectably famous foundation; but the circumstances of the time are not ordinary either for the University of Dublin or for any other institution or body of persons representative of the better mind and manners of Ireland, and there were consequently reasons of a wholly unsentimental and eminently "business" description for desiring that last Wednesday's function should concentrate upon itself as many English eyes as possible. If this desire, however, has been defeated by the political accidents, the disappointment has, nevertheless, its compensations. The spectacle has undoubtedly gained in impressiveness in nearly equal measure to what it has lost in publicity. If it has caught the gaze and aroused the interest of fewer people, its dramatic coincidence with the struggle between the priest-ridden faction and the "hill-side politicians" in Ireland should have much enhanced its impressiveness to the imagination of the spectators.

Nothing seems to have been wanting in the academic completeness of the ceremony of commemoration, and of the complimentary conferment of degrees—neither dignity, celebrity, and popularity in the honorary graduates, nor enthusiasm among those of pupillary status, nor elegant and facete Latinity on the part of their academic sponsor; and here, again, we have only to regret that pressure of news of what may be called the Alpheo-Cleophantine description should have completely crowded out the periods of so accomplished a Latinist as Professor TYRRELL. Enough account, however, was given of the whole proceedings of the day to set any decently intelligent Englishman thinking of many things: of the "two Irelands," and of the difference between them, of the barbarism of the one and the enlightenment of the other, and of the policy of that venerable statesman who is expending the last energies of his life in a desperate attempt to force the latter under the heel of the former. The commemorative gathering of the past week in Dublin may, in fact, be described, and in no fanciful spirit, as the complement of the Ulster Convention. For the University of Dublin stands related to thought and culture, to arts and learning—in a word, to all those finer national qualities and possessions which form the leaf and flower of civilization—as the Province of Ulster stands related to industry and enterprise, to integrity and respect for law—in a word, to all those national virtues of the plainer and more solid order in which alone civilization can strike root. It would be as vain to expect the one to flourish under the sort of *régime* to which Mr. GLADSTONE is seeking to hand over Ireland as it would be to expect the other to survive. Both would be doomed alike. Both alike—the interests which represent the material prosperity of Ireland and the institution which maintains her intellectual status—would become the prey of a confederacy of obscurantist priests and intriguing politicians, and we have been told, with equal frankness and indiscretion, by both the lay and the clerical confederate what sort of treatment their victims may anticipate at their hands.

MISSIONARIES IN ALGERIA.

THERE is nothing surprising in the report that the French Government has asked the English Missionary Societies, through Lord SALISBURY, to withdraw their missions from Algeria. We are not even sure that the request constitutes a reasonable ground of complaint, even though it is accompanied by a notification that the missionaries will be "directed to leave "the territory" if the desire of the French Government is not voluntarily complied with. Much must depend on the circumstances of the case. M. WADDINGTON'S letter appears to be strictly correct in form. He is reported to have represented that M. CAMBON, the Governor of Algeria, has found the missions a cause of serious embarrassment, and has applied to his own Government to obtain their withdrawal. M. WADDINGTON points out, no doubt with absolute accuracy, that the French Government for many grave reasons has absolutely forbidden any religious propaganda in Algeria, and cannot "suffer an exception" to be made for foreigners. If this is so, the English missions cannot complain if they are asked to conform to a universal rule. We might, indeed, reply that, as we put no obstacles in the way of French missionaries in India, we may claim that the same freedom shall be extended to our own in Algeria. It will rest with the French to decide whether this is a sufficient plea; for the English Missionary Societies cannot expect, and we are sure do not wish, that their expulsion should be treated as a *casus belli*.

The Foreign Office will, no doubt, do all it reasonably can for the missions, but substantially it must tell them very much what we have said here. For us an incident of this kind is very annoying, and there is quite Anglophobia enough in Paris to make it the excuse for a great deal of irritating swagger. Still it is not to be taken for granted that the French Government is without justification. If M. CAMBON, who is a man of much experience as well as of ability, has found the missions a cause of worry, and fears that they may lead to "serious difficulties," it is highly probable that he is telling the truth. The attitude of the French Government towards religious propaganda is identical with the old East India Company's. From the purely secular and administrative point of view there is a great deal to be said for it. All experience shows that Christian missions among Mahometan peoples are both exceedingly futile, and exceedingly annoying. The teaching of the missionaries is socially, as well as religiously, offensive, and is always strongly resented. Our own administration in India has included at times many men of intense religious convictions who have countenanced the missionaries. But even we have been rigidly and wisely careful, as a rule, to abstain from giving Government support to any attempt to make proselytes among the natives. A French governor, who is probably no more religious than most educated men in Latin countries, will naturally find the missions an unmitigated nuisance. He is bombarded with complaints from the Mahometans, and from his own local officials, who fear, or say they fear, that violence will be used against the preachers of unwelcome doctrine. He may well believe that, unless a check is put to the propaganda, he will find himself under the necessity of suppressing disturbance by force. No governor likes this prospect, and when it is forced on him by foreigners, he is not to be blamed if he asks to have them removed. Many French governors in M. CAMBON'S position would have expelled the missionaries by their own authority. He is to be thanked for having endeavoured to secure his object in the most friendly way.

There is some reason for complaint on our side that the missions were ever allowed to establish themselves at all, since the French Government was not prepared

to give them permanent protection. Of course, too, if it appears that any measures taken against them are special and unfriendly; if there is any reason to believe that M. RIBOT is casting about for a pretext to revenge the supposed wrongs of the White Fathers in Uganda, we shall be well entitled to take whatever course we think convenient. But we purposely prefer to look at the matter from the French point of view for the present. It is to be hoped that the Missionary Societies will ask themselves whether there is not something in it. Much respect is due to the honest zeal of their agents, and to the motives of those who support the Societies. But that zeal and those motives are not always according to knowledge. Recent experience in China alone ought to make Missionary Societies understand that the practice of proselytizing among peoples with a definite and long-established creed is much more fruitful in anger than in edification. In any case, those who do it should be prepared to run the risks which attend their enterprise. The Missionary Societies cannot expect the State to protect, and still less to promote, their propaganda beyond its own borders.

HAPPY HOMESTEAD.

IT is a pity that the ceremony of conferring the freedom of the city of Aberdeen on Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, as a reward for his services to "the cause of "free libraries," was not performed a week later. We could have waited till next Monday to learn that this act of justice had been rendered to the eminent Democrat, if we had been compensated for the delay by hearing his account of some recent events in and about the mill with the pleasing name of Homestead, in the city of Pittsburg. The occasion was one on which it would have been so natural in this highly-strung Democrat to explain how the friend of the People and enemy of all effete Monarchies can reduce the wages of his workmen for all the world as if he were himself an effete Tory, and that in the interest of his own pocket; how, when the men talk of striking, he can peremptorily lock them out; how, when they show the noble rage of freemen, and take to excluding by force workmen who are prepared to do their work at the reduced rate, he can hire barges full of bravos who actually shoot the sovereign people. All this Mr. CARNEGIE might have explained while receiving the freedom of the granite city; but the opportunity is lost, and may too probably never return.

With or without the help of the person whom America has returned to us accomplished in fulness of purse and democracy of manners, the Pittsburg riots are really very interesting. They serve two purposes. The first is to show what the "war between Labour and "Capital" comes to when the combatants are left unchecked by any external control. The second is to show the high level of civilization and the efficiency of administration attained to by "the political faculty of our "race in America, Sir, and their admirable good sense." The cause of the quarrel between the millowners and their hands at Pittsburg is a very commonplace one. For reasons which may or may not be connected with the working of the MCKINLEY tariff, the owners of the Homestead Mills found it necessary to reduce wages, which they were perfectly entitled to do. The workmen refused to accept the reduction, and began to talk of striking—as they had a perfect right to do. Then the owners locked them out—a legal action, but perhaps a trifle arbitrary. So far it had been a rather tame business, such as might happen any day in Europe. But at this point the quality of what is called over there "American civilization" began to appear. These words, we pause to note, do not mean the "civilization," such as it was, of Mexico or Peru—an incomplete but genuine thing. They apply to as much of European civilization as has been carried across the Atlantic, mostly by persons of the lower orders. The mill-owners applied to the Sheriff for a force to protect their mills. The Sheriff sent eleven men, who were immediately bullied into retreat by several thousand workmen. Hereupon the owners, democrats to a man, living in the full blaze of an enlightened freedom, proceeded—and it is with historic calmness that we record the fact—to behave like so many blood-boltered feudal tyrants. They hired a force of Brabanters, or Genoese crossbowmen, or Turkish Light Horse, or whatever else it is that PINKERTON'S Police represent in the peculiar development of American civilization. Then they sent them in barges to Pittsburg. Not unprepared for this enlightened and democratic action on the part of Mr. CARNEGIE'S partners and agents, the workmen watched the river. So soon as the barges carrying the ferocious mercenaries appeared the alarm was given—and the result was the two days' fighting reported in the papers. Cannon was used, and small-arms without number; forts of steel rails were thrown up, and oil was first pumped on the river, and then set on fire, to reduce the barges. There is a respectable list of killed and wounded on both sides, and when PINKERTON'S Police did at last surrender, on a promise of good treatment, that promise was shamelessly violated.

Nothing in all the story seems to us so characteristic as the correspondence between the Sheriff and the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania which arose out of these transactions. The Sheriff telegraphed to the Governor asking for his instructions, and "The "Governor replied that the local authorities must "exhaust every means at their command to pre-"serve order." Whereupon the "Sheriff held a con-"ference with the CARNEGIE officials and the work-"men's representatives . . . . without result." In other words, the magistrate on the spot could do nothing, the Governor of the State could only tell him to keep on doing nothing, and in the meantime a rabble of workmen and a gang of mercenaries were shooting one another down. Truly, a remarkable triumph for American civilization and "Triumphant "Democracy."

BRITISH WILDFLOWERS.

RAILING not unreasonably, as we have often had occasion to do, and shall have to do again, against the harshness of English summers, when

> The skies look grimly,
> And threaten present blusters,

it were graceless to forget such spans of perfect weather as from time to time sweeten our pilgrimage. The elder Dumas writes cynically of "une de ces belles et rares journées où l'Angleterre se souvient qu'il y a un soleil"; but our late Whitsuntide has painted the land in the colours with which Shakspeare used best to set his palette; for, although he could prepare a fairly effective storm for stage purposes, it was under blue skies and fleecy white clouds, moving green boughs and springing flowers, that he loved to set his characters—

> The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
> With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,
> Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
> As we lie tumbling in the hay.

Spring was lean and laggard and dry; growth was long held back, and when the rain came at last (it fell first in the primitive form of snow), it was followed by such a flood of sunshine that the herbage rushed up with Alpine suddenness. The effect has been to show how far the British flora is from being jejune; some of our wayside weeds are, in truth, of more complex beauty than many "nature's bastards" on which rich folk fondly spend their cash; and when, as in the present year, they get ahead of the grass, the display of various hues is remarkable.

Nature is so bounteous in some of her floral shows, and they recur so regularly, that the eye becomes ungratefully insensible to them. Linnæus is said to have burst into

tears the first time he saw an English common covered with gorse in bloom. We take it as a matter of course that the hollow woods shall be spread for our Whitsun holidays with a blue carpet of hyacinths, yet there are sights of infinitely less splendour, to view which, because they are unusual, crowds of people rumble off in excursion trains. The second season after a fall of copsewood is a time to be marked by all who care to enrich memory with gleams of beauty; for then, before the grosser herbage has got under way, the ground is a solid sheet of colour, defying mortal pigments, and sparsely spangled with rose campion and stars of the greater stitchwort. Be it noted in passing that, by reason of the slipperiness of floral nomenclature, the hyacinth has become known in the South as the blue-bell; but the true "blue-bells of Scotland" belong to a very different family, and, flowering a month later, are generally called hare-bells by the Sassenach.

On certain parts of the West coast a near relative of the wood hyacinth covers the grassy cliffs at this season with a paler, more aerial blue. The vernal squill (*Scilla verna*), much less common and of humbler growth than the hyacinth, holds its starry flowers erect, and well repays transplanting to gardens, where it grows more robustly than in its native turf. Another member of the same family, the Star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum umbellatum*), though not indigenous to Britain, has spread itself through many woodlands, especially in the North, and, in merit of deep-green foliage and dazzling white flowers, is well worth introducing where it has not already come. The Arabic name of this plant signifies "dove's dung" (for which the generic name *Ornithogalum*, "bird's milk," is a Greek euphemism), and was given apparently because of the sheets of white blossom with which it covers the hillsides of Palestine. It must have occurred to many people, when reading of a cab of dove's dung being sold for a shekel during the siege of Jericho, that even in the last stages of starvation that was an exorbitant price to pay for a substance as devoid of nutritious or palatable properties as sawdust. Howbeit, the reference is really to the edible roots of the *Ornithogalum*; the early translators were over-literal in their rendering, and, strange to say, the authors of the Revised Version have endorsed the blunder.

One should hesitate before setting finger-posts to the haunts of our finest wildflowers, lest thereby the nefarious diligence of root-pilferers be assisted. If the lady's slipper, rarest of British orchids, still lingers in Yorkshire woods, it is because those who know its whereabouts have learnt, almost too late, to hold their tongues. Should the Access to Mountains (Scotland) Bill ever become law (which may the gods avert!), and should it have any appreciable effect in a country where the law of access is already more liberal than in any other civilized country under the sun, it is only too likely that the last of the blue *Menziesia*, the vernal gentian, and the *Loiseleuria* (sole British representative of the azalea) will be reft from the lofty solitudes where they still abide. But there are some species so prolific and locally abundant as to defy even mercenary collectors. At two places on the shores of Solway there are, at the present moment, notable displays of inflorescence. The first is on Lochar Moss, a vast expanse of peat bog a few miles south of Dumfries. A considerable part of this was burnt last year, and now the surface is covered over many acres with the cotton grass (*Eriophorum*), flaunting such myriads of silky tufts as to give the appearance of newly-fallen snow. The other is on the alluvial expanse which has been reclaimed by means of embankment from Wigtown Bay—the scene of *Guy Mannering*. Miles of this saline pasture are hidden by the salmon-coloured blossoms of the common sea thrift, the effect of which is that of the ruddy glow of sunset. The dwellers in these parts are busy bee-keepers, and look with little favour on this pretty plant, which, it is said, imparts an objectionable flavour to honey.

Touching this industry, it is of ancient standing among the folk of Galloway. The pleasant pastures near Kirkcudbright are specially rich in white clover, which produces honey of a greenish tint and exquisite flavour, and we shall not be suspected of touting if we recommend those who fare sumptuously every day to ask London tradesmen, to whom it is well known, to supply them with Borgue honey. Not less blessed is he who can spread his roll with butter and heather honey; the prejudice against its dark amber hue has long been overcome, and it is less cloying and more aromatic than that made from white clover. It is not generally known, however, that, for some reason not easy to divine, bees can turn the heather grown in mosses to no good account; it is on the uplands only where the apiarian can plant his "skeps" with the certainty of an upland harvest.

Heather still blooms bravely on the Galloway hills, but thirsty shepherds recall wistfully the days when it was made to yield something of more potent virtue than honey. The ancient Pictish secret of brewing heather ale is lost, and the manner of losing it is recorded in a local legend. The Picts of Galloway, it is said, were hard pressed by their ancient foes, the Scots of Dalriada. Step by step they retreated before them, falling under superior numbers, till at last there remained alive but three braves—a father and two sons. They were of the family to whom, alone among the Picts, was known the priceless secret of brewing heather ale. Stationed on the narrow and fortified neck of land which connects the Mull of Galloway, the southernmost point of Scotland, with the mainland, they made fearful havoc among their assailants. The Scottish commander, weary of seeing his best warriors slaughtered, called a parley, and offered quarter to the Pictish chief and his sons, on condition that they would reveal their hereditary secret. "I accept your offer," cried the father; "but none of my race must be witness to the betrayal. Therefore, before I speak, cast my sons into the sea." It was done as he desired, and then the Scots closed round the old man, burning to learn the precious recipe. But he, breaking from them and running to a pinnacle overhanging the waves, shouted "Now I know that none lives who can betray our trust!" and straightway flung himself into the churning tide, where his sons had already perished.

In this month each tract of our island, though possessing a common staple of decoration, has also some flowers to distinguish it from the rest. Chalk downs in the upper Thames valley bear the pretty *Orchis ustulata*, of which the unexpanded buds at the top of the spike, being of a warm, brownish-purple, give it a toasted appearance; its equivalent on the drier parts of Scottish moors being the red *Gymnadenia* with delicious fragrance. The spotted orchis abounds in the North; but it is only in the Thames valley that its handsome cousin, the soldier orchis, may be looked for.

Plants of the water and the marsh are often distinguished by flowers of singular loveliness. The Thames is so infested by greedy pleasure-parties that hardly a blossom of the white water-lily (than which there is not a more exquisite flower among all the costly treasures of our stoves) is suffered to float unharmed. But the delicate arrowhead is still tolerably plentiful in the backwaters near Windsor, and there are lots of the sunny frogbit and rosy flowering rush in the marshes round Gravesend. Only in the Fen country is the water-soldier at home, and none of these aquatics (except, of course, the water-lily) are natives of Scotland. That country might be jealous of England in her exclusive possession of the sky-blue marsh gentian, but Scottish river-banks are gay just now with the golden globe-flower (*Trollius*), unknown to Southern streams.

There is balm in Gilead, and a General Election comes as a blessing in disguise, for it sends many of us out of the pungent aroma of wood-pavement to inhale the sweet incense of the country in this the finest summer we have had since Jubilee year.

THE MAGNIAC SALE.

TWO items alone would have sufficed to give celebrity—the ephemeral celebrity, that is, of crowded view days and high prices—to the curiosities and works of art gathered half a century ago at Colworth, in Bedfordshire, by Mr. Hollingworth Magniac, and sold on Saturday last and during the present week by the executors of his son, the late Mr. Charles Magniac. These two items were a horn in Limoges enamel and a jug or ewer of Henri Deux ware. The pictures were of comparatively secondary importance. Limoges enamel is common enough, but it is seldom seen of such quality as this horn, which is said to have been made for Francis I., and is actually signed by the great master, Leonard Limousin. It came from Strawberry Hill, where Mr. Magniac bought it in 1842; but it neither has nor really requires a pedigree beyond that year. It is worthy of the maker whose name it bears, and could not, in fact, have been made by anybody else, though Sir Charles Robinson, who compiled a Catalogue of these treasures, on which Messrs. Christie have largely drawn, thinks it might,

had it not been signed, have been attributed to the second Jean Pénicaud. The quotations from Sir C. Robinson, who, as his verbose letters to the *Times* have taught us, has not the vigour and brevity of, say, Lord Tennyson on Mr. Gladstone, add greatly to the size of the Catalogue; but not so much as might be expected to our information, and, in many cases, it is by no means easy to agree with the conclusions at which he arrives. His account of the "Henri II. ware" has been supplemented by the latest theories, but it must be confessed that we are still very much in the dark as to where and by whom it was produced. "It is somewhat of a reproach," he observes, "to the archæologists of France that this truly national art development should have remained so long without more serious illustration by local or documentary research and comparison of the specimens extant." This is by no means the whole sentence, which goes on, in fact, for some six lines more of small type, without coming to anything more definite. We are, however, on another page informed of the now exploded theory that it was made at Oiron, and of the probably quite as unfounded idea that it comes from a place called St. Pourchaire. Sir Charles Robinson reviews these theories, and comes to an odd conclusion. He sees no reason, he says, why the generally received and supported title of "Faïence de Henri Deux ware" should be superseded. He can never, surely, have heard it generally called by such a tautological name. "Henri II. ware" or "Faïence de Henri Deux" is sufficient. The description of this piece is of inordinate length, but we may say it is an oval ewer, about 15 inches high, very delicately ornamented, with brown, yellow, and blue patterns on a cream-coloured ground, and with raised work. There is a letter G, diapered on the lower part of the body. The handle is formed of a figure, half nymph, half serpent. This interesting piece was the principal object in Thursday's sale, and has gone to Paris for 3,800 guineas. It is certainly of the highest rarity, nearly all the fifty or sixty pieces known to exist being in public collections.

There were many enamels besides the horn, which was sold on Wednesday for the high price of 6,300 guineas, but none of them called for much notice. Among the ivories was a casket which was said to have contained the famous "casket letters" of Queen Mary Stuart. It fetched 1,995*l.* on Tuesday, but whether because of the exquisite fourteenth-century carving of St. Eustace, or of the historical associations, we cannot say.

The pictures were dispersed on Saturday and Monday. They also suffered from over-cataloguing, some of the ascriptions being fanciful in the extreme. According to the Catalogue there were numerous Lucas Cranachs, seven Janets, eight Holbeins, and a series of five small portraits by Jean Clouet. Finally, there was a "Portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, said to be the lost picture, by Raffaelle," accompanied with nearly five pages of small print describing, among other things, the feelings of the compiler on first seeing it "hung rather high up in the hall at Colworth." It was not in good condition, and showed few of the signs we are accustomed to seek in the genuine work of Raphael. Moreover, there are other and better versions of the same portrait well known to art critics. This one sold for 567*l.*

The most interesting of the old pictures was very briefly catalogued as "A View in Rome, with numerous figures in the costume of the beginning of the sixteenth century, representing the story of Virginia and Appius Claudius." It was ascribed to "H. Schopfer," but was more probably by one of the so-called "Little Masters" of the school of Dürer, and belonged to a series of which others exist in German galleries. It was sold on Monday for 245 guineas.

Mr. Walter Armstrong showed that he is following in the footsteps of his lamented predecessor, Henry Doyle, and secured a capital portrait of Sir Henry Wyatt for the Dublin Gallery for 320*l.* It was ascribed in the Catalogue to Holbein. Altogether the prices were as high as could be expected—one of the Clouets reaching 913*l.* 10*s.*, and several small portraits 200*l.*, 300*l.*, and even 500*l.*

RACING.

SATURDAY'S racing at Kempton was witnessed by a large assemblage, considering that the University cricket match clashed with it, and was provoking so exciting a contest. The day was lovely and the park looked at its best. The Victoria Cup found old Yard Arm a very hot favourite from a fair opposition, but that the handicapper knew more than the backers was made evident, as the old horse, who went down to the post with a lack of dash about him, was never in the race, and Iddesleigh, after a gallant fight with Ammonite, could only get second to the latter. Yard Arm, as we have before remarked in these columns, should have gone to the stud. It is evident he cares no longer about racing. The Kempton Park Two-year-old Plate gave us an exciting race, in which Moonflower just got her head in front of Best Man, many thinking that victory should have rested with the latter. Bibury on Tuesday was horribly wet; but, in spite of three races ending in walks-over, the sport was fairly good. The Bibury Stakes brought to light a new amateur in Mr. Thursby, who managed to get Fog Horn home a head in front of Shortbread, with the more practised Mr. Yorke in the saddle. The Fullerton Handicap brought out a field of a dozen, which was very satisfactory, as it was well known that the gallant handicapper had overlooked the conditions "Jockeys to ride," or, at all events if he had not done so, he had the credit of it. Woolsthorpe in Fred Webb's hands gained an easy victory. Son of a Gun credited the Duke of Beaufort with the old-established Champagne Stakes, but the opposition was not very formidable in all probability.

Stockbridge commenced by Bill of Portland walking over for the match of 500 sovereigns each with Mr. Low, and then we had a capital field with gentlemen riders in the Andover Stakes, Mr. W. H. Moore winning on Sir W. Throgmorton's powerful Ardington. Flodden Field at last won a race for Captain E. W. Baird; but his opponents were very moderate, and Peter Flower placed the Stockbridge Cup to Lord Durham's credit. We observe that Lord Penrhyn is, as usual, patronizing Pontefract, and with the result that generally attends his colours there, as Red Palmer and Salamander secured their races. The latter was a judicious purchase from Lord Ilchester, in a Selling Race at Newmarket, and should win many more races, as he seems to stay well. A second-class South-country horse very often turns out a useful speculation, if placed properly in the North.

Next week we have the Newmarket Second July Meeting and a heavy catalogue of sales. Indeed, besides the race-days, Monday is taken up with an extensive sale. Mr. Robertson Gladstone's stud will be sold in consequence of the continued ill-health of its owner. Mr. Gladstone has raced for some years, with no inconsiderable share of success, and for pure sport alone; so his retirement will be a loss, especially to Northern meetings.

On Tuesday, at Newmarket, the principal race is the Soltykoff Stakes for two-year-olds, in which we may see Best Man endeavour to make up to his owner for his disappointment at Kempton; he has incurred a penalty of 3 lbs. for his win at Warwick in the spring. Minting Queen we hardly expect to see at the post, mindful of her Ascot defeat. Medicis may run, and his *début* at the First July was promising; but we think Best Man should give him 6 lbs. and win, unless there should be some good dark one, of whose merits we are unaware.

On the second day the Zetland Plate contains the names of Mortgage, St. Angelo, Galeopsis, St. Damien, El Diablo, and Curio, amongst others; but we are not likely to see them all at the post. We shall, however, expect Curio to put in an appearance; and, though Galeopsis got to his head when he ran fourth for the Two Thousand, we expect to see Curio beat him readily now. The selling conditions attached to the Seventeenth Two-year-old Sale Stakes are of such a nature as to prevent a prediction as to the result, so we shall not attempt to do so. On Thursday we regret to say that we shall be unable to attend, as it is our duty to record our vote in a district so remote that a return to headquarters in time for racing is impossible. The Midsummer Plate of 800 sovs. for three-year-olds has much the same entry as the Soltykoff Stakes, except that La Flèche and Bonavista are engaged. The former, it is reported, will not be seen out again till Doncaster, but it would be a sporting affair if Bonavista and St. Angelo were to oppose each other at even weights. Bonavista seemed to win the Two Thousand Guineas by stamina, and St. Angelo to lose that race from want of that essential, but we think it was more due to want of condition, and shall be surprised if Mr. Milner's colt does not beat Bonavista easily. The great race of the meeting is the Chesterfield Stakes for

two-year-olds, and amongst an entry of sixty-five, we see nothing to beat Meddler, if seen at the post, though he has to put up a penalty of 7 lbs. for his win in the British Dominion Stakes at Sandown. On Friday and Saturday we have the Sandown Second Summer Meeting, and a most interesting one it promises to be, as on the first day we shall witness the fifth renewal of the Eclipse Stakes, a race that has since its introduction furnished us with some memorable finishes, to go no further back than last year, when Surefoot snatched the prize from Gouverneur and Common. At the time of our penning these lines it has not been decided if Orme is to run, but we should imagine that he will not do so, as, however tempting the prize may be, it would jeopardize his chance for the St. Leger. Gouverneur, in the absence of Orme, will probably start favourite, as his owner supports his horses in the most lavish manner; but we doubt if among the older horses he can beat Orvieto, of whom we wrote after Ascot that he was the most improved horse we have seen. In his two- and three-year-old days Orvieto had a habit of hitting himself under his near knee, but with age and strength this tendency has been removed. St. Damien is looked upon as the champion amongst the three-year-olds entered (always excepting Orme), and the renewal of the Ascot battle with Gouverneur will be a most exciting feature of the race. He meets this horse on 12 lbs. worse terms than at Ascot; besides, Gouverneur is probably a much better horse over a mile and a quarter than over the Swinley Course at Ascot, which is a mile and a half. We shall, therefore, expect to see Gouverneur make a great fight of it, even if he does not reverse the Ascot placings; at the same time we are prepared to see the splendid Orvieto credit Mr. Houldsworth with his first Eclipse Stakes. The Sandringham Gold Cup of 500 sovs. each, half forfeit, with 181 subscribers, will be worth over 5,000 sovs. to the winner if there are six runners. This is exclusive of the Gold Cup, value 500 sovs., added by the Sandown Park Company. We shall probably see Milford or Meddler (perhaps both), Marly, New Guinea, Raeburn, one of Colonel North's, Bird of Passage, Hautbrion, and perhaps Joyful at the post.

It will be most interesting to see Milford and Marly fight their Ascot battle again, but we shall stand Milford. It is hardly probable that Mr. Abington will run Meddler against Milford—the colt he presented to the lady who runs as "Mr. Jersey"—but if he does, we should take it as a tip that he thinks he can win with the colt he retained. The Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race is also on this day, with the large entry of 117, and, as Bird of Passage takes a 3 lbs. breeding allowance and escapes a penalty, she may be reserved for this race. On the second day the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 5,000 sovereigns is sure to attract a good field. Royal Mask, with a 5 lbs. breeding allowance, has been reserved since Ascot with a view to this rich prize, and we were told at Newmarket was sure to win. Minting Queen's name also appears in the entry. Captain Machell has a very nice filly out of Lotus, leased from Mr. Swannick, but we are ignorant if she has fulfilled her yearling promise; but Mr. C. J. Cunningham has a very useful one in Tibbie Shiels, who has won her races in good style—we ignore her defeat at Manchester, when she was not herself—and this North-country filly will take a lot of beating. She stays, as indeed do all Castlereagh's stock, and it would be a novel sensation to what the North-country papers name "the astute Border sportsman," to lead back the winner of an important race in the South.

TROUT-FISHING TABOOS.

ANGLING on the Itchen, the Test, and all other fashionable trout-streams is governed by a rigid law that fly is the only permissible lure. No sportsman questions the tradition, which, indeed, is so thoroughly established that the very poacher in the dead o' night would blush at the thought of using anything grosser than an alder. Nearly all etiquettes, howsoever difficult it may be to perceive what originally gave rise to them, are rational at bottom; but this one seems an exception. There is no obvious reason why worm, or gentles, or the Alexandra fly, or even minnow, should be tabooed. At least, there is none that we can see. Perhaps, if one were venturesome enough to ask a Hampshire fisherman in what respect a minnow is offensive, we should be told that it falls into the water with a shocking splash. The splash is undeniable; but surely it is an inadequate explanation of the taboo. A minnow is not the only thing that splashes. We have seen the lightest dry-fly splash abominably, to the obvious terror of the trout; and the Hampshire fisherman himself splashes, for he invariably wades, and in that act disturbs the water in half an hour more than all the minnows in the tackle-shops could possibly do in a day. It is equally impossible to think that the objectionable characteristic of the minnow is that it is too killing. The minnow is not killing at all. He who could do any good with a minnow in the pellucid waters of a chalk stream would be an artist of incomparable skill. The trout usually flee an angler's minnow in a perturbation compared with which the author of *Salomé's* displeasure with the Lord Chamberlain is equanimity. Can it be, then, that in tabooing the minnow our fishermen are making a virtue of a necessity, and not countenancing it merely because it is useless? We might incline to this conjecture if it were not that the best-managed dry-fly is usually useless too. Why are our modern fishermen so fastidious as to the means by which they achieve failure?

Rumination on the gentle makes the subject darker than ever. Indeed, gentles, which may be defined as maggots, wasp grubs, caddis, or any other white creeping things, are treated according to a code of angling morals which is quite inexplicably arbitrary. You must not use a gentle when it is a "stone-bait"; but you do a highly meritorious action when, ten minutes afterwards, he has taken to himself the wings of the greendrake, and you seize him to adorn a tail. You must not use a maggot from the butcher's; but you are at liberty to put a bit of white leather on a fly-hook, and that, oddly enough, is sometimes a lure more deadly than the gentle of which it is intended to be an imitation. You must not use an Alexandra; but nobody will hinder you from working with a two-inch Jock Scott if you are fool enough to prefer that means of failure. There is, however, a reason for this particular taboo. It is founded upon a wisdom akin to that of Théophile Gautier's cat, which, hearing a parrot speak, remarked, reflectively, "This is not a bird. This is a gentleman. Listen to his conversation!" In the estimate of the conscientious fisherman, the Alexandra fly is not a fly. It is a minnow. Its dressing of feathers looks like wings; but there are three hooks underneath, and when the thing is in the water it has the appearance of a green minnow. Thus far the philosophy of the taboo is unimpeachable; but we can go no further. The Alexandra's resemblance to a minnow is no closer than that of a brown hackle to a spider, which is so little close that we have the audacity to doubt whether the trout feels himself to be rising at a spider when we feel that it is a spider we are offering him. What cause, indeed, have we to believe that fish take our lures in the spirit in which they are given? Is it not pretty well ascertained that there is no fly, no shrimp, no prawn, which has any likeness to the Blue Devils, the Thunder-and-Lightnings, and other engines on which salmon willingly impale themselves? What can a trout be thinking of when it snaps at a parr-tail? Let us hope that anglers will not allow this so-called nineteenth century to pass away with the premisses of their science unrevised. It is high time they were considering the possibility that fish take some lures merely for the fun of the thing, or by way of resenting an insult, and not because the lures seem something good to eat.

Having gone so far in heresy, we may as well say a word for the worm. Any one caught in the act of fishing in Hampshire with a worm would be promptly expelled his club. As he would have broken the rules, that would serve the rascal right; but really the taboo of the worm is, like Crimes Acts in the eyes of the Liberal party when it is the other party which has passed them, a means of turning innocence into wrong. The worm in itself is inoffensive. Very often, especially on a bright summer day, it would be less of a failure than a fly usually is; but that should not be accounted to its discredit. The streams on which it is forbidden are so well stocked that no harm would be done although all the fishermen on them tried worm now and then, and succeeded as often and as abundantly as their skill permitted. Successful worm-fishing in a clear stream is no mean art. It might be rated higher than success with the dry-fly; for, whilst it is true that the trout, as a rule, prefer a worm to an insect, it is also true that to cast a worm so as to attract the

fish is much more difficult than to "place" a dry-fly neatly. Of two men angling, one with fly and the other with worm, the latter, in summer-time, has the better chance; but in most cases he will come worse off, for his is a neglected art. Thus, there could be no harm in making worm a legitimate lure. There would be none, indeed, in abolishing all the etiquettes upon which we have touched. These etiquettes, we imagine, are almost wholly fallacious. It seems probable that, instead of having been founded on any principle of the sportsmanlike, they have arisen simply from the fact that minnow-fishing, gentle-fishing, and worm-fishing are less simple, less easy, more troublesome, than fly-fishing. It is also possible that the fly-cast has thus gradually acquired a hallowing sanction which cannot be justified. If fishermen allowed themselves ampler resources in the way of lures, there would not be so many of the blind, black, senile, useless fish, the sight of which, languidly dying in the shallows, is the only thing that mitigates the pleasure of a day on a Hampshire trout stream.

(*And this is what a Northern fisherman says. It will be interesting to see what a Hampshire fisherman has to reply.*)

THE OPERA.

DAS RHEINGOLD, the Prelude to the Nibelungen Trilogy, depends much, apart from or in spite of, its musical beauty, upon scenery and good staging. Unfortunately, it was precisely in these points in which the performance at Covent Garden was deficient. The arrangement of the first scene, in which the Rhine maidens are seen swimming round the sunken treasure, the change of scene to the home of the Nibelungs, the transformations of Alberich and the raising by Donner of the rainbow-bridge, are certainly not easy pieces of stage management; but—making every allowance for the fact that the work was only given twice—it might surely have been possible to realize the composer's intentions a little more closely than was done at Covent Garden. In such matters as lighting and the arrangements for a supply of steam the defects were very conspicuous. The whole performance was, indeed, disappointing. With the exception of the Mime of Herr Lieban, the Freia of Fräulein Bettaque, and the Flosshilde of Frau Heink—all of which are very small parts—none of the performers were up to the mark. The Wotan of Herr Grengg and the Fricka of Frau Ende-Andriessen were ponderous in the extreme, and the Loge of Herr Alvary was a very long way behind Herr Vogl's wonderful performance of the part. *Die Walküre*, which was given on Wednesday week, was a much better performance; the cast was pretentiously announced as "the most powerful ever given," the accuracy of which may be open to question, even as regards performances in England, especially when one remembers Niemann as Siegmund, Scaria as Wotan, Sachse-Hofmeister, Vogl, and Reicher-Kindermann as Sieglinde, Brünnhilde and Fricka at Her Majesty's in 1882. Herr Alvary will never rival Niemann, for the latter—even in his old age—was a consummate vocalist, besides having a voice of extraordinary quality. His Siegmund was a marvellous performance, and Herr Alvary wisely takes a different view of the character, and so avoids the risk of comparison. It is a picturesque and graceful performance, rather wanting in passion, and much too youthful in make-up; but it is an improvement upon his Tristan and his Loge, and if he were a better singer would merit considerable praise. Frau Ende-Andriessen's Brünnhilde was dull, both vocally and dramatically, but the Sieglinde of Fräulein Bettaque was quite excellent, and so was the Fricka of Frau Heink, though the part was terribly cut down. Herr Reichmann's Wotan has not improved with age, but the Hunding of Herr Wiegand is good, and the parts of the Walkyrie were all well sung. The mounting was fairly good, though the fire-effects in the last scene were not remarkable, and the steam—conspicuous by its absence in *Das Rheingold*—made its appearance much too soon. The suppression of Brünnhilde's horse and Fricka's rams was very wise, though the temptation to introduce the Covent Garden menagerie must have been hard to resist. It is curious that Wagner, who was so consummate a master of stage-craft, should not have seen that the presence of animals on the stage is nearly always ridiculous.

Between the performances of the two first parts of the Nibelungen Trilogy Meyerbeer's *Prophète* and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* have been given for the first time this season. In the former M. Jean de Reszke, who was in bad voice, resumed his part of John of Leyden; that of Fidès being taken by Mme. Deschamps-Jéhin. The music of the latter part is written for so exceptional a voice that there are very few singers whom it suits; and Mme. Deschamps, fine artist as she is, has not the low notes in her voice necessary to do full justice to it. In this respect she is inferior to her predecessor, Mme. Richard. The cast of Mozart's delightful opera was a very good one, and the whole performance—as far as the vocalists went—was most enjoyable, though the accompaniments were played rather perfunctorily. Mme. Eames was an excellent Countess, and Mlle. Teleki a bright and effective Susanna, though she sang occasionally sharp. Mlle. Arnoldson made a charming Cherubino, and M. Maurel gave a most artistic performance of the part of Figaro, that of the Count being splendidly sung by M. Edouard de Reszke. At Drury Lane on Saturday a performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* in German did not attract a very large audience. The part of the heroine was taken by Frau Klafsky, who proved a better actress than a singer. Her appearance is very much in her favour, and in the prison scene she acted with real power. Her voice has lost its freshness, and her singing has many of the defects of the German school, though in this respect she is much better than some other members of the company. The Marzelline of Fräulein Traubmann was good, and Dr. Siedel sang the music of Florestan correctly, though his voice is hard and metallic in quality. As Rocco, Herr Wiegand began painfully out of tune, but he improved as the evening went on. The chorus was extremely good in tone and attack, though occasionally rather out of tune. Herr Mahler conducted, and between the acts the orchestra played the third overture to *Leonora*, the reading of which seemed somewhat peculiar, owing to the *tempi* at which it was taken by the conductor.

It was rather trying for M. Bemberg that his opera *Elaine* should be produced at Covent Garden at the end of a week devoted to Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner; for, in spite of a fine cast and a good performance, it was impossible not to feel the contrast between the works of such giants and of an inexperienced tiro. Every page of *Elaine* shows signs that it is written by a very young man. This is, of course, no reproach; for in opera, above all branches of music, perfection can only be gained by experience, and the experience gained by the performance of *Elaine* will probably enable the composer to do better in future. But it is questionable whether Covent Garden, with its traditions and reputation, is the place for such an experiment. Though far superior to *La Luce dell' Asia*, the merits of *Elaine* are not such as to make it clear why the work should have been selected for production, when so many operas by composers of repute, both English and foreign, have not yet been heard in England. The book, by M. Paul Ferrier, follows the story of the Maid of Astolat, as told by Sir Thomas Malory, with tolerable fidelity. The action is divided into four acts and six tableaux, and though the dramatic interest is somewhat slight, the numerous lyrical situations give the composer plenty of opportunity for displaying his best qualities. M. Bemberg has an ample command of melody, and some of the love-scenes are extremely pretty, though reminiscences of Massenet, Bizet, and Gounod are hardly ever absent. He uses the well-known device of representative themes, but no attempt is made to employ them contrapuntally. His choral-writing is simple, and more suggestive of *opéra comique* than of *grand opéra*. In his recitative he is weakest, the aimlessness of the phrases, often accompanied by mere chords or by a tremolo on the strings, continually shows the hand of a beginner. The only approach to vigour in the work is in the overture—constructed quite simply upon the leading themes of the opera—and in the prelude to the last act. The second act, which consists entirely of a scene outside the lists at Camelot, is very weak, neither the March and Chorus on the entry of King Arthur, nor the chorus descriptive of the Tournament, being anything but commonplace. The third and much of the fourth acts, on the other hand, contain much graceful and effective music, and Elaine's ballad, "L'Amour est pur," in Act i., shows the composer at his best. Without giving signs of great promise, *Elaine* is sufficiently good to lead one to

expect better work from the same pen. In light opera M. Bemberg would probably be much more at home; he has a vein of pretty melody, not very original, yet free from vulgarity, and the knowledge of effect which his French training has given him helps to disguise his want of dramatic power. *Elaine*, if the recitatives are much cut down and the whole work compressed, will probably please the opera-going public, especially when it is so admirably sung as last Tuesday. Mme. Melba as the heroine, Mme. Deschamps-Jéhin as the Queen, M. Jean de Reszke as Lancelot, and M. Edouard de Reszke as the Hermit, all contributed greatly to the success of the work. The minor characters were also well filled, and the whole performance went smoothly, though the tone of the chorus was terribly worn and disagreeable.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Revenue returns for the first quarter of the financial year are satisfactory as showing—especially when taken in connexion with the railway traffic returns—that our home trade has not been affected to anything like the same extent as the foreign trade by the crisis through which the country has passed. The total revenue receipts of all kinds amounted to 21,355,000*l.*, being a falling off compared with the corresponding period of last year of no more than 59,000*l.* It is to be borne in mind that the Easter holidays fell in April this year and in March last year, so that there are fewer days now to be accounted for, and, when allowance is made for that, the apparent slight decrease must really be regarded as a slight increase. It is true that the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated that the growth of population would cause an increase in the revenue of about one per cent., and it is also true that he anticipated an increase of about 200,000*l.* for the year by the stoppage of the practice of "grogging"—that is, the extraction of spirits from casks that had been emptied. Still, under all the circumstances, the returns are satisfactory, so far as they may be taken as an indication of the material condition of the people. It is plain that there must have been a greater falling off if the earnings of the working classes were sensibly less than they were twelve months ago. But while, as an indication of the condition of the people, the returns are satisfactory, it is too soon to say whether the expectations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be realized. Of the total receipts, amounting in round figures to 21,355,000*l.*, 1,349,000*l.* were handed over to the local authorities, being 49,000*l.* more than in the corresponding period of last year; consequently the receipts into the Imperial exchequer proper were 108,000*l.* less than in the corresponding quarter of last year. Another circumstance unfavourable to Mr. Goschen's estimates is that, whereas he looked for an increase in Customs for the whole year amounting to about 164,000*l.*, in the three months there has been a falling off of as much as 120,000*l.* The decrease may, of course, be due to accidental circumstances. In the remaining nine months the Customs may prove much more productive; but certainly it is not encouraging to find so considerable a falling off in the first quarter. On the other hand, Mr. Goschen estimated that Excise would show a decrease compared with last year of 155,000*l.*, but in the first quarter of the year there is a falling off of no more than 20,000*l.* While, therefore, Customs are much worse than the estimate, Excise is decidedly better. The two show a decrease of 140,000*l.* compared with last year. The Property and Income Tax likewise shows a heavy falling off—as much as 280,000*l.* On the whole year Mr. Goschen estimated that there would be a decrease of no more than 410,000*l.* But, again, we would remind our readers that there may be a considerable recovery. The bulk of the Income-tax is collected in the last three months of the year. Stamps are decidedly better than was expected. They show an increase of 85,000*l.*, whereas Mr. Goschen anticipated a falling off of 140,000*l.* in the twelve months. But the growth, of course, is not to be counted upon. The main cause why the returns are so satisfactory is an increase of as much as 323,000*l.* in "miscellaneous" revenue. "Miscellaneous," however, is a very fluctuating source of revenue, and probably in the remainder of the year will show a very great decline. Upon the whole, the result of the collections for the first quarter is to increase the doubt as to whether the Budget estimates will be realized. But we must repeat that it is too early yet to form any trustworthy opinion upon the subject.

As we anticipated, the money market has fallen back into the same state of stagnation that prevailed before the end of the half-year. The rate of discount is little better than $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and it is difficult to lend money from day to day at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Gold continues to come in from abroad; during the week ended Wednesday night the Bank received 315,000*l.* Trade is very quiet, and the elections have completely stopped speculation.

On Wednesday the price of silver fell to $39\frac{13}{16}$*d.* per oz., and on Thursday to $39\frac{3}{4}$*d.* per oz. On Saturday last the United States Senate passed a Free Coinage Bill, but already the supporters of the measure recognize that it is likely to do more harm than good to silver. Firstly, it stops the purchases of the metal by the Treasury, and, secondly, it leaves the mints free to delay coinage as long as they choose. It is doubtful, therefore, whether the Bill will be passed by the House of Representatives, and in any case it is sure to be vetoed by the President. The passage of the measure, however, has made a very bad impression at home and abroad. It was hoped that the silver agitation was suspended until after the Presidential election, when it was thought probable that a wiser policy would be adopted. Now it would seem that the Silver party is resolved upon pushing its demands in every way possible.

The past half-year was very unfavourable to banking. The crisis paralysed speculation and depressed trade; loanable capital, therefore, accumulated in unmanageable amounts in London, and the rates of interest and discount fell very low. It is not surprising, then, that the dividends declared by the joint-stock banks in London are disappointing. The London and Westminster proposes to distribute $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half-year, against as much as 8 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year. The Union Bank recommends 10 per cent., against $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago; the Joint Stock 10 per cent. per annum against $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the City Bank 10 per cent. per annum, against 11 per cent., and the Imperial and Consolidated Banks declare the same rates of distribution as a year ago.

The elections have naturally suspended business upon the Stock Exchange. From day to day prices fluctuate according as the returns appear favourable or the reverse to the Government, but extremely little business is going on, nor is there likely to be much increase for a couple of months yet. As soon as the elections are over holiday-making will begin, and most of the great operators will leave the City. In the meantime the home trade continues wonderfully good, although the Foreign trade returns are so poor. Practically the Revenue returns and the railway traffic returns for the half-year are as good as those for the corresponding period of last year, proving that the home trade has not been adversely affected like the foreign trade. It is reasonable to expect, therefore, that, in spite of slight fluctuations from time to time, the home railway market will be well sustained, and that when business increases in the autumn the tendency of prices will be upwards. It is also probable that we shall see a considerable increase in speculation in South African land and gold shares by-and-bye. The applications for the new Transvaal loan of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling were so large that the list was closed considerably before noon on the first day when applications were received, and the scrip has been dealt in upon the Stock Exchange at a premium of $3\frac{1}{2}$. The opening up of the Transvaal by means of railways will necessarily develop the resources of the country and increase its wealth; but the investor should be careful not to be led away by the extremely sanguine views that are now beginning to prevail. The American market has been depressed by the passage of the Free Coinage Bill by the Senate. Evidently apprehension is increasing that the silver difficulty cannot be solved without inflicting serious loss upon the country. General trade throughout the United States, too, continues depressed. The Continental Bourses have likewise been weak, especially for Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian securities. There is no prospect of an early settlement of the Portuguese debt, the financial difficulties of Spain are increasing, and the news from Russia is very disquieting. It is clear that the coming harvest will be exceedingly bad, and, of course, the cholera is adding to the embarrassments of the Government.

Harvest prospects at home and all over the Continent

outside of Russia have improved immensely since the middle of May. It is now hoped that the crops will be fully up to average. In France the improvement has been even greater than in the United Kingdom; the reports from Spain and Italy are favourable, and it is hoped that the production in Austria-Hungary, Germany, Holland, and Belgium will equal the requirements of those countries. The crops in the United States, too, have decidedly improved since the spring, though the latest reports respecting Indian corn are not as favourable as were those of a week or two since.

The course of prices during the week has been in almost every department downwards. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $96\frac{5}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{16}$; Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed at $97\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{8}$, and Victoria Three and a Half per Cents closed at $91\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western and North-Western stocks both declined $\frac{3}{8}$ on the week, the former closing on Thursday at 165 and the latter at 174. Midland closed at $156\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; but North-Eastern closed at $152\frac{1}{2}$, a rally of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the American market speculative and investment securities alike declined. Atchison shares closed on Thursday afternoon at $36\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; Erie shares closed at $26\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 1; and Union Pacific shares closed at $38\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{8}$. Illinois closed at 103, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$; Pennsylvania shares at $55\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{8}$. One of the few exceptions is Milwaukee shares, which closed on Thursday at $82\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$. Argentine railway stocks have again given way. Argentine Great Western debentures closed at 52–3, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday. Central Argentine closed at 64–6, also a fall of 1; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 68–70, a fall of 4; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 124–6, likewise a fall of 4. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday afternoon at $65\frac{3}{4}$, which is a fall of 4, allowing for the dividend. In the Inter-Bourse market Portuguese closed at $22\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$, allowing for the dividend; Russian closed at $94\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{7}{8}$; and Spanish closed at $63\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$.

YOUR DEVOTED BANDIT.

AT Bastia only last week a passenger arrived by train—a mode of conveyance which he was pleased to say was entirely new to him. He "descended" at the principal hotel, and inscribed his name in the visitors' book as "Antoine Bonelli, commonly called Bella Coscia; profession, bandit; born at Bocagnano; residence, uncertain." Antoine and Jacques Bonelli are the most notorious bandits in Corsica, and Antoine has gone to Bastia to stand his trial. He has committed many murders, and has been many times sentenced to death *in contumaciam*, but has for the forty-four years during which he has, in Corsican parlance, been *alla campagna* defied all attempts to capture him, and might doubtless have continued to do so until "death came suddenly and took" him, had he not been persuaded to submit to the authorities by one of his brothers (who is an officer in the gendarmerie!) Having surrendered himself to justice, Antoine now goes at large, absolutely free from all surveillance; for, "when a Bella Coscia gives his word, he never goes back from it," and yet Antoine Bonelli is not even what is known in Corsica as "an honest bandit"—*i.e.* a man who, mistrusting the fair dealing of the law, has executed judgment and justice himself, and put an end to a life which was, in his estimation, forfeited. It is difficult to gather the facts of his history, even in Corsica. We will tell what we did learn, and our readers shall judge whether he escapes surveillance as a man of unimpeachable honour, or because, thirty years having elapsed since his last murder was committed, all his murders are covered by prescription, and he has no reason to fear to meet his judge. The only crime with which he will now be charged is an attack on a gendarme in 1880, and of that he will doubtless be acquitted. Public sympathy is evidently on his side; for, though a very high price has for years been set on his head, and though he has frequently left his eyrie on Monte d'Oro, he has never been taken. Had he been taken, he would probably have been rescued. It is only four or five years since the following telegram was transmitted by Reuter:—"Aug. 19th. The gendarmes arrested yesterday, at Garrini, a person charged with murder. They were attacked, however, by the whole population of the place, who rescued the prisoner. The gendarmes were much knocked about, and it is stated that the municipality refused to send them any assistance."

In 1848, Antoine Bonelli killed the Assistant Maire of Bocagnano in a quarrel, and took refuge in the nearest *macchia*. No stronghold could be much more secure than the *macchie*, which are jungles in which for mile upon mile of rocky, hilly land, vegetable life is rampant, where young trees and flowering shrubs of almost every kind thrust each other all but out of existence, or weave themselves together so closely that in some places no wall could offer a much more substantial resistance. It is no easy matter to track or take any one in the *macchie*. Antoine's place of concealment was, however, betrayed; but he escaped, and ere long killed his betrayer. He was now joined by his brother Jacques, who was being educated for the priesthood. A young man named Manei had courted their sister, but broke off his engagement to her. Antoine and Jacques lay in wait for him, and shot him and two of his brothers who were with him. The Belle Coscie now fled to the Gorge of Pentica, high up in the mountain above Bocagnano, a town which, from its situation, has always been popular with bandits. The Gorge of Pentica is an ideal bandits' stronghold, having only one entrance, which no one can approach without being seen while yet afar off. Besides this, there are caves and places among the rocks to which the Belle Coscie could fly for shelter, and paths over the mountains to Bastelica and elsewhere which are known to few.

Soon after they had retired to this place Antoine, accompanied by three other bandits, entered the house of a man named Casati one night, and demanded his daughter in marriage. The girl heard what he said, and contrived to escape; but the bandits carried off her father to their cave, and fed him on bread and water. Marcangeli, the girl's betrothed, organized a rescue; but, as he was only assisted by two friends, all three were seized and imprisoned, and fed on bread and water too, until at last Marcangeli promised to resign the girl. He broke his word, and married her himself as soon as he reached home, and was killed by Antoine two months later. Several gendarmes, who did their best to capture Antoine, were also killed by him, and there is a black record against Jacques too, though he quietly provided himself with a wife by carrying off his brother's—a brother who in patois was called Mal-de-pedi. For some years the Belle Coscie probably found life up at Pentica a trial. We have seen a letter written by one of them about thirty years ago to an innkeeper in a neighbouring village. It was worded in some such fashion as this:—"The unfortunates *alla campagna* entreat you to take pity on them and send them some food." It is needless to say that a liberal supply of excellent food and wine was at once given to their messenger. Soon afterwards, a party from the same village, including the innkeeper and her daughters, went to a picnic in the forest of Vizzavona. Presently a boy came with a basket of splendid strawberries, which he presented to the innkeeper from the Belle Coscie. Then he asked, in a whisper, if she would like to see so celebrated a personage as Antoine? She hesitated, but curiosity prevailed, and she went aside, and saw a very handsome man with weapons of all kinds slung round about him. He thanked her for the kindness which she had shown him, and asked if her daughters also would not like to see him; but his very name terrified them, and they declined. He bade her say that they need not be so afraid of him, for he had been quite close to them a few days before when they were in the forest, but had kept out of sight lest he should alarm them. A few days later, when he was in a much lower part of Monte d'Oro than he usually considered safe, he was warned by his watchers that the gendarmes were close upon him. He had barely time to escape. This attack was actually led by the son-in-law of the innkeeper who had befriended Antoine. Unknown to her, and to her unmarried daughters, he, a Frenchman, and an officer in the army, and holding entirely different views about bandits, and, besides that, being anxious to gain his promotion, had contrived to gain so much information from them as to all but capture his prize. Antoine was furious, and sent to inform the innkeeper that, if he did not take her son-in-law's life on the very first occasion that presented itself, it was simply and solely because of his regard for her.

As time went on, the Belle Coscie became possessed of flocks and herds which fed at will on the fertile pastures in the mountains, of gardens and vineyards, and houses for themselves and their sons, in which they have lived for years in peace and plenty, exercising an enormous influence on the communal elections, drawing their taxes from the surrounding country, and lacking nothing except, perhaps, now and then a good post for a son-in-law, or a nephew, and that they have their own methods of obtaining. Once they wrote to a *Directeur des Postes* of our acquaintance, to say that they wished to speak to him, and next time he went from Ajaccio to Bastia stopped his carriage in a lonely part of the road through the forest at four in the morning, to ask him to make a nephew of theirs driver of a diligence. He told them that he had not the power to do it, and that they must apply to the Inspector. They were civil, but unmistakably urgent. However, seeing that his answer was a true one, they said no more. Perhaps the following letter from Jacques, which is in our possession, refers to the same nephew. Observe the assumed moderation—the reserved strength—the veiled threats. The writing is not very good, considering the writer was educated for the priesthood, and there is a good deal of patois in the Italian.

May 20, 1880.

Dear —— and Signor ——,—I beg to wish you both good-day, and to warn you to give me an answer which will be a satisfaction to me, and set my mind at rest, and that is to tell me why you treat my nephew, Antonio Bonelli, as you do.

Dear ——, and you Signor ——, I may tell you that it is not because of the loss my nephew has sustained by your giving him a post and then turning him out of it that I am angry, but I am angry because people, one and all, come and talk to me about it, and it hurts my pride to have the things said that are said to me, without being able to explain the matter. But you make a great mistake—I am still alive, and, in short, I ask you, not as a command, but as an act of friendship, to place my nephew, Antonio Bonelli, on the *berline* that runs between Bocagnano and Vivario. I hope my request will be granted as soon as you receive this letter, as you know that I should not refuse to be useful to you. Also will you tell me why only thirteen of the twenty-three days have been paid?

I expect to have the thing done, and your answer immediately.

Accept my most hearty compliments,

Your most devoted bandit,

Bonelli Jacques.

Dear ——,—Fail not to communicate the contents of this letter to Signor ——, so that I may have an answer, yes or no. *Be quick.*

This, though the request was made "not as a command," was a letter which no one who valued his life could afford to disregard, and the hint that the bandit would not be backward if asked to perform any service for the gentleman to whom he was writing must not be taken as if it referred to some act of civility, such as giving a few days' moufflon-shooting; for it probably meant that Bonelli would have shot any one who stood in his correspondent's way. We once asked a Corsican if a bandit would commit a murder for money. She replied that, though, as a rule, a bandit only killed those with whom he was at feud, or those who came in pursuit of him, he might, perhaps, engage to kill a man for you for a certain sum; but in such a case the murder would be committed "plutôt pour l'amitié que pour l'argent."

Many precautions have always been taken when the Belle Coscie have descended from the Palazzo Verde, as their last abode is called; a careful look-out with telescopes was kept, and watchers were stationed; and, this done, they have not hesitated to partake of family festivities even in Bocagnano, where there are gendarmerie barracks. Letters intended for the Belle Coscie were, and are, addressed to the Palazzo Verde, and received by some herdsman—Government, or some faithful postman, apparently consenting. We do not know what arrangements the bandits have adopted since the railway has been made; but before that time, if they wished to send letters, they either entrusted them to a friend or waited in the *macchia* until the diligence passed, and threw them into the *boîte mobile* attached to it; but generally their behests are performed by some relative who, not being "wanted," can go to and fro. Bandits have friends in every village, who supply them with what they want, and those who have only taken a life or two out of revenge are not regarded as criminals. We have seen a girl scarcely out of her teens flash up with anger if anything were said against the Vendetta, and exclaim, "Que voulez-vous? On n'aime pas tuer, mais si on a tué les vôtres!" Being told it was a crime to take life, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Qui ne tue pas quelquefois?"

A bandit in Corsica never robs any one; but if he wants money he gets it, not by plundering rich tourists, not by stopping a diligence—this would be thieving, and altogether beneath his dignity. He writes a strongly worded letter to some person with whom he and his family are at feud, and bids him send a certain sum by a given date, or take the consequence. The Belle Coscie, especially during the last twenty years, have acted as if the country around belonged to them. They have almost always insisted on sharing in the profits of any undertaking which they may have seen going forward. Some few years ago the Maire of —— obtained a concession of the right to fell a certain number of trees in the forest of Vizzavona. The Belle Coscie heard of this and demanded a share in the profit. The Maire indignantly refused, but the two bandits said "Then we will shoot any one who attempts to cut down a single tree!" It was so certain that they would do it that the trees were left standing. At length the Maire began to think that half a loaf was better than no bread, and yielded. That has always been the way. Every one has yielded, and though expedition after expedition of armed men has been sent to the mountains to capture the two Belle Coscie, and though the gendarmes have been eager for the honour and reward attendant on success, there has been no success. Antoine has waited until the time during which the law prosecutes for murder is passed; Jacques will do the same, and a governing family in Corsica will have been founded.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

LISTEN how England won from Spain
Trinidad isle nigh the Spanish main.

In Paria Gulf Apodaca lay,
And he anchored in Chaguaramas bay.

He deemed himself lord of all flags that flew
From Chacachacare to Cariacou:

Till Ralph Abercrombie sailed in one day;
Then he burnt his ships and he ran away.

In Port of Spain was full little rest
When the townsfolk saw that blaze in the west.

Governor Chacon had wrath and pain,
But the English were marching on Port of Spain.

At Point Mucurapo they landed safe:
"King George has a bargain" said Sir Ralph.

And when they had marched up Laventille hill,
Of Port of Spain they might have their will.

Sir Ralph sent word: "Ye are hemmed all round,
In fight ye may never stand your ground:

So, since no better may be this day,
Take terms of honour as soldiers may."

Don José none other luck might win:
St. James went out and St. George came in.

When landing and marching all were done,
The tale of our wounded and killed was one.

. . . .

Gallantly floats at the French masthead
The white that is midmost of blue and red;

Valiant and strong in the German's track
Streams the white parting of red and black;

Fair is the splendour of Italy seen
Where white makes concord with red and green;

Fairest of all in a Briton's sight
The red, white and blue on the ensign white.

REVIEWS.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

REVERSING an old and very sound critical formula, we think that this would have been a better book if the author had not taken so much trouble. It is good as it stands, but it would have been very good, and artistically rounded off, if Mr. Fiske had cut it short at the end of the seventh chapter, which is the first of the second volume. Up to that point it is a full, leisurely, very critical, and convincing narrative of the "discovery of America." By this Mr. Fiske means not only the voyage of Columbus, but the long series of voyages to east and south as well as to west, together with the speculations of map-makers and geographers, which finally led to the demonstration that the "Indies" reached by the Spaniards in 1492 formed a separate continent. Now this is an excellent subject by itself, and may be said to be completed when the historian has recounted the thrice-famous voyage of Magellan. Mr. Fiske gives a spirited account of this feat in his seventh chapter, and might very well have hung up his busy pen—for the present. If, however, he had wished to make his narrative quite complete, he had an excellent way of doing so open before him. He had only to go on to record the sea voyages and journeys on land or river by which the form of the continent was settled on the map. His long preliminary chapter on "Ancient America," though it is only by courtesy that it can be said "aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere," might stand; for it describes what peoples the Old World was about to discover while looking for quite a different thing. Unfortunately this is not what Mr. Fiske decided to do. When Magellan's voyage is over, he turns away from his proper subject, and fulfils his promise to give "some account" of the Spanish conquest. So, instead of the full history of exploration in America which we might have had, we get a series of chapters on the conquests of Mexico and Peru, on the virtues of Las Casas, &c. They are good enough in themselves, and would be quite in place in a history of European settlements in America; but they are necessarily somewhat brief and colourless.

We would part with them cheerfully for three or four long chapters on Dutch and English voyages to the north-west, French exploration on the lakes and rivers, Portuguese exploration in the interior of Brazil, and the discoveries made in the forests of Venezuela or in Guiana by the adventurers who went in search of El Dorado. Of some of these things Mr. Fiske says nothing. What he does say about others is compressed into a final chapter on "The Work of Two Centuries," which is jejune by the necessities of the case. On the whole, then, we should have thought better of Mr. Fiske's book if our conscience had permitted us to review him after reaching the end of his seventh chapter. We are sorry we did our duty, because we think exceeding well of much of Mr. Fiske's book. Now the author who makes the friendly reviewer regret that he did his duty has caused Israel to sin. Mr. Fiske will reply that he warned us in the preface that "The present work is the outcome of two lines of study," and contains "two themes as different in character as the themes for voice and piano in Schubert's 'Frühlingsglaube.'" To this we can only reply that literary narrative is not music; that, as Lessing will explain to Mr. Fiske, each art has its own limitations, which in this case make it idle to justify successive incoherent statement by simultaneous, and corresponding, though independent, sound; and that while an account of ancient America may combine very well with a history of discovery, so do *not* excursus on the campaigns of Cortes and Pizarro, on the iniquity of slavery, and the wickedness of burning "useful freethinkers." Mr. Fiske seems to think that every man who dissents from an established religion is a freethinker; for he applies the term to all the victims of the Inquisition, of whom many were Moors and Jews. It is consistent enough with loose expressions of this kind that Mr. Fiske is found saying that Nicolas de Ovando, whom the Catholic Kings sent out as Governor to Hispaniola, was a priest, because he was a Knight of Alcántara. Mr. Fiske ought to know better than to think that a knight of a religious order was, or is, a priest. Once or twice our author quotes authorities, or rather quotes writers as authorities, in a fashion which is exasperating to us. Thus he cites Sidonius Apollinaris as authority for human sacrifice among the Saxons, and Mr. Grote for Carthaginians. This is as uncritical as that "bondage to the modern map" which he wisely blames in some historians of discovery. In the latter and inferior part of his book he cites Sir Arthur Helps in the text, which is another bad practice. We can read Sir A. Helps for ourselves without the help of Mr. Fiske's scissors. Finally, we must note our protest against the use of such boyish slang as "making it hot," or the "nine digits" went on "a glorious spree." We are not besotted by the dignity of history. When you have to speak of a dog it is better to say dog than "De la fidélité respectable soutien"; but it is silly to call it a bow-wow.

Having taken a not undue vengeance on Mr. Fiske for his sins against his reader, we can now discharge a much more agreeable duty. This is, to state our opinion that the greater part of his book is very good indeed. Mr. Fiske begins with a chapter on the people of ancient America. Then he discusses the pre-Columban voyages. Before telling the great voyage of 1492 he turns to the intercourse of Europe with the East in the middle ages. Then, after noticing the Portuguese voyages, he comes back to the voyages West, and follows out their history down to the day when Sebastian de Elcano brought home to Spain the last surviving ship of Magellan's squadron, having first of all men circumnavigated the globe, and proved that the "Indies" were not the eastern extremity of Asia. Throughout the whole narrative, Mr. Fiske keeps firm hold of the great critical rule which is too often forgotten by writers on the history of discovery. He judges men's acts by what was done before them, and their beliefs by what was known in their time. All through he insists with truth, and when one remembers how hard it is to drive good sense into the heads of some people, without undue persistence, on the importance of not following old voyages on a modern map only. Four-fifths of the nonsense which has been, and is still, talked about Columbus can be attributed to "bondage," as Mr. Freeman called it, to the modern map. There are people who write learned books, who see that Columbus really reached the West Indies when he thought he had touched on Asia, and they talk about mistakes in geography. Others learn that the Norsemen had landed on the continent, and they say that Columbus was forestalled, or conclude that he must in some voyage to the North have heard of the discovery of America. If they would only put aside all the consequences of his discovery while they are thinking of its antecedents, they would escape talking a great deal of nonsense. Mr. Fiske's book ought to make a clean sweep of these hazy notions. He will make it clear to the reader in a very popular, but withal in a solid critical, fashion that when Columbus reached the Antilles, and even the mainland, there was nothing to show him that he had discovered a new continent. Even if he had heard of the forgotten voyages to Vinland, which is so improbable as to be incredible, they could have told him nothing which he did not already believe—namely, that there was land to the west. On this point neither he nor any other thinker had a shadow of doubt. The question was not whether the land was there, which nobody who knew that the world was round doubted for a moment, but whether it was possible to sail ships across the Sea of Darkness. What Columbus did was to solve this practical question; and when this was done the rest was comparatively easy. It is, we hope, needless to add that Mr. Fiske is absolutely free from the kind of folly which disgraces Mr. Winsor's recent book on Columbus. If anything, he is perhaps a little too favourable to the character of the great explorer; but this is an error on the right side. He judges him by the standard of his time, and has no difficulty in showing that, when tried by this—the only reasonable—test, he was essentially an heroic man. One charge brought against Columbus Mr. Fiske disposes of in a masterly manner. It has been a common subject of complaint with persons in bondage to the modern map that Columbus showed dishonesty when he called upon his crew on the coast of Cuba to swear that they had reached the mainland of Asia. But, as Mr. Fiske proves, the belief was very natural on the part of the commander, given the knowledge he had to guide him, and there is no evidence whatever to show that his crew did not share his opinion. As for the declaration they made at his motion, the oath, and the penalties threatened against all who spread contradictory reports in future, they were reasonable precautions taken to avoid the disputes which often arose out of the events of a voyage.

There is not less good sense and there is more novelty in the very interesting passage which Mr. Fiske devotes to the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci. This navigator has been the victim of far worse misrepresentation than his great leader. It was said for generations that he was a simple impostor who never made the voyages for which he claimed credit, and who did contrive to immortalize himself by a literary fraud. From this pillory he was taken down at last; but, as far as we know, his character has never been so thoroughly rehabilitated as it is in this book. Mr. Fiske shows fully that he never attempted to filch the credit of discovering

* *The Discovery of America; with some Account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest.* By John Fiske. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1892.

America from Columbus for the simple reason that he died without learning that there was any "America" in our sense to discover. He did claim to have explored a great tract of country to the South of the Equator, and with truth. It was this region which was called the "New World" by his contemporaries, who still continued to believe that the country Columbus had reached was Asia. Later, when the connexion between the two had been proved by Vasco Nuñez, by Pizarro, and a host of others, when both Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci were dead, the term New World was given to the whole continent. Then arose the belief that the Florentine had endeavoured to defraud the great Genoese of his due honour. This is so consistent with probability, that it only needs to be stated to carry conviction, even if it were supported by less than the strong body of evidence gathered together here. Mr. Fiske has a right to claim that he has come out of "bondage to the modern map." His ideas on the subject of maps are of the soundest, and we, at least, would greatly applaud the United States Government if it gave him a subvention out of the surplus to make an historic atlas. It would be a capital notion to print the old maps as he has printed Martin Behaim's on p. 429 of his first volume—that is to say, giving the outlines as the old geographers drew them, and marking the correct form in dots. Then we could see at a glance what the navigators thought they were doing, and what they really did. The suggestion is offered freely, but we hope Mr. Fiske will send us a copy. In the meantime, we can heartily recommend his history of the *Discovery of America* with the limitations indicated above, and forgive him for calling Sir John Mandeville an old rogue and Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles a liar, which they were not either one or the other. Before we call Mandeville a rogue we must be more certain who he was and what he meant to do. Don Pedro told the Huguenots in Florida, who had plundered Spanish ships and murdered their crews, that they must surrender at discretion. Then he used his discretion to make an end of them. He was as savage as the English officers who despatched the Spaniards at Smerwick, and massacred the shipwrecked men of the Armada, if Mr. Fiske likes, but he was no more a liar than they were liars.

NOVELS.*

MR. FERGUS HUME gives us a story of dynamite, lava, love, blood, hatred, earthquakes, lies, revolvers, shipwrecks, and volcanoes in *The Island of Fantasy*. An English country squire runs away with a curate's wife and buys an island in the Ægean Sea from the Turkish Government. This island consists of an extinct volcano, and in its crater he founds his Utopia—the Island of Fantasy—a wonderful place, as may readily be imagined. When he is at the height of his prosperity, the piratical owner of a neighbouring island comes to rob him, and a very desperate siege ensues. The war, which is the most tremendous that we have ever read of, is raging furiously when the old volcano suddenly joins in the fun, and, of course, a highly dramatic situation is obtained. The story begins with the description of a bachelor with six thousand a year and a "trifle too much brain-power." "Oh, Mother Nature! Demeter! Tellus! Isis!" he murmurs, "'tis only from thee I can hope to gain a panacea from this gnawing pain of life. I am weary of the world, tired of this aimless existence." Happily for him the fates take him from his English home and wreck him upon the Island of Fantasy, the owner of which turns out to be his long-lost uncle. How "with an almost superhuman effort" he escaped from "the intense black smoke through which played forked flashes of red fire," and the "great bombs" (*sic*) "which came shooting up into the sky from the heart of the volcano," and got married, must not be divulged in this review. The villain of the story, to use the language of the Turf, could have given Guy Livingstone at least 20 lbs.; for one day, when bathing on the English coast, he espied a horse, "a powerful black one," near the shore, came out of the water, and forthwith sprang naked upon its back; whereupon the "horse, startled by the action and by his shout, galloped away at full speed." Having ridden him for some time "with the most consummate ease," without saddle or bridle, the villain "dropped lightly off by some trick known only to himself, and the steed galloped wildly away." In the course of the three volumes there are a great many verses of varying merit; indeed, if printed in larger type they might alone form a book of respectable size. Quite as various as their merits are their metres, and whatever be their faults, want of spirit is not one of them. If possible, the prose differs more in parts than even the verse; there are some capital passages here and there, while elsewhere are passages very far from capital. Parts of the book might be read with pleasure by the oldest; others, we should think, could only be fully appreciated by a schoolboy, and a young schoolboy too. As everybody has read, "Man, sir, is a compound of wisdom and folly," and a similar definition might be given of *The Island of Fantasy*.

A case of manslaughter, two deaths from consumption, and one of a child just born make up the butcher's book in *The Venetians*, by the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. The manslaughter case is the peg upon which the story practically hangs, and the "curious question"—for, like other novels of the day, *The Venetians* presents a curious question—is whether, when a young man engaged to be married found that a hitherto unknown person whom he had killed some time previously was his *fiancée's* favourite brother, he ought to have told her so, and thus inevitably broken off the match, or said nothing about it. The hero of *The Venetians* chose the latter course, and when the heroine discovered that the hands which she had so often kissed had been imbrued in her brother's blood complications ensued. A Venetian opera-singer of great beauty, unwittingly, and a jealous rival, wittingly, managed still further to estrange the husband and wife, and altogether a very pretty mess was concocted. Considering the abundance of the materials used, the end is poorer than we had expected. The doing to death of the sister-in-law at Cannes is very tedious and disagreeable; nor do we see why she should have been done to death at all, unless to fill space. So far as we can understand, the only way in which the pages upon pages describing her gradual decline and decease affect the story is in showing that there was consumption in the wife's family, and even that had been already proven by the death of her mother from that complaint. The hero's refined sister says on one occasion, "It ain't good enough, Jack; believe me, it ain't"; and on another his sister-in-law says, "Don't it?" We have more than once ventured to hint our disapproval of the practice of introducing living characters into novels. There is an instance of it here in the case of Dr. Bright at Cannes, who is not only frequently brought in, but actually made to give his opinion, in so many words, upon the state of health of a heroine in fiction. When we read, again, of "the comfortable hostelry of Danieli" at Venice, and that "they went on to Cannes, and alighted first at one of the most comfortable hotels in Europe, the Mont Fleuri," we regretted to think that the author had given the enemy, in the shape of ill-natured reviewers, occasion to blaspheme. "The great black St. Bernard" we merely lament; for there are a few such dogs, or, at any rate, black dogs called by their owners St. Bernards; and "a shot" with a cue at billiards is probably only a slip.

"A chapter in their history, perhaps, is to be written still," are the last words of *No Place of Repentance*. Yes. And a chapter in the novel is to be written still, if it is to be other than an unfinished piece of work. A sculptor does not leave the nose of a statue to be filled in by the imagination of the spectator, or merely hint at its intended form with a few rough touches of the chisel. A great opportunity was lost at the end of this story. The hero was ruined, and his fine old place, which had been for eight hundred years in the possession of his family, was bought by his enemy, the heroine's brother. Shortly afterwards this brother died, leaving no near relation except the heroine. Now, nothing could have been simpler or better than that he should have bequeathed his estates to his sister, and that she should have married the hero, thus restoring him to his dear old home and property. Instead of this, she is left with only two hundred a year, and it is vaguely implied that possibly, some time in the future, she may marry him. The descriptions of a school in Belgium and of the mistress's husband, who borrows money from the pupils, are amusing enough, and the author is to be commended for having compressed her murder and suicide within the smallest practicable limits; but she has made a mistake in laying up both her hero and her heroine with concussion of the brain after violent accidents, within a few weeks of each other. Hospital nurses, wanderings, and deliriums are all very well in moderation; to have them twice over in the same story, however, is slightly wearying. Not that the book is unreadable, for, if it be disappointing, it is not a very bad specimen of the average fiction of the day. One of the most obvious of its faults is carelessness. This appears in its uncorrected misprints, such as "umistakable" and "frequeucy," in repetitions of words, such as "said, said Dick," and in such a sentence as "Yet, Dick was too goodnatured and easy-going, to cut himself adrift from anyone because he disapproved of their

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* *The Island of Fantasy.* A Romance. By Fergus Hume. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

The Venetians. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1892.

No Place of Repentance. By Gertrude M. Hayward. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

A High Little World and What Happened There. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

conduct," in which the blunders of grammar and punctuation are too gross to have proceeded from ignorance. One would hope, again, that it was only forgetfulness which led the author to call the hero "a polished gentleman" in the first volume, and allow him to say "I haven't been ashamed to be seen along of you" in the second; to describe him in one place as "imperious and calmly self-reliant" in appearance, and say of him in another that one might wish that his "mouth had a firmer set to it, that the chin was a trifle more dogged and square, that determination mingled a little more with the expression of his handsome eyes," &c.; and to give him "a heart as honest, and as upright, and as pitiful, as any man need wish to find," yet make him lend money on a furnished house to an old friend at ten per cent.

Few are the novels which can successfully bear two mysteries, nor do we consider *A High Little World* one of them; and where there are two mysteries one would expect the superabundance of plot to prevent any need of padding, yet this has not been the result in this particular novel. The descriptions of Wesleyan Methodist life in a very small and out-of-the-way town, near one of the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, between twenty and thirty years ago, are the strongest feature of the book, and, although full of vigour and humour, they are not written in an unkind or bitter spirit. The account of the preparations made and instructions given by the landlord of a small country inn for his own funeral is capital, and a grimly entertaining character is a member of a Wesleyan family who is ever lamenting that she cannot get "assurance." When engaged upon some culinary operations dangerously near to the fire, she intimates that her apparent peril is a matter of no consequence; for "if I burn mysen, it's nobbut a beginning o' damnation—a foretaste like." In violent contrast to this excellent female, from a literary point of view, is a creature called Ada Amelia, who, with her equally objectionable lover, does much to spoil the book. We candidly admit that small country squires, or squireens, are sometimes coarse and boorish, and that a quarter of a century ago they were even more so; but it would surely be an exceptional squireen, especially a squireen whose mother was an earl's daughter, who would say to his wife, "Yo're a reet fool, wench." "Fetch summut tasty for wer supper." "Shall I go for t' supper or shall I go whoam?" Clergymen's sons, again, are often rough; yet they seldom say, "Niver fear, lass. Ah'll do't." "It's t' place wheer brass is made, and we mun hev brass." No novel is considered powerful by a certain modern school unless it describes disease of some sort; so here, of course, we have it, and in the singularly repulsive form of "a taint," the result of "sin" inherited by hapless infants who sing "There is a happy land," a place to which their own terrible and graphically described condition appears to be rapidly hurrying them. There are two grand climaxes, one to each of the two mysteries, and both are unnatural and overstrained. But the book is not wholly devoid of either originality or strength.

DIARY OF GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS.*

THE Diary of Mr. George Mifflin Dallas while United States Minister to Russia, 1837 to 1839, and to England, 1856 to 1861, has one marked characteristic. Though its contents touch upon people rather than upon events, yet there is not a single ill-natured remark throughout the whole volume. To counterbalance this pleasing trait, the Diary, though it contains nothing to offend, contains little also that will interest. The style has no individual force or charm, and here and there the expressions reveal the nationality of the author in a way that is not attractive to English readers, as, for instance, when he describes a sculptured slave as "seated upon her lower legs!" Mr. Dallas, however, was not American in speech alone. He was fervently patriotic, and though he constantly deplores that such and such an American custom was not enjoyed by other nations, he never envies for the Americans any advantage possessed by the Old World. Of his private life and thoughts the Diary tells but little. The engraving in the frontispiece is that of a distinctly handsome man, though he modestly confesses that his nose, like that of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, was "a mean feature." His occasional, and always praiseful, references to his wife suggest an affectionate husband, and he seems to have fulfilled the duties of his two diplomatic posts with a tact and ability which procured him the general esteem of his colleagues and friends. Mr. Dallas lived in stirring times, but there is nothing of political interest in his book. His descriptions of men and things show little insight or originality, and his reflections do not rise above the level of the commonplace. He tells of trivial things, and faithfully describes the tedious routine life of social duty which makes up the diplomatist's career His descriptions of London society in 1856–61 give us no cause to feel we have been going downhill since. The crushes at Lady Palmerston's seem to have been as hot, as crowded, and as dull as similar parties to-day in similar houses. Russian society, indeed, seems to have been duller still, despite its greater exclusiveness. "Conversation," he says, "does not seem to be as much a pursuit as it should be; generally speaking, gentlemen arrange themselves in a dark mass on one side of the saloon, respectfully and vacantly gazing at the ladies, who were closely packed on divans, ottomans, or sofas, on the other side or in the centre." Mr. Dallas's life in the great Russian capital may be described as a series of Court functions, social gatherings, and sight-seeings. A few interesting Russian customs are recorded, a few good stories told, and many anecdotes concerning the Czar Nicholas, which leave a vivid and singularly attractive impression of the character of that sovereign. Of the Russian customs, the most curious here recorded is that of furnishing the dead with a passport and a rice pudding. The Greeks paid for the passage across the Styx by a gold coin in the mouth of the corpse. Similarly, we suppose, the passport was to see the soul safely out of Russia, and the pudding to provide sustenance on the journey to heaven.

One of the best stories told in this part of the book is alas! not well authenticated. At the time when Charles James Fox was hostile to Russia and its sovereign, certain English visitors were surprised to recognize in one of the palace rooms occupied by the Empress Catherine herself a plaster cast of that statesman, surrounded by the busts of Cicero, Demosthenes, &c. The Empress overheard their exclamations, and thus reproved them:—"What, gentlemen, are you surprised to see that bust in the midst of the greatest orators? Do you think me incapable of doing justice to an enemy? I can give Mr. Fox the rank to which his wonderful ability entitles him, even while I suffer under its exertions." "These words [adds Mr. Dallas] were carefully reported to Fox, who soon afterwards became the Parliamentary friend and eulogist of Catherine. The plaster cast soon gave way to one of marble and another of bronze." This anecdote reminds one of a story related of our own Queen Bess. On a certain occasion she presented an obscure Dutch attaché with a collar of gold twice as large and weighing twice as much as the collars presented to the ambassadors in whose train he came. This was his reward for declaring that he could not see why people thought the Queen so ugly.

The stories which Mr. Dallas tells of the Emperor Nicholas show him to have been gifted with that singular personal charm which so distinguished his brother Alexander. Living without fear of assassination, he could move freely amongst his people, and his strong and genial humanity was always to the fore in his dealings with his subjects. At the burning of the Winter Palace, when he heard that two or three men had been killed in the effort to extinguish the flames, he instantly exclaimed, "No more of that; human life is infinitely more valuable than human treasure. Let the building consume, and only prevent its extending." With the benevolence of a fairy-tale king he possessed also some of the despotic qualities which belong to that type of monarch. He acted as the father of his people, but as a father who would not "spare the rod to spoil the child." On one occasion when, according to his usual habit, he was riding alone and unattended, two young officers but lately returned from a long absence from Russia failed to recognize him. The Emperor thereupon turned back and severely reproved them. He caused them to be taken to the guard-house, and confined for some hours in a wretched cell. Then he sent for them to his palace and, graciously forgiving them, he invited them to dine at his table. Does not this suggest the Arabian Nights? The second half of the Diary will appeal most to English readers. There is a certain charm in all contemporary records where we find the great names of history referred to with the easy familiarity of daily intercourse:—

> And did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you,
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems and new!

This is a sentiment which is familiar to us whenever we hear a tale of the past, from one who saw and heard. The past, moreover, of which Mr. Dallas wrote is still within the memory of living men, and to them there may be an additional interest of youth recalled in the references to talks with Macaulay and Bulwer Lytton; talks with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and speeches in the Houses of Parliament by Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst. Beyond the mere mention of their names, however, Mr. Dallas tells little that can make these

* *Diary of George Mifflin Dallas.* Edited by Susan Dallas. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1892.

great figures live again. Of his conversations with Mrs. Norton he only records that she joined him in praising the Isle of Wight as a summer retreat. Of Macaulay, whom he often met, he makes but this barren remark:—"I was always pleased with his cordiality, and struck with the quickfulness of his conversation."

The last entry in the Diary is dated May 1, 1861, and records the President's Proclamation against the seceding States. Mr. Dallas adds with feeling:—

> 'Thus, then, has sectional hatred achieved its usual consummation—civil war! . . . My poor country can henceforth know no security or peace until the passions of the two factions have covered her hills and valleys with blood, and exhausted the strength of an entire generation of her sons. All Europe is watching with amazement this terrible tragedy.'

GREEK ARCHÆOLOGY.*

IN 1887 Mr. A. S. Murray, the Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, delivered a course of "Rhind Lectures" in Edinburgh on Greek Archæology, and it is these lectures which now are published as a general handbook on the subject. Mr. Murray devotes a chapter to each of the principal branches of Greek art, including pottery, gems, bronze-work, sculpture, terra-cottas, painting, and architecture. The only important branches of Hellenic art which are not discussed are the coins and the gold jewelry of the Greeks. Without these Mr. Murray's range of subject is sufficiently wide, and even an outline sketch of a complete kind of each subject is naturally impossible within such narrow limits as those of this little volume. For this reason the author has acted wisely in usually treating with some minuteness a small part of his subject, rather than giving a dry skeleton of the whole, which it would have been difficult for the student to read, and almost impossible for him to remember.

Chronologically Mr. Murray classifies Greek art under four different epochs—"(1) a primitive period of mere handicraft; (2) an archaic period, in which the imagination of the workman comes into play and gradually raises him into an artist; (3) a period of maturity both as regards imagination and skill; and (4) a period of decline of the imagination and negligence of execution." The second chapter, on the primitive period, treats mainly of pottery and the so-called "island gems," which, since their first discovery in Rhodes and other Greek islands, have been found in large numbers at Mycenæ, Baphio, and other early cities on the mainland of Greece. The geological evidence of volcanic eruptions, which, at a far-distant period, buried some of the tombs in the island of Thera (modern Santorin), has proved the vast antiquity of the oldest forms of Greek pottery, and a more definite date has been given to the contents of certain tombs in Rhodes by the discovery of Egyptian scarabs inscribed with the names of kings who lived nearly 2000 B.C.

The "island gems," with their rudely cut heraldic devices, or scenes of battle or hunting, belong to a later period of development, and continued to be made with little change in form or style till quite the dawn of the historic period, when definite historical or mythological subjects began to be represented by the Greeks in various branches of art, more especially in that of the vase-painter. This representation of definite dramatic scenes marks an important change in the character of Greek art. In early times, as, for example, on the shield of Achilles as described by Homer, the subjects selected are of a general and abstract character, a man hunting or a shepherd watching his flock, not any special hunter or shepherd. It was not till about the year 700 B.C. that the Greek artist began to depict on his pottery or cut on his gems actual scenes from religious myth or heroic legend.

The next chapter is devoted to painted vases of the historic period; Mr. Murray describes the development from the black-figure to the red-figure style of painting, and finally the decadence of taste and skill, which began in the fourth century B.C., and soon led to the production of work which was both feeble in drawing and coarse in execution, in every way the greatest possible contrast to the perfect grace of composition and masterly certainty of touch which make the Greek vase-paintings of the fifth and early part of the fourth century B.C. such marvels of artistic beauty and technical skill. The drawing on the painted vases leads naturally to a consideration of the no less beautiful engravings on the bronze toilet-caskets and mirror-backs, of which such numbers have been found in the tombs of Etruria. The finest of these were certainly imported from Greece, not the production of the Etruscans themselves, who, though technically very skilful as bronze-workers, never developed a very high sense of æsthetic beauty. Perhaps the finest of these mirror engravings is one which was recently found in a tomb at Corinth, and is now in the British Museum. At p. 124 Mr. Murray gives a reproduction of this exquisite outline drawing, which he interprets as "Aphrodite playing at the game of five-stones (pentelithi) with Pan." The swan at the feet of this lovely female figure, and the Eros at her side, are good evidence of the correctness of the author's explanation of the subject.

Mr. Murray begins his chapter on "Sculpture in Relief" with a strange and very fanciful theory. He suggests that sculpture in relief was most natural to the Egyptian artist, and that sculpture in the round was the natural speciality of the Greek; the reason for this being that the bright sun and "absence of atmosphere" in Egypt caused objects to be seen, as it were, in silhouette, with strong outline and little detail; while in Greece the bright sunlight "is accompanied by an atmosphere of the very finest quality, in which every detail of form is presented with vivid clearness and distinctness." The truth is that, even admitting the somewhat doubtful proposition that detail is less important in relief than in sculpture in the round, Mr. Murray's facts as to the atmospheric qualities of the two countries are very questionable. It might rather be maintained that the atmospheric phenomena in Egypt, the morning and evening mists, the glories of the sunsets and the afterglow, are more varied and stronger in effect than the somewhat hard and monotonous light of the Greek sun. However, whether there be any truth in the author's theory or not, the fact certainly remains that the Greeks did excel in their sculpture in relief. This Mr. Murray explains by the strong Oriental influence which certainly did have much effect on the early development of Hellenic art; and he sees a connexion between the long bands of relief which adorned the friezes of the Greek temples and the impressions rolled out on clay or wax from the engraved cylinders of Assyria and Babylon. It is to the influence of Assyria, also, that Mr. Murray attributes the Greek love for brightly painted sculpture, and their custom of introducing arms and accessories, such as horses' bridles and jewelry, made of gold-plated bronze, even in such perfectly developed works of sculpture as Phidias's frieze round the cella of the Parthenon. This may possibly be the case; but it should also be remembered that to colour sculpture in a more or less realistic fashion comes naturally to all sculptors at an early stage of artistic development. The great French and English sculptors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries who decorated the façades of such cathedrals as Rheims, Amiens, and Wells, and those of countless other churches on both sides of the Channel, used colour both for their figures and their carved foliage no less lavishly than did the Greek artists of the sixth century B.C. The object of the early sculptor, both in the Greek and in the mediæval period, was, not only to produce a fine work of art, but also, in the case of the statue of a man, to make it look as much as possible like a real living and breathing human being.

Mr. Murray's lecture on sculpture in the round is a very interesting one; though short, it contains a great deal of useful matter. One or two suggestions might be made. First, that the so-called "Nike of Archermos" (see p. 247) is most probably not a statue of Nike, for which its date is too early, and that M. Homolle's interpretation of it as representing the Oriental winged Artemis is much more reasonable. The statement which Mr. Murray quotes on p. 249, that Archermos was the first to represent Nike with wings, rests only on the very doubtful authority of a late scholiast to Aristophanes, *Birds*, 574; while there is, on the other hand, good reason to believe that the artistic conception of Victory as a winged woman was not developed till nearly the close of the sixth century B.C. At p. 263 the author describes a bronze statuette, which is illustrated on Plate xx. as being a copy of the Athene Promachos of Phidias. Excavations on the Athenian Acropolis during recent years have, however, shown that this type of Athene, with a round shield on her outstretched left arm, and a spear poised in the right hand ready to throw, really is the form given, not to Athene Promachos, but to the much older conception of Athene Polias. A large number of bronze statuettes with this motive have been found among the pre-Persian objects on the Acropolis. The Athene Promachos appears to have been represented in a much quieter pose, standing calmly, holding a spear in an upright position with its butt resting on the ground.

Mr. Murray commits what seems to be a slight anachronism on page 210, where he speaks of the embroidered peplos which every four years was prepared in Athens in honour of Athene, and brought in the solemn Panathenaic procession to the temple of the goddess on the Acropolis. It appears not to have been till the fourth century that this magnificent piece of needlework was dis-

* *Handbook of Greek Archæology.* By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A. London: John Murray. 1892.

played as the sail of a boat on wheels while it was being carried up to the shrine where it was finally deposited. In the time of Phidias this piece of ritual had not yet come into use. If it had, one may be sure that so important a feature as the ship with the peplos-sail would not have been omitted from the Panathenaic frieze.

The chapter on painting deals rather with Roman than with Greek paintings, for the quite sufficient reason that, in the dearth of existing examples of Greek pictorial art, a great deal is to be learnt by a study of such works of art as the wall-paintings of Pompeii and Rome, which in many cases are evidently copies, more or less remote, from much older Greek originals.

Such a painting as that which Mr. Murray illustrates on p. 406, from the walls of a riverside house in Rome, is almost free from any trace of Roman influence; its simplicity and grace are purely Hellenic in style, and very probably it is actually the work of a Greek artist, of whom there appears to have been a large number in Rome during the early years of the Empire—the period to which this beautiful picture of Aphrodite enthroned belongs.

The concluding lecture on Greek architecture is very brief and unsatisfactory. So large a subject might well have been omitted from this small volume.

On the whole, Mr. Murray's Handbook will be a useful one, in spite of defects of arrangement and of clearness of expression, which do much to injure certain portions of the work. The illustrations are numerous, well selected, and in most cases skilfully executed. Some of the full-page plates are of remarkable beauty, especially those which represent Greek sculpture in the round.

DEVONSHIRE DIALECT.*

A DEVONSHIRE woman may be excused the amiable weakness of exalting Devonshire and the Devonians in the eyes of the world, and when she says, "The speech of the peasantry of Devon is undoubtedly the purest remains of the Anglo-Saxon tongue extant in England at the present time" (preface, p. v), the philologist may be disposed to attribute a very questionable assertion to sentiment. In the next page is found "For high buoyant spirits and dare-devil recklessness, no county can produce a race to surpass, or even equal, the youth of both sexes in Devon," which must also be put down to sentiment, and might be dispelled by contact with the Irish in the wilds of Galway, unless the word county limit its application to England, and in that case the Cornish on one side and the Somersetshire folk on the other, to say nothing of the rest, might be disposed to cast doubts on such a pious opinion.

The contents of this little volume are divided under the heads B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, instead of into eight chapters. Some of these are anecdotes, superstitions, &c., which we leave to the reader's judgment, and address ourselves to B and H—"Pronunciation and Construction," and "Local Phraseology." It is well-nigh impossible to explain local pronunciation by means of the letters of the English language, even with the aid of the German *ü*, which is brought to bear on the Devonshire *u*. The French *u*, which is a better guide, is not equal to the occasion; but Miss Hewett has done her best, and that is very good. Speech in so large a county, which varies excessively in various places according to circumstances, presents very many difficulties. There are a purely rural and farm population, a mining population with very ancient traditions, a fishing and seafaring population much imbued with French terms caught up in smuggling enterprises of great pith and moment, the Dartmoor population whose talk is also much mixed with the French of the 10,000 war prisoners there in the early part of the century. All this tends to make the speech of Devon a tongue of great variety, very graphic and expressive. Miss Hewett dates from Tiverton, which is situated at the extreme north-east end of the county, near Somersetshire, and as the purest Devonshire is, or was, spoken just on the borders of the two counties, say about Countesbury on Exmoor, the lady has probably heard some very good specimens in and about Tiverton. But the task of conveying native pronunciation to a stranger is beyond the powers of an alphabet, and, as in all languages, the tongue and the ear must be closely associated very early in life to master the sounds that escape through the lips of the true Devonian. She has published a very useful book for the curious in such matters; but we venture to say, in the most polite and deferential way possible, that, as a lady, diligent as she has been, she hardly knows enough of the Devonian folk to be in all things accurate. We need but give one or two examples by way of hint, for her effort is a worthy one, in the hope that another edition of the work may be of still greater value than this, which we by no means underrate.

At page 6 is to be found, "Her is used irrespective of sex. Even a tom-cat is *her*." It is well known that one of the peculiarities of Devonshire, and Somersetshire especially, is that *he* is used irrespective of sex. The Somersetshire proverb that "everything is he, except a tom-cat, and he is she," holds good throughout Devonshire. He and *un*, un is him made easy, are universal. Men regard their machines, including ships, as feminine throughout England. She and *hur* are used regardless of such things as nominative or accusative cases in Devonshire, when sex is a pertinent fact; but otherwise he and un are applied on all occasions. At page 78 will be found "Fitch = stoat. 'E stink'th like a fitch." A fitch is not a stoat, it is the polecat, or *voulmat* (foul martin), an animal almost extinct, well known in Devonshire as a very high-scented creature, to say the least of him. Again, at page 149, there is "Wisht = ill, sickly." This really good word, so full of sentiment as it is, used on all occasions in a sad sense, should not be so lightly passed over. "Hur is a wisht poor cratur" would be applied to a weakly woman, girl, or child, in a tone of pity. "'Tis a wisht cabby old thing" was well applied, in our experience, to a churn when the dairymaid's own fair hands could do the butter-making far better, and far sweeter, from Devonshire cream. Oh! that the Royal Agricultural Society should refuse a prize, as they did at Plymouth, to those fair hands, because they were not of wood and iron! There is the famous Wist-man's Wood in Dartmoor, formed of curious weird and ancient oak trees, suitable for a wished-man wherein to hide. There are several such little lapses as these, but they do not detract much from the merits of a good list of Local Phraseology under the letter H, and a Glossary under the letter I. If the real exclusively Devonshire terms were separated from the common English pronounced in Devonshire fashion, and placed under another letter, it would much improve the arrangement of the subjects. Taking page 100, for example, there is "Mālscrāl = caterpillar," a curious Devonshire word, derived, in all probability, from crawl. There is "Masts = acorns," masts, the seed of the beech-tree, being an old and common forest term all over England. In the same page there is "Mazed-finch = wagtail." Mazed is a really good Devonshire term for mad, or crazy, derived from amazed, but almost passed over here. The mazed-finch in Devonshire is the chaffinch, one of the commonest of birds in that county. The wagtail is not a finch, and is called there the dish-washer. Why the chaffinch, or the wagtail either, should be regarded as mazed it is not easy to say; but there may be some mad ways with the bird to justify such an opinion in Devonshire. On the opposite page, 101, there is "Minds = remembers." To mind, to remember, is always used in Devonshire—a short, handy word that would imply a study of psychology in rural Devon. "I mind when us used to make vine sperit out ov zider muck" is a part of our experience in the language. Apples, after having been crushed for cider, are called *the muck*, and the men used secretly to distil from it a most excellent spirit—the best they ever tasted, so say they—an instance of an industry utterly suppressed by the Excise laws. A common threat in Devonshire is "I'll mind ee out." I will remember you, I will serve you out, which brings the mind to bear upon the body in true psychological form.

This book is a very good little volume, and conveys a great deal of useful knowledge to those who feel an interest in Devonshire speech. The subject is difficult, and the ways of speech are intricate. Elementary schools are fast reducing all these wayward tongues to an elegant middle-class level, with long compound words difficult to spell. It is sad to hear a little child on Dartmoor talk of residences and perambulations. The makers of school-books, approved by my Lords of the Education Department, and the tests for examination by H.M. Inspectors, have much to answer for in despoiling the country of its pretty flowers of speech. Books such as this by Miss Hewett will preserve good words in a sort of fossilized state, and they have our best wishes.

* *The Peasant Speech of Devon; with other Matters connected therewith.* By Sarah Hewett. London: Elliot Stock.

SYLVIA.*

IN a little volume which, so far as type and binding are concerned, is one of the most exquisite which we have seen to proceed from an English house, Messrs. Dent have issued a reprint of Darley's *Sylvia*, hitherto only accessible in the rare original edition of 1827. George Darley is at last given that opportunity of making his peace with the public which his troubled

* *Sylvia; or, the May Queen.* A Lyrical Drama. By George Darley. Introduction by John H. Ingram. London: Dent & Co. 1892.

spirit so long desired, and desired in vain. We confess that we did not expect to see Darley re-issued. Doubtless in this extremely pretty dress enough purchasers will be forthcoming to reward the publishers for their enterprise. Genuine lovers of Darley for his own sake, for Darley in blunt type and grey boards, will, we are sure, continue to be few, and those few, we are afraid, will continue to be lukewarm. The author of *Sylvia* is a curiosity, and nothing can galvanize him into a genius. All the king's horses—that is to say, the charms of tasteful *format*—and all the king's men—that is to say, indulgent and limp-minded critics—cannot put literary life into him again.

George Darley, who was born in Dublin in 1795, was one of those ardent provincial youths who arrive in London equipped with more talent than force of character, and who are too deeply wounded in their first battle with indigence and disappointment ever to regain their resolution. He was not wanting in taste or talent, or intellectual resource, but he seems to have lacked fortitude, and to have allowed his misfortunes to tinge his nature with a feeble cynicism. As a poet, his gifts were checked and then crushed by his constant labours in journalism, and even in educational hackwork of a very dreary kind; but the character of his earliest lyrics gives no reason to suppose that his natural genius was very decided. Last year, while reviewing in these columns the privately printed collection of his posthumous poems, edited by Canon and Mrs. Livingstone, we indicated the principal existing sources of information about the life and character of Darley, who for some forty years had been almost entirely forgotten. Mr. Ingram, the editor of the present reprint, appears to have made full use of the indications given in our article, although he has not happened to refer to it, and we do not find that he has discovered much else that is of any significance. The melancholy life of Darley has probably been told as fully as it is likely to be or desirable that it should be.

It remains to examine *Sylvia; or, the May Queen*, Darley's pretty masterpiece, on which, if at all, his reputation as a poet must be based. In the first place, we can but protest against the extravagance of Mr. Ingram, who says that "as a play, well acted and adequately mounted, *Sylvia* should attain popularity." Nothing more unfair to Darley, nothing more exactly calculated to make the reader impatiently throw from him the book so introduced, could possibly be written. None of the elements of a play, in the ordinary sense, are to be met with in *Sylvia*. It is really the libretto of an opera, and the only chance it possesses of that popularity on the stage of which Mr. Ingram speaks would be found if some musical composer of the class of the late Mr. Goring Thomas should select it as a texture upon which to embroider his melodies. A description of the first act will enable our readers to realize the form of the poem, and to appreciate its purely operatic character. As the curtain rises on a romantic valley, a chorus informs the audience of the conditions of the weather, and naïvely introduces the hero:—

> Enter Romanzo on the heights,
> Who sings the song our author writes.

As the chorus retires, Romanzo is seen bounding down into the valley, singing an aria; having reached the bottom, he subsides into recitative, sings another romance, and performs an echo-duet with an unseen spirit. A rustic cottage, such as is ever incident to the first act of an opera, is discovered in the left wing, and as his last note dies Romanzo knocks at the door of it. An old woman, Agatha, appears, and they exchange concetti for a considerable time, until a gauze curtain falls, and the chorus advances once more to explain that the scene now represents Fairyland. Spirits descend, and Morgana, the prima donna, among them; after a rather lengthy chorale, with arias and duets, it is explained that Morgana has by her spells driven Romanzo, the loveliest youth on earth, into the valley where Agatha and her daughter Sylvia live alone, in order that Sylvia may fall in love with Romanzo, and so reject the suit of Ararach, the King of the Wizards. The gauze veil being now withdrawn, Romanzo is still discovered with Agatha, and he withdraws into a bower, as Sylvia, bursting into a soprano air, and, with the limelight full upon her, comes dancing over the bridge and towards the cottage. Romanzo presents himself, and in a duet, with expressive pantomime, it is explained that the young people have fallen in love with one another at sight. The gauze curtain falls again (there is rather too much "business" in *Sylvia*), and the chorus advances to announce Ararach, who comes forward from a cranny of the rocks, with skeletons, serpents, and everything that can attract a young girl's fancy, surrounded by his attendant demons, whom he dispatches to destroy Romanzo. The curtain falls upon their departure. All this is the first act only, and there are four others like unto it. If language has any meaning, this must surely be described, not as a play, but as an opera.

It remains to see how this libretto is executed. We may reply at once, with very great skill and delicacy. It reads like a canto of pretty extracts from all the Jacobean poets of pastoral. The justest praise that can be given to it is to say that it is often quite as good as Nabbes would have made it, and almost sprightly enough to be signed by Day. Curious persons who have read the *Astræa* of Leonard Willan, published in 1651, know exactly the kind of thing which *Sylvia* aims at being. If it were not for a sort of Covent Garden air in the later piece, one might fail to discover which was Darley and which was Willan. *Sylvia* is the *pastiche* of a *pastiche*, the copy of an imitation, and is of a rather tame and languishing order of gracefulness. The verse, whether lyrical or blank, is not merely correct, but skilful; the rhymes are rich, the conceits are numerous and appropriate, all the exterior parts of poetry are present. What is wanted is the spirit of life.

Yet there are things in *Sylvia* which almost make us retract the harshness of our judgment. Here, for instance, is a very charming song:—

> The streams that wind amid the hills,
> And, lost in pleasure, slowly roam,
> While their deep joy the valley fills—
> Even these will leave their mountain home;
> So may it, love! with others be,
> But I will never wend from thee.
>
> The leaf forsakes its parent-spray,
> The blossom quits the stem as fast,
> The rose-enamoured bird will stray
> And leave his eglantine at last;
> So may it, love! with others be,
> But I will never wend from thee.

And this has a very delicate lilt:—

> Lullaby! lullaby! there she sleeps,
> With a wild streamlet to murmur around her;
> Lullaby! lullaby! still it keeps,
> That the pale creature may sleep the sounder!
>
> Lullaby! lullaby! wake no no!
> Says the sweet nightingale toning above her;
> Lullaby! lullaby! life is woe,
> When a poor maiden is left by her lover.

The texture of *Sylvia* is rendered the more closely Jacobean by buffooneries and horseplay, which seem as though they ought to become indelicate, or as if they once had been naughty, but had been very carefully revised by such a committee of the London County Council as Mr. Anstey so merrily proposes. We like Darley least when he is funny. This sort of thing has a hollow sound; the kernel of wit is not in such nuts as these:—

> 'Calamities come as thick upon me as if they were showered from a dredging-box! I am powdered with sorrows and afflictions! Salted, peppered, pickled! roasted, baisted, stewed, fried, crimped, scarified, tossed like a pancake, and beaten like a batter, upon all occasions! Finally, I have been cooked up into a devil, and may perhaps be buried alive in a minced-pie to be served up at a Christmas-feast among the Cannibals, &c. &c.'

We would not, however, be too hard on the author of *Sylvia*. His opera is a graceful and picturesque trifle, which it does nobody any harm to reprint. Messrs. Dent have now restored to a forgetful world Darley, and Beddoes, who was much more significant than Darley. If they go on with their work of reviving the minor poets of the generation of Keats, the tuneful choir who sang in falsetto between the age of Byron and the age of Tennyson, they should restore to us the *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* of Thomas Wade and the pseudo-Elizabethan dramas of Richard Hengist Horne. We do not say that these men were poets, but they were curious writers, and the school was one which possesses, taken as a whole, a certain historical interest.

TRANSLATIONS OLD AND NEW.*

IF critics had a *liberum veto* in the Polish fashion on the productions of the press, we are almost afraid that only one of the four handsome volumes translated from the French which

* *The Comical Romance; and other Tales.* By Paul Scarron. Done into English by Tom Brown and others. With an Introduction by J. J. Jusserand. Illustrated from the designs of Oudry. 2 vols. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

The Fairy Tales of Madame d'Aulnoy. Newly done into English, with an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated by Clinton Peters. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois. Newly translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes, by Violet Fane. London: Nimmo. 1892.

Selected Essays of Schopenhauer. By F. Belfort Bax. "Bohn's Library." London: George Bell & Sons.

head our list would have had a chance of publication. We cannot help thinking that Scarron not only reads best in his own language, but might have been left there with no extraordinary loss to those who cannot read French; while, though Thomas Brown the eldest, his chief translator, was a much better writer than is sometimes thought, we almost grudge him the luxury of publication while so many of his betters are unreprinted or only shabbily presented to modern readers. So, too, those decorous and admirably written Memoirs of la Reine Margot which contrast so oddly with her reputation in romance, anecdote, and, indeed, history, ought to be read in the original. But as to Mme. d'Aulnoy there is no doubt. Her matter is the common property of every generation, and her manner is not of sufficient importance to be especially respected. Still now that the books have actually appeared, they deserve one and all nothing but good reception. They are all a credit to their respective publishers and editors, all acquisitions to the bookshelf. Never before, perhaps, even in his own language, has Mme. de Maintenon's first husband had such ministry spent upon him. Whatever M. Jusserand does is well done, and he has spent much pains on his long and careful introduction to this old-new version of the *Roman comique*. There was room for it; for until very recent times the life of Scarron has been treated in a very fragmentary and mythical manner, while few criticisms of his work as a whole exist in English. As to the first point, it has been reserved for M. Jusserand, by taking counsel with that eminent man of art, Professor Lannelongue, to clear away the fabulous story about the voluntary tarring and feathering, and its consequences, and the scandalous insinuation of Tallemant. Scarron, according to M. Lannelongue, probably had "Pott's disease," the disease of the unlucky Pott being not, as we might expect, a tendency to talk nonsense about Shakspeare, but a "tuberculous affection of the vertebræ." In regard to his work M. Jusserand is quite as good and kind. He need not, we think, have made or hinted an injurious comparison with *Le Capitaine Fracasse*—for what Gautier's work wants in originality and fresh local colour, it certainly makes up in other respects. But of the *Roman comique* itself M. Jusserand does not say a word too much good. We have not the slightest sympathy with those who decry it. No doubt it is rather closely copied in point of form from Spanish models; no doubt it is extremely desultory; no doubt there is little interest of character. But the adventures are sometimes amusing and always well told; the "manners-painting" is quaint and fresh, and the style is decidedly agreeable. How much of this latter charm is preserved in the version of "Thomas Brown of Shifnal, John Savage [perhaps an ancestor of Landor's], and others," may be a question of taste. Tom Brown himself, though apt to attack his betters, and not the most respectable of literary gentlemen, was a clever fellow, a scholar, and master of an easy vein of English of nearly the best prose period. The only thing we cannot forgive him is his rendering of some of the proper names. "Destiny" and "Rancour" may pass for "Le Destin" and "La Rancune"; but "Madam Star" for "Mademoiselle de l'Estoile" is excessive ugly and mons'ous foolish. But Tom Brown is past caring whether we are revolted or not, and very likely other readers may be less whimsical. The illustrations (in heliogravure) are sometimes very good, and the whole get-up of the book is extremely creditable to the publishers.

A different but an exceedingly pleasing volume is the quarto in which, with the assistance of Miss Macdonell and Miss Lee as translators, of Mr. Clinton Peters as illustrator, and of Miss Thackeray as Camarera Mayor, Fairy Godmother, Lady Bountiful, or any other office of dignity she may prefer, the same publishers have once more given us Mme. d'Aulnoy. The translations, quite straightforward and not attempting any archaism, are good enough, and Mr. Peters's illustrations in the smudgy kind of aquatint which has for some time past been so fashionable for book illustrations in France and America, have merit. If Miss Thackeray did not write charmingly on such a subject, it would be evidence that she is not Miss Thackeray, and, as it happens, she has given evidence the contrary way with convincingness. By drawing on the Spanish memoirs she has made a very agreeable account of the life of this benefactress of the human race. She has wisely not attempted much criticism, and has still more wisely left the folklorists almost entirely to themselves to battle over the origin of these delightful stories. Not a few of the stories themselves have made recent reappearance in Mr. Lang's "Blue" and "Red" Fairy Books; but they deserved to be presented by themselves, and they could hardly be presented better than this. The great size of the page, without any clumsiness, enables the matter to be got into a book which is not at all thick. Thick books are, we take it, an abomination. So in this agreeable form let these stories, which must be delightful in any form, once more delight, relieve, and refresh readers. If children and Americans are now, as they say, too silly to read *Graciosa* (they call her Gracieuse here), and *Percinet*, and *The Yellow Dwarf*, and the *White Cat*, and the numerous Princes and Princesses, and all the rest, let sensible English men and English women of mature years show that they belong to a wiser generation, and country. Mme. d'Aulnoy has not quite the charm of Perrault, but she has a charm of her own, and a very sufficient and a very delightful kind of charm it is.

The reader who takes up "Violet Fane's" version of the Memoirs of *ma grosse* Margot is likely to turn to the two portraits it contains, and, we fear, to exclaim "Is this the face?" in a different tone from that of Faustus. There is, however, no doubt about Marguerite's beauty; it was never denied even by enemies who were ready enough to deny her anything else. And, indeed, in the earlier portrait—itself not very early—any one can see that the original might have been the face of a very pretty woman indeed. In the later the *embonpoint*, which notoriously came on her in age, is far too obvious, and the artist of the earlier has not been able to soften or give a charm to the two chief characteristics of the Valois face—the long nose, to which she herself refers, and the sidelong enigmatical eyes—both features which, by the way, are equally prominent in the very different face of her namesake, great-aunt, and grandmother-in-law, the other Margaret of Navarre. In writing her introduction "Violet Fane" seems chiefly to rely on M. Guessard and Sainte-Beuve (we wish, by the way, she would not write "Ste." Beuve; it is sometimes difficult to prevent English printers from thus giving it; but the form is quite wrong), and, indeed, she could have no better authorities. But, as she is tolerably outspoken about Marguerite's little weaknesses, it is odd that she should not have given (perhaps she has, and we have missed it) Tallemant's story of the huge petticoat, with pockets each containing a dead lover's heart, which her heroine used to wear—a delightful Renaissance fancy. Like everybody else who has ever written about Marguerite (with almost the sole exception of the author of the *Divorce Satyrique*, who was a sour Calvinist), her present biographer is tender to her. Certainly it might be said that "she pleased many a man and never vexed one," save, of course, that bad man Du Gast, whom, they say, she got assassinated. But it was in the sixteenth century, and it was the only time she did it, and he was *such* a bad man, and he went in for sorcery, and was a *mignon* of Henri Trois. Besides, Brantôme, who would not have admitted that such a trifle was a spot on his idol, distinctly denies that she had anything to do with it. Other blot, except that amiable weakness which has been already alluded to, and an incurable habit of giving away all her money and getting into debt, there is none on Marguerite. Unlike many women whom the prudery of history calls "abandoned," she had absolutely no spite, cruelty, or bad blood in her. She never seems to have discarded or been cruel to a lover—as we have seen, she kept them with her even after their death—and, if he would be tyrannical and monopolizing, and object to her taking the liberty which she gave him (for she was not in the least jealous), that was his fault. It is very well known that these Memoirs—the central point of which, the adventures of the Queen on the night of St. Bartholomew, has been constantly drawn upon by historians, novelists, extract book-makers, and all that kind—have no pretensions to be a scandalous chronicle. Indeed, they are partly a vindication, partly a perfectly dignified and respectable history. In the original they are extremely well written, and we do not understand "Violet Fane" when she says that she writes not so much for those who cannot read French as for those who cannot read the French of the sixteenth century. There is very little difficulty in the original—the way to Marguerite's meaning is as open as was the way to her soft and capacious heart. However, we have not the slightest objection to her making her appearance in this handsome English dress. She is always pleasant to meet in any dress; and happy were they who saw her when she was young, in the pink Spanish velvet, with her own black hair not yet exchanged for fair and borrowed wigs, wherein she charmed the age of Ronsard, and made Brantôme her servant for life.

It is unlucky for Mr. Belfort Bax that his translations from Schopenhauer's *Parerga and Paralipomena* have, in some cases at any rate, been anticipated recently by Mr. Bailey Saunders, who is, on the whole, a better, certainly a more elegant, translator than himself. But the field is open, and there is no freehold in it. Mr. Bax, too, prefixes a ruggedly written, but intelligible and intelligent, sketch of Schopenhauer's philosophy, as well as one of his life, which will be useful to those who have not even the energy to attack Professor Wallace's little book. It is only to be regretted that Mr. Bax has not been able to keep the expression of his own opinions within the limits proper for a translator and editor. We have not the slightest objection to the expression

by any man of his own opinions, whatever they are, in work which may be called his own. But we have seldom seen any more foolishly irrelevant than the following note to Schopenhauer's well-known tirade about the *animal méchant par excellence*:—

> 'Schopenhauer might have instanced in this connexion the tendency of officialism, which is always eager to snatch at any excuse—some paltry abuse, real or imagined—for depriving the public of some little privilege which may happen to have been accorded. If access to some building or private grounds has been permitted, those regulating them will be certain, sooner or later, to pretend that because a small boy has perhaps on one occasion plucked a flower or scratched his name on a wall or a tree, that it is necessary the use of the building or grounds should be restricted or withdrawn.'

There are instances more pardonable, but still unfortunate, of the same tendency to "flings" in the Introduction, such as "the atmosphere of cant and hypocrisy which at that time, and for long after, permeated every department of English life," "vapid inanities of the London season," and so forth. Further, Mr. Bax is prone to the use of ugly and unnecessary words, such as "negate." He has, however, an acute, though one-sided, intelligence, and a vigour which is not always, though it sometimes seems like, mere violence.

DOROTHY WALLIS.*

If we had not Mr. Besant's positive assurance that the Autobiography of Miss Dorothy Wallis was a genuine and *bonâ fide* production, the most hard-hearted sceptic might be excused for thinking that it was a work of fiction from the pen of the delightful novelist himself, and that Dorothy Wallis was merely a companion picture to the more fortunate heroine Dorothy Forster. Until now we were under the delusion that characterization and construction belonged to fiction, not to life. For under the careful editing of Mr. Walter Besant Miss Wallis has thrown round a not remarkably eventful life all the glamour and charm of an admirable novel. If we assumed her story to be the creation of Mr. Besant's fertile imagination (as the adventures of Allan Quatermain are those of Mr. Haggard's), we might indulge in many pertinent and inspiring remarks on the art of fiction, the merits of the realistic as opposed to the romantic school of fiction, the modern spirit, and the influence of Mr. Havells. In the masterly sketch of the reprobate Uncle Nathaniel, we might hint that the writer was not unacquainted with the Uncle Silas of Sheridan Lefanu; that the vivid pictures of life behind the scenes have far more resemblance to facts than the revelations of Mr. George Moore, who still believes in the champagne and chicken critic, and we might compare it with the author's earlier works dealing with the East End sweaters and the law of elevenpence halfpenny.

But Mr. Besant has drawn the teeth of the reviewer, and tells us the whole thing is perfectly true. "When this girl, a gentlewoman, resolved upon making the attempt to conquer the stage," he writes, "she was quite young, having just left school and passed her examinations. I had the privilege of making her acquaintance." Miss Wallis's Autobiography has the great merit of being original. Others may have had her experiences, but few have had the courage to tell them in so ungarnished and ingenuous a style. Throughout her letters, edited though they have been by an appreciative and skilful hand, we admire her restraint, and the wisdom that has allowed an intelligent public to either *write* or read between the lines as it chooses. Whether the credit of this omission be due to Miss Wallis or her editor, to both all praise should be accorded. To curious readers her book will naturally recall those highly-coloured and intoxicating Memoirs of Miss Harriet Wilson and her rival, Miss Julia Johnstone, and the prosecution of the publisher that ensued. But, whereas those ladies succumbed to every temptation that came in their way, Miss Wallis, under far more trying circumstances, lived a perfectly blameless life. Her never-flagging optimism, a quality she may well have caught from the works of an eminent author, seems to have carried her through life with flying colours. An autobiography is of necessity an egotistical narrative, yet such is the modesty of Miss Wallis that hers never offends. She records with a smile at her own venial pride the little triumphs that she met with on the boards; but her failures are placed by their side, and there is nothing of Miss Marie Bashkirtseff's methods in any portion of the book. All names of people except those of her own relations are carefully suppressed or disguised under pseudonyms, and even names of theatres where she played are omitted; public scandal is thereby avoided. It is not a very beautiful world from which Miss Wallis lifts the veil. It is a world of fraudulent agents, dissolute managers, second-rate theatres, and sordid people. Even a love of "*the art*" cannot wholly compensate one for the crudity and incomplete surroundings of such a life. Over her admirable little pictures of this life at the wings and behind the scenes—worthy subjects for a Degas or a Leech—there is a sordid cloud that lime-light cannot gild. Still, we must remember that Miss Wallis describes the second- and third-rate theatres of the metropolis—minor theatres she calls them. The well-conducted houses in London and the provinces must not be confused with the places where fortune or ill-fortune at first drove Miss Wallis. Agents and managers are not all bold, bad men.

Still, without wishing to deduce a moral, let us hope that her book may open the eyes of young aspirants who imagine that life on the boards consists of leading parts and high salaries. It is a popular delusion that the minor actor's existence is one of perpetual excitement or variety. These are delusions about the stage, delusions such as we are all liable to, even as the reviewer who lately informed the public that "la bella"—a term as common as carte and tierce—is practically unknown in fencing-rooms. The suspense of first nights belongs rather to authors and actor-managers than to the rest of a cast, or, if felt, it must wear off after a time. The monotony of the stage is cleverly and properly insisted on throughout Miss Wallis's autobiography. The constant waiting on the agents, the vain attempts to see a manager, the anxiety about costumes and the smallest trifles, are faithfully represented. So tiresome and terrible is it all that we cannot help wondering that Miss Wallis's fiancé, "Alec," to whom her letters are all addressed, and to whom her book is gracefully dedicated, did not attempt to recall her from the life she had chosen. But he only seems to have made mild protests. When success is assured, perhaps there is no reputation to be envied so much as that of the actor—it is attractive from its momentary splendour, at least for those who are eager to experience the pleasure of public enthusiasm. Alone of the arts it leaves nothing but a name, or the memory of the voices and gestures among contemporaries. But its advantages certainly are not felt until the highest rank is reached. It does not bear grades to the extent of the other arts. However admirable an actress Miss Wallis may be, she must be congratulated on having chosen a surer way to fame—that of writing—than the uncertain career that opens itself on the boards of the lesser provincial or London theatres. Her observations of things other than theatrical are intelligent and fresh, and full of promise. Indeed, they exhibit considerable literary ability.

* *Dorothy Wallis.* An Autobiography. With an Introduction by Walter Besant. London: Longmans & Co.

GERMANIC ORIGINS.*

Mr. GUMMERE has written a pleasant and popular book on Germanic origins, which scarcely deserves the name of a "Study in Primitive Culture." The Germans, even when we first meet them in Roman history, were far enough from being "primitive"—if, indeed, that word can be applied to any human society with which we are acquainted. Primitive races are not powerful enough to be dangerous enemies of a power like the Roman. Mr. Gummere somewhat resembles Thackeray's governess, who holds that the early condition of mankind is a thing which we naturally turn from with aversion. He makes various little hits at modern anthropologists; but we scarcely see what harm they have done him, or how they have tried to reduce his Germans to a lower than the Hottentot level. We know so much about Greek legend and myth that we can easily detect therein perhaps more survivals from a very low estate than we can in the myth and ritual of Germanic peoples, concerning whom we know comparatively little. Probably a set of German huts, in the time of Tacitus, was very like a kraal; one wattled hut is very like another, and the type apparently survived, at Rome, in the Temple of Vesta. But the dwellers in the huts were very different people, having infinitely higher potentialities, from the dwellers in the kraals. Mr. Gummere has more of our sympathies when he dissents from doctrines founded on skulls, and from theories about the Celtic element in our literature. These are pretty, but are not science. We shall not return to the old dispute as to the Celtic parts in the composition of the present English people. Doubtless Celtic blood is mingled with Germanic; as to the proportions it

* *Germanic Origins: a Study in Primitive Culture.* By Francis B. Gummere, Ph.D., Professor of English in Harvard College. London: Nutt. 1892.

bears, not in Wales or the Highlands, but between the Forth and the Channel, no sound evidence is attainable.

Our speech is Germanic and Latin, so are most of our institutions. "It is little better than beating the air to argue against random conclusions," says Mr. Gummere. He tries to get at more definite knowledge, which is very scanty. Pytheas of Marseilles may have brought to the Greeks the first definite knowledge of the North; but there was probably a kind of commerce with the homes of amber and tin even before Homer's time. Such articles may, perhaps, have been passed south from tribe to tribe; but traditions of the land of the sunless winter and the nightless summer, legends of the huge Læstrygonians, dwelling on a fiord where the paths of day and night are near each other, where "a sleepless man would earn a double wage," are known to the poet of the Odyssey. As to Cimbrians and Teutons, Mr. Gummere follows Müllenhoff, who is his favourite authority. The names of the invaders he, therefore, takes to be names of Germans given by Celts. Then we come to Cæsar and Tacitus, and the dispute as to how far the *Germania* is historical, how far it is a Utopia, or a philosophical romance, with a satirical application to the Romans. The quarrel as to the merits of civilization and barbarism, on which Mr. Boswell differed from Dr. Johnson, had already arisen. To be sure, both barbarism and civilization have so many defects that our decision depends on our personal preferences. The Germans might be purer than the Romans, but in their winter holes they were dirtier, and suffered from disagreeable little insects. They might be braver, but they were lazier; more honest, but they were much less cultivated. A German, named Baumstark, talks of "the rose-red romanticism of the sickly sentimental Tacitus." Germans will be talking. There is assuredly much true matter in the *Germania*; but we are at a loss to disengage the true from the less true, and just where the evidence of Tacitus is most important it is most obscure. Mr. Gummere nearly gives up the endeavour to ascertain what system of land-tenure he attributes to his Germans. They were "more nomadic than agricultural; but, although marsh and forest predominated, Germany was not without fertile fields, and a rude system of farming." Bronze sickles and hand-mills are found in Sweden, dated previous to the fifth century B.C. Cattle, horses, domestic fowls were kept, and bees were appreciated, though rather after the manner of the aborigines of Australia. By the way, the superstition of "telling the bees" about a death is as much Greek as German; it occurs in a "masterless" poem of the Greek Anthology. Agriculture the Germans did practise, but this does not remove them from barbarism; it was also practised by the Iroquois, whom nobody calls civilized, and, of course, by the Zulus and Kanakas. As to individual ownership of land, Waitz and Von Sybel differ absolutely. "Ross gives a host of references." Mr. Gummere does not fight this battle over again.

Concerning the personal appearance of the race, there is nothing new to be said. Big and fair they were; fair and big, for the more part, they remain, by a majority of nearly two to one. Mr. Gummere's German is "a huge keen-eyed, florid, yellow-haired person . . . whom no amount of ethnology is going to put on a par with the modern African savage." With which modern African savage? With Mr. Stanley's dwarfs? With Bushmen, with Hottentots, with negroes of the Gold Coast, with Fans, with Zulus? Mr. Gummere's is a very rough way of speaking. The Zulus, with a well-organized social and military system, with iron weapons and implements, with cattle in abundance, with agriculture, with large royal kraals, are, or were, very nearly on the early German level. The climate demands less of clothing, and the Zulu turn for art is less; moreover, they have the misfortune to be "coloured persons." In other respects, man for man, we would back an impi of Chaka's against a comitatus of Arminius; though, naturally, the German possessed that mysterious gift—capacity for accepting civilization. But our civilization is much more difficult for barbarians to accept than that of the Roman Empire. The German was even then a mighty pork-eater; he also battened on horseflesh. He brewed a kind of beer; so do the Zulus. He was not naked, the climate being cold, but he wore the skins of beasts; and Mr. Gummere thinks he suffered exactly as Charles Edward did in his Highland wanderings. He had woollen cloth as well as skins; like Dr. Johnson, he had "no passion for clean linen." He hated cities, wherein he showed his common sense. Roman towns in England seemed to him the work of giants. By the date of *Beowulf* stone-paved ways are known; but the date of *Beowulf*, as the poem stands, is post-Christian, and the *Realien* are composite. German houses were like Cluny's Cage—of wood, but still more of wattle. The German was a gambler; he "plunged" as wildly as the Red Men of America. The chastity of the women is proverbial, but polygamy existed. Women, as usual among barbarians, did most of the work; and, after runes were adapted from the Roman alphabet, had a good deal of the education. Some were like Mr. Morris's Bow-maiden—warriors at a pinch, and prophetic. "There were hardly any forbidden degrees of relationship"—a point on which we wish we could get more information. If brother and sister marry in myth, is it not merely to preserve the blood of the Volsungs? Children were very apt to be exposed—a custom which lasted till Christianity came in—in Iceland. Among crafts the most honoured was that of the smith. Germany exported amber from time immemorial, and turnips, to which Tiberius was partial. If their ships were rude, and unlike the Viking craft, their hearts were dauntless. Of war there is little new to be said—but we differ from Mr. Gummere about Baresarks. They *were* "professional lunatics" and bullies, and were held in no esteem by real champions like Grettir. The Sagas constantly express the contempt, the fear, and the hatred of the Baresark, the professional bully. He was very like the ferocious American of the West, the terror of towns. The Baresarks were exactly parallel to these boasting blackguards. The funeral rites were more or less Homeric. Still on the Ayrshire coast we may see such a howe as Elpenor's ghost desired, "the grave of a luckless man" on a headland above the sea. Beowulf also claimed a mound on a brow of the coast as his due in death. As to graves and gold Mr. Gummere might have quoted the famous ghost in golden armour that haunted a mound in Wales whence was dug the massive gold corslet now in the British Museum. Mr. Gummere's chapters on Religion are unavoidably a little vague. Our information is vague, but by him it is sensibly stated. He mainly rests on German authorities, and it is curious to mark how seldom he has occasion to quote English scholars. His book is "popular" in the good, and a little in the less good, sense of the word. We really expect a writer on Germanic Origins to tackle the question of land tenure. The German was a rather sentimental ruffian, but he had muscles and fighting qualities.

MR. ANSTEY'S HUMOUR.*

SINCE Mr. Anstey gained his first success as an original humourist, the various departures he has made from the literary form of his first work have amply proved that the range of his artistic expression is not less remarkable than the individuality of his humour. Not in *Vice Versâ* can be discovered the promise of *The Travelling Companions*; the humour of that delightful example of fantastic extravaganza is of a kind totally distinct from the delicate and subtle humour of this exquisite "story in scenes." From exuberant farce we pass to pure comedy. From one point of view, *The Travelling Companions* may be classed with *Voces Populi*, in which Mr. Anstey exhibited his mastery of the dialogue as a vehicle for humorous characterization. But the two works differ as greatly as a perfected design differs from a first draft. In *The Travelling Companions* we have a dramatic scheme whose development interests us as the action of a drama should interest when represented on the stage. The characters are no longer strongly accented yet shadowy types, but are studies from life, and vibrate with actuality. In the imbroglios that spring from the rivalries of Cultchard and Podbury, and the play of cross-purposes in which they are unconscious actors with the high-toned Hypatia and the charming Miss Trotter, we have certain old and perennial comedy-motives, transfigured by the medium of the Ansteyan humour. As to the execution of the design, Mr. Anstey has done nothing so excellent. It were as idle to cite this scene or that in a work that will bear no such detachment as to fall into a descant on the relative humours of the parts presented—the comparative merits of the inexpressible prig Cultchard, or the enthralling study of the American girl, and so forth. In Mr. Bernard Partridge as an illustrator once again Mr. Anstey is fortunate indeed. Mr. Partridge has given him of his best. His drawings are exceedingly clever and admirably sympathetic.

It is the happy note of Mr. Anstey's humour that it engages all and sundry by the breadth and geniality of its appeal. There is no possibility of any contention arising about it, for it is inconceivable that it should prove a divider of families, as has chanced to some humourists. One person only have we known whose study of the Ansteyan humour might seem a trifle misapplied, and with him there was less of imperfect assimilation than of

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* *The Travelling Companions.* By F. Anstey. Illustrated by J. Bernard Partridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

Mr. Punch's Model Music-Hall Songs and Dramas. By F. Anstey. Illustrated. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1892.

untutored enthusiasm. He was determinedly bent upon the harmless quest of some "moral"—not "shut within the bosom of the rose," as the Laureate's poem has it, but within the fantastic maze of *Vice Versâ*. We are minded of this inquiring soul by the delightful vision of the future, a vision of the London County Council, clothed in pure Macdougalism, sitting in judgment upon a proposed music-hall ballad, which serves as introduction to Mr. Anstey's Songs and Dramas for the Model Music-hall. The scene is exceedingly diverting. It is an application by counsel for the renewal of a poet's license, and the reading of the blameless ballad in question is accompanied, verse by verse, by the perversely ingenious comment and protests of a Council intent upon discovering something in it that is not moral. The satire is very pleasing and wholesome, and nothing could be more effective by way of preface to the songs and dramatic sketches that follow. These amusing travesties are, of course, familiar to all readers of *Punch*; and as now collected, and retouched in part, they are certain to delight a still larger audience. Although by no means of equal merit, these songs are among the most beguiling examples of Mr. Anstey's humour; and as reproductions of the spirit and style of typical music-hall lyrics not a few of them must be pronounced perfect. As to the incongruous association of Mr. Anstey's Music-Hall Dramas with the writings of Anna and Jane Taylor, it may prove an element of humour somewhat intangible to not a few readers; for not everybody, we fear, has benefited by the works of those admirable preceptors of youth. Still, apart from the merits and novelty of their dramatic scheme, those Taylorian adaptations are rich in entertainment. It needs the full Ongar training, however, to feel the tragic intensity of "Joe, the Jam-Eater," the agonizing drama of "The Fatal Pin," and the affecting moral play, "Jack Parker."

BELFAST.*

ENGLISH people are beginning to discover that there is one thriving town in Ireland. The greater part of Belfast is new, but not in the sense of "New" Tipperary. There are riots now and then in the month of July; but Ulstermen do not cut off the tails of cattle or hough young horses. Belfast certainly returned one Home Rule member at the last election; but his bed will not be one of roses if he stands again. We recently gave an account of the present state of trade, and showed what a large slice of the Imperial Revenue is derived from it. The Town Book tells what a short time has elapsed since the Northern capital was a mere village. Soon after Elizabeth came to the throne it was found to be a good centre for shipbuilding, and in 1636 the *Eagle's Wing* was launched. Belfast was made a Corporation in 1613, and George Trevellien—ominous name—was returned as one of the first M.P.'s. The Irish harp was then first quartered with the arms of England.

Seeing that half the names in Belfast are of Scottish origin, it seems strange to remember that in Cromwell's time the Scots were banished from the town and removed to the West of Ireland, Colonel Cooper, the Governor, having decreed that no Scotsman should be allowed domicile for several years. At this time the town only contained 150 houses, nearly all thatched, but eight years later W. Sacheverell writes:—"Belfast is the second town in Ireland, well built, full of people, and of great trade." In 1688 the Long Bridge was finished at a cost of 8,000*l.*; but four years afterwards seven of the arches fell in, having been weakened by Schomberg drawing his heavy cannon over it; and it was finally taken down in 1841.

In 1725 the first bleaching machine was erected at Ballydrain, near Belfast, we believe by a Mr. Stuart. A relation, John Younghusband, came over from England, was apprenticed, and inherited the business. The use of chemicals for bleaching was introduced in 1764, and soon Mr. Younghusband found that he could not make money by the old process of buttermilk and sunshine, so he shut up shop, as his integrity did not allow him to adopt a process which he considered to be injurious to the fabric. The place was sold, the old house pulled down, and a hideous though costly, and no doubt comfortable, house built, which, however, had the appearance of a county gaol, and spoilt a very picturesque old place. This has been the history of many other houses. Constant fluctuations are in progress. The rebuilding of the Mulhollands Mill in 1830, and the change from the use of cotton to linen, were the beginning of the prosperity of Belfast. The American war was its making; but shipbuilding is now the most prosperous of all its trades, and they boast that not only the ships, but all their fittings and furniture, are produced in the town, down even to the knives and forks. This is the native home of the ships of the White Star Line, which, as is well known, have distanced all competitors in rapid passages across the Atlantic. In 1786 the whole tonnage of the port was 34,287, carried in 772 ships. The population at that time was 16,000. By 1802 it had risen to 19,000, and in 1807 to 22,095. It is now, not reckoning all the suburbs, 273,000.

The Town Book is almost the only old record now existing, and Mr. Young has done well to print it whole. It had been used by various historians, but had long disappeared from the collection of the Donegal family. We do not quite understand why it should now belong to the widow of the solicitor of that family. It was discovered by the late Marquess in an old chest, and with other law papers, given into the custody of Mr. Torens, who, we believe, was most unwilling to let it be seen; however, now Mr. Young has been allowed to reprint the documents, and to dedicate the book to the person who might naturally be supposed to be the owner, Lady Shaftesbury, daughter and heiress of the third Marquess of Donegal. The different documents date from the years 1613 to 1816. They are, of course, mostly of local interest, but the historian will find many valuable contributions to history, and the political economist many curious entries which throw light on municipal government, laws, and taxation.

We think Mr. Young has scarcely sufficiently recognized the value of his find. Had he quadrupled his notes, he would have much added to the permanent utility of the book. It has been published for subscribers only, but might have been expected to secure a wider sale, for the people of the town are greatly interested in its history, and though very proud of their own achievements, do not disparage the day of small things. The original "sovereign and burgesses" were displaced in 1671, and a mayor and aldermen substituted. The talk is now that the mayor is shortly to be raised to the dignity of a Lord Mayor, when, no doubt, the town itself will blossom into a city. The illustrations, many of them reproductions of old prints, of great local value, are numerous and good. The frontispiece is a bird's-eye view of the place, on which is cleverly printed in red the extent of the town in 1690, a mere patch on the whole view.

* *The Town Book of the Corporation of Belfast.* Edited by Robert M. Young. Belfast: Marcus Ward. 1892.

IN STARRY REALMS.*

THIS is an attractive little volume; all the more so that it is unenlivened by deliberate pleasantry. The inimitable manner of the new Lowndean Professor lends a spontaneous and delightful charm to the humorous turns of his *vivâ voce* utterances; but scientific jokes are rarely exhilarating in print, and he has shown judgment in excluding them from the present collection. It consists of twenty-two short essays reprinted from various periodicals, besides an address on "The Movements of the Stars," delivered at Birmingham from the Presidential Chair of the Midland Institute. The two concluding chapters, on Krakatoa and Darwinism respectively, alone diverge from the astronomical line pursued by the others. Four treat of the solar heat-supply—three of the moon's history and habitudes; Venus and Mercury, Mars and Jupiter, come in for special attention among the planets; the great seething chaos in Orion's sword-belt illustrates the world of nebulæ; while the number and distances of the stars, and the advantages of their photographic registration, are, in successive familiar dissertations, brought home to the least accustomed intelligence. The style of popular exposition adopted throughout is, indeed, admirable; by the aid of examples from everyday life, most happily chosen, abstruse conceptions are rendered easily comprehensible; and a clear discernment of the needs of the unlearned is coupled with inexhaustible patience in providing for them. Patience is, perhaps, the most indispensable endowment of any one striving to make the steep ways of knowledge plain; and Sir Robert Ball possesses an exceptionally large share of it. He never wearies of the topic in hand; he tries one elucidatory artifice after another; he condescends endlessly to ignorance. Hence, in great part, his deserved popularity, since it is only through the benignity of patience that skill and sympathy become really effective. Nor can trouble be better spent than in securing intelligibility by whatever section of the public a writer chooses to address.

Our author holds, in general, eminently sound opinions. He is averse to startling novelties, and indulges speculation barely to the length of its tether by discretion. His adoption, accordingly, even with some reserve, of Schiaparelli's remarkable conclusions as to the rotation-periods of Mercury and Venus,

* *In Starry Realms.* By Sir Robert S. Ball, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. London: Isbister & Co. 1892.

affords in itself a presumption in favour of the validity of the evidence by which they are supported. Both planets, we are led to believe by the Milanese astronomer, turn an invariable face to the sun. In other words, their axial and revolutionary movements are isochronous, like those of our moon, and owing doubtless to the same cause. Only that the great bodily tides which, in all three cases, acted by frictional resistance to destroy rotation in the past, were raised by the earth on the moon, but by the sun on the planets. Their behaviour in presenting to him always the same hemisphere would thus, as Sir Robert Ball says, "serve to illustrate in a striking manner one of the most interesting of modern astronomical doctrines"—that, namely, concerning the effects of tidal friction in modifying the arrangements of a system of rotating and revolving bodies. Strong protests have, nevertheless, been raised of late against the very slow rotation ascribed to Venus. M. Niesten, of Brussels, and M. Trouvelot, of Meudon, especially, regard their observations as conclusive for a period—not of 225 days, as inferred at Milan, and to a great extent confirmed at Nice—but of not far from twenty-four hours. The discrepancy is startling, and cannot be reconciled off hand by the most careful efforts at arbitration. One practical lesson, however, may be derived from a study of the conflicting testimony. It is that only the "polar spots" of Venus can be looked to for the determination of her axial movement. These alone of the planet's markings lay claim either to definiteness or permanence sufficient for the purpose. They are brilliantly white, and are often emphasized by dark circumferential shadings; and M. Trouvelot has frequently succeeded in resolving them into congeries of sparkling points like the summits of high mountains rising above the dense atmosphere covering the globe all around and below. This explanation of their nature M. Trouvelot does not, indeed, hesitate to adopt.

The Lowndean Professor is somewhat partial to tidal friction. His mathematical sympathies, engaged by the beauty and ingenuity of Professor Darwin's investigations on the subject, lead him to welcome symptoms of the potency, in fact, of a mode of action in theory so recondite, yet so demonstrably inevitable. Thus, he follows Professor Darwin in interpreting, as one of its effects, the anomalous swiftness of the inner satellite of Mars relatively to the time of rotation of its primary. Every other secondary body with which we are acquainted needs several "days," such as they are meted out to it by the governing mass, to complete a circuit; but Phobos revolves three times while Mars turns once upon its axis, and this singular speed is in flagrant contradiction with Laplace's nebular theory of the solar system. It seemed, however, possible to come to the rescue with the supposition that, in the long interval since the little moon came into being, solar tidal friction had so effectually exerted itself in reducing the rate of the planet's rotation, as to lengthen out its original period of about seven to twenty-four and a half hours. But there is a fatal flaw in this seductive hypothesis. Mr. Nolan has shown conclusively that long before the sun-raised tides could have done their supposed work the satellite would, by a reactive effect of the process, have been precipitated upon the surface of the planet! Thus the combination would have ceased to exist in the course of being brought by the postulated method into its present condition.

"Dark stars" have within the last few years assumed a position of unlooked-for prominence. Theory, it is true, anticipated a plentiful sprinkling of them through space. Suns must, it would appear to our minds, eventually exhaust their powers of shining; but they cannot therefore be supposed to sink into annihilation. They presumably lead thenceforward a *cieca vita* as gravitating, but otherwise inert, masses, signifying their presence, under favourable circumstances, through their power of swaying the movements of still radiant bodies.

> 'We are thus able [our author remarks, p. 38] to learn something about these dark stars, which, though never themselves seen, are *felt*, so to speak, by their action on stars that can be observed. The more we meditate on this subject the more probable does it become, not only that dark extinguished suns exist, but that they abound in immense numbers; in fact, it might be fairly argued that these dead stars vastly exceed in number the bright and living ones. Matter only becomes visible to us across the abyss of stellar distance during those episodes in its career, be they few or many, in which it happens to be at a temperature of incandescence. When the temperature has waned, so that the globe ceases to glow, it may reasonably be held that the body has joined the majority.'

Invisible stellar bodies, however, not only influence motion, but affect lustre. When suitably situated for intervening between our eyes and their visible companions, they give rise to periodically-recurring eclipses. But the detailed consideration of these eclipses raises the question whether the globes producing them are truly effete suns, or whether they are by nature dark—devoid, that is to say, *ab origine*, of the machinery needed for the emission of light? There is a good deal to be said for the latter view. For Algol and its satellite, as well as other similar pairs made up of a bright and an obscure member, seem to be in the very beginning of their careers. There is no sign that they have made much progress in the way of condensation. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly tenuous in substance; the systems they form can be inferred to be still almost in a rudimentary condition; and their brilliant member shines with singular intensity. Algol, for example, probably sends forth at least sixty times as much light as our own sun, although far inferior to it in mass. The unseen body, then, so intimately associated with it, can hardly be already superannuated. It appears more likely that it never possessed than that it should so soon have lost the faculty of light-giving.

Sir Robert Ball considers the illumination of nebulæ to be entirely due to their native elevation of temperature; and there is certainly no obvious reason why the "fire-mist" of sidereal realms should not be as hot as we choose to imagine it to be. It should, indeed, be enormously hot to give the observed nebular spectrum, including, as it does, the line of the salamander element—helium, besides the ultra-violet rays of hydrogen. The circumstance, too, is perhaps significant that none of the characteristic hydrogen-lines have ever yet been developed by simply raising the temperature of the gas; they seem procurable only by the aid of electrical discharges. The forms, moreover, of many nebulæ strongly suggest the influence of electrical forces, such as are admittedly concerned in shaping the appendages of comets passing the sun. There is, in short, much to justify the surmise that ether-waves, of lengths measured by metres, instead of by ten-millionths of millimetres, play a much more important part in cosmical phenomena than has yet been assigned to them.

A curious and rarely adverted-to feature of Saturn's "crape-ring" is overlooked in the volume before us. The whole system of rings is generally held to be composed of revolving particles, identical in nature, but distributed with various degrees of density. But the crape-ring shows, when projected upon the body of the planet, as a semi-transparent, dusky shading. Its constituent corpuscles are then less reflective of sunlight than the background upon which they are seen; while those of the bright rings are considerably more reflective than the same Saturnian surface. This seems to establish a fundamental distinction between the materials of the two formations.

The frontispiece to *In Starry Realms* is furnished by one of the splendid photographs of the moon recently taken with the great Lick refractor. Although some of these display rills and craterlets new to telescopic observers, the truth of Sir Robert Ball's remark "that no material addition to our knowledge of lunar topography has been contributed by photography," can hardly yet be gainsaid. So varied, in fact, is the relief of the moon's surface that the details of each region would need a series of differing exposures to bring them out in full perfection. Crater-pits and terraces, plains and peaks, all want their own due allowance of time, and depict themselves more or less unsatisfactorily if they do not get it. A thoroughly good telescopic view is thus surpassed only in regard to permanence by the chemical prints so far obtained. The illustrations in the body of the work under review are from drawings; they are, however, excellent; the binding also is tasteful, and the print good. We therefore confidently anticipate for *In Starry Realms* a vogue at least equal to that of its predecessors by the same gifted author.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FOR a man who holds the austere doctrine that a book made up of articles is not a book, M. Ferdinand Brunetière (1) produces a good number of these nondescripts. And we are very glad that he does, for not many people's books are better worth reading. The present collection, as M. Brunetière is careful to call it in his preface to M. Porel, consists of the fifteen lectures which the writer gave on the stage of the Odéon between November and February last. The subjects of these were—the *Cid*, *Le Menteur*, *Rodogune*, the *Ecole des femmes*, *Andromaque*, *Tartufe*, *Phèdre*, *Turcaret*, *Rhadamiste et Zénobie*, the comedies of Marivaux, *Zaïre*, the rise of the Bourgeois drama, the *Mariage de Figaro*, the Romantic Theatre, Scribe and Musset. All these tempting but sometimes trying subjects M. Brunetière has treated with that relish for the theatre which seldom fails French men of letters, but with a knowledge of the literary drama and a power of criticizing it which is very rare even among

(1) *Les époques du Théâtre Français.* Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

them. Within anything like the same space, we know nothing like the same amount of erudite information and acute criticism on the successive developments of the French theatre, and we say this not, of course, committing ourselves (*bien s'en faut!*) to all M. Brunetière's views and opinions. To "say ditto to Mr. Burke" is a very feeble form of eulogy when Mr. Burke is a critic. The true compliment is to say, that on no point of a vast range of subject is Mr. Burke's opinion to be safely neglected by any one who wishes thoroughly to understand the subject. And that we generally, and in this book perhaps more than ever, can say of M. Brunetière.

The two numbers of the *Artistes célèbres* (2) before us are both well entitled to their place in the series, but one is considerably more interesting than the other to the general reader. The Audrans were a well-known family of engravers of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century in France, and the reproduction of others' work which the best of them did is good in an excellent kind. But Raffet was an artist of almost the first rank in his own class, for originality, vigour, and variety. We say variety, because, though he is best known by his military subjects, and no doubt preferred them, specimens given in this well and abundantly illustrated book show that he was by no means, like some artists, powerless when he travelled out of his special circle. A series of portraits of the chief civil as well as military actors in the Roman troubles of 1849 have a *cachet* and style only to be found elsewhere in the work of the greatest portrait-painters. But, no doubt, he was a battle-and-soldier painter first of all. He was not of those who master a few familiar types, and simply reproduce them—a study here given of two pipers of the 79th, whom he saw in passing through Gibraltar, is as good as his Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Guard. And in his larger pieces he had a sort of romantic and suggestive vagueness, facilitated, perhaps, a little by the medium—lithography—in which he chiefly dealt, but peculiar to himself, and contrasting almost equally in fashion with the neat academics of Vernet, and with the more modern style, spirited, but utterly unpoetic, of Detaille and Neuville. There are more than a hundred and fifty cuts here, most of them full-page; the number is to be bought for eight francs, and it is uncommonly well worth the money.

For this year's "season of waters" "Mars" has followed up his album devoted to the western division of the Channel seaside resorts by another ranging from Cherbourg to Dunkirk (3). The book is, we think, more amusing than its predecessor, and is certainly more directly satirical. The scenes and buildings of the innumerable watering-places that dot the Norman and Picard coasts are given well enough; the local costumes and countenances are hit off ingeniously; and the male part of the visitors are satirized good-naturedly, but rather sharply. The three exquisites who in one plate sit, faultlessly if monotonously arrayed, in the same attitude, and in complete silence, by the side of a very pretty and brilliantly dressed damsel, are excellent. But nobody will be surprised to hear that neither aborigines nor male persons supply the chief subject of the artist's care. The eternal feminine (she is rather too eternal, pretty as she is, owing to the immutable and invariable Marsian nose) of all ages, in all costumes, and almost we had said in none—this is his real subject. The modern bathing *maillot*, plain, striped, starred, barred, flowered, arabesqued, and decorated so as more ingeniously to set off convexity and concavity, affords him great opportunities, whereof, it need hardly be said, he takes advantage. But "Mars" is never coarse, and (though a little bloodless and conventional) always "elegant."

The name of Ruvigny (4) plays no small part in English history, wherein, however, its bearers are subject to a good deal of confusion. Macaulay, who was careful about such matters, is pretty correct in his text; but his index-maker made a hash of them, and others have made a worse, owing to the fact that three Ruvignys, a father and two sons, came to England after the Revocation. The younger of the sons, properly designated La Caillemotte (Macaulay's "Caillemot"), from an estate of his grandmother's, was mortally wounded at the Boyne; the other survived to become the Galway of Almanza. Their father, the subject of this book, refused to bear active arms against his country, and, indeed, died soon after James's flight, but had helped to regiment the Huguenots for the English service. He was an old man of very high character, and had been long connected with England; for his half-sister was Lady Southampton, and he was thus the uncle of Rachel Lady Russell. He had been sent on errands of negotiation to London, and as far back as the Rebellion had been designated (had not Mazarin deserted the King's cause) to make a descent in favour of the Royalists with five thousand Frenchmen at Pendennis Castle. He was a soldier and a diplomatist of merit, and long discharged, with as much success as was possible in the increasing determination of the King to suppress Protestantism, the difficult and ungracious office of "Deputy-General" for the Reformed Churches. No one had anything but respect for Ruvigny—even Saint-Simon speaks well of him—and the King not only offered him the almost unique privilege of holding Protestant service in his own house if he would remain in France, but allowed him after his exile to enjoy his estates. M. de Laroque's account is full and interesting.

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—Les Audran.* Par G. Duplessis. *Raffet.* Par F. Lhomme. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(3) *Sable et galet.* Par Mars. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le Marquis de Ruvigny.* Par A. de Galtier de Laroque. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

NEWFOUNDLAND to Cochin China, by Mrs. Howard Vincent (Sampson Low & Co.), is the record of a traveller, writ in journal fashion from day to day, and embraces both the far east and the far west of the Northern hemisphere. It is written in a chatty style, and has the merits that belong to the first impressions of a vigilant observer. Mrs. Howard Vincent was, it is clear, determined to see the best of things, and to see things at their best. Hence there is not a little that is pleasing to read in her notes of travel, and if not particularly novel are the sights that engage her comment, her descriptions have the charm of freshness and sincerity, and show a happy avoidance of the cheap and easy kind of "comparison" in which many modern voyagers are apt to indulge themselves. Such questions as the relative foulness of Peking streets and the streets of other cities, or the greater or lesser height of the Selkirk range compared with other mountains, are not threshed out afresh by Mrs. Vincent in narrating her course of travel to Newfoundland, across the continent of America by the Canadian Pacific, to British Columbia, and thence to Japan, China, and Annam. Thus, it is the pleasures of travelling, not the boredom, that are suggested to the reader of this bright series of sketches of East and West. The illustrations are for the most part good, and some interesting and useful notes by Colonel Howard Vincent, originally addressed to the Cutlers' Company and the Chamber of Commerce of Sheffield, form an appropriate appendix to the volume.

Mr. G. R. Redgrave's *History of Water-Colour Painting in England* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a handy and well-illustrated volume contributed to the series of "Art Text-Books" edited by Mr. Poynter. In the general arrangement of the text, this historical sketch follows that prefixed to Mr. Samuel Redgrave's in the well-known Catalogue of the South Kensington Water-Colour collections. Brief biographical and descriptive accounts are given, in chronological sequence, so far as circumstances permit, of every artist in water-colour of any reputation from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present day, the last name in the book, of artists dealt with in the summary, being that of Paul J. Naftel, who died in the autumn of last year. With so comprehensive an aim, there is no attempt to supply anything like a critical examination of the various schools or developments of water-colour drawing in Mr. Redgrave's general sketch of the art. Names of great artists and mediocre, masters and disciples, all find a place in what appears to be a complete, and certainly is a conscientious, survey of the subject. The book, in short, is a readable compilation, and ought to prove useful as a volume for reference.

Men of Might, or "Studies of Great Characters" (Edward Arnold), is a collection of biographical lectures by Messrs. A. C. Benson, M.A., and H. F. W. Tatham, M.A., which are intended to be addressed to small classes of boys "from fifteen to eighteen in age," and have already been so delivered at Eton College, it would appear. Thus, as the authors observe, their practical value has, to a certain extent, been tested. Socrates, Mahomet, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Savonarola, Wesley, Washington, Dr. Arnold, Livingstone, and Charles George Gordon are among the great men dealt with. That this kind of condensed biography may be usefully employed in class we do not doubt. And it is pleasant to all who are interested in the free and independent English schoolboy to learn that "other similar lectures which failed to interest or please" have been omitted from the present volume.

Lovers of the Wagnerian opera may be commended to the admirable little handbooks of Albert Heintz, of which we have excellent translations by Constance Bache, treating of *Tristan and Isolde* and of *The Meistersingers of Nuremberg* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), in separate volumes. The development of each work is set forth with the greatest possible clearness in brief space, and illustrated with numerous musical examples.

In the series of "Great French Writers," edited by M. J. J. Jusserand, we have a good translation by Melville B. Anderson of M. de Rémusat's *Thiers* (Fisher Unwin). The English versions of this somewhat unequal series are very well printed, neatly bound, and have excellent portraits.

Mr. Andrew Lang's interesting and, we may add, characteristic anthology of English lyrics—*The Blue Poetry Book* (Longmans & Co.)—appears, in a new edition, clothed anew in blue, with a charming binding reproduced from an Italian fifteenth-century design, and is printed on India paper. Some few notes are added, the most interesting of which refers to Lady Anne Barnard and *Auld Robin Gray*.

The new edition of *Poems by Keats*, selected, with notes, by Francis T. Palgrave (Macmillan & Co.), in the "G. T." series, is in all ways a delightful little book, though it still lacks some of the finest sonnets of the poet—"On a Dream," "To Homer," "On the Sea," and "After Dark Vapours"—and retains such feeble examples as that to the poet Wells, that to George Keats, that to G. A. W., and half-a-dozen more of the same kind.

Something new in book illustration we have in *My Little Friends*, by E. Heinrichs (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), "a choice collection of children's portraits, accompanied by appropriate poems," which is composed of photographs of real babies of various ages, living and thriving, we trust, in various parts of the United States. They certainly look thriving, for they are uncommonly like the pictorial testimonials supplied by grateful parents to proprietors of infants' food. Master Munroe, of Boston (Mass.), is a fine example in this class. He has no "poem," however, though he deserves one rather more than the grotesque "Baby-Row" of Omaha, four long-clothed babes of whom the poet writes:—

> When the lily of the valley
> puts forth its dainty spray,
> And clothes itself with beauty
> at the dawning of the day;
> And charms us with the sweetness
> of the odours we perceive,
> It resembles, though but faintly,
> these beauties, we believe.

We admit the faintness of the resemblance. No poem, again, is dedicated to the charms of Master Reed, apparently a "coloured" baby, of Lexington, Ky., though Miss Frances Gaitskill Willis, of the same town, is honoured as a "sweet floweret." Happily, we are not called upon to deal with the respective claims of the sixty or seventy portraits in this gallery of American infants.

As a selection, we have nothing to urge against *Selected Poems*, by Walt Whitman (New York: Webster & Co.; London: Putnam's Sons). It is a good selection by a friend of the poet's, though the poet had "nothing to do with it," we are told, "save in the most general way of approval." But we cannot agree with the editor that nothing but "a defective lyrical sense" can be the excuse of those who do not find "wonderfully rhythmic" such lines as:—

> Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your cornfields and orchards,
> Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;
> Give me faces and streets—give me those phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs.

Modern Humour—"a necessity for the modern platform" is modern humour—is edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson & Co.), and supplies the reader and reciter with choice specimens of humour in prose and verse for "popular" gatherings.

The fifth volume of *The Golfing Annual*, edited by David Scott Duncan ("The Field" Office), is before us. It comprises the usual record information in the form of a Club Directory, which now embraces 529 clubs, together with particulars of last year's championship contests, the new Rules of the game adopted by the St. Andrews Club, and various papers on golfing by Messrs. H. S. C. Everard, R. A. Collingwood, W. F. Collier, and others.

Among handy pocket guides we have a new edition of the *Tourist's Guide to the Continent*, issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company, edited by Mr. Percy Lindley; Mr. Bernard Hounsell's *Coach Drives from London* ("The Road" Office), made up of brief descriptive notes of twelve London coaches, their history, roads, time-table, &c.; and Mr. Percy Lindley's *Walks in Holland*, with map and illustrations.

Among new editions we have Dr. C. A. Buchheim's *Deutsche Lyrike* (Macmillan & Co.), "G. T." series; a new cheap edition of *The Recreations of a Country Parson*, First Series (Longmans & Co.); *Australian Essays*, by Francis Adams (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and Part I. of the re-issue, with illustrations, of *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Gasquet, O.S.A. (Hodges).

We have also received *Bank Acts and Bank Rate*, 1845-91, a paper read before the Institute of Bankers by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *A Review of the Economic Position and Liabilities of the Argentine Republic*, by Major-General A. de C. Scott (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *The Localization of Our Forces Revised*, by Major H. G. Purdon (Gale & Polden); *The Depopulation of English Villages*, by the Rev. Wickham Tozer (Clarke & Co.); *The Church; Invisible, Visible, Catholic, National*, by the Ven. Archdeacon W. Macdonald Sinclair, D.D. (Elliot Stock); *America, as a Field for Investment*, a Lecture by William John Menzies, W.S. (Blackwood & Sons); *A Key to Arithmetic for Beginners*, by Messrs. J. and E. J. Brooksmith (Macmillan & Co.); *Problems in Arithmetic and Mensuration*, by A. Newell (Percival & Co.); *Moral Training*, a paper read before the Froebel Society, by Miss Shirreff (Philip & Son); *Sadducee versus Pharisee*, a "Vindication of Neo-materialism," by G. M. McCrie (Bickers & Son); the *Report* of the City and Guilds of London Institute (Gresham College); and the *Catalogue* of the Borough of Richmond Free Public Library (Spottiswoode & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

Election Chronicle.

THE results of pollings published at various times during yesterday week, and collected in the morning papers of the next day, were awaited with especial interest; for they included county divisions from all parts of the kingdom, as well as Scotch and Irish boroughs. The indication was still of a narrow majority. There were some annoying Unionist losses, the chief as to *personnel* being Mr. FINLAY in the Inverness burghs. Colonel BLUNDELL in his own division of Lancashire was beaten by a Labour —that is to say, a Socialist—candidate. Sir CHARLES HALL'S seat in Cambridgeshire, which had long been known to be doubtful, was lost. The Pembroke boroughs followed the other Dockyards (owing, no doubt, in part to Admiral MAYNE'S death). A person of the name of HUSBAND ousted Mr. STORY MASKELYNE at Cricklade (*i.e.* Swindon), and Mr. LLEWELYN met with unexpected defeat in North Somerset. On the other hand, most of the English counties returned Unionists by sufficient, and often increased, majorities, and four gains in Wales and Ireland almost made up in sentimental, if not in material, value for the six losses elsewhere; while the Irish gains showed that, if a bolder policy had been pursued there, more might have been made still. Sir P. PRYCE JONES won the Montgomery boroughs from Mr. HANBURY TRACY. Mr. PLUNKETT'S victory in the Southern Division of County Dublin was gained irrespective of the Nationalist split, and was particularly gratifying, because it was won from Sir THOMAS ESMONDE, one of the very few Irish gentlemen who have condescended to join the murderous and larcenous riffraff of Nationalism. Mr. KENNY, Q.C., slipped through the Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite horses in St. Stephen's Green, and Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in Derry, was relegated by Mr. ROSS, Q.C., to the quiet enjoyment of that style of feast which, according to his late leader, he is specially suited to adorn. On Friday night Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had spoken with good heart and hope at Rugby, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, merry not quite on the right side of his mouth, at Chesterfield. Result on Saturday morning, with the halfway house of the whole election turned—Unionists (166 + 24), 190; Gladstonians (including Socialists, Parnellites, and Anti-Parnellites), 155.

The results partially made known on Saturday, and summed up on Monday morning, of more than fifty county elections, were less satisfactory, and showed a distinct Gladstonian gain, though on the whole by very small majorities. A Tory, Mr. DANE, had won another Irish seat gallantly in North Fermanagh, but this was the only Unionist win to set against seven Gladstonian gains; two of them—horrible to relate—due to the altered attitude of a Duke, the Duke of BEDFORD, in the polluted neighbourhoods of Woburn and Endsleigh. Mr. WALTER LONG'S defeat at Devizes was also to be regretted, for it was due (as those who have watched the Western counties had seen beforehand) to the most unscrupulous lying. In East Worcestershire Mr. AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN had polled over 5,000 to the 2,500 of Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, whose name in (Home Rule) religion is "Son of the Poet and "Leader of the Liberal Party at Cambridge." As in 1885, but even more so, the Gladstonian successes were obtained almost wholly in the most benighted parts of the kingdom. A very weighty and vigorous speech was made by Mr. BALFOUR in support of Lord CRANBORNE'S candidature at Darwen, while at Battersea, Mr. BURNS, M.P., who had been foolishly complimented by the *Times* on his success, taught that journal a very old lesson ("oignez vilain: il vous poindra"), by informing it that he would "try and wipe out the stain "of the compliment." The Parnellites were getting much the worst of it under priestly influence in the Irish counties. It was announced that a scrutiny had been demanded in Central Finsbury, otherwise Naoroji-Fatihabad, the City of the Victory of Him-Who-Is-Not-Black. Totals on Monday morning—Unionists (190 + 27), 217; Gladstonians, 189.

The pollings (now mostly made known in the afternoon, but still more conveniently summed up morning by morning) published on Tuesday were not very numerous, owing to the incidence of Sunday. The Gladstonian gains were two in number, the Barnstaple division of Devon (where it is probable that a Tory would have made a better fight than Mr. WHITE did in Mr. PITT LEWIS'S place against the Gladstonian carpet-bagger, Mr. BILLSON), and Forfarshire, where Mr. RIGBY, Q.C. (imported according to the curious new rule which leads Scotch Gladstonians to fetch English lawyers to represent them) ousted Mr. BARCLAY—again

a Liberal-Unionist loss. There were no Ministerial gains, but the Unionist majorities were very good. The successes of Sir FREDERICK MILNER in the Bassetlaw division, and of Sir JOHN DICKSON POYNDER at Chippenham, were especially gratifying, because the former's opponent, Mr. YOXALL—a sort of BRADLEY HEADSTONE, or BRADLEY HEADSTONE'S pupil, turned to politics—was a very pestilent kind of candidate, and because Lord HENRY BRUCE'S successor in Wiltshire had had to meet much of the unscrupulous tactics which have nowhere distinguished Gladstonianism more than in the West of England. Mr. GLADSTONE himself spoke in Midlothian, and his observation that "the great majority "of the people of Great Britain were friendly to the "Irish cause" was audacious even for him, inasmuch as the polls recorded when he spoke showed, with the Irish members deducted, a distinct majority against Home Rule. Meanwhile, Mr. BALFOUR had invaded the enemy's country, and was speaking vigorously for Colonel WAUCHOPE'S gallant forlorn (and, as it turned out, not so forlorn) hope at West Calder. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT Harcourted at Eastbourne. Totals on Tuesday morning—Unionists (199 + 27), 226; Gladstonians, 203.

By Wednesday morning the majority of the Government in the last Parliament had, according to the system of counting gains and losses, disappeared, though a majority of Unionists still remained among the members actually elected. This had been brought about by six Gladstonian gains against the Unionist capture of North-West Lanark for the Tories by Mr. WHITELAW. That capture, no doubt, aggravated the ill-temper of the Scotch Gladstonians, which had already found vent in an absurd advertisement in the *Scottish Leader*, raving at the election of Lord WOLMER, and at Lord WOLMER personally, and sputtering with such words as "infamy," "gang of impostors," "foul-mouthed hypocrites," "absolute ninny," "snobs," "Sodom and Gomorrah," &c. This effusion is quite worthy of the party which has identified itself with the methods as with the objects of Irish Nationalism. Of the county seats lost, Doncaster, Chesterfield, Woodstock, and Egremont are most to be regretted; but they were all won by very narrow majorities, and their history shows that they may with proper care be recovered next time. The Home counties showed, for the most part, increased, and those of the West fairly maintained, Unionist majorities. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke on Tuesday at Watford, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (metaphorically speaking) requested the moon and stars to catch his hat at Lymington. The Orange celebrations of the 12th of July went off with no disorder and a good deal of determination. Total on Wednesday morning—Unionists (214 + 31), 245; Gladstonians (of all shades), 227.

The afternoon of the same day was a great one for the announcing of polls; and, unfortunately, it made a very Black Wednesday for England. From all quarters came news of Unionist defeats, balanced only by a somewhat unexpected, but very grateful, win at Hexham—a win all the more grateful inasmuch as Mr. CLAYTON'S success was over a very strong Gladstonian candidate, who had at the last two elections beaten such candidates as Lord MELGUND and Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY. Otherwise the tale was of lamentation, and mourning, and woe, and it was hardly possible to find more than cold comfort in the general good conduct of the Home counties (broken only at Maldon, where Mr. DODD, after knocking at several doors, at last got in), in the effort made by the Haddingtonshire Tories, under the Master of Polwarth, who pulled Mr. HALDANE'S majority down to 296, or even in the disappearance of six-sevenths of Mr. GLADSTONE'S own. For the great total of 4,631 by which Mr. GLADSTONE won in 1885 was reduced to little more than the odd hundreds. This extraordinary result, which is characteristic of the whole election, does the greatest credit to Colonel WAUCHOPE, and has evidently mortified the Gladstonians intensely. But these things were, in a mournful sense, as Bailie JARVIE said in a cheerful one, "sma' sums, sma' sums" to set against such things as the defeat of Lord CRANBORNE at Darwen, of Colonel MALCOLM of Poltalloch, in Argyllshire, of Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT in Roxburghshire, and of Sir EDWARD BIRKBECK in Norfolk. It is pleasant, however, to think that there is once more a DISRAELI in Parliament, Mr. CONINGSBY DISRAELI having beaten his opponent in Cheshire handsomely. A Parnellite, Mr. HAYDEN, had won an Anti-Parnellite seat in Roscommon. On Thursday morning the figures were:—Unionists (233 + 35), 268; Gladstonians (all shades), 266.

The first batch of Wednesday's pollings reported on Thursday afternoon brought the actually returned Gladstonians, first level with and then above the Ministerialists, the tie being reached when the five-hundred-and-forty-second member was returned. There were heavy pollings on Thursday itself, but only a few of the results have been published at the time we write, though at the time this is read more than six hundred members will have been elected. The remaining pollings are spread over some ten days in small batches, ending as usual with Orkney and Shetland. In the polls announced on Thursday afternoon, the most noteworthy were Gladstonian successes at Woodbridge and Skipton, the holding of his seat in Huntingdon by Mr. SMITH BARRY, perhaps the man best hated by the cattle-maimers, Irish and English. The Ayr boroughs, a remarkably see-sawing constituency, went back to the Gladstonians by seven only; and in all Separatism won five seats, three of them from the Liberals. On the other hand, the Home counties stood firm, except Essex; the New Forest, despite the personal blandishments and continued presence of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, altogether declined his candidate; Somerset made some amends for very bad conduct by a large increase of Mr. STANLEY'S majority at Bridgwater; Mr. WYNNE pulled down Sir B. SAMUELSON'S majority gallantly in Oxfordshire; and in Ireland Mr. T. W. RUSSELL completely routed the Nationalist attack. Yesterday morning the numbers stood—Unionists (248 + 39), 287; Gladstonians, 293. The Separatists claimed a total majority of about seventy thousand voters; but in Great Britain were more than that number behind.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The foreign news of this day week was comparatively featureless, the capture of some brigands in Bulgaria being the chief of it.——On Monday the insults to the British mission at Fez, and the reparation exacted by Sir EUAN SMITH, were confirmed; as also, though less definitely, the news of a bad crisis in Afghanistan. But the chief news was of the disasters noted below.——On Tuesday morning communications between Lord KNUTSFORD and the LORD MAYOR were published, on the subject of the St. John's fire, the damage from which, though brought down to more modest proportions, was officially estimated at some million and a quarter sterling, and may well invite the contributions of Englishmen. Eight thousand troops (*i.e.* militia) had been dispatched by the Governor of Pennsylvania to assist Citizen CARNEGIE against his workmen. In France M. CAVAIGNAC, Minister of Marine, had resigned after a hostile interpellation on his conduct of the Dahomey business had been carried, and RAVACHOL was duly executed. Mount Etna had, as Mr. THACKERAY has it, been "erumping."——On Wednesday we learnt that more troops were called out to quell other "Labour" troubles in Idaho. In France the Colonial debates continued; there was a curious nationality case at Bordeaux, the point being to decide whether a British subject (bearing the honoured name of EXSHAW) was liable to

military service or not; and Mme. REYMOND was acquitted for the killing of her rival, in what was once denominated "fragrant delight." Three Victoria Crosses have been given for the fight at Nilt in the Hunza Expedition. They were all well deserved; Captain AYLMER'S and Lieutenant SMITH'S were especially so. ——Foreign news on Thursday morning was small; but there was in the *Times* an interesting sketch of recent events in Equatoria and Uganda.——On yesterday morning authentic intelligence, which we discuss elsewhere, was at last published from Uganda itself. The American Trade-Unionists had been murdering freely in Idaho.

A Week of Disaster. This has been a week of disaster, not only in England. On Monday there was reported a tremendous fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, by which ten thousand persons were said to be made homeless and many millions' worth of property destroyed; another, less, but severe, at Christiansand in Norway; a smaller one at Altona; a boiler explosion in a Lake Leman steamer, with many deaths; a great powder-mill explosion, still more fatal, in California; and, in a different order of things, a reverse to the French in Tonquin, with two officers killed. On Wednesday morning another was added to the singular list of calamities. The Bionnassay glacier of Mont Blanc had broken up, and, after first damming up the Arve, had let it loose upon Saint Gervais les Bains, destroying the hotel there and the greater part of two villages, with, it is feared, very great loss of life.

The Law Courts. On Wednesday the Coroner's inquest in the Lambeth girl-poisoning case was concluded with a verdict against NEILL, the evidence given by Detective-Sergeant MCINTYRE being as strange as anything in this strangest of affairs.——Mr. GAINSFORD BRUCE, Q.C., has been appointed to the vacant judgeship, which will necessitate a fresh election in Holborn.

The Bisley Meeting. The Bisley meeting has been proceeding during the week, with bad weather, and a little hampered by the elections. Cambridge beat Oxford easily for the Humphry Prize on Tuesday, and the Volunteers had the better of the Regulars. The latter were more fortunate in the United Service Challenge Cup next day, winning it very handsomely both from the Volunteers and the Marines. On Thursday the Ashburton Shield went to Charterhouse, and the Spencer Cup to Corporal BELL, of Uppingham.

Yachting and Boating. In a heavy wind at the Royal Western Scottish Regatta yesterday week the *Iverna* again defeated the *Meteor*, and the *Corsair* headed the forties; but next day in the Royal Northern match the German EMPEROR'S boat was at last victorious, and the *Varuna* had her turn among the forties, the *Marjorie* winning a handicap race among yachts not now classed as racers. On Monday the German boat was again behind, and the forties had to follow the *Queen Mab* home. The latter was equally fortunate in very bad weather at Largs on Tuesday, when the first-class race did not fill, the *Iverna* having no antagonist, owing to the *Meteor* having sustained damage on Monday.——It was announced on Monday that Yale would not row Oxford. In the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, on Wednesday, Mynheer OOMS did not compete; but the other Henley foreigner, M. MCHENRY, did, and was easily out-sculled by Mr. CUMMINGS.

Racing. Very little of interest happened on the first day of the Newmarket Second July Meeting. Indeed this might be said of the entire Meeting, though some of the sales of stock were interesting, and the victory of Meddler in the Chesterfield Stakes on Thursday showed a very good two-year-old.

Cricket. Three innings were played in the Eton and Harrow match yesterday week, with comparatively even results; Harrow making 214 and 116 to Eton's 144. Eton, in its second innings on Saturday, was unable to get the runs required, and, indeed, would have made a poor figure save for the slashing play of the captain, Mr. FORBES, who took his bat out for 60; the rest of his side could barely make as much, and Harrow won by 64. On the same day Notts beat Sussex by 91; and some other matches were drawn, owing to rain.——The second Gentlemen *v.* Players match at the Oval was as much interfered with by the weather as the first at Lord's; and, as in that match, the Gentlemen had something the worst of the luck, and a good deal the worst of the play. Their bowling, which was not of the strongest, was completely mastered by their antagonists, of whom SHREWSBURY made to his own bat 151; while on the other side nobody but Mr. STODDART, Mr. READ, Mr. PALAIRET the Oxford captain, and the Cambridge batsman Mr. WELLS, could do anything with LOCKWOOD. In the second innings only the same quartet—Mr. SCOTT being substituted for Mr. READ—were effective, and the Gentlemen were beaten by ten wickets. On the same day Lancashire gave a still more hollow beating to Kent.

Correspondence. This day week Admiral MAXSE showed how fields were won by Mr. BURNS at Battersea, and Sir LINTORN SIMMONS rejoined temperately and convincingly to Mr. GLADSTONE'S discourteous and disingenuous remarks.——On Monday Herr KARL BLIND communicated to the *Times* an interesting foreign view of Home Rule, and Mr. CHAMPION, with beautiful candour, informed Mr. GLADSTONE that, if Labour candidates were disagreeable to him, it was his own fault, as he had taught them that by being disagreeable they could get anything they wanted out of him.——The *Daily News*, which ought to know, says that "it takes an intellect of the first order duly "to appreciate and comprehend Mr. GLADSTONE." In that case we may modestly claim the possession of such an intellect. For Mr. GLADSTONE has replied to Lord GREY in the Protection matter exactly as we predicted he would, by declaring that the twenty years began somewhere about 1842 or 1843. That is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE gave his hearers to understand that he had fought the good fight against H. D. M. S. *Protection* for twenty years till she was captured; but what he meant was, that he had served on board her for more than a dozen, had quitted her with some other rats when she sprang a leak, and had valiantly poured broadsides into her when she was sinking.——There has been correspondence about the conduct of the Headmaster of Rugby in first seconding Mr. COBB, and then prohibiting the wearing of party colours in the school. Dr. PERCIVAL'S defenders do not seem to see that the second of these actions might have been quite right if it had not been accompanied by the first. What is sauce for the goslings is surely sauce for the gander.——On Thursday M. JULES LERMINA, the well-known secretary of that very respectable body the Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale, protested (unnecessarily, but naturally) against the supposition of any connexion between his Society and a certain ingenious confederacy now occupying the attention of the London police-courts.——Mr. HAMOND, the newly-elected senior member for Newcastle, did not cut a very good figure in declining to substantiate his assertion that his junior, Mr. MORLEY, had declared to resign if he did not win by a certain number of votes.

Miscellaneous. Mr. ALFRED MILNER'S appointment as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, in the place of Lord IDDESLEIGH, who had to resign through ill-health, has been generally approved, and Mr. HUTTON'S election as Chairman of the London County Council has been regarded without any interest. ——The MAGNIAC sale has continued without any "fancy" single prices, but with very large daily totals.——A request for a public subscription to a

SHELLEY memorial at Horsham, on the occasion of the SHELLEY Centenary, was published yesterday, influentially signed by Lord TENNYSON and others.——The Duke of CONNAUGHT turned on the Vyrnwy water at Liverpool on Thursday.

Obituary. Lord WINMARLEIGH, who died at the age of ninety, was little more than a name to those politically born since the deluge of 1867. As Colonel WILSON PATTEN he was very well known to the last generation as an active and excellent Tory. With his sometime colleague in the representation of Lancashire, the late Lord DERBY, he did much to make Toryism popular with the lower classes in the county. ——Mr. CYRUS FIELD was almost as well known in England as in America from his exertions in reference to the Atlantic telegraph. In his later years Mr. FIELD was responsible for that loathliest birth of time —the New York Elevated Railway.——Dr. JOHN THOMAS was a very prominent political Dissenter in Wales.

Books, &c. The chief book of the week is a new (third) edition of Messrs. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE'S *Variorum Reference Bible*, one of the handsomest and most convenient single-volume presentations of the Scriptures to be had. The only drawback to it hitherto has been removed in this edition, by the addition of the Apocrypha; and it can now be recommended *sans phrase* and without hesitation.

THE GLADSTONIAN MAJORITY.

IT may as well be said frankly that the result of the second week's polling has been a great disappointment to Unionists. There has, indeed, been still nothing like that sweep which some Gladstonians affected to expect, and which no Unionist who understood the real results of the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1885 could pronounce to be totally impossible. There can be no majority such as those of 1868, 1880, or 1885, and it is possible that, independently of the Nationalists, there will be no majority at all. But after the result of the borough voting, even including the mass of ignorance and greed in the poorer quarters of London, it was permissible to hope that the Gladstonian majority, if it even existed, would be very small indeed. That hope has now, we are afraid, vanished. It is true that, up to the time of writing, not more than 580 seats are accounted for, and that the result is a majority of no more than 6 actual and 40 estimated. But it is too evident that, though things are not as bad as in 1885, the *sancta simplicitas* of the English labourer has not been appealed to in vain; while in other ways the chances of an election quite unprecedented as regards narrowness of contest have gone too much to the Gladstonian side. In the general result there are various minor features of interest. Thus, for instance, the continued necessity in which Gladstonians have been put of going to England for "carpet-baggers," owing to the refusal of Scotchmen of distinction to have anything to do with Gladstonianism, is noteworthy. So is the impression made on the ranks of the Liberals proper by the furious personal rancour of the deserters who follow Mr. GLADSTONE, so the ill-success of fresh candidates of the same party as compared with Tories, so the extremely narrow majorities by which most Unionist seats have been lost, and the immense majorities to spare in many cases on that side, unbalanced by any on the other, except at Merthyr Tydvil, Swansea, and one or two other places. All these are features of the election; and all, it may be said, are characteristic of an election which is not final, where the battle has not been even for the time fought out, and where the elements and conditions of an actual settlement are not present.

These features are, however, less striking than the failure of the Gladstonian sweep combined with the demolition of the Ministerial majority; and though victors and vanquished alike are wont to find the discussion of the ins and outs of an election tedious, some uses of affliction may be picked out of the present contest. It must be obvious to any one who considers the returns, that without the London successes, and those in such English county constituencies as they have succeeded in capturing, the Gladstonians would be nowhere. Upon the English boroughs, large and small, they made, perhaps, the least impression made by any party attacking another party in possession for the last five-and-twenty years. The fact is that in these boroughs something like political education exists, and, unless there is individual neglect, a plain case such as that for the Union can be put with some tolerable hope of success. In the darker quarters of London and in the counties this is not so, and the secret of enlightening them does not seem yet to have been found. The Gladstonian appeal, when it is not to greed or sectarian spite, is nowadays to pure ignorance, and in the districts just referred to it had a wide scope. The Wiltshire labourer who voted for Mr. HOBHOUSE because he was told that if he voted for Mr. LONG he would have to pay three shillings for a gallon loaf; the London workmen and servants who thought that "Home Rule for Ireland" meant the keeping out of Irish labour, or (as it is avouched) that "Home "Rule for London" meant that nobody would have any work to do any more:—those are the people to get at. It is noticeable that both in 1885 and to a less extent now, the chief Gladstonian triumphs have been in East Anglia and in South-Western England, where even partial friends must admit that the intellectually densest part of the population of these islands is to be found. Anybody who, not having the right key, has attempted to unlock the intelligence of a Cambridgeshire or a Wiltshire labourer, and get a new idea into it, may have some notion of the difficulty to be faced. It has been faced by Gladstonians in the ingenious form of "hard lying"—by appeals either to fear or greed. It must be faced by Unionists in other ways. But it has not been faced yet. We have got at the boroughs; we have not got at the counties.

Whatever may be the result, it may be hoped that in any case Lord SALISBURY will, as it is understood that he would prefer to do, adopt the older and better plan of waiting to be defeated on the Address, and not resigning beforehand. The circumstances which made Mr. DISRAELI introduce the modern practice in 1868 were peculiar, and were even, we think, in that case inadequate, nor is anything at all like them likely to reproduce itself on this occasion. Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority in the United Kingdom is still to win, and in any case his force must be such a thing of shreds and patches as has rarely been seen. Contingents from two Irish parties, which have been endeavouring to exterminate each other at the polls, and which would gladly exterminate each other on the pavement; a Labour party which only agrees with itself in avowedly fighting for its own hand and its own pocket, and which is at daggers drawn with every other party and with Mr. GLADSTONE himself, must be regimented and kept faithful if he is to have a majority at all. As for his own personal followers, their composition is not much more encouraging. The majority, no doubt, are "items" who will vote for or against anything just as they are told. But it is said that there are a few men of honesty and brains among them who must be counted with; and it is more than suspected—it may be said to be known—that among the men of brains, if not among the men of honesty, there is to be found exceedingly little affection for Home Rule as such, and a very strong desire to use Mr. GLADSTONE—dead

or alive—as an instrument to bring about quite *other things*—the destruction of the House of Lords, the disestablishment of the Church, some kind of hocuspocus with the land, &c. Now, though the old Liberal party was drained of almost all its honesty and ability combined at the Unionist secession, it is certain that there are some persons who rank as Gladstonians yet who are anything but prepared for some, if they are prepared for any, of these things, and who, moreover, are not prepared to take any scheme, even of Home Rule, that Mr. GLADSTONE likes. Nothing but a Home Rule amendment to the Address will oblige the instant introduction of a Home Rule Bill, and that is what should be aimed at. If Mr. GLADSTONE is going to bring home the garrison of Egypt to coerce Ulster, and to reduce the army in India to strengthen the Nationalists in expropriating the landlords of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, it is, at any rate, desirable that he should have to do it as soon as possible. Let us only hope that the situation may, as we hinted last week that it might, put some backbone into the leaders of what we may soon have to call the Opposition. They have had hitherto to wage a "dull defensive war," and they have waged it fairly, if not extraordinarily well. They have now a much more interesting game to play, a much better opportunity for showing mettle. The extreme narrowness of the recent majorities on the Gladstonian side dictates opposition without mercy to every Minister who puts in for re-election, and to every Government measure that can by any possibility be opposed with a chance of success. There is nothing due to the present Opposition, which has been utterly unscrupulous; and if there were anything due, it would be cancelled by duty to the country. At no previous time has a party come into office pledged to a measure certainly hurtful to the country as such. There is probably not a man in it of intelligence superior to that of Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON or that of Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY who does not know that Home Rule is an experiment fraught with certain danger and possible ruin. He may think it worth running for the sake of office, or for the sake of attaining ulterior objects of his own, but certainly not for itself. Against a party so constituted, every attack that is not dishonourable is lawful, and, fortunately, its constitution makes attack easy. If a Gladstonian Government ever gets afloat, it will start with doting egotism in the captain's cabin, double-dealing and office-seeking on the quarter-deck, greed and ignorance in the forecastle. Every mother's son among Unionists deserves a flogging if he does not do his utmost to sink, burn, and destroy such a craft as this.

A WEEK OF DISASTER.

MISFORTUNES never come singly. This week they have come in battalions. As to the elections, one piece of comfort may be extracted from the remark of Master BILLY SMITH, the hero of a child's book of 1764. A ploughboy of reflective character had observed to BILLY that it was difficult for a poor man to be happy. The sage answered that we can always be happy if we delight in the good fortune of others. Perhaps it is a little difficult for the most detached mind to glow in the reflected warmth of Mr. GLADSTONE and his motley majority. On the other hand, even ROCHEFOUCAULD could not have taken pleasure in the striking misfortunes which have afflicted strangers so diversely, in Newfoundland and in Switzerland. These disasters were purely unpolitical; they were the unavoidable result of the natural working of forces which man can never tame. Fire and water have done their worst; and, in face of their effects, no consolation at all can be found, except in the incidental spectacle of human fortitude. The fire at St. John's, like the calamity of Mauritius, was part of nature's casual spite. Vast numbers of people are houseless, cold, and hungry; so much mischief, so much ruin, a little spark has done. As in the greater—or, at least, larger—accidents of the great London fire, and of that in Chicago, we can only say that a percentage of such accidents must occur in towns built of wood. Probably the almost unwearied benevolence of England, though so frequently and severely tried, will in some degree mitigate the misfortune. It is apt to be most stirred by what is distant and striking in magnitude. The accident on board the Geneva steamboat, hideous and cruel in its effects, was due to human negligence. Modern mechanical science has roused genii which it cannot always command, as well as social spectres which it cannot lay. The calamity near Mont Blanc is one which never could have been averted. Since the Glacial age, at latest, the forces which caused it have been slowly and inevitably maturing. The constitution of the Bionnassay glacier has, in its due time, obeyed the laws of gravitation as necessarily as the smaller runs into the larger drop of rain on a window pane. Just in the same fashion the glacier gradually yielded and rushed into the nearest torrent, carrying away a village with its sleeping people. The village formed a dam, the dam when its moment came burst, wind, water, rocks, broken houses were swept down a gorge, and struck and carried away a large hotel, full of people who had nothing less than death in their dreams. Since the ruin of the Tay bridge we have heard of nothing so terribly sudden and overwhelming. Then the Arve carried everything down, strewing its banks with mangled corpses, battered in some cases beyond possibility of identification. Here the only comfort to be found is in the energy of all who strove to rescue their fellow-creatures, and in the presence of mind of one or two who, suddenly awakened by a prodigy of nature's malevolence, had the courage to discover and the promptitude to use means of escape. We hear of "two o'clock in the morning courage"; here it was shown by the resident physician, who roused his sleeping neighbours and led them through a window to a place of safety, and by the hairdressers in the hotel, unexpected engineers, who improvised a bridge, and rescued a score of lives. Greater energy and pluck were probably not exhibited by Lieutenant MANNERS SMITH and his two comrades who have just received the Victoria Cross. They knew what they had to do, and gallant as was their conduct, they did it with full consciousness and preparation, in face of a known set of dangers, and with the eyes of the world upon them. But the doctor and the hairdressers were suddenly wakened by a noise, and in a confusion of darkness and dread which might well have blinded foresight, paralysed energy, and stifled the desire to save others when their own fate was all uncertain. There is nothing more inspiriting and consolatory than to see men unmastered by the most hideous and unexpected dangers—men, too, whose professions made no appeal to their fortitude. In the midst of so much that is depressing this lesson and example remain as a proof that, in some degree, man is really master of himself and of his fate; that spirit and intelligence will have their stroke even in such a blind night-battle with the laws and forces of the universe. Even by these human consciousness is not wholly overthrown; and, indeed, we can see no other comfort and no other moral in such a disaster.

THE SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

LORD SALISBURY'S letters of congratulation to Mr. PLUNKETT and Mr. KENNY on their victories in Ireland have given expression to the universal feeling among Unionists. Both of the two new members have deserved well of their party and of the State, and their successes, as the PRIME MINISTER well says, will "greatly encourage and strengthen" a minority hitherto almost unrepresented, "the loyal Irishmen "who are not of Ulster," in the struggle that lies before us. Mr. PLUNKETT'S victory is numerically the more imposing of the two, and to have proved that Irish Unionists can anywhere—even in a county division—administer so tremendous a beating to both Separatist factions, that they would have been defeated by a large majority even if they had joined forces, is of course an inspiriting fact. But the capture of a seat in Dublin City itself will naturally produce the greater moral effect of the two, especially when all the incidental circumstances of the success contribute, as in this case, to the enhancement of its significance. It is not worth while to dispute about the "responsi-"bilities" for the defeat of the Parnellite candidate for the St. Stephen's Green Division; and Archbishop WALSH'S denial of the charge of having started the Anti-Parnellite candidate who came in such a very bad third on the poll must of course be accepted. But the indignation of the right reverend prelate is not very intelligible. It implies, if it means anything, that an Irish Archbishop regards it as a reproach to him to have contributed to the defeat of a Parnellite by a Unionist; and, if Dr. WALSH regards this as a reproach, all we can say is that a vast deal of very vigorous clerical denunciation now flying about Ireland is absolutely meaningless. The Archbishop, if he really thinks a Unionist worse than a Parnellite, should issue a circular to his clergy without a moment's delay, for that is certainly not the impression which their addresses are likely to produce upon their flocks. It is not unnatural, however, that he should write in some little disorder on this matter, considering that Parnellites and Unionists now divide the entire representation of the capital between them.

Dublin, however, is not the only, though it is the most conspicuous, scene of Unionist revival in Ireland. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has been dislodged from his seat at Londonderry; the "case of Ulster" has been strengthened by the capture of North Fermanagh, and the loyalism of its chief city has been purged from the single stain which rested upon it by the expulsion of Mr. SEXTON from West Belfast. The county of Antrim and the city of Belfast together now return an unbroken phalanx of eight Unionists; and a good deal of idle talk about the importance of the so-called Nationalist minority in this part of Ireland ought to be thereby silenced. Even in those Ulster constituencies in which Nationalism exists and obtains representation, its position is being challenged. There is a cheering increase on the strength of the Unionist polls in East Tyrone, South Down, and Newry; and the hold of the party over South Derry is more firmly established than ever. On the whole, we have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the election in Ireland. The four seats which were all that we counted upon wresting from the Separatists have already been exceeded by one; and the demonstration that in the two great centres of Irish intelligence and Irish enterprise—in Dublin and Belfast—the spirit of Unionism is gaining ground gives a political import to our successes, which to a party that could under no circumstances expect any great increase of its numerical strength is really of more value than mere numbers. The praise of "moral victories" is often absurd enough in the mouth of the political partisan. There is no sensible man but prefers a majority to a minority when it is to be had, irrespective of the moral import attaching to either. But when it is a question of a minority of nineteen knocking a few votes off a majority of eighty-six, one may reasonably prefer three or four successes of the morally impressive order to twice as many of a less significant kind.

FRENCH NERVES.

AS it has been already said in France, we have the less scruple in giving our opinion that the vote which has just driven M. GODEFROY CAVAIGNAC from the Ministry is a very bad sign. M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN may perhaps attribute the judgment to those disagreeable qualities of the "neighbours and "friends" who have sold firearms to the King of DAHOMEY, to be used against the French. But he will find that our opinion is shared by some countrymen of his, and if he turns it over in his mind he will perhaps see that there is something in it. The Chamber, in a fit of temper and irritation, has passed a vote which might have upset the Ministry, and has caused the retirement of the Minister of Marine. The provocation was given by what turns out to be a very exaggerated report of dissensions between the naval officers and the officers of the colonial troops in Dahomey. It was said that a naval officer had refused to co-operate with the troops ashore, and had given as his excuse an express order from M. CAVAIGNAC forbidding him to land men. In spite of the clearest evidence that the reports had painted the incident very much larger than life, the Chamber voted a resolution in favour of unity of command in Dahomey; which amounted, in fact, to a vote of censure on M. CAVAIGNAC, who has retired.

At the risk of offending M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN we are afraid that we must describe this partial crisis, and the difficulties in Dahomey which gave the excuse for it, as examples of those qualities (we avoid a perhaps more accurate word out of politeness) which have been the ruin of all the colonial enterprises of the French nation. The Chamber hears a very much swollen version of the truth about some friction between the navy and the troops. It immediately raises a cry for unity of command. The Minister explains to no purpose that there is very little truth in the rumour; but as he has the misfortune to be a little high and dry in manner, the Chamber votes for the unity without stopping to ask how it is to be exercised. The general principle laid down by the Chamber is an excellent one—namely, that there must be somebody with the power to direct military operations on the spot, and that the control ought to be left to him. This is very true, but the Chamber would have done better to go a step further. If there must be unity of command on the spot, it is an equally sound rule that a Minister directing a colonial enterprise should be judged by his policy as a whole, and not by individual incidents. If he is to be upset whenever one of the little checks which are inevitable in work of this kind occurs, there can neither be spirit nor consistency in colonial policy. In any case, he ought not to be turned out in a mere fit of temper generated by erroneous reports. The charge against M. GODEFROY CAVAIGNAC is that he ordered the naval officers not to land men, and interfered with the details of the operations. It has not been shown that he did interfere, and it has been proved that he never gave the order in question, but only a general and very sensible direction to the naval officers not to land men on the pestilential coast of Dahomey unnecessarily. But the Chamber would listen to nothing, and M. CAVAIGNAC has been compelled to retire. An incident of this kind—which is by no means the first of late years—explains in part why French colonial adventures

so uniformly end more or less in a fiasco. There can be no possibility of pursuing a policy to which any risk is attached when the Minister who directs it from home is liable to be turned out at a moment's notice by an excited Chamber, which not only does not understand the facts, but will not be taught. The indifference with which M. CAVAIGNAC has been dropped by his colleagues is an instance of another French weakness which is particularly fatal to the pursuit of a definite colonial policy. A Minister who cannot hope for support from his colleagues will risk nothing, and, if the French will believe us, the adage "Nothing venture, "nothing have," applies with particular force to colonial affairs.

In the meantime the course of operations in Dahomey itself is giving another example of what we are really afraid we must call the incapacity of the French for colonial enterprises. Whoever has studied, however slightly, the history of their successive and almost uniformly barren ventures must have noted the curious pendulum swing of them. One day France is all agog for empire, and her officers are ranging in every direction, really with great spirit and ingenuity. Next morning it is all over, and her officers are sitting still looking at the trumpery results of yesterday's fuss indifferently, or are quarrelling with one another. Just at present they are in the state of indifference and squabbles. In Tonquin the "pirates" are masters of the open country and amass fortunes which they invest in China. They keep banking accounts like the King of the Mountain. In Dahomey the garrisons are looking idly on, while King BEHANZIN ravages the country and even burns their posts. The incident which gave rise to the late crisis is typical of the French in their depressed mood. After one of BEHANZIN'S raids, which had been repulsed, a Captain TERRILLON, in command of the troops on shore, signalled to Captain FOURNIER, of the *Sane*, a gunboat on the river which had aided in repulsing Dahomeyans by the fire of her gun, for a landing party of bluejackets. Captain FOURNIER replied that the look-out at his mast-head reported that the Dahomeyans were in retreat. He thought things very well as they were, and that it was a case for remembering the Minister's instructions as to unnecessary landings. We can assure the French, on the strength of an experience longer, more continuous, and incomparably more extensive than their own, that this is not the way to deal effectually with any King BEHANZIN. It may interest those persons in England who are in favour of putting the colonial garrisons under the Admiralty, in order to secure more unity of command, to remark that Captains FOURNIER and TERRILLON are both under the Minister of Marine, and yet that they contrived to fail in co-operating quite as effectually as if their Minister was not one and the same person.

While the rulers of the great nation are disturbed by their nerves, the law courts have been engaged in winding up the consequences of a similar commotion in one of its most insignificant members. Mme. REYMOND has been acquitted for her very deliberate and artfully prepared murder of Mme. LASSIMONNE. French trials, and particularly trials for crimes of this nature, are things which no Englishman can understand. It is better to approach them in the spirit of toleration inculcated by M. DE VOLTAIRE. There are peoples, so M. DE VOLTAIRE says, by whom it is thought moral and proper for an affectionate son to kill and eat his aged parents in order to save them from the inconveniences of old age. This is considered pious in that country, and, if it seems shocking to you, remember that morality is a matter of climate. Let us allow that French trials and French tenderness for *crimes passionnels* are matters of climate. Under the depressing sky of England we should say that Mme. REYMOND had committed a particularly deliberate and cold-blooded murder. Her victim was entitled to no great amount of pity. Mme. LASSIMONNE was manifestly a woman of easy virtue, who wrote letters in a style copied from the worst kind of naturalist novel. She certainly abused her privilege as mistress of indulging in insolence to her lover's wife. This is undeniable; but we cannot agree with the French jury in thinking that it supplied a sufficient reason for acquitting Mme. REYMOND.

From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner had been perfectly well aware of her husband's relations to Mme. LASSIMONNE for some time, and had condoned one offence. She was looking out for evidence to secure a divorce, but was resolved to catch her husband *en flagrant délit*, in order to take advantage of the law which forbids marriage between respondent and co-respondent. On the morning of the murder she had read the account of the DEACON trial. It was probably under the inspiration of that encouraging example that she altered her plans. When in the course of the day she learnt that her husband had an assignation with Mme. LASSIMONNE and where, she put a dagger in her stays and a revolver in a handbag. Then she went to the rendezvous, tempted her husband out by an artful trick, locked the door behind him, and set herself to butcher her rival with a deliberation which was simply horrible. She slashed Mme. LASSIMONNE about with a knife as she lay dying from two or more revolver wounds. All this was proved over and over; but the jury acquitted Mme. REYMOND after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, and the mob in and out of the Court cheered her. When the murder was committed, the sympathy was for Mme. LASSIMONNE, and nobody was disturbed when poor Mme. REYMOND was anthropometrically measured in prison. The victim is dead and forgotten; now the maudlin sympathy is for the murderess. Affair of climate, no doubt. The trial was one of those things which an Englishman, if he is wise, makes no effort to understand, for he will never succeed. One tries to figure to oneself a Red Judge asking the prisoner at the bar whether she did not know that the promises of unfaithful husbands are rarely kept, or counsel for the Crown cracking his joke on the remarkable number of mothers-in-law present in court while he was stating the case for the prosecution. A mill-wheel goes round in one's head at the effort. Affair of climate, again, no doubt. Only, in spite of the ingenious and tolerant M. DE VOLTAIRE, we remain of opinion that a morality which inculcates the killing and eating of your aged parents is a degraded barbarism. What maudlin tenderness for *crimes passionnels* is we are not quite so sure, but it is certainly not the morality of a wholesomely civilized people.

THE ABORIGINAL FREE-TRADER.

TO whom do we owe Free-trade? Sir ROBERT PEEL gave the glory to Mr. COBDEN. Mr. GLADSTONE gives it unreservedly to Mr. GLADSTONE. Nobody else had anything to do with it. "It took twenty of the "best years of my life to break down the system of "Protection." So he spoke at Dalkeith on Tuesday week. The magnificent egotism with which Mr. GLADSTONE absorbs all previous workers and all the general conditions of the problem into himself is imposing and almost overwhelming. That idolatrous self-worship, which has become the ruling passion of his life, reaches, perhaps, its highest expression in the sentence we have quoted. This statement of the matter has not, however, met with universal acquiescence. Lord GREY has protested against it. The clear

and keen judgment with which from time to time Lord GREY, who, we believe, is nearly ten years Mr. GLADSTONE'S senior, intervenes in the most difficult and critical controversies of the time is perhaps less valuable than the dignified image which his life presents of the statesmanship of old age, a statesmanship which reviews the world from a quiet retreat, undisturbed by a turbid egotism and a greedy ambition, surviving the period of life in which they were at least excusable. Lord GREY, in refutation of a monstrous claim, has pointed out, in a letter in the *Times*, that in February and May 1843, Mr. GLADSTONE replied to Free-trade motions of Lord GREY himself (then Lord HOWICK) and Mr. CHARLES VILLIERS, as an advocate of Protection, and that he habitually showed himself, under Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Administration of 1841, far less inclined to even timid advances in the direction of Free-trade than the Minister under whom he served.

Mr. GLADSTONE has unwisely answered this challenge. He says that he does not pretend that he became a Free-trader all at once. He began to be so in 1842, and was denounced by the Duke of RICHMOND in 1843 as showing symptoms of unsoundness. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE spoke ambiguously. He has never done anything else. He was so dissatisfied, he says, with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S tariff reform of 1842 that he tendered his resignation, and withdrew it on considerations, not of Protection, but of general policy. There is nothing improbable in this. Sir ROBERT PEEL, we dare say, had a drawerful of Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignations, as Lord PALMERSTON had twenty years later. It is curious, however, to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE, as he himself reminds us, wrote in 1845 a pamphlet in defence of that tariff of 1842 which he says was so unsatisfactory to him at the time. We have found an opportunity of glancing at the pamphlet—it is called "Remarks upon Recent "Commercial Legislation"—and there is no trace in it of dissatisfaction with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S rate of progress. On the contrary, Mr. GLADSTONE emphatically declined to commit himself to Free-trade as a general principle. "I am," Mr. GLADSTONE then wrote, "a "deliberate adherent of the policy described in con- "temptuous terms as a halting between two opinions." The pamphlet was written in March 1845. Speaking just a month earlier of Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignation on the Maynooth question, Sir ROBERT PEEL said that it seemed to him "almost impossible" that such close agreement on financial questions should exist between two statesmen as had prevailed between him and Mr. GLADSTONE. Could Sir ROBERT PEEL have said this if there had been such acute differences on the tariff of 1842 as to prompt Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignation? Mr. GLADSTONE is subject to hallucinations of memory, and this is probably one of them, like his imaginary conversation with Sir ROBERT PEEL on Sir ROBERT'S own resignation, the impossibility of which we pointed out at the time of his narrating it. As to the twenty years, dating from 1842, which Mr. GLADSTONE spent in overthrowing Protection, it is difficult to find room for them. Mr. GLADSTONE was in office for ten only of these twenty years, 1842–1862. The Administrations of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord DERBY, and in part of Lord PALMERSTON, interpose. Mr. GLADSTONE can make up his twenty years only by picking them up here and there between 1842 and 1874. The truth is, he misconceives his relation to the movements of the time. He does not lead them, he simply exhibits them. Professor TYNDALL somewhere tells how, travelling by railway in France with Mr. CARLYLE, he called his attention to a water-bottle which they had placed on the shelf in front of them. The water, by its alternations of violent motion and stillness, acted as "an analyst of the vibrations of the train." Mr. CARLYLE, he adds, was well acquainted with "the "effects of synchronism in periodic motion," and he was charmed with this illustration of them. Mr. GLADSTONE'S political career is an example of synchronism in periodic motion. On the Free-trade question, and on all others, he has been the water-bottle—or, rather, the water in the bottle—reflecting with the utmost nicety the oscillation of the train of sentiment and opinion by which he is carried along, but not spontaneously moving.

A RESULT OF MR. GLADSTONE'S BLESSING.

IT was the *Scottish Leader*, if we remember rightly—a venture rendered necessary by the "desertion" to Unionism of the chief Scottish newspaper of any mark or likelihood—that Mr. GLADSTONE started on its journalistic career with the doubtful augury of his benediction. Whether it has thriven or not under the burden of that blessing we know not, neither care; but whether it be a success or a failure, its conductors might conduct it without committing gross outrages upon good manners. We are quite aware that it is no easy matter to fight the battle of Gladstonism with uniformly honourable weapons, and that in such an army as follows the member for Midlothian into the field it must be very difficult to escape evil communications and their scripturally attested results. There is no king, as HENRY V. remarks, "be his cause "never so spotless, can try it out with all unspotted "soldiers." The venerable statesman who, although he has ousted an uncrowned king, still professes to champion his cause, can hardly describe it as spotless; or not, at least, with the assent of the Special Commission; and there are, undoubtedly, some very "spotted soldiers" indeed among his following. So that no one would be too hard on a poor Scotch editor who should find his uniform not quite so clean at the end of the campaign as at the beginning. But he need not deliberately roll in the mud, which is what the person in charge of the newspaper blessed by Mr. GLADSTONE has just thought it pretty to do: even at the cost of having to apologize for it afterwards.

It seems difficult to suppose that this person's responsibility for the scurrilous and contemptibly silly abuse of Lord WOLMER, who has had the audacity to attack and capture a Gladstonian seat in West Edinburgh, can really appear to him to be diminished by the fact that he has printed it in his paper as an advertisement. Why, indeed, should he think so? Why should even a Scotchman think that to receive a certain number of bawbees for allowing another man to behave like a ruffian in the columns of your newspaper is any more excusable than using them for that purpose yourself? This precious advertiser in the *Scottish Leader*, for instance, attacks the "foul-mouthed hypo- "crites" who "prate about the PARNELL Freedom," and exclaims "Good Heavens! the conferring of the "freedom of the City on (say) JACK the Ripper could "not have carried with it more shame and reproach "than the election of WOLMER." Now, either the editor of the print in which this comparative study of the shameful appears is himself of opinion that it would have been less disgraceful to make JACK the Ripper a burgess of Edinburgh than to elect Lord WOLMER one of its representatives, or he is not. If he is, his moral position is precisely identical with that of the advertiser—that is to say, that each is equally ready to do a dirty thing, and to endeavour to shift the responsibility of it upon the other; or, in other words, that they share in equal proportions the characteristic qualities of the cad and the coward. If, on the other hand, the Editor does not agree with the advertiser that Lord WOLMER is a less worthy recipient of honour at the hands of Edinburgh than JACK the Ripper, and if he recognizes the comparison for what it is, then it must follow that he sees no harm in printing blackguardism in his newspaper as long as it

is paid for at so much a line. It is not worth while to wade through the flood of Billingsgate which Mr. GLADSTONE'S *protégé* has published in the form of an advertisement. We have already selected its choicest passage, which we leave it to the Gladstonian fellow-citizens of Mr. GLADSTONE'S *protégé* to digest. He has a right to speak for himself, and perhaps from "PAT "the Moonlighter" and "TIM the Cattle-maimer" it would not for him be so very long a descent to the unknown hero whom it is now too late to recommend to the notice of Baillie WOLCOT. But there may be some even of his party who do not share his preference in the matter.

UGANDA.

IT will cause no surprise, in this country at least, that Captain LUGARD'S letter has put an entirely different face on the transactions which, at the beginning of this year, illustrated the humanizing and elevating influence of missionary propaganda on the African races. That one story is good till another is heard was the comment made by most Englishmen—and, we should imagine, even by some Frenchmen—on the wild stories circulated by the Roman Catholic Mission. The other story is to be found in part in Captain LUGARD'S letter of the 11th February, from Kampala, and in another much shorter letter from Captain WILLIAMS, at Bukoba, dated the 7th March. They do not exhaust what is to be said, and it is probable that much will remain to be explained even when Captain LUGARD has despatched his further reports. He himself, though not as yet informed of the charges brought against him by the White Fathers, was obviously looking forward to accusations from them when he wrote. In view of "any statement which may be "made by the French priests," as he words it in his letter, Captain LUGARD thought it well that he should come home so soon as a competent successor could be sent out to replace him. It may very well be the case that the whole truth will not be known till Captain LUGARD has the opportunity he obviously wishes for to state the Company's case in person.

In the meantime two things are made very plain by his letter. The first is, that a great deal of mischief has been done in Uganda by the report that the Company had decided to evacuate the country. We do not at this moment propose to discuss the policy either of the decision or of the publication of the decision. The fact that the report reached Uganda and produced precisely the effect which might be expected is, however, a very important part of the story. The second point is that the Roman Catholic priests, as Captain LUGARD describes them, differ materially from their portrait as drawn by themselves. They are by no means all made of pious compunction and unction—of sugar and spice, and all that's nice. Captain LUGARD asserts that the trouble began after the French Bishop had returned to Mengo with a batch of fresh priests from Europe. They had brought the news that the evacuation had been decided upon, and it was immediately after this that the attacks on the "Protestants" began. Captain LUGARD is manifestly persuaded that these attacks were directly encouraged by the Roman Catholic missionaries. His belief is on general grounds probable, apart altogether from the evidence he had before him. Any Roman Catholic priest of average candour who finds himself in circumstances which permit of common honesty will say that the Church is not only entitled to prevent the teaching of heretical doctrine, but is bound in conscience to do so wherever it can. In Uganda the missionaries may well have thought that there was opportunity to make sure of the interesting souls of MWANGA and his black subjects. It is, when estimating the conduct of the modern Roman Catholic priests, always prudent to remember that they are too often drawn from the most ignorant class of their countries, and that they receive in the seminaries the most artificial education given in the world. When the Roman Catholic priest is also a Frenchman, it is doubly likely that he will be stirring in debatable territory, since his activity may not only serve the Church, but extend the so legitimate influence of France.

The actual result of those intrigues of which Captain LUGARD roundly accuses "Monseigneur the head of the "Catholic Mission" has not as yet been satisfactory to any of the contending parties. MWANGA is an exile, and the Roman Catholic mission is either with him or has taken shelter in the Company's forts. But, on the other hand, we learn that Uganda is still so true to monarchical and Legitimist principles that it regrets its King over the water, and that the Protestants, greatly outnumbered from the first, are in peril of withering away. Thus Captain LUGARD found himself in danger of being reduced to his own following, and left without provisions in the midst of a hostile country. The Mahometans threaten him on one hand, and on the other he is menaced by the "Fubabanji," who appear to be the Uganda heathen high Tory party opposed to all modern innovations. From the letter of Captain WILLIAMS it appears that matters had not got worse between February and March; but they were dangerous enough, and some anxiety will be felt till further news comes.

THE NEW LABOUR PARTY.

IT is not often that the foreign critic of English party politics distinguishes himself by the correctness of his appreciations, and some of his remarks on the results of the present election and their import have been remarkable for ineptitude. Nevertheless, he does occasionally hit the nail on the head, and some of the observations of the German Social Democratic newspapers are in particular very much to the point. These observers see clearly enough that Mr. GLADSTONE and his party have gone just sufficiently far in their coquettings with the Labour party to prepare trouble for themselves in the next Parliament without having gone far enough to derive therefrom any material accession of Parliamentary strength. They have not swept the boroughs as they hoped to do by means of the working-class vote; while, on the other hand, they have saddled themselves with a Labour party which in such a House of Commons as will probably issue from the elections may have many opportunities of embarrassing them. We are not referring only to the Labour members specifically so named, although the increase in their numbers, and the addition to them of such men as Mr. BURNS and Mr. KEIR HARDIE, are facts of some significance. These two last-named members will, no doubt, find their own level, which we venture to predict will, as regards one of them at any rate, prove distinctly lower than he is at present inclined to imagine. Mr. BURNS'S return will not produce the momentous results that he probably anticipates for it; and as for the other high-strung democrat who proposes to treat the "Newcastle "Programme" as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* in the legislative banquet which he announces his intention of preparing for us, he, too, has evidently something to learn of the relative proportions of men and things. These two gentlemen have got to discover some of the difficulties of their new situation, to find out that legislation and the Parliamentary game in general is a much slower game than they think. The entire Labour programme, it will soon be explained to them, is not going to be carried with a rush.

Nevertheless, if they exaggerate their personal powers, it is probable that they do not much overrate

their opportunities. There is no need to assume that the Labour members are men capable of working wonders by force of their own abilities in order to arrive at the conclusion that the Labour party in Parliament will be stronger than it has ever been. To that increase of strength there are many obvious contributories quite independent of the *personnel* and capacity of the specially accredited representatives of the workmen. It is, in fact, their unaccredited representatives that Mr. GLADSTONE will principally have to reckon with. He will have to manage and, if possible, to satisfy all that large contingent of his English supporters whose elections have notoriously been carried by the votes of the labourer, in town or country, and he will have to do this with a nominal majority of, say, forty or fifty, made up by counting in eighty so-called supporters who are themselves entirely independent of the Labour vote, and who do not care two straws whether Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians disappoint Mr. BURNS and Mr. HARDIE or not, so long as they—the aforesaid eighty—are not strong enough to force their own demand into the foremost place. On the other hand, there are probably at least double that number of English Gladstonians, and perhaps a good many more, who are perfectly indifferent, if not secretly opposed, to their leader's Irish policy, but are very deeply impressed by the consideration that the outlook is very uncertain, that the Parliament is likely to be a short one, and that, on the whole, they would prefer not to go back to their constituencies with the disappointing report that they had assisted their leader in the attempt to pass an impossible Irish Bill, but had done nothing for those English electors to whose votes they owed their return.

THE AGRICULTURAL VOTE.

AT this date it seems probable that Mr. Gladstone will be at the disposal of a small majority. We believe this is a more accurate way of describing the situation than the usual formula "Mr. Gladstone will have at his disposal a majority of so many." It is presumable that this majority will combine for the first and possibly the last time to turn out Lord Salisbury's Government, and when that is accomplished "the fun will begin in earnest." There is every indication at present that Mr. Gladstone is convinced he is being returned on the Home Rule "ticket." To the unprejudiced observer, there is every sign that Home Rule has only stiffened the Unionism of all the great centres of intelligent life, and that, excluding the Irish members, Mr. Gladstone has been brought in on the shoulders of the labour vote, of the agricultural vote, and behind these again the temperance cause in England and disestablishment in Scotland have made themselves felt in some of the majorities which have been cast both for and against Mr. Gladstone.

The vote we intend to look into for a little while, is that of the agricultural labourer in England, the hind and crofter in Scotland. It is by far the most solid of the supports which have been given to Mr. Gladstone, and it is also by far the least intelligent. We are fully aware that at the present time it is almost a religious duty "to swear the brains are in the heels," and that it is most unfashionable to insinuate aught against the intelligence of the rural masses. For the time being we intend to speak of such matters as they really are.

The Labour vote is divided into many sections. Where the miners are found, the eight hours has by no means been universally accepted, and no one can say that, taken as a class, the miners have shown themselves ignorant of the very conditions of their existence. Gladstonian candidates and their agents have in this campaign promised "all things to all men"; but if they have told the miners that on their election to power they will change the seams of coal into pure gold, we give the miner credit for disbelieving such an assertion. We cannot acquit the agricultural labourer of a gullibility in his own department, which does not speak well for his intelligence, nor for those who pander to his ignorance. It is notorious that in 1885 in many rural constituencies the candidate was expected to return to his constituents leading the promised cow by the horns, and bringing in his hand the purchase money for the three acres. We have before us as we write one of the most successful agricultural leaflets of the Party of Promises. It has been largely used, and is written in clear, plain, simple English, the only "leaf" we could wish our leafleteers to take from this example. Long words and good arguments, these our masters do not like; and we commend the style, though not the matter, of this production to those who write this class of literature for the Unionist party. The "Liberal Leaflet" under notice bears the number "1558," and is entitled "The Accursed Workhouse or the Happy Home. To the Agricultural Labourers of England," and it is signed "W. Tuckwell, Stockton Rectory, 1891." "My friends," begins this reverend embodiment of truth, "I am about to address you again; for, as the Bible says, 'your salvation is nearer than when you first believed'" (we presume in 1885?) Having stated that, in spite of "mismanaging friends and malignant foes," their prospects are better than "when I began to preach to you six years ago," he draws what he calls two pictures of "John Hodge" and of "Jacques Bonhomme." Hodge is depicted ending his days in pauper uniform breaking stones; all his life, by this account, he has been heaping up money for the landowner, who stood idly by and confiscated the proceeds of his toil. We are then directed to the Frenchman, who is represented as living in a garden of Eden, consisting of "16 acres of land," with money in the bank and excellent food on the table. The picture is painted in glowing colours, and the reader is bidden to realize before all things "that the misery of John Hodge and the happiness of Jacques Bonhomme are due solely and entirely to the land systems of England and of France." No allusion is made to the difference in the respective soils and crops, nothing is told to "Hodge" of such facts as are found in every book on the French agricultural system. We believe a leaflet composed from Lady Verney's *Peasant Proprietors of Auvergne* might form a salutary course of reading, after the agricultural labourer has discovered how little "his faithful friend Tuckwell" is capable of fulfilling his promises. But the reverend gentleman does not conclude with these contrasted pictures, he goes on to draw a moral worthy of his profession and the age we live in. He says the French *bonhommes* did not gain all these advantages till "they rose against their tyrants, drove them into exile, or chopped off their perfumed heads." Why "perfumed," we wonder? Hodge must have debated what political crime was hidden beneath this dark word. "Now," continues this missionary, "we do not propose to guillotine the Dukes of Buccleuch, Sutherland, and the rest; but we *do* propose in the interest of the whole community to compel from them such a restitution of the land," &c. It is to be wished that the above-named Dukes could place Mr. Tuckwell on the lands they hold as they were before they reclaimed and improved them, and see what he and Hodge could make of the "allotments" of bog. For such liars there is no remedy in this political world but letting their lies sink in. If the impossible is promised, the fruit of disappointment begets the spirit of revenge, and the party which rides in on the strength of such unsound political economy, such baseless assertions, such unblushing falsehood, must, when discovered, have the heavier fall. These questions must be fought out, and the sooner the campaign is opened the better for the integrity and honesty of a very vast mass of the electorate. We do not fear to say that the Unionist party must in the end prevail if they face the facts brought out in these elections in the spirit of statesmen, and not of mere political and party wirepullers.

These classes can be educated, and are worth the pains, but the education must go forward, not only in the stress of the election campaign, but "in season and out of season," by leaflets, by human and kindly intercourse, by meetings held at the cottage fireside, in clubs, and in the market-place, and the task which just now seems somewhat hopeless will, when accomplished, bear a rich reward. The old stronghold of the Radicals was in the great manufacturing towns; to-day they stand like strong fortresses, untouched by the enemy's shell, triumphant in their Unionism. The causes which have operated in this way are not far to seek, and give a great encouragement to those who are looking anxiously ahead at the prospects of our Imperial Empire.

ETON *v.* HARROW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the science of cricket is now far more appreciated than formerly, there still remains a vast number of persons who derive keener enjoyment from watching a boys' match than from the most faultless play in Gentlemen *v.* Players. To such as these, always supposing that they were not in the position of hot partisans, and that their "withers were unwrung" by the defeat of either Eleven, the match between Eton and Harrow last week must have given unqualified delight. There was not a dull moment in the whole of it; surprises followed each other in quick succession, and the fortunes of the game swayed backwards and forwards. Neat catches and outrageous misses; smart fielding and balls "through his legs"; hard hitting and neat cutting; clever run-outs and hairbreadth escapes; overs when every ball beat the batsman, and overs when the same bowler was freely smacked to the boundary—these characteristics were the exclusive property of neither Eleven, and the honours and demerits of them were amply shared by both. The skies, too, were propitious; for, except that the wind the first day was a little too high, two better days for cricket could hardly be desired. The spectator might also be pleased that the boys were so considerate in the way of regulating their innings, for Harrow completed their first just before lunch, and their second almost exactly at the call of time. The score of 474 runs made on the Friday for the fall of thirty wickets, shows that the hitting must have been brisk, and no time unduly lost. Harrow won the toss and went to the wickets; but in the first two balls Barlow, their captain, and Ferris were dismissed by Forbes, the Eton captain and fast bowler. This was a disastrous beginning, with a strong likeness to that of Oxford in the Universities match. Like Oxford, however, they were not to be intimidated, and Bosworth-Smith and Clayton, Paine and Philcox made runs steadily. Still, with five wickets down for 82, it did not look as if a big score would be reached. As has often happened before, however, the Harrow tail had plenty of "wag" in it; and not only Woodward and Rome, but Torrens and Rudd, from whom little was expected, put on runs, the innings closing for 214. Porter was beautifully caught by Lane-Fox at short slip. A terrible list of 28 extras swelled the amount, and Forbes, notwithstanding his beginning, only took three wickets at the cost of 64 runs, and how many byes who shall say?

Eton began their innings after lunch, and, though Hoare's wicket soon fell, Bromley-Martin and Studd carried the score to 52 before they were separated. Pilkington and Lane-Fox did little; but, with Bromley-Martin well set and Forbes hitting hard, it looked as if the Harrow score would be collared. With the total, however, at 114, Bromley-Martin was smartly caught and bowled by Rome. He was missed by Barlow at cover-point when he had made 53; but altogether had played a fine innings of 68 runs. Then came the difference between the Harrow and Eton tail. Whereas the former put on 132 runs after the fall of the fifth wicket, the latter only achieved 28 runs, the last three wickets being bowled clean by Rudd, and the total reached being only 144, or 70 runs behind.

Harrow began their second innings soon after five o'clock, when, though the light did not appear bad, the wicket was undoubtedly worn. To this cause, in a great measure, must be attributed the ill-success of the batsmen, for, with the exception of Bosworth-Smith, none of them were able to play the Eton bowling, which, for the same reason, became much more difficult. Forbes again obtained three wickets, this time at a cost of 40 runs, but Lane-Fox took four wickets for 18 runs, and Cobbold two wickets for 12. Even with this excellent analysis Lane-Fox had bad luck, for ball after ball completely beat the batsmen, and almost grazed the stumps. Hoare was expensive, and only took one wicket for 29 runs. Here again the Harrow tail materially assisted, and the last two wickets put on 41 runs, bringing the total to 116 runs.

On Saturday morning, when Eton addressed themselves to the task of making 187 runs, no one gave them credit for being able to make them. Subsequent events, however, showed that they might have done so if they had not wantonly thrown wickets away. With the score at 5, Studd foolishly ran himself out, and this seemed to have a discouraging effect upon the players, who played Rome and Rudd in the timidest manner. Six wickets were down for 26 runs, and it was not till Bircham joined his captain that the bowling was played with spirit. Bircham batted in good style, and Forbes hit prodigiously to all parts of the ground. Unfortunately, he played as if he was playing against time, and as if the runs must be made in the shortest possible period, so that disasters naturally happened. Cobbold had been already run out, and now Bircham, the only man who was likely to keep up his wicket, fell a victim to a similar cause. These three run-outs probably lost Eton the match, as most likely the Cambridge Eleven lost theirs for the same reason in their first innings. The rest is soon told. Forbes could get no one to stay with him, and the innings closed for 122 runs, Forbes carrying out his bat for a hard hit 60. Harrow thus won by 64 runs. Viewed as an entertainment, as we have said, the game was a complete success, but as an exhibition of cricket by two of our great public schools it was disappointing. Forbes, Bromley-Martin, and Bosworth-Smith as batsmen may be heard of hereafter, but the others gave no great evidence of power. Rudd, Rome, and Lane-Fox may be useful as bowlers hereafter, and Robertson, the Eton wicket-keeper, was fair. The fielding of neither Eleven was up to the mark, and for this there is no excuse. With the exception of Winchester, who this year have an extremely strong Eleven, it does not appear that the older schools are holding their own at cricket, and this is borne out by the list of schools represented in the Universities match. Malvern are reputed the strongest of all; Clifton and Cheltenham are certainly nothing much; while Rugby and Marlborough we shall know more of when they play their match at Lord's in the next fortnight. We incline to think that sticking too long to one professional is not to the interest of a school's cricket, and that interchange of the services of these useful functionaries would be very desirable. We have so often contrasted Harrow captains in these columns with those of Eton, to the disadvantage of the latter, that it is fair to say that Forbes displayed a personality which we have not seen for some years on his side. He changed his bowlers and shifted his field with ability and cleverness; we wish we could have added that he set his Eleven an example in not missing catches, and that he had kept his head cool at a crisis of the match.

The Committee of the M.C.C. are to be congratulated on the facts that they have had the courage to acknowledge the failure of the plan adopted last year for the allotment of seats, and that they have fallen once more into the old paths. All worked smoothly, and we hope that there will be no such ill-considered innovations in the future. Now that that difficulty is disposed of, we hope that they will have leisure to turn their attention to the better provision for luncheon for their members. Time was, when carriages were more numerous, that a hospitable entertainer could entertain an unlimited number of friends at his carriage. The present system of lunching at tables under a tent, or on the asphalte tennis court, is undoubtedly more comfortable, but has this disadvantage, that the number of guests is limited to the size of the table, and that the party is, as a rule, made up beforehand. An increasing number of members are therefore now obliged to throw themselves upon the resources of the Pavilion, and here the preparations for their reception are but scanty. No one coming with the object of seeing cricket, as all members of the M.C.C. no doubt do, expects, or would order, a sumptuous lunch in the club, but he does object to be served by not too courteous barmaids with second-class food and drinks at first-class hotel prices.

SCIENCE AND SONG.

ON Tuesday afternoon M. Maurel delivered, upon the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, a discourse embodying some further results of his scientific researches on the Art of Singing. The lecture proved to be a continuation of that delivered in Milan a few weeks ago, and already summarized in these columns. The thread of his argument left off on the former occasion, it may be remembered, by the enunciation and development of the proposition that "Singing lies in the relations between the three properties of vocal sound—namely, pitch, power, and timbre." It is unnecessary to enter into any explanation of this exceedingly important dictum, itself a generalization from a vast number of scientific facts and practical observations, because the full text of the lecture has since

been published under the title of *Le Chant rénové par la Science*. The Lyceum address carries us a stage further in the direction of practically applying the foregoing axiom to the study of singing. We shall give a very condensed summary of M. Maurel's remarks on this occasion, and then offer some observations of our own upon the whole question.

He divided his matter into two parts, dealing with two distinct subjects. (1) The forms of vocal production; (2) The defects of existing systems of teaching from a scientific point of view. A word of explanation here. At first sight the sequence of thought is not very clear; but it must be remembered that we have as yet only portions of a complete argument, detached links in a chain of reasoning, the full significance of which remains obscure for lack of a conclusion. What M. Maurel has in view is, to establish on a logical basis his new method of treating the voice. To this end it becomes necessary to analyse and classify the sounds emitted by the voice—the products of the act of phonation. They fall into two broad categories, determined by the presence or absence of two cardinal attributes—modulation and meaning. Every series of sounds either presents such variations of pitch as use and nature have made agreeable to the ear, or it does not. In the former case the sounds are called "modulated," in the latter "unmodulated." Modulated sounds are commonly comprised under the term music. Similarly all sounds produced by the voice either present such variations of timbre as convey a definite meaning to the brain, or they do not; they are either significant or not significant. The former we call words. Now, putting these two distinct but co-ordinate categories together, we get four classes of vocal production:—

(1) Both musical and significant = singing.
(2) Musical, but not significant = song without words.
(3) Significant, but not musical = spoken words.
(4) Neither significant nor musical = grunts, groans, &c.

When, however, we come to the act of phonation itself all these distinctions disappear; for each of the four classes of vocal sound is produced physiologically in precisely the same manner. In considering them, therefore, from a practical point of view, since we cannot ascribe to each a distinct act of phonation, we must regard them in the light of the three properties of vocal sound—the pitch, the power, and the timbre. Each class of vocal production involves a different adjustment of those properties.

Having thus analysed the products of the voice, and indicated the rational basis on which each must be dealt with, M. Maurel passed on to consider the defects of existing systems. He began with that known as the *coup de glotte*, or sudden attack. It has long enjoyed a great name, and, though freely criticized by some authorities, still numbers many partisans. The essential point of this system is that the act of phonation shall begin by a sudden and complete closure of the glottis. The vocal cords are first abruptly brought to a maximum condition of extension and approximation, and then subsequently relaxed and separated to the degree required by the pitch of the note to be issued. The objections to the method are many and grave. It involves two movements instead of one. It is contrary to nature's plan, which is to bring the cords from a complete state of relaxation and separation gradually up to the required degree of extension and approximation. It results in a sort of explosion, which is out of keeping with the utterance of all softer emotions. In the case of words beginning with a consonant it involves a pause between the sounding of the consonant and of the vowel following, and it destroys the continuity of sound in the emission of a succession of words. Not less defective from a scientific point of view is the prevailing system of practising exercises, all on one vowel. The student becomes accustomed to combine that particular timbre, and that only, with different degrees of pitch and power; and when he is called upon, in the exercise of his profession before the public, to employ other combinations, he is at fault.

Such is M. Maurel's position, briefly and imperfectly outlined. To pronounce a conclusive judgment upon it in this stage would not be wise, even if it were possible. But, so far as he goes, we confess to being equally surprised and pleased with what he has given to the public. His views appear to us both new and sound. They are founded on scientific facts, which were indeed known before, but have never been so luminously handled. This especially applies to the doctrine of the relations between the three properties of vocal sound and their bearing upon singing. It is absolutely true that each of these three properties depends upon the position and shape of the organs and cavities of the air passages, and that modifications in any one of the three necessarily involves modification in the others. Yet no one has ever before perceived the extreme importance of these facts in relation to the practice of singing. It is one of those flashes of inspiration, which seem so obvious that people wonder why they never thought of them before, but which are really the outcome of laborious study. The theoretical interest of this discovery—for that is what it amounts to—is unquestionable. Everyone knows singers who cannot sing loud without getting out of tune; others who cannot sing *piano* without the same defect; others, again, who have a difficulty with certain syllables on certain notes; yet others whose voices at a certain point of pitch and loudness lose all their agreeable resonance and become reedy, cloudy, or harsh; and, finally, a large body of singers, great and small, who have "holes" in their voices—that is, certain points in the register where power and timbre both fail. It is delightful to have all these and many other familiar phenomena scientifically explained, as M. Maurel's theory has for the first time explained them.

With regard to its practical importance, on which he naturally lays most stress, here, too, we think his confidence justified, although we approached the subject in a spirit of the most hardened scepticism. Previous attempts to apply the facts of science to the practice of the art have proved either barren or injurious. Even if science were in possession of much fuller knowledge than is the case, that knowledge could not be directly applied. Of what earthly use is it to know that in order to produce a certain note the singer must contract his crico-thyroid and lateral crico-arytenoid muscles, even if those names represent to his mind anything more than mere words? As well expect to master the spot-stroke by studying the muscles of the forearm, or to break the mile record by fixing the mind on the gluteus maximus. The will does not act directly on the crico-thyroid or any other muscle, but indirectly through an automatic mechanism, which translates a desired effect conceived in the brain into a nerve impulse. In order to put your laryngeal muscles in action you have first to conceive the desired effect, which can be done just as well by the ignorant as by the learned. And the entire process of voice production is simply a series of muscular movements, over which scientific knowledge gives no direct control whatever. To speak quite plainly the parade of anatomical and physiological terms with which it is now thought necessary to embellish every singing "method" is a piece of nineteenth-century humbug. What M. Maurel has done, however, is something quite different. He has not taken the anatomical and physiological facts and applied them direct; indeed, his utterances are almost entirely free from all technical terms. But he has taken the facts and drawn from them certain generalizations, which may well be applied in practice with advantage, if not by the pupil, at any rate by the teacher. The difference—*parvis componere magna*—is similar to that between the bare facts of natural history and the generalizations which Darwin drew from them.

MONEY MATTERS.

As was to have been expected, the dividends declared by the Joint-Stock banks for the first half of the year generally show a considerable falling off. That of the London and Westminster, in particular, is the lowest that has been declared since 1875, being at the rate of only 13 per cent. per annum, against 16 per cent. per annum twelve months ago. The London Joint-Stock and the Union also show a falling off, their dividends being 10 per cent. per annum in each case compared with 12½ per cent. twelve months ago. It will be seen that the three greatest purely metropolitan banks have especially suffered during the twelve months. The City Bank declares a dividend of 10 per cent. against 11 per cent. twelve months ago; but the Consolidated and the Imperial are able to maintain their rates. It is noteworthy that the discount Companies have been able to keep up their rates of dividend, and so likewise have the country banks, speaking generally. The causes of the great decrease in the profits of the metropolitan banks, and particularly of the greater ones, are notorious. The half-year has been marked from beginning to end by stagnation in every form of business, and more particularly by an utter paralysis

of speculation. Money has accumulated in London in extraordinary amounts, and as there was no speculation, less legitimate business and very much lower prices, the demand for loanable capital was smaller than for a very long time. Consequently the rates of interest and discount fell heavily. For a considerable time, indeed, the joint-stock banks were paying higher rates for the money they received on deposit than they were able to obtain when employing that money. For instance, even at the present time they are allowing 1 per cent. on deposits; but the discount rate in the open market ranges only from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., and rarely can the banks get more than $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Furthermore, the banks find it difficult to lend for short periods at even $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; consequently there is a loss where the banks employ money deposited with them at interest in discounting bills or in lending to bill-brokers. Of course the banks employ in that way only a portion of the money deposited with them. As much as possible is lent upon the Stock Exchange or invested in securities. Unfortunately for the banks, however, the Stock Exchange demand has been exceptionally slight all through the half-year, and has been growing less and less, so that it has not been possible to lend all the funds available, and the rates received have been steadily declining. The main source of profit to the banks, therefore, has been either from lending at higher rates to trading customers or from investments. As the volume of trade has declined, and as prices have dropped, smaller and smaller amounts of money have been required for doing the same quantity of business. The money so withdrawn from trade has accumulated in all the banks, and the banks have thus been compelled to invest their deposits so as to earn dividends at all. Probably it is true, likewise, that some portion of the decline in the dividends is due to the larger reserves the banks now keep. In the long run the banks will find this a benefit, because they will be stronger in periods of anxiety, and so they will thus increase general confidence. But immediately, no doubt, the holding of much larger sums of money in reserve—that is, without earning anything—compels the banks to declare smaller dividends. The effect of the increase in the reserves is aggravated, of course, by the general stagnation in business. If the banks had been able to employ the available portion of their money at good rates, the consequences would hardly have been felt; but, when they were obliged to lend at such very low rates, every addition to their unemployed money told more and more heavily upon their profits. The discount houses have reduced more considerably than the banks the rates they allow upon deposits, and so left themselves a larger margin for profits, and the country banks do not vary their rates as considerably as the London banks do, not being exposed to the same keen competition. There is little probability that business will become very active for some time yet. The failure of the New Oriental Bank has renewed apprehension, the state of the Continent is disquieting, and the progress of the elections is adding to the general uneasiness. It is not probable, therefore, that the money market will become active until the beginning of autumn.

A couple of the largest joint-stock banks have been trying to support the money market by refusing to take bills from the bill-brokers at less than $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. The attempt, however, is not likely to be very successful, for business of all kinds is utterly stagnant, the elections having greatly increased the prevalent depression. Loanable capital is exceptionally abundant, and is likely to increase. No doubt there will be an improved demand in the autumn, as there always is; but it is very improbable that there will be much increase in activity for two or three months, as holiday-making will begin as soon as the elections are over.

The silver market is quite disorganized, and apparently another fall is inevitable. The United States House of Representatives has refused to consider the Free Coinage Bill passed by the Senate, and so has removed some of the apprehension that prevailed. But, on the other hand, the outlook for silver itself is becoming gloomier and gloomier.

All through the present year the stock markets have been depressed and inactive; but since the elections began the stagnation has been greater than ever. Brokers report that never in their recollection have they done so little, and there is little prospect of improvement for some time to come. It seems certain now that there will be a change of Government, the holidays are beginning, and trade is very quiet; while all spirit of enterprise is absent. In the United States, too, business is as dull as here at home. True the rejection of the Free Coinage Bill by the House of Representatives on Wednesday somewhat encouraged speculators for the rise; but they are not likely to extend their engagements while the result of the Presidential Election is uncertain. The election is being fought mainly on the question of Free-trade or Protection, and the issues are so very grave that every one will naturally wait for the result before committing himself deeply. Then, again, there is evidently widespread apprehension respecting silver. Something must be done before long, but what that something will be nobody can say, nor whether a solution can be found that will prevent a crisis. Lastly, trade is bad. The one favourable circumstance is that the reports concerning the growing crops are decidedly good. The harvest will not be anything like the bumper harvest of last year, but it will be a good one; and two good harvests in succession ought to have a stimulating influence upon trade. The Continental Bourses are hardly more cheerful than the Stock Exchanges of this country and the United States. All hope of a settlement of the Portuguese debt is now abandoned; there are grave fears that Spain also will default, for the finances of the country are growing worse and worse; there is no improvement in Italy, and the reports from Russia continue very disquieting. Apparently the crops in several of the provinces will again be very bad; and if there is a second year of famine the consequences, political as well as economic, must be very serious. The spread of cholera, too, following upon the famine fever, is increasing the difficulties of the Government. Naturally, therefore, people are asking whether all the houses that brought out the last Russian loan in Paris will be able to hold their ground, and a question of the kind naturally checks business. The state of the Far East, too—more particularly China—is very bad; and if there is another heavy fall in silver it will be made worse. On the other hand, we may hope now that the crisis in Australasia is nearly at an end.

Although trade has suffered from the elections, yet the Home trade continues wonderfully good, as the railway traffic returns undoubtedly show. The railway dividends so far announced are very satisfactory. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company declares the same dividend as a year ago. So does the Metropolitan, while it gives a bonus of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. on the Surplus Lands stock. The London and Brighton Company declares a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., against $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. twelve months ago, but then it carries forward 10,000*l.* less. The Tilbury declares a dividend of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., against 2 per cent. twelve months ago. But the South-Eastern declares only $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., against $2\frac{1}{4}$ twelve months ago.

The Transvaal Loan has been a great success, having been tendered for more than twenty times over in this country alone.

Consols, owing to Sinking Fund purchases, have risen $\frac{3}{16}$ during the week, closing on Thursday afternoon at $96\frac{13}{16}$, but Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed at $97\frac{1}{4}$, a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of $\frac{1}{8}$, and New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at $93\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the Home Railway market the greatest movement has been in South-Eastern stocks, the dividend being regarded as very disappointing. The Ordinary closed on Thursday afternoon at 115, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and the A stock closed at $73\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $4\frac{1}{4}$. Great Western closed at $165\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and North-Western closed at $174\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$. In the American market there was some depression early in the week, and recovery on Thursday. Milwaukee shares closed at $84\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{8}$; Illinois closed at 104, a rise of 1. In other stocks there has been little movement. Argentine railway stocks have again fallen heavily. Argentine Great Western closed on Thursday afternoon at 49–51, a fall of 3 compared with the preceding Thursday. Central Argentine closed at 61–3, also a fall of 3; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 63–5, a fall of 5; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 118–20, a fall of 5. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 65, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 57, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. In the foreign market, with the exception of Portuguese, which closed on Thursday at $23\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$, there is an almost unbroken fall. Egyptian Unified closed at $95\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; French Rentes closed at $97\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of

½; Spanish closed at 62 9/16, a fall of 1¼; the Greek Monopoly Loan closed at 56½, a fall of 2½; Greek Rentes closed at 52, a fall of 3; and the Greek Loan of 1884 closed at 69½, a fall of 4¼.

HENLEY.

SEE Henley and die—from the effects—was the verdict on the first day of the Royal Regatta. The morning put on a treacherous semblance of sunshine and fine weather, and then, when we had all issued forth in excellent temper and summer suits, turned again and drenched us. From about one o'clock steady rain fell till evening, sometimes with greater, and sometimes with less vigour, but always rain. The river, therefore, was comparatively little patronized during the afternoon, while the hotels were filled to overflowing, and might well have blossomed forth into placards of "Standing room only," like a popular theatre in the height of the season. The few who stood to their guns—or, rather, their boats—just served to intensify the misery of the outlook by adding a touch of pathos to the scene as they wandered to and fro, ridiculously wet, and, for the weather, ridiculously clothed. On the rare occasions when the great river picnic consents to be fine, it is a uniquely charming spectacle. When, as happens in three years out of every four, there are really soaking days to be faced, the Englishman may very well be excused for taking his pleasure sadly, if at all. Anything more ludicrous than the sight of house-boats hung with drabbled lengths of soaking Liberty silk, ladies in the thinnest of summer dresses striving to shelter themselves from rain under diaphanous lace parasols, and men in flannels partially draped in flapping macintosh capes, with the ends dragging in the water, striving to master a wayward canoe in imminent danger of collision with all sorts and conditions of craft, is almost impossible to conceive. The few bold ones, with no wraps at all, sitting in pools of water, and apparently quite content to be wet, seem less pitiable than these poor imperfectly-sheltered things. The racing, to turn to a less important item at Henley, was on the whole uneventful, though there were one or two surprises, especially in the Diamonds, in which both the foreign competitors were successful in their several heats, McHenry of Paris beating Farrell of the London Rowing Club, and Ooms of Amsterdam the holder, Vivian Nickalls. The latter result was a distinct surprise to most people, especially as the victory was easily won; but it must be remembered that Nickalls was very much out of condition and had been unable to get himself "fit" during training. Still we were ourselves rather astonished to see him toil in through the drizzling rain some lengths in the rear of his opponent. As was expected, Leander won their heat against First Trinity in the Grand and Thames theirs against London, while in the Ladies' Third Trinity beat Eton and Balliol Radley, the latter after a very plucky struggle and only by a quarter of a length. This was the only race on the first day which appeared to evoke much enthusiasm from the dripping spectators. In the Thames Plate, Balliol had already beaten London earlier in the day, and Jesus College, Cambridge, had little difficulty in doing the same with the Henley Rowing Club. In the first heat for the Wyfold Molesey beat Queen's, whom many people had thought the better boat. For the rest, Cumming won his heat in the Diamonds against Hudson; Thames theirs, in the Stewards', against Third Trinity. In the Thames, in which no less than four heats were rowed on the first day, Trinity, Dublin, beat Twickenham, and Molesey the Thames Rowing Club.

If the first day of Henley was cursed with rain, the second was not less cursed with wind, which steadily increased in violence all day, till by the end of the afternoon it rose to a stiff gale. Such a wind blowing right down the course amply accounted for some of the almost ludicrously slow times that were registered. A little rain fell in the middle of the day; but the afternoon was wholly given up to wind, and, though uncomfortable, was dry and even tolerably warm. The first race of the morning, the third heat of the Ladies', was won by Third Trinity, who defeated the holders, Balliol. In the first heat of the Visitors, which followed, Jesus unfortunately fouled a pile, and so left the race to Queen's. In the second heat of the Stewards' Thames, with Muttlebury at stroke, as was expected, beat London, and Molesey did the like in the Wyfold, while Trinity, Dublin, in the same race beat Thames. In the first heat of the Goblets, which fell just after the luncheon interval, the two Oxford pairs met. Vivian Nickalls and W. A. L. Fletcher rowing as O.U.B.C., while Robeson and Guy Nickalls entered as Leander. The former had little difficulty in winning, while later in the afternoon Muttlebury and Clarke defeated with even less difficulty the two Thorns. This left V. Nickalls and Fletcher and Muttlebury and Clarke in for the final on Thursday. The second race was rowed just when the gale was at its height, and rollers of quite ambitious size were threatening to swamp everything and everybody, which no doubt accounted for the ease with which the Thames Pair won. Their weight would be of enormous assistance to them in such circumstances. In the fourth heat of the Diamonds, Boyd of Trinity College, Dublin, beat Cumming of the Thames Rowing Club, while in the fifth the Hollander Ooms paddled in unlimited lengths in front of McHenry of Paris, stopping at intervals to look round and survey the scene while his opponent toiled on behind. In the third heat of the Ladies', First Trinity beat Trinity, Dublin, while in the Stewards', rather to the surprise of most people, Royal Chester beat B.N.C. In the Thames fifth heat Jesus, Cambridge, beat Balliol, and in the sixth Molesey, the holders, after a magnificent struggle in the roughest of wind and water, were beaten by a quarter of a length, by Trinity College, Dublin. This was the only really exciting race of the day, and came as a *bonne bouche* at the very end of the day's racing. Considering the disgusting state of the weather and the discouraging prelude of Tuesday, a fair number of spectators were to be seen on the river during the day; but the enjoyment was of a questionable order for every one but the house-boat owners, who could sit comfortably out of the wind and forget that there are such things as regattas. Of beauty there was little or none; for high wind is the least becoming of nature's moods, and discouraged, we suppose, by Tuesday's experiences, pretty toilettes were few and far between. The music of the various strolling musicians was unutterably infamous and of the usual narrow range of theme and subject. Finally, we all went to bed determined to give Henley one more chance before we turned our backs upon her for ever. The final day of the Regatta went some way towards reconciling us to river picnics in this benighted climate, but hardly far enough. The weather, however, had at least the grace to improve pretty steadily during the day; and, though the wind was very nearly, if not quite, as strong as on Wednesday, the sun shone bravely all the afternoon to dry the bunting, and the mere spectacle was pretty enough. The violent gusts spoilt the racing a good deal, and even decent steering in the case of the coxwainless crews was difficult, if not impossible. At least there was exceedingly little of it to be seen, except in the Diamonds, when Ooms had so little difficulty in paddling away from Boyd that he was able to pause and look round every few strokes, and so keep his boat straight. The final for the Sculls, therefore, was the reverse of exciting, and so, for the first time in the annals of Henley, the Diamonds have gone out of the country. Many foreign competitors have entered for them in the past, but none successfully till Holland sent her champion. We congratulate all foreign countries severally and collectively, but hope it will not be taken as a precedent. After his victory over Vivian Nickalls on Tuesday the result had been almost universally foreseen; but whether, if Nickalls had been in good health, the issue would have been the same is doubtful. Certainly the victory would not have been so easily secured. Neither Ooms nor Nickalls is a pretty sculler. The latter takes after his brother in style; while the Dutchman appears to do all his work in the middle of the stroke with a jerk and with his arms. The Grand fell, as everybody anticipated, to Leander, but with an ease that few had looked for after the hard race the winners had had with First Trinity on Tuesday. They had, indeed, the advantage of the station in the final, which many people thought equal to at least a couple of lengths in the high wind; but even that would hardly suffice to account for the mere procession to which the final degenerated. Thus Leander hold the Grand for the second year in succession; but we rather doubt the wisdom of picking the best men out of a series of college boats, and so rendering them more or less *hors de combat*, in order to produce an overwhelming Oxford crew for the Grand Challenge. With Cotton and Rowe from Magdalen, Kent

and Ford from Brasenose, Pitman from New College, and Fletcher from Christ Church, a good many College crews must have been put out of the running to furnish the winners. The final for the Wyfold was won by Molesey, on a foul from Trinity, Dublin. The strength of the wind made the steering very wild, and both crews were all over the course, though Dublin started the fatal game of collision earliest. The Ladies' Plate lay between First Trinity and Third, and fell to the former by three lengths. The Stewards' Challenge Cup was wrested from the holders, Thames, by Royal Chester, who last year, it will be remembered, carried off the Wyfold. The race was magnificent, and the victory (by a quarter of a length only) a narrow one. There were so few close finishes in this year's Regatta—the sixth heat for the Thames between Molesey and Trinity, Dublin, being the only other—that every one rather cheered up at this, and, as the sun began to shine bravely through the gusts of wind, voted the Regatta less of a bore than they had done three-quarters of an hour before, when Third Trinity toiled in three lengths behind First. In the final for the Thames Trinity, Dublin, had to meet Jesus, Cambridge, and were beaten by some four lengths, leaving Mitchelstown and all the other nameless outrages of the hated Saxon unavenged. Dublin were really rather unfortunate in being in the final heat of no less than three races and yet winning none, though perhaps their being left in so long was due more to chance than merit; for, though strong, both their four and their eight were very rough, and Boyd, their sculler, though he met Ooms in the final for the Diamonds, had only had to face Cumming of the Thames Club before, and was but an indifferent performer. In the Visitors' final, Queen's, Oxford, were very easily defeated by Third Trinity. Third had the advantage of the station, but still must have been a good deal the better boat to leave the others so far behind. The last event of the day was the Goblets, and was won by Vivian Nickalls and Fletcher (O.U.B.C.) from Muttlebury and Clarke (Thames) with great ease, although the latter had the best station. This is the third successive year that Oxford have won the Goblets—in the two previous years Guy Nickalls winning them with Lord Ampthill. This closed the Regatta as far as racing was concerned, and left nothing but fireworks and illuminations to conclude the day. Taken as a whole, Henley this year was a failure redeemed only from being conspicuous by the sunshine of the last day. The first day, in which we were all drenched, and the second, in which the wind was *not* tempered to the shorn lamb, were perhaps the most villanous, after their kind, of the many villanous days which the Royal Regatta has struggled to enjoy. The crowd on the final day, therefore, though of fair size, was certainly not great for the last day of Henley, and though the sight was pretty enough when eyes smarting from wind and sun cared to look at it, the enthusiasm was only moderate. The course was, therefore, comparatively easy to keep clear, and the only serious block occurred at the finish of the first race, the final for the Grand. Fortunately launches and police boats mustered in force and dealt with loiterers and incapables on the course alike in their usual masterly and masterful fashion. The honours of the racing were fairly divided between the Universities, Oxford winning the Grand and the Goblets, while Cambridge secured the Ladies', the Thames, and the Visitors'. The metropolis were sadly at a discount, neither London nor Thames winning anything. Holland, Royal Chester, and Molesey secured one event apiece. And so an end.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE special exhibition now on view in the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists is one of unusual interest; for it contains, besides the works of the customary members, contributions by several of those eminent artists whose connexion with the Society is an honorary one, and who have not hitherto taken the trouble to exhibit at Suffolk Street. When we say that the show contains nine works by Mr. Burne-Jones, three by Mr. Watts, eight by Sir Frederick Leighton, and four by Sir John Gilbert, we have already indicated that this is far from being a customary display of the Society of British Artists. It marks the seventieth anniversary of the foundation of the Society, and represents an unusual effort on the part of the Committee to be honourably represented by works of the most distinguished of living artists.

In the North-West Gallery we find three of Mr. Watts's well-known portrait-heads. Two of them—the "Lord Salisbury" (2), a good portrait, but not a striking painting, and the "Robert Browning" (3), a good picture, but a bad portrait—do not display Mr. Watts at his best; but the "William Morris" (5) is an admirable example. Few of Mr. Burne-Jones's decorative panels are of a more enchanting order than "The Moon" (8), a graceful female figure, with brilliantly-lighted blue drapery floating in a vitreous ether of pale blue, her silvery-gold hair the only contrast to the prevailing monochrome. In the place of honour hang the studies for five of Sir Frederick Leighton's most famous pictures (12–16), the sketch, in more than one case, exceeding the finished work in beauty. In this room are good landscapes by Mr. Arnold Priestman (10) and Mr. Alfred Hartley (19).

In the Large Gallery Mr. Dudley Hardy covers an immense space with his "Sans Asile" (84); this is a canvas of heroic size, representing Trafalgar Square on a winter's morning in the dim light before dawn. A heap of outcasts—most of them asleep, some drowsily smoking, some gazing upwards in vacant distress—lie under one of Landseer's lions, which soars above their dreadful group. Here all is grim and terrific, yet without caricature, a sinister page truthfully copied out of the modern history of London. The painting is admirable technically, and places Mr. Dudley Hardy at a much higher level than he has hitherto attained. But other works of his are here, a Dutch "The Frugal Meal" (51), of a deep lovely tone, relieved only by the white cap of the woman—this is like a very good Israels—and "The Spaniard" (65), a study rich, and even sumptuous, in colour. The four examples of Sir John Gilbert are to be found in this gallery—the great "Return of the Victors" (29); "Onwards" (63), a vivid cavalier in armour on a plunging steed; the "Fair St. George" (69) of 1880; and "Ego et Rex Meus" (76), all of them well-known pictures, all possessing obvious faults due to insufficient study of nature, but all animated by eager and appropriate movement and flowing design, full, too, of swift and redundant fancy. Mr. F. H. A. Parker paints an ambitious subject, "Cupid and Psyche" (34); the mortal maiden stands beside the bed where the young deity is lying, and a drop is falling from the lamp in her heedless fingers; more vigour is required in the modelling of the flesh. Here we meet with Mr. Calderon's well-known picture called "Hagar" (50), and a very beautiful Burne-Jones, "The Painter's Daughter" (41). In the latter the young lady, with lustrous eyes in a pale, grave countenance, sits in a bright blue dress against a circular mirror, in which the back of her fair head is reflected. An interesting specimen of the St. Ives school, with its pale tints, is "Primitive Methodists" (57) at prayer in a Cornish chapel, by Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb. There is great charm in the "Midday on the Banks of the Stour" (59), by Mr. A. Hartley, "the highest tide and flow of light" upon a drowsy river.

The South-East and South-West Galleries present us with fewer examples of a very notable character. The tall bright sky, laden with snow-white clouds, in Mr. Olsson's "Sea Breezes" (102), is exquisitely fresh. Mr. Arnold Priestman is successful in dealing with a difficult effect in "Morning Mists" (137). One of Mr. Tinworth's elaborate terracotta friezes in high relief, "The Meeting of Jacob and Joseph" (105), hangs among the pictures. But much more that is of striking interest will be found in the Water-Colour Room, where the place of honour is given to a curious early painting by Mr. Burne-Jones, in the style of the North Italians of the late fifteenth century—"The Madness of Tristan" (162). The sick knight sits in the hollow of a dark wood; and strange pitying maidens, holding eager hounds in leash, come to gaze at him with inexpressive countenances. On either side of this archaistic work hang two charming oil-studies of the interior of "St. Mark's, Venice" (161, 163), by Sir Frederick Leighton, sketched, evidently on the spot, with great freedom and delicacy. Along the walls of this room will be found a number of pastels and silver-points by Mr. Burne-Jones, one of the latter, "A Head" (178), dated as early as 1870. There is a great deal of ingenuity and some charm in the "Summer Rain" (186) of Mr. Schäfer, a draped female figure, poised in the sunlit air, and dripping all over with streams of moisture. Mr. John Fullwood's

"Autumn Glow" (208) is a fine landscape which we have seen before, but are glad to see again. On the whole, the interest of the present exhibition rests in the examples of certain eminent painters which are already more or less familiar to us, and in the evidence of the varied and surprising talent of Mr. Dudley Hardy, who has hitherto been little prominent. We have mentioned some of his contributions, but must not omit to draw attention to "La Cigarette" (202), a girl in a wine-red dress lying on a sofa, smoking. The pose and style a little suggest Van Beers, but the colour is very fine, and the brushwork of this, as of other examples, is little short of masterly.

PHÈDRE.

WITH Phèdre Mme. Bernhardt returned to the field in which she has no rival, and hardly the memory of a rival to fear. Her interpretation of the part is now so well known that it is superfluous to praise it. All the criticism which can be written upon it has been written. We know that Mme. Bernhardt's beautiful voice, and her command of varying but always inimitably graceful pose, find in this tragedy exactly the matter on which they can be displayed to perfection. We know that the passion to be interpreted, while it allows of as much delicacy of acting as the most ambitious artist can desire, is simple, glowing, and burns with the same vehemence throughout. Whatever her flatterers and M. Sardou may tell her, Mme. Bernhardt is better placed in this rôle than in the parts constructed expressly to enable her to display all the caprices of *son altesse la femme*. Her voice and her delivery are always more or less wasted when they are not employed on the verse of Racine or of Victor Hugo. But, as we have already said, Mme. Bernhardt's Phèdre is now in no need of description, and may defy criticism. Those who saw Mme. Bernhardt on Thursday night may be sure that, whether she was better or not than on former occasions, they, for their part, saw something which they will see nowhere else. Voice, intonation, delivery, gesture, all worked together to interpret a passion beside which the fretting and fuming of the modern melodramas written to display her powers are trumpery—a mere tale told by an idiot. It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the support given to Mme. Bernhardt. Mme. Grandet made a competent Œnone, and Mme. Jane Mea a comely Aricie. M. Darmont's Hippolyte is picturesque, but it would gain if he could remember that a man ought to speak with his throat, but not mainly in it.

The performance of *Froufrou* this week at the English Opera has not, it may be confidently said, modified the opinion of those who hold that there was but one Desclée, and that she alone could play Gilberte. It is a natural instinct of mankind to rebel against the old-experienced playgoer, a person puffed up by carnal learning. But in this case the verdict he delivered when the play was revived at the Porte Saint-Martin in 1883 must be accepted even by the youngest of us—provided always that this same youngest asks from an artist what it is critical and reasonable to ask—namely, an acceptable interpretation of a given character, and not a mere display of skill. It is, we take it, as nearly as may be physically impossible for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to act any part in a fashion which is platitudinously bad. There will always be intelligence, force, and passion in whatever she does, even when she is tired, or, what is yet more fatal, perverse. All three were visible enough in her rendering of Froufrou, but not so as to make that very individual, rather fantastic, and decidedly artificial little personage credible. Mme. Bernhardt is too mature in character, too manifestly resolute. When Froufrou cries in the great scene with her husband, "Qui donc m'a jetée au milieu de ces choses si terriblement sérieuses, et qui m'épouvantent?" we ought to feel that she is really terrified. When she makes her helpless little lament, "Une heure de colère et voilà où j'en suis arrivée," we ought to feel that she is really capable of throwing herself away in a fit of the nerves. But the Froufrou of Mme. Bernhardt is not the woman to be panic-stricken, even by the most terribly serious of things; nor yet to succumb to her nerves. It was impossible not to be moved by her acting in the scene with Louise; but equally impossible, on thinking it over, not to feel that this was not Froufrou, but a very vehement and passionate woman, with strength enough to dominate all around her, who would act on a definite motive, which might well be wicked, but would never be weak. Now, if Froufrou is not weak she ceases to be pathetic and becomes odious, or even contemptible. With the proviso that the word is not to be understood to imply clumsiness, we should say that Mme. Bernhardt's touch is too heavy for the part. There is a heaviness of strength as well as of awkwardness. It is unnecessary to speak of the other members of the company. They could not be adequate without being all of them capable of giving more than a reasonable playgoer would expect to receive in the circumstances.

RACING.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL had a heavy catalogue for sale at Newmarket on Monday, and, in the present state of stagnation in the blood-stock market, it was not likely that all could be sold; but as times go the trade was a fair one. Mr. Robertson Gladstone's entire stud of mares and foals, horses in training and yearlings, was brought under the hammer in consequence of the owner's ill-health, and all were sold without the slightest reserve. The speedy Porridge was a bargain to Morbey at 870 guineas, but the rest of the horses in training made about their value, though the same could hardly be said of the brood mares; the charming Dowry, for instance, in foal to Galliard, should have made three times the amount that she was knocked down to Mr. E. J. Thornevill. This gentleman was indeed a considerable purchaser at the sale, and though his predilections have hitherto been for races "between the flags," we hope in future to see his colours in the van under Newmarket rules. Some of the breeders of yearlings for public sale must have been keenly disappointed, for buyers would hardly look at anything except the very best ones, and these they were chary of bidding for. Lord Rosslyn's first experience as a public breeder was not a happy one, as some lots were returned unsold, and the supposed cracks only made prices which were much below their owner's valuation. On Wednesday morning a St. Simon colt bred by Mr. Lawrence made 3,100 guineas, and this was capped by a purchase by Mr. Marcus Daly of a Hampton colt from Mr. Brodrick Cloete's stud at 4,100 guineas. This colt, we believe, is destined to go to America. It was known at Newmarket on Monday that Orme had won his trial, which perhaps was not the best of news for the residents, whose money was on Orvieto and Gouverneur for the Eclipse Stakes—a race that will be over before these lines are in print. This day's racing was not particularly exciting, nor was the attendance large, the elections having had a prejudicial effect. Be this as it may, it certainly was not a particularly cheerful meeting. It opened with a dull morning. Overnight there had been talk about the beauties of the Limekilns and the advantages of early rising; but the morning was uninviting and dull. As the time for racing approached, it was a case of putting on thick boots and mackintoshes; indeed, a more cheerless afternoon it would be hard to imagine. One pitied the jockeys as they cantered to the post in the teeth of a cold driving rain; but, uncomfortable as things were, the results must be recorded. Lord Gerard's Metallic easily won the High-Weight Plate from Springtime, who ran in a gorgeous green-and-gold hood, and is now, we fear, very untrustworthy. The July Handicap would have been very creditable to the "three independent handicappers," the average of whose work was struck, if it had not been that Whisperer won with a 7 lbs. penalty. However, it was a great race, as he only won, all out, by a neck, with Cœlus second, a head only in front of Florrie, third. Queen of Navarre had a very easy task in the Two-year-old Sale Stakes, and Sherwood's stable had a turn at last when Mockery won a Selling Plate. *A propos* of Sherwood's stable, it was known that Colonel North's horses, with others, would leave that trainer's establishment for Morton's supervision. Sherwood has done well for his employers, but has possibly had a hard task to fulfil. It was reported that he did not particularly relish having to saddle Old Boots in the first race on Wednesday, having given that impetuous animal a good mile and a half gallop in the morning; but Old Boots ran, and was very much in the rear at the finish. The Beaufort Stakes was a very remarkable race, inasmuch as it was another effort of "three independent handicappers," the average of whose efforts was taken, and we write *remarkable*, as it was not won by a penalized animal. Grammont was favourite, but

ran—as, indeed, Lord Zetland's horses are doing now—in disappointing fashion, and Mavourneen won after a good race with the top weight, Lord George. If Patrick Blue, Orion, and Grammont ran their last year's race over again, how would it result? It would be a very sporting event. Another Selling Plate, won by Rouge, was succeeded by the Zetland Plate, in which St. Angelo beat two very moderate opponents like a racehorse; he has been an unlucky animal, but, we hope, may make ample atonement in the future for his Spring defeats, and bring credit and renown to a truly magnificent supporter of racing.

Worcester and Beverley were going on at the same time; and, with the remark that the everlasting Tommy Tittlemouse won again, there is nothing noticeable.

Next week we have Gatwick and Liverpool clashing; not perhaps that much loss will accrue to either meeting—except that Captain Machell will probably patronize Gatwick. The Liverpool meeting promises us a better contest for the Cup than is usually the case at this fixture. Nunthorpe is favourite, his running at the First July Meeting seeming to give him a great chance; but we have always had such a liking for Alice that, if she is fancied by her stable, we shall hold her chance in the highest respect, though she has a burden (8 st. 10 lbs.) considerably more than she has been accustomed to. There are good acceptances for the Molyneux and Croxteth Plates, which are to us a puzzle; though we are assured by an excellent judge that Arturo will win the latter event. And the same eminent authority warns us that King Charles may be dangerous in the former. We record the prophecies in this order, as the seer seemed to be more emphatic about the first selection. We understand that Armorel is to run in the Nursery Stakes, and she will show us if she was unlucky to be beaten at the First July Meeting, as we certainly thought she was.

And now a few words generally upon racing topics. Can any one explain how it is that at the present moment it is almost impossible to sell a yearling, unless most fashionably bred, at a remunerative figure? and, further, how is it that stallions command the fees for their services that they do, or are reputed to do? Did not it seem ridiculous to see yearling after yearling sent out of Messrs. Tattersall's ring without a bid? If (in many cases) even a bid of the sire's fee had been made, it would cheerfully have been taken. Is it because the great stakes are falling in value? They certainly were too high. Is it scarcity of money and bad trade? It is hard to account for the change. A few dashing young buyers will rush the prices up, and there are not many of that sort about now; but somehow the small men, who would give 50 to 150 guineas for a likely yearling, hold aloof. We can't understand it; perhaps Doncaster may bring better times for breeders. We hope so, but the present state of affairs is very curious. We have spoken of the ancient Tommy Tittlemouse's victory at Beverley; has the victory of the other old runner in the North anything to do with lower values for the young ones? It's quite an enigma to us; but there are many things in the racing world that are very puzzling. If all were plain sailing there would be no fun in it; the element of uncertainty is its attraction.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a rather chilly and, for the first part of it, a windy week, considering that we are in the dog-days, the temperature of even 70° having been attained only very rarely during the period. Rain, too, has been general, though not excessive, and most districts, except the south and south-west of England, have by now nearly, if not quite, made up their average quantity since January 1. On Thursday, July 7, an area of low pressure, with readings at its centre below 29 inches, lay over the Orkneys, and strong westerly winds, with showers, swept over the whole of the kingdom; but in the south-east of England the sun came out, the weather was fairly warm, and 70° was registered in London and at Yarmouth. On Saturday morning a fresh disturbance appeared off Valencia, and it crossed Ireland during the day, its centre passing over Dublin about 6 P.M. It brought with it rain, locally heavy—0·9 inch at Donaghadee and 0·6 inch at Parsonstown. On Saturday morning the centre of the disturbance lay off the coast of Lincolnshire. As the whole system passed away the sky cleared, and during Monday the thermometer rose to 77° in Jersey and to 70° at Holyhead. At the same time a fresh area of low pressure approached Valencia from the westward, and as much as 1·7 inch of rain was measured at that station on Tuesday morning. The system gradually spread eastwards, and on Wednesday we find a shallow area of depression covering the whole south of England and the Channel. The system is so extensive that the gradients are slight and the winds light, and the only rain worth mention, which is reported for Tuesday, was at Hurst Castle, where it amounted to 0·64 in. In France the weather has been more seasonable in the southern parts, and the thermometer rose to 91° at Lyons on Sunday, to 90° at Perpignan on Friday and Sunday, and at Rochefort on Monday. At these stations there has been no very heavy rain during the week. For the week ending on Saturday last the majority of the stations given in the weekly weather report had a rainfall above its average; and in the west of Scotland and north of Ireland the excess was more than an inch. Fort William even reports two inches. As regards sunshine the record is deficient. The Channel Islands were far ahead, Jersey having 66 per cent. and Guernsey 68 per cent. of possible duration. Southampton was the only other station which passed 60 per cent. In London we had 53.

REVIEWS.

THE WRECKER.*

WE hear so much now of the *new* humour, the *new* criticism, and the *new* poetry, that any day the new fiction may be upon us. And it is certainly a relief to find that Mr. Stevenson, who looks with no unkind eyes on America and things American, can still call himself the successor of Scott, and that his imagination is yet unravaged by the *new* dulness. There are ultramontanes among his admirers who will resent the name of his collaborator, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, on the title-page of *The Wrecker*, and, comparing it with his former triumphs, will prefer their favourite *Kidnapped* and *Prince Otto*; yet *The Wrecker* is unsurpassed by any of his other novels, *The Master of Ballantrae* alone excepted. It possesses an amount of original observation of men and things that we do not find in his former works of fiction, while the worst that can be said of it is that the authors have chosen a style more pedestrian than Mr. Stevenson's perfect literary execution might lead his readers to expect. Of course, it has all those faults of construction so glaring in *The Master of Ballantrae*. It is far longer, and these faults are therefore more apparent than they should be. For instance, after a prologue and seven chapters, the story suddenly begins again. For the development of the plot the matter of these seven chapters might have been compressed into one. With any other writer this would have been intolerable, but we can never have too much of Mr. Stevenson. Delightful as are the descriptions of artist life in the Latin Quarter, and the caricature of a sound commercial education, they would have found a better place in a volume of essays and studies. No one, however, can afford to skip them. The humorous incident of the Rousillon wine reminds us of the *Lost Room* of FitzJames O'Brien, and may serve as a possible solution to that marvellous story. And the visit to Edinburgh and the Scotch grocer's family recalls that exquisite harlequinade *The Wrong Box*.

The absence of female interest in *The Wrecker* may surprise a good many people who were hoping that Mr. Stevenson would depart from his self-imposed convention. But in Mamie he has only given us a little sketch of a woman's character. So delicate is it, however, that it will not disappoint those who remember Mrs. Henry in *The Master*. Mr. Stevenson has wisely contented himself with the enduring spirit of romance, over which he is so complete a Prospero, and with using his old materials that, for him, are always new. To the real romantic writer subject and background are of no importance. And Mr. Stevenson finds romance either in the days of Villon in mediæval Paris, in modern London, "the city of encounters," or in the auction-rooms and drinking-saloons of nineteenth-century San Francisco. The excitement of *The Wrecker*, when the story once begins, is so intense as to be almost terrible. It is a succession of vivid pictures and impressions where the element of surprise is ever present. Perhaps only those who have attended some exciting sale at Christie's will appreciate the masterly description of the auction of the "Flying

* *The Wrecker*. By R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. London: Cassell & Co.

Scud." As the bidding increases, the suspense in which the reader is held is perfectly exhausting, and we can only hope that it will not be the lot of any one to be reading this scene at night in a badly-lighted railway carriage of the South-Eastern Railway when the lamp is going out, and no light is available until the next station. Our fear (it is something more than interest) from the time when Loudon Dodd sketches in the drinking bar the putative Captain Trent and his battered crew, until the mystery of the wreck is solved, never for one moment abates. Objection may be taken to the supreme horror of the catastrophe. But, after being worked up to such a pitch, the whole story would have been in the nature of a "sell" had the explanation been trivial or other than fearful. We shall not, however, spoil *The Wrecker* by telling this enthralling story to any one who has the good fortune *not* to have read it. We can only whet their curiosity by anticipating their pleasure.

There is nothing in Mr. Stevenson's fantastic tales, full as they are of unreal terror and mimic tragedy, to equal the grim, realistic horror of the last chapters of *The Wrecker*. The characterization, especially of the seafaring folk, is worthy of the pen that drew Long John Silver and Old Pew. Having already given us an admirable picture of the swaggering Papistical Irishman, we are here presented with a companion and even more lifelike type of the Ulster Protestant, described with all the enthusiasm of "one who knows him," but with greater circumstance and truth. Indeed, *The Wrecker* is rather overweighted with characterization. The Scotch stonemason—quite a minor person—is as elaborate in his way as Jim Pinkerton, one of Mr. Stevenson's happiest creations. But Loudon Dodd, the hero, who tells his own story, was a great reader of Balzac, we are told, and was strong on "character" in consequence. In the epilogue Mr. Stevenson, after his manner, is kind enough to tell us how his story was written, and discusses at some length his methods of work and those of his collaborator's. But these explanations are like those of the conjurer when assuring us that there is no deception. He answers, too, with great skill the few trifling objections we have urged—the faulty construction and the presence of the first seven chapters. He naïvely informs us that these were written before the authors made up their mind as to the plot of the story. Well, many good novels have been written on the same principle—namely, an entire absence of plan—but none, we venture to say, have been more successful than *The Wrecker* is destined to become. Like many writers, Mr. Stevenson is fearful of criticism from others. We, however, do not criticize in the present case, we only review. And no one has asked the author to correct those faults which in him are positive virtues. The enterprising Messrs. Cassell might surely have found a more handsome setting for *The Wrecker*. The illustrations are of a kind calculated to obscure rather than illustrate the text.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND TOURING.*

MR. WARBURTON PIKE is of the stamp of the men who have been building up the British Empire. He went to the barren ground of Northern Canada, nominally in pursuit of the Arctic musk-ox, but really in the sheer spirit of adventure. He endured an extraordinary amount of hardships, and up to a certain point he professes to have found them enjoyable, though in the end he was more than satiated. He makes some useful contributions, moreover, to our knowledge of a desolate region that has been scarcely penetrated by the white man; but the information he collected is necessarily vague. Never was an explorer equipped with a more slender outfit. Not only had he no instruments for taking scientific observations, but, for some reason or other, he was not even provided with a watch. It certainly was not that he went in for economy. From first to last, in paying his way, he must have expended a large sum of money. He might have carried a chronometer without much inconvenience, though each ounce of additional weight sometimes became of importance. But he drew the limits of the strictly indispensable at a gun, ammunition, and a blanket. It was no use laying in great stores of food, because the improvident half-breeds and Indians devoured them promptly. He sought a substitute for comforting tea in an abominable decoction from a stunted shrub which goes by the name of Labrador tea; but it is unfortunate that nothing has been discovered to do duty for tobacco. He could never have achieved all he did achieve had it not been for the hospitality of the Hudson Bay posts and the friendly offices of the men in charge. Perhaps it is partly in gratitude that he has nothing but praise for the administration of the great Company and its relations with its red subjects or feudatories. Although it still enjoys a practical monopoly, in some of the more accessible districts the monopoly has been infringed. Mr. Pike does not approve of these free traders, though individually he found some of them good fellows. They are irresponsible; they undersell the Company; they gather their harvest of furs in the short season, and then withdraw to spend their gains on the confines of civilization. Now the Company—monopolists as they used to be—are liberal in their dealings, and undertake heavy responsibilities. They protect the missionaries; they look after the physical well-being of the Indians, and impose penalties so heavy as to be prohibitory on any one selling spirits. More than that, they feed the Indians in winter, when they are invariably starving; and, even when they break contracts and sell furs to the free traders, they save them from famine all the same. That may be partly from interested motives; for, were these wildernesses to be depopulated, no furs would be brought in. But, be the motives what they may, the results are eminently beneficial. Many people would be inclined to say that it is a doubtful kindness preserving life in that Barren Ground.

Mr. Pike, however, assures us that its fascinations are irresistible, even for the white who has only for a season associated with the savages. He ought to speak with authority, for he endured the extremities of misery. Some of the Company's posts which rely mainly on the fishing are not unfrequently in a sufficiently tight place, for the plenty and the poverty are rather arbitrarily localized. One may push forward through scrubby timber and desert for days, never seeing a hoof-track. Then of a sudden you come into a land where the cariboo are actually swarming. We are surprised to hear that, in Mr. Pike's opinion, they are as numerous as those countless herds of buffalo which used to range the American prairies down to the Red River of Texas. Further north you reach the desolate haunts of the musk-oxen, who wander, likewise, in numerous herds, and are so unsophisticated as to be easy of approach. Elsewhere, for some four years out of seven, the rabbits are as regularly distributed as the quails which fed the Israelites in the desert. Each seventh year they are as regularly swept away by an epidemic, which would seem to support the reasoning of those who maintain that our grouse disease is due to over-stocking. The rabbits, like the Indians, must sometimes starve; but as for the musk-oxen, they fatten on next to nothing. By scraping away the snow, they get at the lichens, and Mr. Pike must often have had occasion to envy them, though he came to like his cariboo marrow and fat raw, and could dine comfortably on half-putrid carcases he disputed with the wolverines and the vultures. It was well he was in fair training for starvation when he made his rather reckless attempt to cross the Rocky Mountains to Southern Alaska. The little party lost its way, mistaking one river for another; and, after sustaining sufferings that sound almost incredible without an absolute collapse of strength, were only saved by a series of something like miracles.

Through Famine-stricken Russia tells another tale of suffering and horror, though in this case the sufferings are more general and involuntary. Mr. Stevens, who had been familiarized with Russia by long residence, visited the worst of the famine districts as Correspondent to the *Daily Chronicle*. He wisely declined recommendations to officials who, professing to help, are apt to hinder; but he was well introduced to private philanthropists. He came to the conclusion that, although the distress varied in the different provinces, the general reports had not been exaggerated. What we find most discouraging in his narrative is his conviction that this is no mere passing visitation, but is due to chronic causes which have been gravely aggravated this season. We suspect that the fundamental and immediate source of trouble was the precipitate liberation of the serf, which, like the emancipation of the negro, set free a lot of children. The Russian peasant is as improvident as the Arctic Indian, and has the same unquenchable thirst for spirits. Unhappily, the paternal State draws an enormous revenue from the sale of the vilest vodka. There are capitalists in the cities who have made large fortunes by the vodka; there are many nobles who run private distilleries on their estates; and the poison can be bought at tenpence the bottle. The vodka makes a desperate man more reckless; he will bake his seed corn into bread, and burn the roof of his hovel for firewood. Naturally, again, culture is either neglected or conducted in the most primitive fashion. In Central Russia there are vast tracts of fertile black soil, which cannot be worked out, and

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* *The Barren Ground of Northern Canada.* By Warburton Pike. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Through Famine-stricken Russia. By W. Barnes Stevens. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

The Best Tour in Norway. By R. J. Goodman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Camping Sketches. By G. R. Lowndes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

need no manuring. Yet Mr. Stevens believes that tillage is doomed to decay, though, if the land were owned by English or Americans, the country might become the granary of Europe. In the meantime the most industrious farmers, even the German colonists, are being gradually beggared. Count Tolstoi told the Correspondent to mark the course of the famine. It comes with stealthy steps and by slow degrees. The victim first borrows; then he sells horses, cattle, furniture. At the best he is left hopelessly in the hands of the usurer. And starvation tells so heavily on the children as seriously to affect the rising generation. The sole comfort is to be sought in the theory of the survival of the fittest. Mr. Stevens adds that the scarcity of fuel is becoming almost as serious a consideration as the scarcity of food. Indeed, the abandoned fields might smile again next year were there sufficiency of seed with the means of tillage; but nothing in the meantime can replace the forests which have been recklessly cut down and consumed.

We presume that Mr. Goodman is one of the many disinterested authors who devote themselves to the encouragement of the publishing trade. He cannot reasonably expect much fame or profit from his book, yet there is no special reason why it should not have been written. He flatters himself he has found out the best tour in Norway for those who have but a limited time at their command, and very probably he is right. At all events he is a pleasant and chatty companion; he steers the middle course between "rushing" a country and dawdling; and he can appreciate and agreeably describe the most striking points in the romantic scenery. Besides he gives a good deal of useful information as to the accommodation and the fare in the inns and on the steamers. But we should say he is rather too much of an optimist, which, though an extremely amiable quality, makes us mistrustful of the optimist as a guide.

As for the camp sketches, they are suggestive as well as bright and amusing, though whether they should be taken as a warning or an encouragement must depend on the reader's temperament. If Mr. Pike represents the men who made the British Empire, the sprightly heroes of the camp sketches represent the material which officers the rank and file of the gallant British army. In no other country would young men of good means and position gratuitously go in for roughing it, and agree to call it pleasure. Nor are they in any way hypocritical, for they proved their good faith by camping out on several successive occasions. They lived that pseudo-Bedouin existence—and we must remember that the Bedouins have been bred and brought up to it—in Cheshire and in Wales, on Dartmoor, in Dorsetshire, and in the Shetlands. So that they went through a tolerably wide range of experiences. They had a knack of losing their luggage and their camp equipment; but that in no way annoyed them. They slept in well-ventilated barns, with holes which admitted the bats and the winds, but refused to let out the fire-smoke; they made fast friends with the neighbouring farmers and the farmers' daughters, who at first eyed them askance as vagrants and sturdy rogues, but subsequently lavished provisions and smiles upon them, according to sex and age. And they made merry, even in the depth of winter, under canvas, although the snow, drifting up around the tents, made them somewhat indolent at daybreak, and such a bag as a single sandpiper after a long day's shooting seemed scarcely to repay the soaking and the toil. The book is in the style of the well-known *Three in Norway*; and, if the reservoirs of the writer's humour are fairly well filled, there are some evidences of effort in the sustained pumping.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.*

IT would be an affectation to ignore the rumour which attributes these two volumes to the late Sir Richard Wallace. We have to add that it would show some credulity to accept the rumour without question. No doubt the two volumes are full of finger-posts, so to speak, pointing to Sir Richard as the only possible author; but those who have some acquaintance with the extensive series of sham memoirs issued from the Grub Streets of London and Paris, are aware that nothing is easier than to fabricate indications of this kind. Their mere presence does not necessarily prove more than the ingenuity of the "editor." In this case there are some circumstances of suspicion about the manner of publication of this book. We are not told by whose authority it is published, for one thing. The editor remains anonymous. The *Saturday Review* would be the last paper in this country to disregard or to complain of a legitimate anonymity. But it is not in all cases legitimate, and we doubt whether an editor who presents us with two volumes of reminiscences by somebody unnamed has a right to feel offended if he is asked to show by what authority he publishes them. Then, again, one would like to be told how far the text has been "edited" in the newspaper sense of the word. The reminiscences of a well-known man are one thing; a compilation from his notes eked out by padding is quite another. We are not told whether we are dealing with the first or the second here. That being so, those responsible for the publication cannot fairly feel aggrieved if we decline to treat the book as what it is alleged to be by "well-informed persons," who do not, or cannot, name the source of their information. As the reviewer is supplied with no other guide he must go by internal evidence.

Internal evidence, to be frank, inspires us with very real doubt how far this book, as a whole, can be the work of the very well-known man to whom it is attributed. It would be pedantic to make too much of such a sentence as this:—"He was coming to the conclusion that she had offered twenty in order to place ten, when he ran against Comte Lehon, the husband of the celebrated Mlle. Musselmans, the erstwhile Belgian Ambassador to the Court of Louis Philippe, who averred frankly that he was the father of a family, though he had no children of his own." If the rule as to the use of the relative pronoun which Judge Jeffreys learned from Busby were applied to this sentence, it would appear that Mlle. Musselmans was the erstwhile ambassador, and that Louis Philippe confessed that he had fathered somebody else's children. But gentlemen living in the best society are not always as strict in their grammar as Mr. Cobbett, and may write slovenly English without losing their character. What they are not likely to do is to disregard the practices of good society itself. It is certainly improbable that a gentleman who had lived in the best French and cosmopolitan society would be guilty of the solecisms of talking about "De Musset" and "De Joinville," or would write of "Don Martinez Garay" and "Don Gutierrez de Estada." The pen of the "editor" of these notes is assuredly responsible for such blunders as these. They are matters of form which may have become inaccurate in the process of transcribing. But there is much which is not matter of form in these two volumes, of which all we can say is that it may very well be the work of the editor. It is pure padding. The man in the street might have done it all. This is particularly the case in the second volume. The accounts of the Court life at Compiègne and of Paris during the siege and the Commune have nothing about them to show that they are not the work of a "Correspondent of an evening paper" who happened to be employed in France at the time. We could quote much else which is mere general remark, and might well be the work of any man who was about with his eyes open. Other passages, again, notably one about the Spanish marriage, can hardly have been written by one who was in a position to be well informed. It is given in the form of a quotation from Guizot, but it is incredible. Even the Inquisitor Tartufe, as Carlyle called him, can hardly have said to a man whom he had met for about the second time the words quoted here. M. Guizot is represented as saying, "Let me tell you that the unfitness of Don Francis d'Assis was '*le secret de polichinelle*,' however much your countrymen may have insisted that it only leaked out after the union. Personally I was entirely opposed to it; and, in fact, it was not a Ministerial question at all, but one of Court intrigue." This is simple nonsense. Guizot cannot possibly have said that the Spanish marriage was not a Ministerial question. It may be noted, too, that, though the author of this book speaks very highly of Guizot, he makes him represent his own conduct as even baser than it has been called by his most severe critics. The one poor excuse for his share in the Spanish marriage is that he thought it "a Ministerial question," it is precisely that he believed he was serving the interests of the dynasty and of France. Yet here he is made to say that he took part, without rag or shadow of excuse, in the basest of base intrigues. "Ça ne peut pas être cela," as we are elsewhere told that Delacroix said of the translations of Shakspeare. If Sir Richard Wallace wrote it, his authority can be of little value. For our part, we decline to believe, in the absence of evidence, that Sir Richard did write it. If our disbelief wrongs any man, the fault is not ours. When you can produce no papers, and there are suspicious fittings in the hold, you must not be surprised when you are taken for a smuggler.

Doubts as to the real authorship of the book need not prevent the reader from enjoying a good deal of it. However and by whomsoever composed, it is the work of somebody who knew much about the literary and artistic world of Paris in the reign of Louis Philippe, and saw the outside, and a little more than the mere outside, of the Empire with an intelligent eye and rather

* *An Englishman in Paris: Notes and Recollections.* 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

more than the ordinary knowledge of the man in the street. There is, as we have already said, a marked difference between the first and the second parts of the book. In the latter, and in spite of occasional references to thoroughly trustworthy sources of information, there is comparatively little which shows personal knowledge. The accounts of the Duc de Morny, of Persigny, Rouher, and Walewski have no particular originality. Many of the stories are even of a very stock kind, tending to show that great events spring from little causes—a very favourite moral with memoir-writers, and more particularly with the authors of other people's memoirs. We are told that the Mexican expedition arose out of a quarrel between the Duc de Morny and Count Walewski about a box at the Opera, and that "the dynasty of the younger branch of the Bourbons had been overthrown because Lamartine saw no other means of liquidating the 350,000 francs he still owed for his princely journey to the East." Even so did Noah cause the Flood by throwing his slops out of window from the Ark. The thing is notorious to all really knowing persons. All these stories about the intrigues of Morny and the debts of Lamartine were, indeed, *les secrets de Polichinelle.* The latter part of the book is full of that cheap smartness of your knowing fellow who is not to be taken in by shams. There is a great deal of the new humour about it. Consistently enough, the author indulges in much spiteful talk about the Empress Eugénie. Even if the substance of this also were not *le secret de Polichinelle,* nothing could be in worse taste. Here, for instance, is an absolute gem of vulgarity:—

> 'The most observed of all the guests was Mlle. de Montijo, accompanied by her mother; but no one suspected for a single moment that the handsome Spanish girl who was galloping by Louis Napoleon's side would be in a few months Empress of the French. Only a few knowing ones offered to back her for the Imperial Stakes at any odds; I took them, and, of course, lost heavily. This is not a figure of speech, but a literal fact. There were, however, no quotations "for a place"; backers and bookies alike being agreed that she would be first or nowhere in the race.'

The writer expresses his dissent from the opinion that the conduct of Morny was *talon rouge* on a certain occasion. If he thinks that this is the tone of a gentleman, he is as much mistaken as Morny's admirers can have been. The intelligence of the passage is on a level with the breeding. Nobody foresaw that Mlle. de Montijo would be Empress, and yet the knowing ones bet on her. It would be interesting to learn how there could be quotations "for a place" where there were no places. Whoever wrote it, this is the wit of gutter journalism. As for the nasty tittle-tattle told about the marriage, while the lady who is the object of this spiteful stuff is still alive, it belongs to the same order of scribbling. In the same manner is a reference to Thiers as "a second-rate Talleyrand" (a quite unmeaning phrase), "who has been grandiloquently termed the 'liberator of the soil' because he happened to do what any intelligent bank-manager could have done as well." This is, indeed, trash. Whoever wrote it is, or was, a fool in rebellion against the decree of nature, which forbade him to be clever—and a spiteful fool into the bargain. We say again that it is not to be believed that it was written by the gentleman on whom it has been fathered until evidence is produced.

It is not, as a rule, sound criticism to leave the good you have to say of a book to the end of a review. But there are exceptions, and, for reasons which we trust are now sufficiently obvious, this is one of them. We allow that there is a certain amount of pleasant reading in the two volumes. The early part of the first contains a good deal about the artistic and literary worlds of Paris, and more particularly about the Bohemian part of them, in the reign of Louis-Philippe. We do not know that they contain much, or indeed anything, which is new. The wild financial schemes of Balzac are ancient history; but there is a very typical example of them quoted here. He persuaded Lirieux of the Odéon to let him dispose of all the seats at the theatre for the first three nights of a proposed run of *Les Ressources de Quinola,* and then ran the prices up to an absurd figure. It was his conviction that he would make a great *coup.* Of course he only disgusted the theatre-goers, and the piece was produced to an empty house. The profusion, the pecuniary embarrassments, and the unfailing good-nature of Dumas, again, are not heard of in this book for the first time; but what is said about them is consistent with known truth. So, by the way, is the little that is said about the ingrained snobbery of Eugène Sue. The author appears to have been much more familiar with painters, actors, and musicians than with men of letters. He confesses that he preferred a picture to a book, and his taste led him to live among painters. In the earlier days he saw much of the Bohemians who inhabited "La Childebert" in the Quartier Latin—a ramshackle tenement in the Rue Childebert. They were amusing fellows, not unknown, by the way, to those who have read *La Vie de Bohème,* but not unwelcome on that account. Of the theatrical figures introduced, the most carefully drawn are Taglioni and Rachel—both very much in black. We cannot mention all the celebrities, artistic, theatrical, or musical, discussed in the book. They amount to a goodly number, and are always reasonable good company. There are also some acceptable sketches of the look of the streets of Paris during the Revolution of '48 and the war-time of 1870-71. In short, there is enough to repay some skimming; but there is certainly not enough to make this a book of any importance. It stands more in need of discreet rumours attributing it to some man of mark than any man's memory can stand in need of such support as it can give.

ABOUT WAGNER.*

WITH Wagnerian guides in request among opera-goers, Mr. Krehbiel's volume of *Studies* ought to find favour with the more sober and critical of the Wagnerian public. There are, we observe, books that profess, with exquisite significance, to be guides *through* the *Ring des Nibelungen.* They are helpful, let us hope, to distressed and bewildered souls in the maze. Mr. Krehbiel, however, is not to be classed with the personal conductors of the crowd. He is, on this side of idolatry, as good a Wagnerite as any that be. But his is the Wagnerian faith that is not based upon a childish credence in the new art which the Bayreuth master bequeathed to his simple flock. He does not write as though he believed that the music-drama began and ended in Wagner, that behind Wagner there was chaos, and before him the endless vista of the centuries glorified by the music of the future. Dealing with the Wagnerian elements, he takes us back to dark beginnings, even unto the Greek drama, though he does not convince us that here are to be found prototypes of Wagnerian principles, or that Wagner's ignorance of the place occupied by music in the Greek theatre was not as complete as ignorance can be. Certainly, nothing could be more opposed to the artistic spirit of the Greeks than to compel the orchestra to usurp "some of the functions of the chorus." It may be perfectly consistent, though it is not Greek, that one who "reversed the old relations between librettist and composer" should exalt the orchestra above the singer and actor. If every composer for the lyric stage must be associated with the Greek tragedy-writers because, like Wagner, "*First* (and foremost) he is poet as well as musical composer," Æschylus will be found in strange company. The second reason Mr. Krehbiel gives for this odd association is that Wagner "saw in the drama the highest form of art—one that unites in itself the expressive potentiality of each of the elements employed in it, raised to a still higher potency through the merit of their co-operation." A third reason is that "Wagner believes, like the Greek tragedians, that the fittest subjects for dramatic treatment are to be found in legends and mythologies." And, lastly, it is urged that Wagner believed that the lyric drama should encourage the national feeling of the people for whom it is created.

These may be excellent views, and great may be the composer who holds them; but it cannot be disputed, we think, that a composer may hold them, with religious fervour, and yet be no dramatist. Wagner has repeatedly illustrated this simple truth in his treatment of legends and mythologies. When the old poetic form of his story suggests dramatic scenes, his treatment is essentially non-dramatic. The orchestra takes to the stage, as it were, and the drama goes out. Who can regard without boredom or without a shudder think of the repeated ruptures of the action caused by Wotan's dull and long-winded recitations? You have more Wotanism, again, in Tannhäuser's dreary recital of his Romeward journey and its results; and in the ghastly ineptitude of the scene in *Tristan und Isolde,* when Kurwenal dashes in upon the lovers with a warning cry, and King Mark enters and delivers a long and dolorous lecture. The King's "sermonizing," as Mr. Krehbiel justly calls it, is mildly described as "theatrically disappointing"—that is all. But, it must be added, Mr. Krehbiel remarks, "it offers in itself a complete defence of its propriety." Now the propriety of King Mark's behaviour may be incontestable, but it is not shown how it proves that the man who designed this scene was a dramatist and his works worthy to rank with the plays of Æschylus and Shakspeare. Leaving the Greeks, Mr. Krehbiel's researches into the sources of Wagner's principles become more profitable. It is always well, though somewhat late in the day,

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* *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama.* By Henry Edward Krehbiel. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

Wagner as I Knew Him. By Ferdinand Praeger. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

and after the fray, to show that Wagner was no mere pestilent innovator. There were other revolutionaries as great in their day as he. Jacopo Peri concealed his orchestra; Monteverde increased his. Caccini, that eminent Florentine singing-master, prophesied of Wagner in his teaching of vocal expression. Gluck, Grétry, and the rest—well, it is now an old story. Never did regenerator of art have so many precursors as Richard Wagner. Let the Wagnerites pursue this fruitful line, and claim Tubal Cain, and they gain the whole camp of the sulking orthodox. Better still is Mr. Krehbiel's insistence upon Wagner's encouragement of the national sentiment. Those who are apt to groan under the visitation of Wotan "brought face to face with the consequences of his violation of the moral law" may be consoled by the reflection that Wagner is "a German dramatist"—very German, as Coleridge said of Klopstock—just as distinctly German "as Æschylus was a Greek, or Shakspeare an Englishman." He wrote for Germans—though Shakspeare, on excellent authority, wrote "for all time." "His whole system of dramatic declamation rests on the genius of the German tongue," which amounts to saying he did not write for a people who produce great singers. No one can deny that Wagner, as Mr. Krehbiel puts it, paid proper deference to the genius of the language he employed and to the "vocal peculiarities" of the people who were to "*perform and enjoy the drama.*" The italics are ours.

The late Mr. Praeger was a devoted adherent and a very cordial friend of Richard Wagner. His recollections form a contribution to Wagnerian biography which no one can afford to neglect. A considerable portion of the volume deals with a period when Mr. Praeger did not know Wagner, but in all respects the fairness and calm shown by the writer with regard to the tumultuous composer are conspicuous. The book is very entertaining and instructive. It is perfectly clear that Mr. Praeger's friendship was as deep as it was sincere. There is nothing surprising in this, however; for Wagner, whatever his detractors may say, possessed the valuable gift of attracting friends to himself and his cause from the most unpromising quarters. What is more surprising, perhaps, and more satisfactory in a biographical work, is Mr. Praeger's evidently honest endeavour to tell the truth about Wagner, in his relations with the world and his own friends, without inflicting upon his sense of loyalty anything approaching a wound. He does indeed make some not unnatural reflection on Wagner's determined ignoring, in late years, of his share in the Dresden revolutionary outbreak of 1848–9. He seems to have forgotten that Wagner was then a sincere Republican, and afterwards, in prosperity, only a revolutionist on *artistic* grounds. The astute composer would then have you believe he had not conspired against a State while in receipt of State pay, but struck, as a true Radical composer should, against the ignominious work of conducting frivolous Italian operas when he might have been better employed in furthering national—*i.e.* his own—ends. Mr. Praeger's account of this pitiful business is very interesting, though still more interesting is that portion of the book that dates from the year 1855, when Wagner visited London as conductor of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts. The letters and anecdotes relating to this agitating time are full of entertainment, and the writer, at times, owing to a somewhat imperfect command, perhaps, of expression in English, seems to tell more than he would in his description of Wagner's London season. His pictures of Wagner and his ways are decidedly vivid, and his portraiture, on the whole, has both power and vivacity.

NOVELS.*

IT is no disparagement to either of the gifted sisters who have written under the *nom de guerre* of Gerard to say that their individual work lacks something of the attraction which so strongly marked the books they wrote together. The romantic charm of the older novels, which in *Reata*, for example, amounted to witchery, is not to be found in *A Queen of Curds and Cream.* Reata was a little being once known never to be forgotten. Her story might pass out of the memory, but the charm of her personality remained. The Countess Eldringen, Ulrica, the "Queen of Curds and Cream," is not charming. She has nothing of the exquisite grace of the "sweet maid," the "prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward," after whom she is named. She has splendid qualities—courage, truth, loyalty; but she is not fascinating. It was probably not within the scope of Dorothea Gerard's intention to make her so, and Ulrica's upbringing was not of the sort that develops womanly grace; but there it is—the whole story grows and winds round a central figure that repels. Ulrica has reverses of fortune enough to upset the equilibrium of the strongest mind. From starvation to a yearly income of eighty thousand pounds, from the management of a little dairy (hence the curds and cream) in an Austrian mountain village to the possession of a splendid estate in England, and again back to penury, are violent changes for a girl barely twenty-one. They affect Ulrica very little in anything but externals. She remains strong, defiant, rough and rude, honest and true through it all. We will not take the edge off the interest of the reader by saying at which extreme of fortune Ulrica is left. Her history is worth reading not only for her own sake, but on account of the excellent descriptions of scenery and natural events with which it is crowded. Everything about Glockenau, the village where the Countess serves as cook and maid of all work, is told with vivacity and the truth of sympathy. Equally good is the account of the banking in of the marsh on Ulrica's English estate. The volumes have been insufficiently or carelessly revised. "Pealed potatoes" has a queer Hibernian look, and there is unintended ghastliness in the circumstance that Ulrica "caught sight of a pair of skulls lying on the floor of the larger boat." These are, of course, errors of type. But the word chaperone occurs too frequently to be explained in that way. It is sometimes printed as an English word, and sometimes in italics as French, but the spelling is uniform. For this there is only the "fetlock" explanation, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."

"Whence came this hair-splitting tendency, this want of balance, this ridiculous subtlety?" This quotation from Mrs. J. K. Spender's novel, *A Waking*, is too apt to be put aside, though we should have preferred to frame it in more polite language. Subtlety is, indeed, the rock on which the ingenuity of the author has split and splintered. Ibsen is not more subtle, the fair Cornelia Blimber not more analytic, than Mrs. Spender has shown herself in this history of a woman's success in puzzling and tormenting herself and every one around her. Heredity, too, has its fell hand in the work, and language has been strained almost to disruption to describe indescribable moods and explain unintelligible processes of thought and feeling. Zina Newbolt is a young lady of extraordinary beauty, genius, dignity, and grace, who has been trained by a very queer father in all the philosophies, and is supposed to be braced against all worldly calamity, yet never did the feeblest femininity show less capacity to meet trouble. She has absolutely no conviction, and in the pressure of all she has been taught has no idea what she knows. She has "climbed to the heights of human intelligence" (and a little beyond), but in an emergency can never act like a rational being. Zina is painfully conscious, as she could not fail to be, of the inadequacies of her own nature. She "supposed something has gone wrong in the making of her." She "had not been properly mixed." Quite evidently so; and the author who had the making and the mixing of her must be held responsible by the exhausted follower of Zina's agonies and distresses. The distresses range up and down a gamut as extended as Zina's capacity for enduring them. Her lover suspects her of having poisoned her father; and her husband insists on having larks and *pâté de foie gras* at dinner. Zina ranges in a few months from "the seventh Heaven to the lowest Hell," and the language in which she pours forth her experience in the transit is on the same level of exaggeration. the author uses in commenting on it. Mrs. Spender has written a great deal, and it is to be perceived that she has arrived at the quotation stage. The note-book begins to obtrude itself. At moments of passionate debate authorities are not forgotten. Zina replies to a question about her husband:—"As the French say, *rien n'est si triste que la vérité*; it is enough that I have left him." If she had been a light-hearted person, given to epigram, this would pass prettily enough. Sometimes the note-book is in fault. It was not Metternich who said "After me the deluge."

No Compromise may be regarded as an estimable contribution to the controversy between Voluntary and Board schools, but from the point of view of the searcher after amusement the case is different. It is the joint production of a clergyman and a lady, so no single man is responsible for its theories. The authors seem to have been conscious of possessing what Wordsworth called, speaking of one of his poems, "a series of very valooable thoughts," on denominationalism, and to feel that it were well to communicate these to the world in general. The world, however, is too often and too much engaged with its two other partners in wickedness to pay fitting heed to serious

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* *A Queen of Curds and Cream.* By Dorothea Gerard. 3 vols. London and Sydney: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1892.

A Waking. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

No Compromise. By Helen F. Hetherington and the Rev. Darwin Burton. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

The Man who was Good. By Leonard Merrick. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Poison of Asps. By R. Orton Prowse. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

reflections on questions of the kind presented in the form of pamphlets, magazine articles, sermons, or lectures. It was, therefore, resolved to artfully weave the important discussion into the necessarily frivolous form of a novel, and thus to virtuously cheat, so to speak, the giddy into taking something which would be very good for them, but which they certainly would not at all like. The intention from a moral view may be good, but from a literary one it is criminal. The resentful mental attitude of the reader each time that he finds a couple of personages meeting with all apparent cheerful freedom from vicious intent and settling down into the deadly argument, half a page to each opponent for a show of fairness, but with crushing victory preordained for the side of the authors, calls for judgment little short of penal. The feeble little attempt at romance which trickles through the three volumes is almost pathetic in its pretence of relevance. The authors have carefully gathered together such bribes as may tempt the frivolous—flirtation, lawn-tennis, a "run," a "shoot," even a species of murder—and placed them on view as best they could, their minds all the while intent on the dialogue between the Vicar and the other, ignorant but willing to be enlightened, which is lurking round the next page. We submit that, while theological novels may exist for the many (*vide Elsmere* and the "Grievous David") who like them, novels on points of controversy such as that hammered at in *No Compromise* should be forbidden by law. The world of print is open and wide; fiction should be protected.

Mr. Leonard Merrick is distinguished in the school of fiction to which he belongs. His talent is rare, and what the French mean by fine; and, while he disclaims aspiration, he keenly analyses the aspects of humanity which lie open to his vision. He pursues unsparingly the real, and as the ideal does not present itself to his observation he ignores, and perhaps denies, its existence. This limitation may be still further limited, for of the real he studies but one side—the mean, the miserable, the painful. We do not mean that Mr. Merrick never draws a good man or woman, for the subject of the book now under consideration—*The Man who was Good*—is essentially and unselfishly good; but that he fails to see, or at any rate to show, the happiness of goodness. Good or bad, men are miserable. Perhaps it is as difficult for the thinker who keenly sees and knows the joy and beauty of the universe, as for him to whom it is all stale, flat, and unprofitable—nay, more, for Hamlet was then describing only a mood—to whom it is a miserable farce of cruel injustice, to understand each other's point of view as it was for the two knights on the opposite sides of the shield. Both may see quite clearly the troubles of our troubled world; but one sees nothing else, while the other sees all that in the past, the present, and the to-come has power to change them into faith and hope. Books like Mr. Merrick's depress. They are not sad with the old-fashioned melancholy which was half regret, half hope, they are crushing with the despair of fatalism, that cannot lift a glance. The sentiments we are speaking of have nothing to do with religious beliefs. Nor can the school to which Mr. Merrick belongs attribute their joylessness to the fading away of dogmatic faiths. The child that has never been taught a "religion" knows the ecstasy of living, and the old, world-wearied man who has taken his experience as a lesson knows its serenity. The novel, however, is clever, and in a way interesting. Dr. Kincaid, the man who was good, is strongly conceived and drawn, without exaggeration, but with intensity. Subtle inflections of feeling, moods of emotion in their action and reaction, the flux and reflux of sympathy in their physical influences, are well within the author's power to play upon. The atmosphere of the story is not refined, nor always pure, and the style seems wilfully to reject grace and simplicity. Remarks are "ejected," and "the intervention of the pause was demonstrated by their tones" seems imitation of Mr. Meredith. But of the power of the writer in portraying the possibilities of human passion the novel is ample evidence.

If *The Poison of Asps* had certain qualities it does not possess, and if certain qualities it has were absent, the faint reminiscence of Miss Austen which occasionally gleams on the mind of the reader might be more permanent. We cannot have any more Jane Austens, because we have travelled out of the modes and lines of thought of her time. The motto to this novel, "Crush out things called souls! No room for them here!" sufficiently indicates how removed from Miss Austen's plane is the modern novel. Miss Austen troubled herself, or her readers, not at all about souls, their existence or their destination. Imagine a meeting between Ibsen and Miss Austen, with a suggestion that they should discuss heredity. To name a modern novel in the same week with one of Miss Austen's appears a compliment few merit. Some would go further, and say none merit. We do not propose to name *The Poison of Asps* in connexion with *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*, only to point out that in a few delicate, subdued touches of humour there is some approach to the method of Miss Austen. The novel is decidedly pleasant and readable. The ways of thinking, talking, and acting in English provincial towns are admirably reproduced, without exaggeration and without declared enmity. There they are in all their conventionality, narrowness, absolute remoteness from and dislike of anything intellectually large or morally great. Tattlebridge receives three new residents on one eventful afternoon—the new Rector, who is broad, if not deep; Colonel Winthorpe, a delightful old gentleman; and the Colonel's wife, a beautiful girl of twenty-two advanced even for these days of advance in thought and belief. Romance lurks, as it has lately in novels shown a strange tendency to do, in the disguise of theological discussion, and Kitty's arguments against dogma have an effect on the Rector's heart she did not intend. It is all managed with good taste—there is no offence i' the world in it; but the story ends sadly. We should rather say leaves off sadly; for it does not end particularly anywhere.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.*

THE translation of Plato which Mr. Jowett, with the assistance of many generations of Balliol men and others, has produced, and now revised into its third edition, is undoubtedly a very considerable book. It is, of course, true that, when Mr. Bright (we think it was Mr. Bright) pointed triumphantly to it, and asked why any Englishman should now learn Greek, he was but as those Anabaptists who falsely boast that the goods of Christian men are common. The goods of two Christian men—one of whom can read Plato in the original, while the other can only read him in a translation—are not by any means common; they are uncommonly distinct, and the one good is infinitely larger than the other. In one of the numerous additions made to the first issue (at least we think it is one of them) Mr. Jowett, indeed, develops a theory of translation which is not ours, and in almost every page of the book he illustrates it to a sometimes rather disastrous extent. With part of this theory we, indeed, agree, and it would obviously be absurd to dispute the right of the translator to redistribute clauses and sentences where the genius of the two languages requires it, to vary his renderings of the same word or phrase, and to adopt means—and those not always the same means in the same cases—for meeting differences and inequalities arising from the absence of genders, the poverty of conjunctive and adversative particles, and so forth, in English. But when we come to the phrase "He will in some cases rewrite the passage as his author would have written it at first if he had not been nodding," we must refuse this license to Professor Jowett, as we refused it not long ago to Mr. Leland. In no case, as it seems to us, has the translator any right whatever to "rewrite." He may say in a note what he thinks his author ought to have written; he may not substitute it without special warning and the reproduction of the original as well.

Mr. Jowett has undoubtedly made it much more possible than Taylor, or Sydenham, or any one else made it for Englishmen who have no Greek to understand the thought of Plato, if not to appreciate his literary merit. In this last respect this translation is certainly not Plato. The crucial instance is still the last sentence of he *Apology*. That sentence in the original has been held by sober and competent judges, not ignorant of many tongues, to be the very finest prose sentence in all literature. In translating it is, of course, not possible to keep the matchless vocalization, and not easy to keep the exquisite cadence. But here is a version which is not, we think, ugly, and is certainly exact:—

> 'But now is the hour for us to depart—for me to die, for you to live; and which of the twain of us goeth to a better matter is obscure to all except to God.'

In Mr. Jowett's hands this is shortened and altered to:—

> 'The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.'

Herein the cadence is utterly altered, the first member is bolstered out at the expense of the second, and the final phrase,

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* *The Dialogues of Plato.* Translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions, by B. Jowett. 5 vols. Third edition. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

Selections from Plato. Edited by T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

The Diversions of Epictetus. Translated by George Long. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

Petronii Cena Trimalchionis. Mit deutscher Uebersetzung und erklärenden Anmerkungen von Ludwig Friedländer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1892.

besides presenting an actual ambiguity (for "which is better" might mean which is better, the speaker or his judges), substitutes a Voltairian shrug "God only knows" for the solemn and stately close of the original. Still, we must take so large a work which has stood the test of twenty years' use and of three editions without too narrowly scrutinizing the method of the author—a method which, as has been said, is fairly avowed in the preface, and which is therefore to take or to leave. There is no doubt that the system which Mr. Jowett for the best part of thirty years has pursued, of constantly sharing his work with and submitting his results to others, must have cleared it of most substantial errors. Between the initial co-operation of the late Mr. Purves and the supplementary assistance of Mr. Matthew Knight in translating the *Eryxias* and *Second Alcibiades* as an appendix to this edition, Mr. Jowett acknowledges the aid of more than a dozen collaborators, most of them more or less distinguished scholars. In no kind of work is such aid so valuable as in translation. And lest the buyers of earlier editions should quarrel with the better luck of the buyers of the third, an announcement is here made that anybody who deposits a perfect copy of either may have one of this in exchange at half-price—an offer which is liberal, but considering the mania for first editions not likely to be very widely accepted.

The additions to the analyses and introductions are considerable, extending, according to the table given, to not much less than a hundred pages. We note a few things in them that rather surprise us. In a decidedly sweeping, not to say hasty, review of the "Decline of Greek Literature," Mr. Jowett speaks of "Novels like the silly and obscene romances of Longus and Heliodorus.' Can it be possible that he is speaking at second-hand, or is it so long since he read these romances that he is confusing them with others? If it is his deliberate opinion, based on recent reading, that *Daphnis and Chloe* is silly, and that the *Æthiopica* is obscene, we confess that we are sorry for the disuse of the practice of arguing theses. The Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford should soon find a paper of challenge nailed on the door of the Schools. Nor would this be the only article, for we gather that even Lucian, though Mr. Jowett kindly allows him "traces of good sense and some power of arousing interest," is not even "a second-rate writer." These things are a little marvellous. There is a considerable addition to the introduction to the *Cratylus* on language—an addition vague and desultory as a whole, but containing some shrewd remarks. Besides some observations on the Platonic idea in opposition to Dr. Jackson, which the preface contains, there is a new tractatule on that subject in the second volume, together with a new excursus on the Platonic myth. The third affords a new dissertation (not superfluous) on the relations of the *Republic*, the *Politicus*, and the *Laws*, with a new note on Atlantis. The fourth yields a treatise on the nature and limits of psychology (too wide a subject for such a place), and the fifth a useful and appropriate excursus on the actual political institutions of Crete, Sparta, and Athens, compared and contrasted with the scheme of the *Laws*. On the whole, it would not be reasonable to deny that the book, as it is now presented, supplies apparatus for the study of a foreign author, to those who cannot read that author in the original, superior to that provided in almost any parallel instance. We may regret that the Greek text was not given face to face with the translation. It is fair to remember that this would have made an enormously big and a proportionately costly book. But it would have made one infinitely more valuable and far less likely to encourage the delusion, which of all things a Professor of Greek should discourage, that you can master Greek authors without reading them in Greek.

While the moneyed but Greekless man has in Professor Jowett's handsome volumes a stately portico to bring him as near to Plato as he may approach, his humbler brother will find a cheaper access provided—and, on the whole, well provided—by Mr. Rolleston, whose book is well selected. He has taken the older translations of Taylor and Sydenham, and revised them where he thought good, so as to present in whole the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phædo*, and *Seventh Epistle* (the inclusion of which last we think judicious, whatever may be said of the original); in part the *Phædrus*, the *Republic*, the *Hippias Major*, and the *Symposium*. The introduction is a little too ambitious, and touches on too many points. You cannot in thirty pages or so contrast Schopenhauer and Lotze with Plato and not bewilder the ignorant, while in the same space the comparison is not very valuable for the knowing. But the propositions about Plato himself are right in the main, and Mr. Rolleston is animated by the right enthusiasm for the greatest of all philosophical writers, if not the greatest of all philosophers—though he is sometimes that also.

The excellence of the late Professor Long's translation of Epictetus is well known, and Messrs. Bell have done very well to reprint it in two handy and pretty little volumes. Although only part of the Stoic philosopher's work bore the actual title of *Encheiridion*, all of him is in the nature of a pocket-book. He is really what so many philosophical writers are but professedly, "for thoughts," and his expressions are rather texts than sermons. But he is not exactly an author who interprets himself; indeed, considering the circumstances in which his books have come down to us, it would be very odd if he were. He has, moreover, no style, or at least his style is one which loses very little in a translation; and, therefore, he is well adapted for this. Lastly, he requires a good deal of comparison, with Marcus Aurelius especially. All this requires adjustment by a person who has made him a special study, and this Mr. Long gave. His translation was good, his introduction was good, and his notes were good; while the trouble which he took with his index made it a sort of conspectus of the book, as well as a valuable guide for finding any particular item among its contents. Although there are those who think differently, we are disposed to regard with considerable approval Long's duplicate system of notes, the shorter ones and those necessary for immediate explanation or illustration at the foot of the page, the longer and more elaborate at the end of the volume. So here the English reader has once more presented to him, in a comely and handy form, what may be called the driest light of ancient philosophy and morality. It is very dry; there is very little warmth, or comfort, or unction, or colour about it. But if the *lumen siccum* were not, as it is feared it is, only a happy-seeming phrase grounded on a misreading, it may be said that nowhere is it to be found so well as here. And we know whither this dry light led—to suicide and a kind of Quietist despair.

The supper of Trimalchio is not the most interesting, though it is relatively the most "proper," part of the *Satyricon*. But it is the least fragmentary, and has for divers reasons been most in favour for public, if not for private, reading. Professor Friedländer dedicates his text, translation, and notes to Dr. Bücheler, who has certainly of living men done most for Petronius. The thing is done largely, for the introduction occupies seventy and the notes about a hundred and twenty pages. This allowance is, perhaps, justified by the remarkable fullness of the text in paintings of manners; indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that to no writer of equal bulk have the authorities on Roman antiquities been so much indebted as to Petronius. It should be said that the introduction contains a careful study of the local government, &c. of small towns in Magna Græcia during the Augustan period.

COLONIAL CHRONOLOGY.*

IN this volume the author has presented us with a bird's-eye view of the history of our Colonial Empire. The book consists of two parts. The first contains a series of four maps, illustrating the growth of the British Empire during four centuries, and chronological tables, arranged in parallel columns, recording the chief events in the Imperial history of Britain over a period extending a hundred years further back. The second part deals separately with each colony or possession of the Empire (India excepted). The idea is a good one; and we can conceive these tables being found useful by students and writers. The arrangement in parallel columns enables one to see at a glance the contemporary history of the rest of the Empire and the position of affairs in each of its parts at the moment of any given occurrence in a particular part upon which attention may for the time be fixed. It would, perhaps, be not much more reasonable to expect an index of a chronology than of a dictionary. The chronological tables, however, obviously enable one only, "given the date, to find the event." A more common want is "given the event, to find the date." For this purpose the second part does, in fact, supply a sort of classified index to all the principal events mentioned in the tables. Given the part of the Empire in which an event has happened, we have only to turn out the name of the country—Canada, or Jamaica, as the case may be—in the second part of the book, and we shall find the principal events of its history picked out and arranged, chronologically again, by themselves. Local maps also of the principal groups of colonies accompany their separate treatment in this part. It is somewhat odd that India, the history of which is duly chronicled in the general tables relating to the whole Empire, is allowed to drop out of the second part altogether, and receives no separate notice. The author no doubt is more especially concerned with the more recently acquired possessions of the Crown, and particularly with the great self-governing colonies. Indian affairs have passed

* *Colonial Chronology*. By H. J. Robinson. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

into the domain of history, whereas, in the case of these other countries, some can scarcely as yet be said to have any history, and of others it has still to be written. It was essential to the comprehensive view of Imperial history in the tables of the first part that Indian events should be included there; and, though there may not have been the same necessity as existed in the case of the colonies for registering again separately the familiar landmarks in the history of our Eastern Empire, nevertheless, India having thus been once included in the scope of the author's design, the omission from the second part of an Indian chapter mars the symmetry of his plan, and leaves its execution incomplete.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this book is afforded by the series of four chronological maps of the British Empire by which the Tables are prefaced. By means of these we get a more comprehensive and instantaneous "bird's-eye view" of the growth of the Empire than even the brief epitome of history in the parallel columns of the tables can give us. The four maps of the world, showing at intervals of a hundred years, from 1592 to 1892, the stages by which so much of that map has finally been "painted red," though we have to turn from them to history if we would know the means by which the results have been attained, yet place the results themselves before our eyes in a way that compels attention, and could hardly fail to awaken interest in the most apathetic and drive them to learn something of that secular struggle and expansion that has in four centuries so altered the face of the habitable globe—ethnologically, politically, and materially. In 1592 the world outside Europe is mostly a blank as regards marks of European acquisition and settlement. The Portuguese fringe India and the Gold Coast; the French are on the St. Lawrence; Spain holds the West Indies; and Holland a patch on the north coast of South America. The possessions claimed by England are the island of Newfoundland and the Virginia Plantation. In another hundred years we are contesting the coast of India with the Portuguese and the Dutch, and the latter have effected settlements in the Malay Peninsula and at the Cape of Good Hope. The West Indies have mostly passed to England; the New England settlements are added, in fact as well as in name, to the British territories in North America, and a thin red line defines the shores of Hudson's Bay. In 1792 the most striking differences are the acquisition by England of Bengal, and the changes on the map of North America by the wiping out of the red line below the forty-fifth parallel by the War of Independence, and the substitution of British for French dominion over Upper and Lower Canada and the maritime provinces. One more patch of colour, to be seen for the first time on this map of 1792, marking the settlement effected four years earlier on the coast of New South Wales, was destined, like those in India and North America, to spread over a vast tract of territory before another hundred years had passed. Of the changes that have taken place in the century now past there is little need to speak. With all India, all Australasia, the Cape, and large patches everywhere of Africa, with the vast Dominion of Canada, and "all the isles of the sea"—with the print of Britain on all these lands—the map shows the British Empire for what it is to-day, the greatest that the world has ever seen. The British race has long been acting upon the principle enunciated by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony, for application in South Africa. We have "painted as much of the map red as possible," and, on the whole —with some exceptions for which we have to thank Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants—we have taken fairly good care that the colour, once it has been painted, should "not be rubbed off again." The best minds among all classes and among all parties in the country are agreed that we must keep what we have got. By all such the necessity of maintaining the unity of our scattered Empire is recognized, and that is a doctrine that wins assent among all conditions of people wherever it is preached. But the Harcourts and Laboucheres are ever with us; and every book, like *Colonial Chronology*, that helps to educate the people upon the history and character of their great inheritance helps also towards the solution of the profound Imperial problem that may sooner than we know demand of us the highest efforts of constructive statesmanship.

The arrangement chronologically in parallel columns of the principal events in the making of the Empire invites the student of England's Imperial history to mark some interesting coincidences. The very arrangement of the columns themselves is not without significance. Europe, America, and Africa have each a separate column throughout. Over the first period tabulated, down to 1579, Asia alone has the fourth column. From that time forward, Australasia is included in the same column, though, sooth to say, it is another quarter of a century before it requires any special notice, and, its name not having been introduced at the date of the first discovery in 1531, it might well have been left out until the rediscovery by Dutch and by Spanish navigators in 1605-6. With the end of the eighteenth century a further change is necessitated. Discovery had begun to give place to settlement in "The Great South Land." In 1788 an English fleet under Captain Phillip had anchored in Botany Bay and proceeded thence to Port Jackson, better known to-day as Sydney Harbour. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, therefore, the tables consist of five columns, and Australasia has one to itself. From that time forward, in spite of some few sombre pages in the internal history of the colonies, the record of Australasia is one of peaceful growth and industrial development under the protecting arm of England. It was not, however, till the discovery of gold in the middle of this century that there began that extraordinary growth of wealth and population that has caused a new nation to spring up in the Southern Seas within the working life of many men of this generation. It is, indeed, within but little more than a century of to-day that the real beginnings were made of the British Empire as we know it now. True that the long series of events that finally left the British power paramount in the Indian peninsula began in the first half of last century, true that most of the West Indian islands had long been in our possession. True, also, that England possessed thirteen flourishing colonies on the Atlantic seaboard of the North American continent. But the Indies, East and West, are all that remain of the Colonial Empire she could boast before Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham wrested Canada from the French in 1760. The year that saw the Treaty of Paris, which sealed the loss to England of the thirteen United States of America, saw also the restoration of Pondicherry to the French, and of Trincomalee to the Dutch. And yet it was from this period that the making of England's greatness as a world-power truly dates. Clive's victories and the administration of Warren Hastings were coincident with the changes that took place in the New World. These were shortly to be followed by the capture of Ceylon and of Cape Town from the Dutch in 1795, and by the peaceful acquisition through the same years of the vast territories of Australia. The end of last century and the beginning of this one saw the expansion and consolidation of British power in India—a process that is still continuing—saw, too, the foot of England planted—east, west, and south—on all strong places and on all the fertile lands to be reached by the highway of her own domain, the sea. The forty years of peace that followed Waterloo still saw the silent growth of empire, and our own generation has seen the same irresistible march that has planted the British flag upon one-fifth of the habitable globe. The last two entries in the last column of the chronological tables are significant of the phase of our Imperial history we are now passing through. They are:—"The National Australasian Convention met at Sydney in March (1891), and drafted a Bill for the constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia," and "Queensland passed the Naval Defence Bill adopted by the other Australasian colonies." The work of the Empire to-day is one of grouping and consolidation. Local federation, though a plant of slow growth, is yet making its way. The second of the two entries quoted marks a stage in that process of combination of the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests and provision for the organized defence of common rights in which, as Lord Salisbury has said, is involved the whole future of the British Empire.

NEO-HELLENICA.*

WHETHER we should first learn ancient Greek and then learn modern Greek, if we choose, or whether we should learn modern Greek as a royal road to ancient Greek, is a question hardly worth discussing. Ancient Greek has the greatest of literatures; modern Greek literature is assuredly not yet on a level with the literature of America. After acquiring the old language very little trouble enables us to read the new, and conversation will "come by nature" or by practice. On the other hand, he who begins with modern Greek will have all the trouble of a different grammar and idiom before him when he approaches the speech of Plato. Whether any scholar worth mentioning has ever reached the old through the new we know not; but any one can readily reach the new through the old. In any case Mr. Constantinides, aided by Major-General Rogers, has produced in *Neo-Hellenica* a kind of manual of modern Greek which is very useful. In a series of dialogues with the modern Greek on one side of the page and English on the other, he combines the ordinary "travel-talk" of tickets and luggage with much infor-

* *Neo-Hellenica.* By Professor Michael Constantinides. London: Macmillan. 1892.

mation about the development of the present literary and popular dialects of Hellas out of the old classical speech. We have no love for modern newspaper Greek and the modern Greek of novels. It is an ugly compromise, in which the vocabulary is to a great extent classical, while the grammar is on the model of modern languages, and the style is rich in *clichés*, or stereotyped phrases. But what are the Greeks to do? Mr. Constantinides publishes a letter of Johannou, in which he discusses the question, "and it was natural that it should be raised," *καὶ ἔπρεπε φυσικῷ λόγῳ ν' ἀνακινηθῇ*. What a style! To what an abyss has a noble language descended! But something had to be done. The natural, self-evolved, popular speech might be used, as in France, Italy, England. Or the classical speech might be revived. Or a compromise might be made. The popular speech, having scarce any written literature, is a chaos of dialects. Greece under the Turks had no capital, no Court, no centre, no literary class. Hence she had many patois, but no language. Which patois was to be made the language of literature? Nobody could decide. If the classical speech was to be revived, the majority would never learn it, nor use it. "Intellect and numerical superiority have nothing whatever to do with each other," a text for Mr. Gladstone. *Νοῦς ὅμως καὶ ἀριθμὸς εἶναι πάντη ξένα πρὸς ἄλληλα καὶ ἀλλότρια.* Plato could hardly have construed this modern phrase. So a compromise is made. Modern literary Greek is to be as classical as it dares, and as popular as it must. The learned Greeks differ about the due proportion of old and new. Hence the language is in a condition most unfavourable to literature. It is arbitrary, a victim of self-will and individual tastes. Our English would be in a bad way if Mr. Morris wrote in the manner of Beowulf, Lord Tennyson in that of Spenser, and Mr. Froude in that of Wyclif; while Mr. Stevenson wrote in Border Scots, and Mr. Hardy in the rural dialect of Somerset. Modern Greek is more or less in that unlucky posture. Therefore, we should not begin with it, and struggle out of its darkness into the daylight of Lucian. "A writer," as Johannou says, "ought at least to agree with himself"; but even that amount of consistency must be difficult in modern Greek. We may call it an artificial language; but what natural language can the country possess? We are obliged to give the problem up, and leave the Greeks to work out their own linguistic salvation:—

δύναμαι νὰ σᾶς ἐρωτήσω μὲ ποῖον ἔχω τὴν τιμὴν νὰ ὁμιλῶ;

May I ask you whom I have the honour of addressing? This is modern Greek for—

τίς πόθεν εἶς ἀνδρῶν; πόθι τοι πόλις ἠδὲ τοκῆες;

Artificiality, a Japanese adoption of Europeanisms, can go no further. Before the Turkish yoke was broken, at least no Greek said

δύναμαι νὰ σᾶς ἐρωτήσω,

and the rest. Where even the Septuagint says

ὅμοιος υἱῷ ἀνθρώπου

modern Greek has

ὅμοιος μὲ υἱὸν ἀνθρώπου,

the grammar being terribly decayed.

A most interesting part of Mr. Constantinides's book presents examples of decaying Greek, popular and literary, from the fifth century of the Christian era onwards to the ballads of Magna Græcia at the present day. The decadence wrought by monkish anecdote and monkish style among the countrymen of Plato is melancholy to witness. In 610 we read of Bonosus, who "perpetrated such atrocities," *ὅστις τὰ πάνδεινα διεπράξατο.* In the eighth century we have Copronymus, who "behaved improperly to a nun who was advanced in years but very beautiful," *προσηνέχθη ἀπρεπῶς πρὸς καλογραΐάν τινα προβεβηκυῖαν.* Not much good could come out of such debasement. In the twelfth century we have poetry on the model of

Yankee doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony.

This is still the most popular metre, a measure familiar to Aristophanes. Here is a modern Greek hexameter from a translation of the Odyssey:—

Κ' εἰς θαλασσίας πλανήσεις ὑπέφερε λύπας μυρίας,

for

πολλὰ δ' ὅ γ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμόν.

How does a modern Greek, pronouncing by accent, read Homer, or the Tragedians, or any ancient poet? How does he get any harmony into the lines, the most musical in the world? These are questions to which no satisfactory answer can be given by the partisans of accent in pronunciation.

There is much useful information about learning among the later Greeks in this work. An English Professor of International Law need no longer suppose that Musurus Pasha is a Turk! Such ignorance is rare, but the general subject is little understood in England. Mr. Constantinides has written not only with learning, but with good temper, on a subject rather apt to irritate controversialists. Apparently the evolution of modern Greek, and of literature in modern Greek, must be left to the slow influences of time. At present the popular ballads appear to be the best poetry of the race, and they are couched in a speech naturally evolved, and, in Italy, mixed with Italian.

TOURS IN SCOTLAND, 1677 AND 1681.*

THIS little volume contains the experiences of two Yorkshiremen who decided on the 14th of May, 1677, to travel through parts of Scotland. Starting through Yorkshire and Northumberland, Thomas Kirk, of Cookridge, and Ralph Thoresby visit Bamborough and the Ferne Islands, at which place they take a deeper interest in the life of the sea-birds than in the ecclesiastical ruins. They drink the Governor's health, a duty they never seem to neglect, and hasten on by Belford, finding along the sea-shore "store of conies," to "Barwick," which they reach on the 24th. Here they are detained by one of their horses falling ill, and so they "view the town," and they further note, "we caroused with the officers." At Dunbar they give a slight account of the battle, and their version of the cause of the Scottish defeat is not the ordinary one. "The Scots threatened to destroy all the English or force them into the sea. Down the side of the hill runs a brook, which had worn a hollow down the hill side; up this hollow the English passed, and surprised the Scots, and defeated them." Here again, the question of liquor occupies them with serious thoughts. "The ale in this country is made of biggmalt (winter barley), and was not at all gustful to our palates, nor was the ordering of their meat agreeable to us." The house accommodation seems to have been of the roughest. The windows unglazed, and supplied with wooden shutters, a round hole being cut in them for the head, reminding the travellers of the pillories in their own country, which they note are not in use in Scotland. They visit the "Basse Rock," at that time a State prison, and they were not allowed to land until they give assurance that they do not wish to see the prisoners, who are "not permitted to receive visitants." Here were five or six prisoners, "Presbyterians, parsons, and others, for stirring up the people to rebellion in their conventicles." The well-known Alexander Peden must have been a prisoner there at this date. But here, again, the birds occupied their attention, and the Governor had them escorted over the island.

Edinburgh appears to have been in a state of armed rejoicing, but the wine which the Yorkshireman says he "washed himself in" renders his account of the whole proceeding somewhat vague. It is to be hoped the bed he slept upon had a sobering effect, but he says, in describing its discomfort, "I ken I got but little sleep that night."

By various painful stages they reach Inverness, which they find exceedingly hot, though the hills are covered with snow. They go to church, noting that the Highlanders speak a kind of "wild Irish," but a few better sort in the town Scottish; two men seated on the stool of Repentance attracted their attention. "Here we may note the habits of the Highlander; their doublets are slashed in the sleeves, and open on the back; their breeches and stockings are either all on a piece, and straight to them, plaid colour; or otherwise a sort of breeches, not unlike a petticoat, that reaches not so low, by far as their knees, and their stockings are rolled up above the calves of their legs, and tied with a garter, their knee and thigh being naked." "Thus accoutred," says this somewhat contemptuous critic, after describing "his" weapons, "he struts like a peacock, and rather prides in than disdains his speckled feet."

The travellers get as far as Kirkwall in the Orkney Isles; they were all "sufficiently seasick," but, as usual, drank copiously with the inhabitants. They return by Stirling, but seem to have no desire for further exploration of the Highlands—"a barbarous people; none dare pass the Highlands without a guard of ten or twelve at the least." And Mr. Thoresby, in his contribution to the diary, merely notes "that the Highlands are a formidable country, full of mountainous crags and terrible high hills." At Stirling they have the opportunity of seeing how the lieges of James I. thought to entertain him:—"Here is the hull of the ship that King James was treated, thus: his table being placed

* *Tours in Scotland, 1677 and 1681.* By Thomas Kirk and Ralph Thoresby. Edited by P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

at the upper end of the hall, this ship was so contrived that the men within her could put her in motion upon four wheels; she was furnished with a double row of guns. Each service was brought up to the table in this ship; and, when she was unloaded, she discharged her guns, and marched off. The first time she discharged the King cried out 'Treason! Treason!' not being acquainted with the design; but he was soon appeased." A more tactful amusement might have been invented, considering the nerves of their sovereign.

This volume is full of interesting comments on the condition of the Scottish people, and it is rendered not the less entertaining by the attitude of the two English travellers and commentators.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.*

TO follow Mr. Mallock into all the questions raised in his latest novel, *A Human Document*, would involve a disquisition upon the very foundations of social morality, which would here be out of place. We cannot attempt to review this work adequately from every side, and must confine our remarks to a general survey of its literary and artistic qualities. It is as clever as anything Mr. Mallock has written; many of the incidents are conceived and described with great skill; it teems with reflections as true as they are well expressed; it shows keen and subtle observation of character; and, in parts, reads as much like a genuine human document as he would have us believe it to be. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that after the first half of the book it degenerates into a disappointing failure. As regards its main conception it is unsatisfactory artistically, for it shirks the problem which it professes to solve. The development of the situation is inconsistent with the characters as they are drawn, and the very truth of individual passages is falsified by the theory which they are supposed to illustrate, but to which they are in direct contradiction.

The introduction opens with a conversation in a foreign country house between the author himself and a lady who is a fellow-guest. The subject of their discussion is the Journal of Marie Bashkirtcheff. Mr. Mallock expresses a regret that a woman of such absolute frankness had so little to tell.

> 'I wish [he continues] that this woman, with all her moral daintiness, had been swept off her feet by some real and serious passion. I wish that with soul and body she had gone through storm and fire; that what she had once despised and dreaded had become the desire of her heart; and that she had found herself rejecting, like pieces of idle pedantry, the principles on which once she prided herself as part of her nature. What an astonishment and what an instruction she would have been to herself during the process! Think how she would have felt each part of it—the degradation, the exaltation, the new weakness, the new strength, the bewilderment, the transfiguration! Could she only have known all this, and have written it down honestly, she then would have given us a human document indeed.'

We are then led to expect that this human document which Marie Bashkirtcheff did not live to write is to be found in the three volumes of Mr. Mallock's novel—that from a manuscript of letters, journals, and poems confided to his care as a result of this conversation he has pieced together into the form of a consecutive narrative the true story of a woman who has gone through the fire of a great passion, such as he desired for the unfortunate Marie, and who nevertheless emerges from it undefiled, her nature deepened but not debased. Of the morality or immorality of such a situation it would not here be necessary to say one word if Mr. Mallock had not challenged criticism of his book on that score. As it is, one observation will suffice in reply to his assertion that, if immoral, this situation is neither more nor less immoral than life itself. In life itself the exceptional case has little or no effect, for it is counteracted by the innumerable cases which follow the common rule. But in a novel it is almost impossible to concentrate attention upon an exception without in some degree falsifying the truth of life in a way that Mr. Mallock himself condemns in the writings of M. Zola. It may, therefore, be doubted whether rare exceptions afford proper material for artistic treatment. The highest art is almost always based, no matter in what department, upon some broad and far-reaching truth. Theoretically, however, we are willing to grant that every rule may have exceptions, and that it is conceivable that under certain circumstances any given moral law may be broken justifiably. A love may be so transcendent that it becomes a law unto itself above all other laws. A woman with such a love might break through her old creed of right and wrong, commit what she once would have considered a sin, and yet in her own eyes be justified. But in this case she would have the courage as well as the intensity of passion, she would above all things be true to the love she professed, and she would brave the world's opinion with an indifference which would arise not out of shamelessness, but out of selflessness. Such a case might be condemned, but it could scarcely fail to excite the sympathy which is felt for all self-sacrificing enthusiasm. The dedication to the Journal from which Mr. Mallock professes to have compiled his narrative is consistent with the character of such a woman. "Were my power as a writer equal to my love as a woman, that life should live in these pages as it lived and breathed once in our now lonely bodies. I would make it live—all of it; I would keep back nothing; for perfect love casts out shame. But if any one should think that I ought to blush for what I have written, I should be proud if, in witness of my love for you, every page of it were as crimson as a rose." The actual heroine of the novel could no more have written these words than she could have cut off her right hand. We find, after all, that she is no exceptional type, but the most ordinary woman, who acts in the most ordinary way in a situation which is common enough, but which has in it nothing that is either noble or exceptional. The story of Mr. Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi teaches a moral which is as correct and conventional as any copy-book platitude—namely, that when a man gives up name, fame, and all worthy objects of ambition for infatuated passion for one woman, his character will become demoralized, and his life will be a wretched one, and that when a woman exacts such a sacrifice and accepts it, she will rarely give anything in return. Her reputation in the eye of the world, and her dread of a scandal, will come first, her love for herself will come second, and her love for the man last.

This is the old story ever being re-enacted; to the spectator a sorry farce and matter for laughing scorn; to the actor a tragedy leaving something dead in his heart that can never live again. Mr. Mallock works up the situation to a point of extreme wretchedness and degradation, and then cuts the knot by killing the heroine's husband. Nor is this all; he introduces into the incident of his death a piece of sham heroism and false sentiment which is the greatest blot on the book. Mr. Schilizzi has been represented as a man without one redeeming quality—a coarse, faithless, and even brutal husband. His life is a source only of pain to his wife, and her presence is nothing but an irritation to him. He falls ill with diphtheria, accompanied by hideous complications. His wife nurses him till the doctors represent to her that she adds so greatly to his discomfort that, for his sake as well as her children's, her duty is to keep away. He is in the hands of an admirable doctor, and, so far as we can judge, might also have been attended by an equally admirable nurse; but at this point Mr. Grenville considers that a sacrifice of himself is required, and he deserts the woman who is all the world to him, in order to take the nurse's place himself in the sick-room of the dying man. He further insists upon taking part in an operation which the doctor assures him has but the very faintest chance of saving the man's life, and at the imminent risk of catching the disease himself. He does catch the disease, and thus, to save the man who is a living torment to the woman he adores, he sacrifices his own life, knowing that in him she finds her only happiness. Surely such conduct could only be consistent with sanity, to say naught of real heroism, if it was done as an act of atonement for an injury inflicted or a sin committed. But the whole book is written on the assumption that the husband had no claim to his wife's affection, gratitude, or fidelity, and that in their own eyes the lovers were justified. It is astonishing that the incongruity and falseness of such a situation should have escaped Mr. Mallock. Much of the workmanship of the book, its graphic descriptions, and its analysis of sentiment, are praiseworthy; but the want of harmony between the conception and execution, and the wholly bad work of the last part, are faults in the book which no honest critic could pass by.

* *A Human Document.* By W. H. Mallock. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1892.

JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.*

THE new edition of Miss Austen's works, edited by Mr. R. Brinsley Johnson and issued by Messrs. Dent & Co., will do more than propitiate the fastidious book-lover who knows how to value an apt concinnity of style and form, such as charms the eye by a true conformity of the external to the inward and spiritual. This canon of taste is so commonly violated, that its observance in the present instance is especially pleasing.

* *The Novels of Jane Austen.* Edited by R. Brinsley Johnson. 10 vols. Vols. I. and II. *Sense and Sensibility.* London: Dent & Co. 1892.

A book, like a person, may be well attired, and yet not becomingly. It may be, like the individual, grotesquely misleading or inharmonious outwardly, and present an aspect that is no index to its character. Very different is the impression produced by the pretty volumes before us. In the elegance and refinement that distinguish them, admirers of Jane Austen's exquisite art will acknowledge a peculiar, we may say a happy, propriety. The type, paper, and binding make an admirable accord, and in Mr. W. C. Cooke we have an artist who promises to prove a notable accession to the present somewhat scanty array of English book-illustrators. His drawings for *Sense and Sensibility* certainly reveal a sympathetic study of the text, and are not wanting in grace or spirit. A very interesting frontispiece is provided in the portrait of the novelist, after a picture supposed to have been painted by Zoffany, while she was on a visit to Bath at the age of fifteen. It is a charming and most expressive piece of portraiture. Just as in the writings of Miss Austen, as Mr. Johnson remarks, we can study her nature most fitly, so with this portrait and Mr. Austen-Leigh's animated description of her we may obtain a fair idea of the personal appearance of "the vivacious brunette, with bright hazel eyes and the round cheeks which Sir Egerton Brydges called a little too full." Mr. Johnson's introductory notice of the novelist is in the main based upon Mr. Austen-Leigh's admirable memoir, and the correspondence edited by Lord Brabourne—the chief biographical material available—and is, on the whole, sound and well considered. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Johnson's view that the biographical value of Miss Austen's letters has been somewhat underrated. Naturally enough, his review of the characteristics of her art agrees in all its chief conclusions with the judgment of all competent authorities of her own times and recent. The position Jane Austen held as a writer of English fiction, according to the verdict of the greatest of her contemporaries, remains an unassailed position to this day. The commendation of her writings by Scott, Macaulay, and Whately has been substantially endorsed by later critics—Mr. Goldwin Smith among the number—and if there has been some diminution of fervour in these, there has been none in the force and unity of critical conviction. The praise of the elder critics was decidedly warm in tone. But that it was generous, as certain latter-day scribes assert—using the term in that invidious sense which implies extravagance—is a statement which is completely refuted by the novels themselves, which have stood the test of time and the caprices of fashion. Let the reader renew his application to the novelist in the beautiful edition here at hand. But, apart from this practical test, another measure of Macaulay's "generosity" is suggested by the thought of Burke sitting up all night to read *Evelina*, of Johnson's declared preference of Fanny Burney to Fielding, of the neglected works of Mrs. Opie affecting Scott to tears. These tributes, critical and emotional, may well move the sad and seasoned novel-reader of to-day to profitable speculations. In conclusion, we must note that the present edition, to be completed in ten volumes, follows the texts as revised by Miss Austen, and observes the sequence of the novels.

RULERS OF INDIA—MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.*

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER, who is understood to select all the different contributors to the series of the *Rulers of India*, is justified by the result in his selection of Mr. Cotton for Elphinstone's Life. We think that for such a series, as a rule, it would be well to secure the services of writers who have some practical knowledge of India and of its administration in some department. But we are bound to say that the author has picked his way safely through the jungle of Oriental and local terms without right-handed defections or left-handed fallings off. And he has no doubt been aided in his work by his own publication on the Moral and Material Progress of India. Mr. Cotton within the narrow limits assigned to him has given a succinct and clear account of the Settlement of the Deccan, and with the exception that he gives rather too much prominence to some of Elphinstone's slightly academic ideas about giving up India when we have taught the natives to do without us, he has produced a neat biography of the statesman who had the first chance of applying on a large scale in Western India principles of administration which, more than twenty years previously, had been well tested in Bengal and Madras.

Elphinstone, like many others who have helped to create a "British India," was a Scotchman. An idea has gained ground lately that India can only be properly administered by men who go out at the advanced age of twenty-four, who have taken good degrees at the University, and who have devoted their time to the study of more subjects than were enumerated by Dr. Pangloss to Lady Duberley in the *Heir-at-Law*. It is perfectly certain that India, in the last century and in the first half of the present century, was the appanage of very young men. Elphinstone went out at sixteen. Mr. Cotton, by the way, does not seem to know what became of an elder brother, James Elphinstone, who had entered the service two years previously but of whom we hear little more. This same elder brother obtained his appointment in the Bengal Civil Service in 1790, held various high judicial appointments, and finally became member of the Board of Revenue of the Central Provinces, dying at the Island of St. Helena in 1828; presumably on his way home to England. Mountstuart Elphinstone landed in India ten years after Warren Hastings had left it. After being posted to Benares, where he narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of Vizir Ali when his adherents murdered Mr. Cherry and were beaten off by Mr. Davis and his historical Hog-spear, Elphinstone had the good fortune to attract the notice of Lord Wellesley. Appointed assistant to the Resident at Poona, he rode by the side of Arthur Wellesley at Assaye and Argaum, was present at the capitulation of Ahmednagar and, like Metcalfe at Deeg, actually mounted the breach under a hot fire at Gawilghur. It was said of the late Lord Lawrence that he had many of the qualities of a great captain. We have the Duke's authority for believing that Elphinstone had mistaken his profession and that he ought to have been a soldier. Valuable aid afforded to a Wellesley in the field, where Elphinstone acted as interpreter in the Urdu and Mahratta languages and translated treaties into polished Persian, was a certain recommendation to another Wellesley in council. At the age of twenty-four Elphinstone found himself appointed Resident at Nagpore, the capital of Berar. Four years afterwards he was sent by Lord Minto on the famous embassy to Kabul. As is well known, the embassy never even got through the Khaiber Pass, but was received by Shah Shujah at Peshawar. Lord Minto, like some other statesmen, had cherished the idea of setting up Afghanistan as a bulwark against foreign invasion. Shah Shujah, too, like some of his successors, wished to obtain a good round sum from the British Government, as well as military assistance to put down rebellious subjects. Practically the political results of the mission were small. The Afghan policy could afford to wait. With what fatal effect thirty years afterwards the question was revived by Lord Auckland is too well known. The solid legacy of the embassy was the work on Kabul, for which ample materials had been collected during the stay at Peshawar. Mr. Cotton is warranted in the remark that it is still the standard authority on Kabul and its dependencies. The turn of Indian politics at Poona furnishes an additional proof that Elphinstone only wanted opportunity to have become a successful general. The Peshwa, with the usual duplicity of Mahratta princes that deceived one so conversant with native characteristics as Sir John Malcolm, had been spreading false reports about our disasters, intriguing with our Sepoys, calling up huge levies of his own feudatories, and preparing for a surprise. Elphinstone wisely abandoned his position in the city, posted himself and his troops at Kirki, five miles off, on the other side of a river, and with a weak force of 3,000 men kept at bay an army of the Peshwa, estimated at 18,000 horse and 8,000 foot. The Residency was, of course, burnt, with all its records; and what was more valuable, with all Elphinstone's diaries, journals, and books. The battle of Kirki, judged by the number of killed and wounded, may not occupy a "conspicuous place" in the decisive battles of India. But it is conclusive as showing that the black-coated civilian was as fine a soldier as any red-coat in the British camp. The campaign ended in the dethronement of the head of the Mahrattas, the capture of divers hill forts, and the annexation of the country. And Elphinstone was very naturally selected to be the Commissioner for the Settlement of the annexed districts. His undoubted success in this one department for which he had no special preparation secured for him the government of Bombay in 1819, in preference to Malcolm who was some ten years his senior. Here his administration lasted just eight years; and thirty years of subsequent retirement in England, from 1829 to 1859, complete the record of a laborious and distinguished career. It was always well known that Elphinstone was twice offered, and twice refused, the highest post in the Indian Empire, and that he might have been sent to Canada on a special mission, which it fell to Metcalfe to carry out. It has also been remarked that had either Elphinstone or Metcalfe filled the post of Governor-General instead of Lord Auckland, there would have been no occupation of Kabul and no shameful disaster and retreat.

The career just sketched may be read with advantage in Mr.

* *Rulers of India—Mountstuart Elphinstone.* By J. S. Cotton, M.A. London: Clarendon Press.

Cotton's Memoir, by those who have no leisure for the two volumes by the late Sir Edward Colebrooke, reviewed in these columns in 1884. It is the peculiarity of civilians and soldiers who, from the *kacheri* and the mess-room, have risen to some of the highest posts in India, that their early adventures and gradual rise excite a livelier interest than their ultimate administration in the post of Governor or Viceroy. Munro in camp for months in Southern India, settling Revenue on a new basis; Malcolm in conference with Persian Ministers and with Rajput and Mahratta chiefs; Outram conciliating the wild Bheels; Lawrence putting down robbers and cattle-raiders in Paniput or Goorgaon, and bringing a Nawab to condign punishment; Elphinstone under a hot fire on three or four historic occasions; all charm us by a strong and vigorous personality. Every subaltern or assistant magistrate likes to read of young men thrown on their own responsibility who, with slender resources, act on the offensive, like Edwardes at Multan or Grant at Manipur. Not that we would undervalue the successful statesmanship of Elphinstone in the Government of Bombay. Though he could not pretend to the minute acquaintance with land-tenures, village life, and agricultural customs shown by Civilians in the North-West Provinces forty or fifty years ago, and by the late Sir George Campbell in our own time in three distinct provinces, he was, in many respects, a model administrator. He knew when to depend on colleagues and subordinates for the solution of local and departmental puzzles, and when to have a distinct and generous policy of his own. In an epoch when locomotion was difficult and tedious, he contrived to visit every part of his presidency more than once. His handwriting, we regret to say, was detestable; but his minutes were always worth perusal. He was invariably considerate to proud and sensitive chiefs, without ever losing sight of the claims and interests of the masses. To the last he was an active sportsman, and when a native *Shikāri*, retained in camp for this very purpose, brought intelligence of antelope or hog, he would throw aside his papers, don his hunting gear, and proclaim a general holiday. Mr. Cotton points out that his eight years' tenure of office was marked by the settlement of some political disputes in Guzerat, by the adjustment of a long-standing feud between the Rao of Kutch and the Jareja Rajputs, by the substitution of the Guzerati vernacular for the exotic Persian language in the northern districts of the presidency, and by the reduction of a mass of confused and ill-worded regulations into something of a systematic code. In some lively but not very edifying disputes with the Judges of the Supreme Court at Bombay, regarding the censorship of the press, and a monstrous claim of the lawyers to inspect and criticize all secret political records, Elphinstone was entirely in the right. He was not prepared to submit confidential State papers to the dissection of fluent barristers. He was ready to face the contingency of a Chief Secretary committed for contempt of court, and he bore with perfect equanimity a verdict against him for nearly two hundred thousand pounds. We need only add that this preposterous judgment was duly upset by the Privy Council. It is not the only time when the Law and the Executive have collided in India, and when the latter has triumphed. We think we detect in Mr. Cotton a small note of triumph on discovering in Elphinstone's Minutes an agreement with the views of modern and advanced reformers. All eminent officials in India are quite justified in looking ahead, and in considering how native advancement to certain offices can be reconciled with English supremacy. But it is always risky to quote portions of minutes, and you cannot be sure that what was sketched and outlined in 1824 would be filled up and carried out in 1890 by the same administrator, without the smallest reference to new dangers and difficult problems that had arisen in the interval. It is quite clear that Elphinstone would have maintained a moderate supervision over the native press; that in the employment of natives he was rather for confining them to judicial functions; and that he was quite willing to recognize privileges and special exemptions from legal processes in favour of the greater Jagirdars of the Deccan. Elphinstone's keen enjoyment of literature is a characteristic shared by him with other statesmen and administrators in India and elsewhere. Classics, history, poetry, and biography filled up any time which he could spare from hard official work. When fully occupied at Poona he managed to allot four hours a day to the composition of his two volumes on Kabul. His history of the Hindu and Muhammadan period of India written during his retirement in England still "holds the field," as Dante and Mr. Gladstone would say, against all comers. Owing to failing health or distrust of his own powers, he may be said to have just missed inclusion in the very first rank of Indian statesmen. But to the highest place in the second division his claim cannot be questioned. We are convinced that, while recognizing the changes in Indian administration rendered politic and necessary by the Mutiny, by the assumption of power in the Queen's name, and by a certain moral progress not quite commensurate with many material improvements, he would still have insisted in keeping touch with a vast agricultural community through English agency alone. It would be a wild and a dangerous experiment that of handing over the solid work of Elphinstone and Munro, of Thomason and Frere, to be veneered or spoiled by the motley assemblage of clerks, native lawyers, and Baboos who clamour for representation and impudently pretend to speak on behalf of "the voiceless millions."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE never heard, we deeply blush to say, of Mr. John Henry Mackay. Charles we knew, and Eric we know; but who is this John Henry? John Henry, we are informed by those concerned with the translation of his *Anarchistes* (1), is a distinguished English poet. John Henry himself, in his preface, tells us that he "hopes he has not broken his last lance for liberty" in this book. "Broken" is good; for, regarding ourselves in the light of felon knights, Breuses Sans Pitié of tyranny, capital, and what not, we can certainly say that John Henry's lance hath all to flinders flown on *our* burly persons. We suppose it is intended for a kind of novel. It recounts the adventures of one Carrard Auban, a French shopman or clerk, and one Otto Trupp, a German workman, in London, during the Jubilee year, and later, with a full, true, and particular account of the extermination and massacre of the people in Trafalgar Square. M. de Hessem has done his translation well, and, in so far as it enables us to judge, the original must be fairly well written. But the contents are mere rubbish, and would be mere rubbish if the Revolution Mr. Mackay predicts and sighs for broke out to-morrow.

M. Olivier du Chastel's (2) book has the merit, which we are always glad to see and acknowledge, of being extremely unlike other books. The adventures of René de Griseldis, from the day when he was jilted by his beloved and comforted by a child called "Petite Horreur," to that when he nearly succumbed to the temptation of the old love, and was once more rescued and comforted, nay, married, by the same "Petite Horreur," become a beautiful young lady of large fortune, are odd, but not at all uninteresting. M. du Chastel is evidently a reader and admirer of Sterne, and perhaps the great humourist of sentimentality has tempted him to be too odd here and there. But the effect, especially in French, is too quaint not to be amusing. There are also many charming river pictures of the Seine, the nymph of which M. du Chastel will have to be named "Sienna." But what is to become of the poor Sequana?

M. Léon Tinseau's *Mon oncle Alcide* (3) has been chosen to be the first example of a "new departure" in novel-manufacturing—the issuing, that is to say, of the "three-fifty" *broché* volume in a cover of plain crimson leather or leatherette, with title, &c., in gold lettering on back and side, at the altogether ridiculous extra figure of one franc. The new covering is undeniably handsome, and if it wears only tolerably well will be a real blessing. For who knows not the detestable appearance of a shelf, or case, full of *trois-cinquante* in their native rags? And what English bookbinder will put them, even in batches, into common and not very well-lettered cloth at less than a shilling apiece? In this case, we need hardly say, the jewel (this is, we believe, the proper phrase) is not unworthy the casket. M. de Tinseau never fails to be readable, and is generally a good deal more than that, while he is never better than in his short stories. Here shall men read of the danger of engaging a good cook to please a rich and greedy bachelor friend; of the singular adventures which may happen in Paris to a gentleman whose children choose to entertain strange dogs; of the convenience of possessing a parrot when the party walls of your house are thin, and of many other pleasing things—the most pleasing of all, perhaps, being a story entitled "Contremine," which is quite in the good old style of Charles de Bernard.

Some other novels before us must be dispatched with shorter notice. M. Delard's *Les Dupourquet* (4) is one of the rather numerous studies of provincial life (in this instance the scene is laid in Quercy) which have for years past supplied perhaps a majority of the better class of French novel. After the wont of its class and country (a wont which we notice that M. Brunetière

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(1) *Anarchistes.* Par John Henry Mackay. Traduction de M. Louis de Hessem. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(2) *Regain d'amour.* Par Olivier du Chastel. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Mon oncle Alcide.* Par Léon de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Les Dupourquet.* Par Eugène Delard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

himself seems to have recognized), it is better at types than at individuals. But the whole of the Dupourquet family, from the semi-savage grandfather "Le Terrible" to his convent-educated granddaughter, are good types, and the poacher "La Mort" is almost a creation. In *Moumoute* (5) M. J. Ricard remains, as he has always remained, below his *coup d'essai* in *Pitchoun*, but is decidedly above the average of his competitors. He draws here in part on two other favourite sources of novel subjects—Parisian office life and Parisian artistry—and not without success in either case. Nor have we found M. Hugues le Roux quite so readable in his *Tout pour l'honneur* (6) as in previous works of his of a different kind, but it is possible that others may be more successful. M. Edouard Cadol, always trying different kinds, and always achieving a certain success of craftsmanship, has somewhat exaggerated the *style saccadé* in *Mademoiselle Raymonde* (7). But he always knows how to arrange an effective curtain, and generally how to lead up to it by effective scenes. We have had greater difficulties with the two novels on our list. The Bohemianly diplomatic or diplomatically Bohemian "Comte Prozor," whose title is terribly suggestive to English readers, dedicates his book to M. Edouard Rod, and though there is not much likeness in it to the work of the author of *Le sens de la vie* (8), such resemblances as there are do not bring before us what we like best in M. Rod himself. Besides, *La Bohême diplomatique* (9) gives truly or falsely an idea of the *roman à clef*, a thing which we always avoid like the gates of hell. If it has not that attraction for those to whom it is an attraction, we do not quite perceive what its attraction is. *L'Antipape* professes to tell the story of a sort of minor prophet, who founded a sect among the weavers of Lyons, and merely got into troubles of various kinds. Here, again, the fault may be ours, but we have found it one of the books which insist that they shall not be read.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THOMAS and PAUL SANDBY, by William Sandby (Seeley & Co.), is an interesting volume devoted to the careers of two distinguished artists, both of whom were "foundation" members of the Royal Academy, and occupied positions of importance and influence in the artistic world of the last century. Thomas Sandby, the elder of the two brothers, was the first Professor of Architecture in the Academy, and held the post of Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Park, where he carried out great enterprises in planting and embellishing the natural beauty of that wilderness, as if to show those landscape-gardeners of the period who were fond of playing the architect what an architect could accomplish in their own proper line. As to Paul Sandby, whose works are better known and more widely distributed in public galleries and museums, he has not inaptly been termed the father of English water-colour art. Mr. Sandby disclaims the title of "biography" for these memoirs of his ancestors, diffidently observing of the information which he has collected that it is but fragmentary and incomplete. His book, nevertheless, will be read with interest and pleasure by all who are attracted to the history of art in England. From contemporary literature and other sources, Mr. Sandby has gathered sufficient material to serve as the basis of an excellent sketch of the lives of the Sandbys, and his work enjoys the advantage of being admirably illustrated by phototype portraits and designs after both artists. Thomas Sandby is represented by one of a set of imposing designs for "a bridge of magnificence," and a beautiful little drawing of Covent Garden taken from under the Piazza, looking westward, with St. Paul's Church in view. The old Freemasons' Hall, partially destroyed by fire in 1883, and now wholly restored, appears to be the only London building designed by Thomas Sandby; but many of his drawings are fortunately preserved in the British Museum, the Library of Windsor Castle, the Soane Museum, and other places specified in Mr. Sandby's catalogue appended to the present volume. The illustrations also comprise reproductions of Paul Sandby's landscape work, and an example of his skill in caricature—the very clever drawing of "Vestris and the Goose."

Mr. William H. Whitmore has satisfactorily demolished a "Boston myth," and provided, we hope, Mr. Andrew Lang with some entertainment, in the course of his critical annotation on *The Original Mother Goose's Melody* (Boston: Damrell & Upham; London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.), "reproduced in facsimile from the first Worcester edition," to which is added *The Fairy Tales of Mother Goose*, reprinted from the original English translation by R. Samber in 1729. An absurd legend, it seems, was current in Boston some thirty years since, and received of the patriotic, to the effect that the term "Mother Goose" was derived from a Boston woman, a certain Mrs. Goose, or Vergoose. So readily did the New England mind absorb this pleasing fiction, and so sturdily was it upheld by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, who classed the mythical Elizabeth Vergoose with Æsop and other "dear old story-tellers" of effete Europe, that Mr. Whitmore was compelled to enlighten his countrymen in the columns of the Boston *Commonwealth*. It was, like the rest of Mr. Whitmore's critical work in this interesting volume, thorough and conscientious, as a demonstration of error. The well-known American *Mother Goose's Melodies* of 1833 was simply an enlargement of the Worcester (Mass.) book of 1785, here reproduced in facsimile, which was a piratical and almost faithful reprint of John Newbery's original volume. Thus, it can no longer be said that unavenged walks Perrault's ghost in Boston.

The Campaign Guide, an Election Handbook (Edinburgh: Douglas), prepared for Unionist speakers by the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations for Scotland, is deserving of the study of all Unionist campaigners, notwithstanding that the compilation is somewhat too bulky, and in its second portion—"Election Problems"—a trifle diffuse for a handbook. Part I., however, dealing with "Conservative and Unionist Work," is so admirably handled, both as to matter and treatment, that it must be found serviceable on all platforms, Scottish and other, by Unionist speakers. Facts and figures are all explicitly verified and tellingly presented. A better book to the hand—which is what a handbook of the kind should be—of the practised speaker for the Union there could not be than the first part of *The Campaign Guide*.

My Stewardship, by E. McQueen Gray (Methuen & Co.), is a powerful little story, planned on very simple lines, so simple, indeed, that it were a wrong to the skill shown by the author in developing her narrative to divulge the action. Told by an old maid—a type of spinsterhood that is, we trust, not common—the story opens in a bright and interesting fashion and ends in a desolating tragedy. The kinship of humour and pathos is well illustrated in this clever and, to susceptible souls, very painful story.

"A Romance of Modern Science" is what Messrs. Arthur Morgan and Charles R. Brown profess to present in *The Disintegrator* (Digby, Long, & Co.), a story that is likely to prove equally depressing to the romancist and the scientist.

Of those who go down to the Channel Islands in steamers from Weymouth or Southampton, how many know of the island that is the scene of the thrilling adventures described in *Jethou; or, Crusoe Life in the Channel Isles*, by E. R. Suffling (Jarrold & Sons)? Yet here, close to home, a Norfolk boy was a voluntary Crusoe for a year or so, and was visited by a "Friday," whom he wittily calls "Monday," and found a buried treasure, a skeleton, and other fearful joys, such as are common to adventurous youth and desert islands.

The *General Index* to the Seventh Series of *Notes and Queries* deals with the twelve volumes of that amusing and very useful journal which were issued between 1886 and 1891, and is prefaced by a brief and appropriate Introduction by Mr. Joseph Knight.

Some handy little volumes devoted to domestic economy are before us. *Plain Directions on Cookery*, Parts I. and II. (Wells Gardner & Co.), by Alice Massingberd, treat of elementary matters with clearness and discretion. *Healthy Households*, by Guy Cadogan Rothery (Virtue & Co.), is a plain guide to sanitation in the house, in part reprinted from the *Queen* and other papers, and is sound and practical in teaching. *Dressmaking*, by Mrs. Henry Grenfell (Macmillan & Co.), is a technical manual by a member of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, with the object of supplying simple elementary guidance to teachers, and educational training to pupils, in school classes. That the art and mystery of dressmaking can be taught in schools with admirable results is as clearly established as the fact that it ought to be taught. Mrs. Grenfell's little book is warmly commended, in a preface, by Miss Fanny Calder, whose authority on the subject is unquestioned.

Among recent issues from the Pitt Press we note the Third Book of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War* (Cambridge: at the University Press), edited by Dr. Karl Breul, from the latest Cotta editions, with introduction, notes, and bibliography;

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(5) *Moumoute.* Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Tout pour l'honneur.* Par Hugues le Roux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Mademoiselle Raymonde.* Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *La Bohême diplomatique.* Par le Comte Prozor. Paris: Perrin.

(9) *L'Antipape.* Par Guy Valvor. Paris: Savine.

Book VI. of the *Iliad*, edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A., with notes and introduction; and the First Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, edited, with notes, by the Rev. Lancelot D. Dowdall, LL.B.

From Messrs. Percival & Co. we have an excellent "Senior Course" of *French and English Passages*, in prose and verse, edited by Eugène Pellissier, M.A., for "unseen" translation; *Easy Readings in German*, by A. R. Lechner, with parallel exercises for retranslation; *Die Lehrjahre eines Humanisten*, from W. H. Riehl's *Novellen*, edited by R. J. Morich, with notes and vocabulary; and *Cook's Voyages*, edited by M. B. Synge, Grade II. of the series of "English Classics for Schools."

We have received the first volume of the illustrated edition of *A Short History of the English People*, by the late John Richard Green (Macmillan & Co.) It is edited by Miss Kate Norgate, herself distinguished as a historian, and Mrs. Green further contributes a kind of prefatory notice, in which we have some anecdotes of Green's early life. The publication of this volume has led to the absurd repetition of an exploded story that he was the prototype of Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. The story, which is as unsubstantial as the promises of the Gladstonians, crops up, like them, at brief intervals. There were once upon a time two great Greens at Oxford. Mrs. Ward may have chosen one of them, but not this one, for Robert Elsmere. Two men more unlike it is difficult to conceive. The illustrations of this handsome volume are derived from the best sources. The picture, in colour, of Matthew Paris kneeling at the feet of the Virgin and Child, from his own drawing (in Royal MSS., 14 C. vii.), is worth the whole price of the book. As there are cuts on nearly every page, and frequent full-page coloured facsimiles from manuscripts, it is obviously impossible to notice more than a selection; but the page representing "the Fauna of Ireland," from which, apparently, St. Patrick had not yet banished the snakes, according to Giraldus, and the "Coronation of a King," opposite p. 414, in gold and colours, can hardly be surpassed for combined interest and value to the student.

In the "School Series" published by Mr. Edward Arnold we have a *Standard Course of Elementary Chemistry*, by Mr. E. J. Cox, in five parts, which comprises a scheme of instruction that is effective and thoroughly illustrative.

We have also received Part II. of the Supplement to the new edition of *English Botany*, compiled and illustrated by N. E. Brown (Bell & Sons); *Slavery in the District of Colombia*, by Mary Tremaine (Putnam's Sons), being No. 2 of the "Seminary Papers" of the Nebraska University; *On the Perception of Small Differences*, by Messrs. G. S. Fullerton and J. McKeen Cattell (Philadelphia: University Press); *Progressive Mathematical Exercises*, by A. T. Richardson, second series (Macmillan & Co.); *Short Notes on St. Paul's Epistles*, by T. K. Abbott (Dublin: Hodges & Co.); *Livy*, Books I. and II., edited by J. Prendeville and J. H. Freese (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); *A Second French Reader and Writer*, by F. E. E. Barbier, "Parallel Grammar Series" (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Notes on the History of the Early Church*, by John Bryce, M.A. (S.P.C.K.); *The Theory of Dynamic Economics*, by Professor S. N. Patten, of Philadelphia; *Lex Mundi*, by Alexander Vincent (Elliot Stock); *Browning's Criticism of Life*, by W. F. Revell (Sonnenschein & Co.); *An Introduction to General Logic*, by E. E. Constance Jones (Longmans & Co.); *The Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages*, a "popular treatise on early archæology," by John Hunter-Duvar (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Blasting*, a handbook for engineers and others, by Oscar Guttmann, illustrated (Griffin & Co.); *Insurance*, a manual of practical law, by Charles Francis Morrell (A. & C. Black); *An Essay on Analogy in Syntax*, by G. Middleton, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *Waymarks*, by Henry C. Potter, D.D. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *A Guide to Electric Lighting*, by S. Bottone (Whittaker & Co.); *Wilful Peggy*, by Ruth E. Smythe (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Dunwell Parva*, by Reginald Lucas (Warne & Co.); *Poetical Wild Oats* (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Two Country Stories*, by Georgina M. Squire (Digby, Long, & Co.)

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. inform us that the "Town Book of Belfast," reviewed in the last number of the *Saturday Review*, is not published for subscribers only, but may be obtained through any bookseller.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CHRONICLE.

Election Chronicle.

THE results of some forty pollings were announced yesterday week, or on the morning of last Saturday, and they were, on the whole, satisfactory. Unionist losses in Norfolk (where the labourer appears not yet to have finally found out Mr. ARCH) and Inverness-shire were compensated by wins in North Dorset and in the Wick Burghs, and, while the great majority of seats thus saw no change, the increases in the Unionist majorities and minorities were by far the more remarkable. It is a pity, no doubt, that at Faversham 4,640 votes should have been given to Mr. SYDNEY HALLIFAX, whose sole claim to M.P.-ship lies in the fact that he has written very numerous letters of almost incredible silliness to the papers on the Irish question; but the Home counties, as a rule, stood firm, Sir GEORGE RUSSELL largely increasing his 1885 majority in Berkshire. Mr. PEASE, who in that year won Cleveland by over four thousand, was run to within four hundred by a Tory; Mr. BONHAM CARTER, a very strong candidate, failed to carry the Petersfield division of Hampshire, and even Camborne wallowed in Mr. CONYBEARE by a considerably reduced majority. The return of Sir CHARLES DILKE for the Forest of Dean has some interest, especially for the future. In Ireland another of the rare Parnellite successes occurred in Clare on the evening of yesterday week. Mr. BALFOUR spoke at Glossop, reviewing the whole situation with courage and good temper, and showing that the Tories mean and will be able "to clap a strait "waistcoat" on the enemy. Totals on Saturday morning—Unionists (261 + 40), 301; Gladstonians, 320.

On Monday morning there were two Gladstonian gains (at Louth and in the Buckrose division of Yorkshire—the latter won in 1886 on petition only) to one Unionist. This, however, was the extremely gratifying defeat by Lord FOLKESTONE in South Wilts of Sir THOMAS GROVE, one of those few, but peculiarly contemptible, persons who, after making up their minds to stick to Liberalism in 1886, unmade them again. The strife in Hertfordshire between two Tories fortunately had no bad effect, and Mr. GIBBS was returned by a very large majority over the Gladstonian, Mr. HARVEY; while Mr. B. COX, the second Tory, received, by a still larger deficiency, the place he deserved at the bottom of the poll. There was nothing else of the first interest in this batch of pollings, except that Lord FREDERICK HAMILTON kept his seat in North Tyrone, though hard run by his Nationalist competitor. On Saturday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had made an excellent speech at Rugeley in support of the Unionist candidate for the Lichfield division. Totals on Monday morning, with only eighteen seats still to fill—Unionists (266 + 44), 310; Gladstonians, 342.

The number of polls rapidly dwindled as the tale of members became more and more complete, and on Tuesday morning only eight were published. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST, as was not unexpected, lost his seat in Denbighshire; but there was no other change, and Mr. MULHOLLAND, in North Londonderry, beat his opponent by an enormous majority. Total on Tuesday morning—Unionists (267 + 44), 311; Gladstonians, 349.

The figures on Wednesday morning—practically the last, for, of the two remaining, South Tipperary was certain, and Orkney and Shetland (which will not be decided till next week) most likely to "go Gladstonian"—were, on the whole, decidedly satisfactory. The Gladstonians won nothing, and not only the seat at Handsworth, which was pretty certain, but that at the High Peak, which had been regarded as extremely uncertain, were kept by Unionists with increased majorities, Captain SIDEBOTTOM at the latter place more than doubling his. But this was not all, for at Lichfield Major DARWIN won the seat by a majority of four from Sir JOHN SWINBURNE, the late Gladstonian member. Total, anticipating the results above referred to (of which Tipperary was actually announced next day)—Unionists (268 + 46), 314; Gladstonians, all shades and including disputed seats, 356. Outside Gladstonian majority, including Parnellites and Nationalists, 42.

Home Politics.

The elections were hardly over before Lord ARTHUR HILL put forward a well-timed appeal to all Unionists to work their utmost on the registrations which begin almost immediately, and which may be tested very soon. It is to be hoped that this will be attended to.——The amateur Cabinet-makers have, of course, been hard at work at their usual futile industry; and Gladstonians generally, with guileless frankness, have been discussing how they may drop

Home Rule, and get up a "Down with the House of "Lords" cry on one-man-one-vote, or something similar.——Mr. GLADSTONE himself on Wednesday, at Kirkmichael, assured his admirers that he had known several Parliaments where the Liberals did good work with "not such a majority" as he now has. "Not "such" is good. The majority on these occasions certainly was not "such"; it was, as Mr. CARLYLE would have said, "quite other than such."——On Thursday Sir CHARLES RUSSELL promised deliverance from "the squire and the parson." What harm squires have done to Sir CHARLES we know not; considering his creed, the reference to the parson is singularly graceful. But is it quite prudent?

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The staple of news this day week consisted in still vague, but still unfavourable, reports on the state of Afghanistan; some bad cholera statistics; some details of the last reappearance of the Jewish ritual murder craze at Xanten; a pacific-bellicose speech from the PRESIDENT of the Swiss Confederation; some more particulars of the Idaho Labour War; and a truce with (which seems more like a surrender to) the insurgent Bedouins in the Hedjaz.——On Monday morning arrived the rumour of a disaster even greater than those of last week—the destruction by eruption of Sangir, a populous island situated in the great volcanic belt of Oceania. There was bad news from Afghanistan and German Africa. There were also tragi-comic details of the strike against that American gospeller of wealth, Mr. CARNEGIE, and details wholly tragic of the cholera in Russia, where the intelligent Moujik had been burning hospital attendants alive to show his gratitude and cure his disease.——It was rumoured on Tuesday morning that the opposition of France had proved fatal to Sir C. EUAN SMITH'S mission in Morocco, and that he had left Fez *re infecta*. There had been fighting in Pahang, a contumacious reply of the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN to the VICEROY was reported, and in America some Trade-Unionists had been arrested for murder.——On Wednesday it was announced that the Cape Franchise Bill (a Bill raising, not lowering, the franchise) had been read a second time; that there had been more cholera riots in Russia, and more Labour troubles in America, Hungary, and elsewhere. The political trials at Sofia had ended in the acquittal of some of the accused, in the condemnation of M. KARAVELOFF to five years' imprisonment, of M. POPOFF and some others to death, of yet others to longer or shorter terms of imprisonment, and of one to the very singular penalty of death with five years' imprisonment, the latter expressly stated to come first.——On Thursday morning a different light was thrown on the AMEER'S reply to the VICEROY in the Bajaur matter, which seems to have been conciliatory enough in tone, if rather unsatisfactory in substance. There was little else of importance in the day's foreign news.——At the meeting of the Royal Niger Company Lord ABERDARE took occasion to notice the recent and very characteristic allegations of the French explorer, Lieutenant MIZON. To anybody who has read M. MIZON'S own accounts of his proceedings this is superfluous; but, as the great majority of Englishmen have not, it is, no doubt, just as well.——Fresh and lively, but not quite official, details were published about the Morocco Mission yesterday morning, and the French politely insinuated, in the Niger affair, that Lord ABERDARE is a—let us say, a Gladstonian canvasser.

The Law Courts. This day week the Appeal Court decided the case of BOTTEMS *v.* The Corporation of York. Mr. BOTTEMS, a contractor, had unfortunately looked only at the surface of things, and had undertaken a job at an impossibly low price. But the Court gave him no relief.——The man NEILL, charged with the girl-poisonings, was before Sir JOHN BRIDGE on Monday, when much of the evidence already given at the inquest on MATILDA CLOVER was repeated, and a little added.——In the remarkable rating qualification case of GORDON *v.* WILLIAMSON, the Court of Appeal reversed Mr. Justice DENMAN'S decision, whereby a common informer lost his anticipated gain.——The extremely important case of WALKER *v.* BAIRD, in which the liability of HER MAJESTY'S officers to be called in question by local Courts in consequence of executing duties imposed on them by international arrangements is involved, came before the Privy Council on Tuesday. On the same day the "World's End" Socialist meeting business was ended, on a suggestion of Sir PETER EDLIN'S, by the defendants submitting and being bound over to keep the peace.——On Wednesday Mr. Justice KEKEWICH granted an injunction with costs against the Federation of Trade and Labour Unions, with Mr. J. H. WILSON, M.P., at its head, in respect of a boycotting circular directed against Messrs. PINK, the well-known jam-makers. The persons implicated in the literary fraud case were committed for trial, and Mrs. THOMPSON, the eternal, reappeared and redisappeared.

The Bisley Meeting. Captain EDGE, of Derby, won the Winans Cup in the Albert Prize competition yesterday week. Last Saturday Scotland won the Elcho Shield, Cambridge the Chancellor's Plate, and the mother-country the Kolapore Cup. The earlier part of this week at Bisley was chiefly occupied in enduring torrents of rain and shooting off the stages of the Queen's (which will not be completed till to-day) and other prizes. On Wednesday the first stage of the Queen's, with the Association bronze medal, was won by Private HARRIS, of Manchester, with, in spite of excessively unfavourable weather, the very high score of 96. On the same day, in a private revolver competition, an Irish shot, Mr. JOYNT, made the same number; but out of 100, not 105—which is said to be the highest pistol score yet attained at 50 yards. On Thursday the China Cup was won by the First London, and the St. George's Vase by Private GRAY of the First Norfolk, with a sort of *plusquam* highest possible.

Yachting and Boating. At Belfast yesterday week the *Meteor* beat the *Iverna*, and the *Corsair* won in the forties. The *Iverna* and the *Queen Mab* were the winners in the second day of this (the Royal Ulster) regatta. The prize in this, however, was after all given to the *Meteor*, at the request of Mr. JAMESON himself, a technical informality having disqualified the *Iverna*. She had her revenge in the St. George's Regatta, on Wednesday, in Dublin Bay, where, in a joint match for the bigger yachts and the forties, the *Meteor* carried away her bowsprit, and Mr. JAMESON'S yacht came in first, with much more than her time-lead of the smaller cutters. The *Meteor* and the *Thalia* were the winners on the second day in light airs. The Wingfield Sculls, on Friday week, were won by Mr. VIVIAN NICKALLS. There have been rowing regattas during the week at Molesey and elsewhere.

Racing. Very unusual interest attached to the Sandown Meeting yesterday week because Orme was there to make his first appearance since what is diplomatically called his "illness." St. Damien and Llanthony were the only three horses of his own age of any importance opposed to him; but he had to meet two four-year-olds of merit, Orvieto, a near kinsman of his own, and the Frenchman Gouverneur. The last did nothing; but Orme had a tough fight with Orvieto, which he just pulled off, to the satisfaction of everybody, St. Damien being a good third. In the race for another valuable prize, the Sandringham Cup, Mr. JERSEY'S Milford, with 9 to 4 on him, was beaten all the way by General OWEN WILLIAMS'S Perigord. The chief race at Sandown this day week, the National

Breeders' Produce Stakes, was won by Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S Tibbie Shiels, beating Minting Queen, Grand Duke, and half a score more.——At the Leicester meeting in this week there were some valuable prizes; but the racing (in wretched weather) calls for no particular remark.——Much the same, except as regards the weather, may be said of the Liverpool meeting, which followed.

Cricket. The heavy rains of the end of last week and the beginning of this interfered much with cricket; nevertheless a strong Somerset Eleven succeeded in inflicting a good beating on their neighbours of Gloucestershire this day week. A fine Wednesday enabled the earlier matches of this week to be played out after two very bad days, but the state of the ground must have affected the results. Somerset, who are now a very strong team, thanks chiefly to Messrs. HEWETT and PALAIRET, beat Lancashire, Surrey Sussex, and Middlesex Yorkshire. The scoring in all these matches, except the second, contrasted curiously with the huge batting totals of a week or two ago.

Correspondence. On this day week were published a tardy and not very ingenuous letter from Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, M.P., practically admitting the discreditable tactics by which he won East Wilts, and a characteristic one from Archdeacon DENISON, in which he made the, we fear, too true observation that the increasing absenteeism of English landowners has something to do with the county defeats.——Last Saturday Sir EDWARD WATKIN wrote to say that there is nothing like leather—in other words, that a Channel tunnel for Ireland will make us all one; and the county losses in the West were commented on by divers persons, much in the sense of Archdeacon DENISON'S hint.——On Tuesday morning a very singular letter was published from General Sir CHARLES FRASER, late M.P. for Lambeth, giving a most surprising account of the manner in which he was jockeyed out and Mr. STANLEY was not jockeyed in. This letter was subsequently confirmed or complicated by others from Sir HENRY DOULTON and Major TAYLOR, the whole making up a very odd story, which might be published under the title "How to Lose a Seat." Attention has been drawn to the EXSHAW case of nationality in France, which we noticed last week; and there were fresh contributions to the history of the latest edition of Hard Lying, by which so many county seats have been lost and won.——On Thursday morning Mr. HARRY FURNISS published a not unamusing forecast of a fresh election and a Unionist victory; while Mr. NAOROJI contradicted a silly and ill-mannered hoax, which had represented him as having received large sums of money from Indian princes as rewards for getting elected.——Yesterday Lord WEMYSS and others emphasized the lesson of the inutility of bribery which the recent elections have taught—we wish we could think with probable effect; while "TITIUS" drew attention to the very interesting notions of veracity entertained by Mr. BYLES, M.P. for Shipley, and exhibited by him on his oath in a court of law.

Miscellaneous. The MAGNIAC sale ended yesterday week with a total of more than 100,000*l.*——Last Saturday much MS. belonging to Sir PHILIP FRANCIS was sold. Some of the less well-informed Juniomaniacs had expected great things from this sale, but the price, 135*l.*, must have dispelled any such hopes, and, indeed, we believe all the documents had been thoroughly searched already.——The London County Council met on Tuesday in (to judge from the expressions of the majority about the new Parliament) a frame of mind exactly resembling that of a fraternity of burglars who should have heard that the policeman was going to be taken off the beat. Mr. CHARLES HARRISON was put into the vice-chair to rest his bones, aching from defeat at Plymouth.——During the week some Dissenting theologians of the "advanced" school have met at the Nonconformist boarding-house which has been built in the suburbs of Oxford, and called Mansfield College. This they modestly designate a Summer School of Theology at Oxford.——There was a great gale on Wednesday, and among other disasters the Liverpool lifeboat was upset, with the loss of three men.——The programme of the Naval Manœuvres was published on Thursday, when the Duke of DEVONSHIRE spoke on Technical Education.

Obituary. Towards the end of last week died THOMAS COOPER, the well-known Chartist poet, a man of great energy and some genius, who, living to eighty-eight, had seen to some extent the error of his earlier ways; also, by a sad and trivial accident, General Sir ARTHUR HARDINGE, Extra Equerry to the QUEEN, a soldier who had seen service from the Sikh wars onward, and had specially distinguished himself in the Crimea.——The works of the late Mr. THOMAS COOK, of COOK'S Tours, are before all men, and all men may judge of them. Undoubtedly Mr. COOK was an excellent example of the faculty of driving a nail where it will go. Whether, like a large number of persons in this country, he did not overlook the fact that there is no short cut to any good or any pleasure, and that the virtues of travelling are, as in other cases, diminished in exact proportion to the diminution of personal initiative in it, is, perhaps, a metaphysical question.——At any rate, this charge could not be brought against Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR, of "Rob Roy" fame, a "roving "Englishman" of an excellent type.——The obituary of Thursday contained the names of two well-known persons of English blood, who had for many years been domiciled in Italy. One was Mr. REID, of Amalfi, the other Mr. LIVINGSTON, the famous "Florentine "American," who used to drive twenty-four-in-hand.

Books, &c. The Clarendon Press has published this week a rather unexpected, but in its way valuable, selection from the *Speeches of the Statesmen and Orators of the French Revolution*, edited by Mr. H. MORSE STEPHENS (2 vols.) Mr. STEPHENS, if he has something of the fanaticism, has much of the knowledge, of the specialist, and a great deal of the matter here, though of little literary, is of immense historical importance, while it is almost inaccessible to the general reader and even to the ordinary student. After a considerable intermission the series of "English Men "of Letters" (MACMILLAN) has received an addition in the shape of a volume on CARLYLE, which had been long promised and assigned by report to more than one hand. It now appears from that of Emeritus Professor NICHOL.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE elections are, with the exception of the Orcades, concluded, and Mr. GLADSTONE has an utmost possible majority of forty-two. This majority includes the Labour members, who are at this moment endeavouring to defeat his lieutenant at Newcastle; the Parnellites, who, politically speaking, would only be too happy to spring up, like their predecessors of the Mountain, on the benches of St. Stephen's, and cry, "The blood of PARNELL chokes thee"; and the Anti-Parnellite Nationalists, who avowedly serve GLADSTONE for the sake of Home Rule and nothing else. Without the Nationalists, even counting the Labour people, he is in a minority of about forty; with them on the other side, in a minority of a hundred and twenty. In Great Britain he is in a minority of 15—or, as the *Daily News* more facetiously puts it, "Great Britain desires "to see Home Rule carried," and apparently intimates her desire by returning a majority of 15 in the other sense. His own special party is superior to the Tories

proper by less than the doubtful Labour votes, which must be reckoned in it to make it superior at all. Finally, the Liberal-Unionists, whom it was his avowed purpose and hope to sweep off the face of Parliament, if not of the earth, have come back, in diminished numbers indeed, but stronger than his own strongest majority.

There must be some Gladstonians, we should think, even if there are not a good many, who are contemplating these wages of sin with profound misgivings. The sin itself was an uncommonly heavy "day's darg." There was no Eight-hours movement at work to qualify the exactions of the capitalist who employed them on this occasion. A good many of the triumphant members have personally condescended to the lowest form of lying—the dissemination of falsehoods, which they knew to be false, in such a fashion as to be out of the grasp of the law. A good many more have indulged in promises which they know they are extremely unlikely to fulfil, and which, if they could fulfil them, could be discharged only by the plunder of other people's property. A larger number still have traded in minor ways upon sheer ignorance and gullibility. It may be urged that these are only lovers' perjuries—things common in electioneering. This is not true; for the line has always been drawn at positive lying—the main Gladstonian engine—by even the boldest electioneerers who have some self-respect. But suppose it were true. There remains the action to which all Gladstonians are pledged. We do not refer to the Sibylline fragments of Newcastle, or other programmes which may or may not be reassembled or picked up one by one. These are now being diligently hunted up in the hope of finding something less hot and less heavy to handle than Home Rule, and better suited for raising a "cry" against Toryism, the House of Lords, and so forth. They contain many things almost certainly hurtful and dangerous, but perhaps nothing which an honest and intelligent man may not, in some moment of crotchet, or personal delusion, or fixed idea, conceivably entertain as beneficial. With Home Rule it is different. At the very best—after making the most enormous and illegitimate allowance for the chapter of accidents—no one can say that it is other than an excessively dangerous experiment. There is no man of any brains living (except Mr. Gladstone, who has the faculty of restricting his knowledge to suit his desires) who does not know it to be so. Again, it has been practically demonstrated, in the course of the last six years, to be an entirely unnecessary experiment. Yet more, the recent elections, by the change of representation, have shown that, in quite conceivable circumstances, by the exercise of more energy, more forethought, and more courage on the part of the Irish loyalists, it is an experiment which Ireland herself might in a few years cease to demand. Yet to put themselves, or to put Mr. Gladstone, in power, his British minority has consented to make, with the help of his Irish majority, this experiment, which is certainly dangerous, which is possibly ruinous, which is demonstrably unnecessary, which may not improbably prove altogether gratuitous and premature.

This is the sin—the unpardonable sin—against their country which the Gladstonian minority in Great Britain have committed for the immediate solace of turning out Lord Salisbury, and the distant prospect in some—not in all—cases of accomplishing private fads and satisfying private grudges of this or that individual, class, province, or sect. But besides the solace and the prospect, their paymaster, who likes to be ostensibly large in his payments, has given them and their chief the solid present wages of majority above described. It is, of course, impossible to say how that majority will work. It may work together as one man, though it is, as a matter of fact, composed of, so to speak, at least four men, each of whom hates one or more of the other three with an almost perfect hatred. It may prove entirely superior to that sapping influence of bye-elections from which every majority on record has hitherto suffered. It may survive, not merely the ordinary accidents of Parliamentary warfare, but certain other accidents peculiar to its constitution and leadership, of which it is not necessary now to speak. It may, we say, do all this, just as a condemned musket may be good for any number of further shots. Sharp practitioners on the coast of Africa and elsewhere do, they say, sometimes conclude bargains with such muskets, and really it would seem as if the Great Master whom the Gladstonians serve had paid them in something very similar for their long day's work.

MR. COOK OF THE EXCURSIONS.

THE late Mr. Cook, whose death was announced this week, may variously be regarded as a universal benefactor, or as one of those awful scourges, like Attila and Genghiz Khan, with whom Providence is occasionally pleased to devastate the world. Mr. Cook's idea was not, perhaps, absolutely original—no ideas are—but it is improbable that he derived it from Hugh de Paganis, early in the twelfth century. Hugh bound himself by a vow to keep the roads clear in the Holy Land, and to conduct pilgrims personally. He also took up the life of a Regular Canon, which formed no part of Mr. Cook's programme; but, like Mr. Cook, he prospered, and he became the founder of the Knights Templars. Their prosperity, as is well known, proved their bane, and the Knights were ferociously tortured and executed in various parts of the Continent. Possibly the day may come when an outraged Europe will rise up against Cook's tourists and put them on the rack, and then it will be a question whether our Government, if we happen to have any, should interfere. But Mr. Cook's real prototypes are rather the leaders of the vast barbarian hordes, say of the Cimmerians, who perhaps were Welsh, and who devastated civilization. Brennus and Attila are among his spiritual ancestors. These, too, brought down noisy hordes from the North, who swept like whirlwinds through the temples and museums of ancient Rome, full of their fun, and of every liquor they could come by, but by no means of enlightenment in matters of art. M. Halévy has lately described one of these modern incursions. Bringing their women with them, the excursionists rush like a cyclone through the Louvre. In two minutes they examine each of the gilded galleries; they are not allowed to dally even over a portrait of Charles I., whom they recognize with patriotic emotion. Here is something they have heard of before. But their chief waves them on to fresh conquests, and they all simultaneously exclaim, Aôh! We believe this to be the war-cry of the Cookidæ, and to be the modern form of the cry Aoi, which ends each *laisse* in the *Chanson de Roland*. It is thus of Norman origin, and Mr. Cook may be regarded as the avenger and counterpart of Duke William. M. Halévy does not accept this touching antiquarianism, and observes that Cook's tourists are nuisances, and that the women have very large feet.

This is one way of looking at the matter, and the humble isolated Englishman feels no emotion of pride when "the lords of human kind go by," in the Louvre or the Musée Cluny. He would rather, if he could, detach himself in some marked way from their performances, by clinging, perhaps with tears, to the person of one of the guardians of the sacred place, and imploring protection, or by picking up, on his knees, the easels which the trampling multitude has overthrown. It is difficult to see what

the personally-conducted gain in exchange for their money, for they have not one moment (at least, as one sometimes sees them marshalled) to look at the treasures of art on every side. They can at most say that they have been there. Really, it is difficult to believe that much culture can be got in the process. But this is a matter on which only the evidence of persons who have themselves been personally conducted is of any value. Perhaps some of the army of ATTILA got culture, and became amateurs, and could talk of PRAXITELES, and decadence, and the archaistic school. Germs of better things may be sown in a personally-conducted bosom here and there. A tourist or two may slink out of the crowd in Switzerland, and enjoy the solitude and the silence of the hills. On the whole, Mr. COOK'S plan does seem to encourage the gregariousness which is the curse of the modern world. People of all classes revel in a crowd and a crush; the child of Nature is becoming very rare. The joys of ZIMMERMAN and of OBERMANN are not appreciated; all pleasure must be in the nature of a Bank Holiday. This is partly the result of Mr. COOK'S inspiration, but he was merely the infant of his age, and went but where the general tendencies took him. It is understood that his tickets may be taken by those who do not go with his multitude to make holiday. He was a considerable organizer, and doubtless could have relieved Khartoum if he had been given a fair chance. In one respect he may be praised—we never heard that COOK'S tourists were not honest, or that they left bad debts scattered up and down the face of Europe, as is too common with more isolated wanderers of our imperial race. If he supplanted Milords, he did not send out swindlers.

FROM OTTAWA TO WESTMINSTER.

THE election of Mr. EDWARD BLAKE for South Longford was a very adroit proceeding on the part of the clerical TADPOLES and TAPERS in Ireland. Mr. BLAKE is a Canadian lawyer and statesman whose reputation has passed beyond the limits of the Dominion. He has been Prime Minister of his own Province of Ontario; he has held high office in the Canadian Cabinet under Mr. MACKENZIE; he has been the leader of the Liberal party in the Ottawa Parliament; he is an opponent of the clique which favours annexation to the United States; a Unionist as regards England and the colonies, an advocate of the integrity of the Empire, as he understands it. He is, therefore, a capture very valuable to the Separatists, who are able to use him for purposes for which, if he fully understood them, he would decline to be employed. He is, we believe, a Protestant. Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to point to Mr. BLAKE'S election for South Longford as a proof of the conscientious care with which Roman Catholic majorities keep the spheres of politics and religion apart. Talk of persecution after this! The Roman Catholic Bishops see the importance of supplying illustrations of Mr. GLADSTONE'S argument. They are very dexterous fishers of men. Mr. BLAKE is at once their prey and their bait; they have angled for him, and they purpose to angle with him. They have hooked him, and they intend by means of him to hook others. From another point of view, Mr. BLAKE'S election strengthens the Anti-Parnellites. The members of that party possess many shining and solid qualities. They are a little lacking, however, in that scarcely definable, but easily intelligible, attribute which is called respectability. The instinct which leads men to strengthen their weak point has induced them to wrap themselves up in the innocent simplicity of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY. It has prompted the welcome which they give to Mr. BLAKE, who is a scholar, a lawyer, and a statesman of repute. He in some degree weakens the argument from Mr. DAVITT and Mr. TIM HEALY.

In ordinary circumstances Mr. BLAKE'S election would be interesting and important. He is not the only instance in our time of a politician who has transferred himself from Colonial to Imperial politics. Mr. LOWE, to speak of Lord SHERBROOKE by the name which alone has any political significance, and Mr. CHILDERS served their apprenticeship to public life in Australia. But they were Englishmen in the colonies, and not colonists in England. In a political sense, they can scarcely be said to have had their domicile in New South Wales or Victoria. They had always the intention of returning. Mr. BLAKE is a Canadian by birth, by education, and by uninterrupted residence, by his professional pursuits and by his public career. His presence, and that of men like him, is very desirable in the House of Commons if properly introduced there. On many subjects he will be able to speak with an authority which few men possess. But he is elected not because he knows a good deal about Canada, but because he knows nothing about Ireland. When Mr. BLAKE has had some experience of the House of Commons, and of his associates there, the views with which he has entered it may undergo a change. Especially he may see that the loose and elastic relations which are healthy and natural, and which have grown up because they are healthy and natural, between the mother-country and her settlements are impracticable between the several parts of the United Kingdom; that the conditions of union in the former case are the precursors of separation in the other.

Mr. BLAKE'S position is in contrast with that of Mr. NAOROJI, M.P. In Mr. PITT'S first speech on Parliamentary Reform he spoke of some seven or eight boroughs as belonging rather to the Nabob of Arcot than to the English people, as being more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic than that of Great Britain. The statement that Mr. NAOROJI had received pecuniary tributes to the amount of 28,000*l.* from Indian princes delighted at his election, and a gift of 10,000*l.* from the Maharajah of Hyderabad for the erection of some memorial of his victory in Central Finsbury, has been contradicted. But the fiction points to the possibility of the wealth of India being employed to bring about now the state of things which Mr. PITT denounced in 1782. Another danger to which he pointed is more likely to be the result of Home Rule. Mr. PITT thought that the venal boroughs of his time might give opportunity to a foreign potentate at enmity with England to plant its agents in the House of Commons. Members of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, and of the Irish contingent in Westminster, may very easily become the instrument and stipendiaries of foreign Powers, across the Atlantic or the Channel. The hands of Irish patriots are as familiar with American gold now as they were with French gold a century ago. Men like Mr. BLAKE, of honour and independence, would, we fear, be little in favour, or in favour only as screens for less reputable associates.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

WE received last week—too late, to our great regret, for notice in its issue—a letter from a distinguished member of the latest school of verse-writing in France, M. FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN. Its contents were as follows:—

"The *Saturday Review* having explicitly asserted (July 2, 1892) that M. Vielé-Griffin had employed the year 1890 'exhibiting the effects of what he (T. de Banville) calls "the New Graces," "Absinthe, Névrose, Morphine," in

assommoirs and *hôtels garnis*,' I do not doubt that, by the speedy insertion of this note, you will be glad to destroy any erroneous impression your readers may have formed concerning my personal character.

"Whatever your correspondent may please to say of French art and 'prosodies,' groundless and gross libel will prove (in England, I hope, as in France) prejudiciable—to its author only."

To make this letter fully intelligible to a forgetful generation we must, we fear, quote ourselves. This is the passage to which M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN refers:—

"There is a pleasant melancholy, not unmixed with mirth, in reading the posthumous *Dernières poésies* of the late M. de Banville. They contain, we think, putting any pathetic fallacy quite out of question, better work than he had published for a good many years, and besides this they are an admirable foil to the

School Verlainian, Jean-Moréasian, Vielé-Griffinian, Corybant,

as the Laureate might have sung, only that he did not. While these latter gentlemen (we except M. Verlaine himself, who is a poet, though an ill-guided one) were trying new prosodies in style radically antipathetic to French, M. de Banville, with only reasonable and ancestral licenses, was still showing how perfectly flexible any prosody is in the hands of a poet. While they were exhibiting the effects of what he calls in one of the most powerful pieces here the 'Three New Graces,' 'Absinthe, Névrose, Morphine,' in *assommoirs* and *hôtels garnis*, he was still on the heights and in the woods of Arcady with Dionysus and Aphrodite and the real Graces."

Now, we could enter several pleas in bar of M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN'S construction of this passage. For instance, we might suggest to him that, in order to make that imputation upon his personal habits which he deprecates, it would have been necessary for us in the first place to put the clause "in *assommoirs* and *hôtels* "*garnis*" immediately after "exhibiting," and that even then we should not necessarily have done it. The poet *exhibits* what he makes the subject of his verse, and it seems almost needless to say that we spoke of the singer's *subjects* and not of himself. Yet again, we might urge that, when divers schools or a whole school are spoken of, the imputations made are not individual. Still more, it would be possible to call M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN'S attention to the fact that his method of interpretation leads to some right strange consequences. Did we intend to assert that, on a given date in 1890, actual Corybantes were in an actual *assommoir*? Did we assert—which, according to his exegesis, we must have done—that M. THÉODORE DE BANVILLE, a *fils des croisés*, then to the best of our knowledge a householder in France, having reached his seventieth year, was walking on the heights of Arcadia, Greece (uncommonly bad places to walk on, if we may trust travellers), in the company of one DIONYSUS, a male person with a panther skin and a thyrsus for all clothing, of a female person, very handsome but of doubtful morals, and of three damsels entirely destitute of garments? We assure M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN that these assertions were made in an entirely figurative and Pickwickian sense.

Let us add, not only that we have never heard, and that if we had heard we should certainly not have alluded to, the slightest aspersion on his personal fair fame; but that, even in reference to his works, the first and not the second sentence of the parallel was alone intended to apply to them. M. VIELÉ-GRIFFIN, as far as we know, has, even as a poet, never made any *attentat* on any *pudeur* except that of Prosody, has never taken too much of anything except feet. We trust this is handsome; it is certainly sincere. And we may add, dropping *persiflage* altogether, that we are as sincerely sorry for any personal annoyance which his misunderstanding of our words may have caused him.

TORY DEMOCRACY AND CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

WHETHER the present is distinctly the most or precisely the least opportune moment for inviting "Tory Democrats" to reconsider their principles is a question which admits of being debated with almost unlimited room for dialectical ingenuity and at a length delightfully interminable. Those who sustain the former proposition may say that there could be no more favourable opportunity for approaching the unsuccessful Radicalizing "vote-cadger" who calls himself a Tory, and bidding him to the work of political self-examination, than on the morrow of a contest when he has learnt how vain is the competition in which he has been engaged with the real and original, the old-established, the highly-trained, and long-experienced vote-cadgers of the opposite party. But, on the other hand, it may be plausibly said that to address the disappointed Tory Democrat in this sense just now is as unfitting as it would be to recommend a keen but baffled angler at the close of a blank day to interrogate himself seriously as to the morality of killing fish for sport. At such a moment he would far rather that you talked to him of the contents of his fly-book, and put him up to some new and more killing lure. Hence, by analogy, it is at least open to doubt whether the author of the well and ill written, shrewd and silly, sensible and fantastic, volume entitled *Tory Democracy and Conservative Policy* has published it at the most or the least hopeful juncture for obtaining attentive and tractable readers in the world of active politicians. We are not without hope, however, that even the most impatient of the defeated vote-cadgers to whose address the author's criticisms are so largely, if not always intentionally, directed may be awakened in spite of themselves by its perusal. Even if politics still remains to them simply and solely a *chasse aux bulletins*, it may yet dawn upon them that there are other ways of pursuing the quarry. For instruction in this sense nothing of course can compete in point of eloquence with the actual dramatic facts of the case. For three or four years you address yourself without stint or scruple to the work of winning the rural elector by gifts at the expense of your principles and of your own and other people's pockets. You formally recant the inhuman doctrine that it is the duty of the parent to educate his child and you hand him the school fees, with apologies for having kept him so long waiting. You administer another blow to the declining authority—and utility—of the country gentry by establishing a costly elective system of county government in place of a cheap nominative system. You ply HODGE with allotments and small holdings and such promises in connexion therewith as you can reconcile to your conscience. And then at the last moment up steps a brisk Gladstonian carpet-bagger, and shatters all your deep-laid plans in a moment by informing HODGE that the gallon-loaf will shrink to half its size if he returns your candidate. Such an easy triumph for an adversary's principles is enough to make any politician review his own convictions with much anxiety.

The author of *Tory Democracy and Conservative Policy* may, as we have admitted, supply a fresh stimulus in certain cases to this process; but, on the whole, he addresses himself much more directly to the political thinker than to the so-called practical politician. His book has that most refreshing of all qualities about it, that it is the work of a man who has honestly endeavoured to understand his own political position and principles, to group them together on a rational and consistent plan, and to construct an intelligible and satisfying theory of their application. Of course he is not uniformly successful. No one ever attained to complete and uniform success in such a task. And

equally of course—or he would endeavour to explain them away—he is not conscious of his failures. But they are none the less instructive for that, and though his view, either of Toryism as a creed or of Conservatism as a policy, is not ours, we can go a good way with him in his sometimes vigorous and trenchant, if too often somewhat noisily "new-humorous," and more than slightly vulgar, attacks on the sham Toryisms, and still more hatefully counterfeit Conservatisms, of the day. His strength and his weakness are especially well illustrated in his chapter on the development of the House of Lords—which, by the way, is itself a fairly typical illustration of the working of his development theory in general. Nothing could be better deserved than the scorn which he heaps on the tinkering pseudo-Conservative would-be reformers of the Upper House. Eminently true is his remark about the various plans for "strengthening the House of Lords," for infusing "new blood" into it, for impressing it with the "representative principle," and all the rest of the jargon that "any semi-intelligent bank-holiday-maker "could, with the aid of the first two rules of arithmetic, "have worked out a scheme as good as the best of them "in the leisure moments of a trip to the seaside." Yet no sooner does he exchange the critical for the constructive than we find him launching out on his own account upon an elaborate scheme of reconstitution which leaves him with an addition of thirty-eight time-peers, as he calls them, to the House of Lords, of whom fourteen are to "represent" religion (by the association of Nonconformist and Roman Catholic time-peers with the Bishops); ten are to sit for Medicine and Science, one, the President of the Royal Academy, for art, literature, and the whole domain which is covered by those words; seven for—but the projector's own bank-holiday-maker might almost be left, so familiar is it, to complete the list. The descent from critical Toryism to developed Conservatism is calamitous, and the warning awful.

This decidedly clever, but at present imperfectly ballasted, young man—for young he must be—has yet to discover the melancholy truth that his theory of "development," meaning thereby, not an internal self-caused change in institutions, but a certain mode of their external adaptation, is a delusion and a snare. Institutions may develop themselves; institutions may, and do, adapt themselves to their altered surroundings; and the best proof that they have done so, and are continuing to do so, is that they still exist. But it does not follow from this that it is possible for the politician to renew or to accelerate or to intensify or to prolong this process on his own account and at pleasure. Even if its details were not, as they usually are, most obscure—even, that is to say, if it were possible to indicate precisely what the desired process is, the mere fact that it was artificially superinduced will, in all probability, be fatal to its efficacy. But it is a no less formidable objection to the "development" theory that it is capable of being pressed into the service of any sort of innovation whatsoever. Does the author of *Tory Democracy* suppose, for instance, that the "vote-cadging" Tory Democrat, of whom he entertains so holy a hatred, is a vote-cadger confessed? Does he imagine that the "Conservative" competitor with Radicals in the Dutch auction of electioneering politics has nothing to say for himself, that he is unprovided with his own pseudo-philosophical theory, or that he would have the least difficulty in proving to you that this, that, or the other surrender of Conservative principle is not surrender, but "development"? If he doubts this, let him interrogate the apologists of Conservative Opportunism from the day of the Reform Act of 1867 down to the present hour. He will find that they have all the appropriate jargon pat at the tips of their tongues, and can triumphantly demonstrate to any one that the country has undergone a democratic revolution on strictly Tory principles.

THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY.

LORD ABERDARE'S Report comes when it is welcome as a reminder that one of our African Companies is proving a substantial, if not a very lucrative, success. The Royal Niger Company pays a modest dividend of 6 per cent., and is laying a solid foundation for a prosperous English dominion in West Africa. We learn with regret that some remarks we recently made on our West African settlements as a whole have appeared unfair to our countrymen settled in the delta of the Niger. A polite, but convincingly-worded expostulation has been addressed to us by Major MACDONALD, HER MAJESTY'S Consul-General and Commissioner for Old Calabar. The Niger delta, he assures us, is not all swamp. It is only swamp to an extent which is pardonable in any delta. Cannibalism is not universal; but, thanks largely to the spread of Mahometanism, limited to a few untaught, and perhaps unteachable, tribes. Human sacrifice, too, is much restricted. English agents no longer live in squalor, varied or intensified by raw rum. On the contrary, they have decent houses, eat well-cooked dinners, play lawn-tennis, and, in fact, make little clearings for civilized life, after the manner of other adventurous Englishmen in barbarous parts. Major MACDONALD protests—as we can well believe with perfect truth—that, whatever effect the Niger might have on a bishop, it has produced no visible deterioration in his manners and morals. In short, our observations, inspired by a general historical survey, were not properly limited as to place, and did not allow sufficiently for the improving influence of time and the Royal Niger Company. We accept these corrections with great satisfaction.

As we began by saying, Lord ABERDARE'S Report is a record of good work done quietly. The Company is increasing its posts, improving its flotilla, establishing friendly relations with native potentates, and wisely drawing back where persistence might lead to collisions which would be at least premature. Fanatical Arabs have put a stop to the execution of a treaty with the Sultan of SOKOTO; but such checks can be endured. Over the already extensive region worked by the Company trade is improving. The increasing number of independent traders who are settling in the region is a practical proof of prosperity. Lord ABERDARE says, with some philosophy, that they have a right to take advantage of what the Company has done to facilitate trade, and give security to traders. Let us hope they are not ungrateful for the service rendered, and that they temper their natural complaints of small profits by the reflection that but for the Company there would be no profits at all. The passage of the Report which deals with the bragging and the unmannerly charges of Lieutenant MIZON is not at all too strongly worded. The conduct of that officer since his return to Paris is one of the many pieces of evidence which go to prove that the modern Frenchman finds an insuperable difficulty in behaving like a gentleman. He is only one of several French travellers—there has been an Orleanist Prince among them—who, after visiting our territory, after receiving hospitality or even help, after returning effusive thanks while there was a possibility they might need help again, have gone back to Paris and have called the Englishmen whom they had just beslobbered with gratitude "rogues and rascals from a "garret." Unlike their great exemplar and the parrot, they do mean mischief. It is fortunate they cannot effect much.

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Lieutenant MIZON made a successful tour in Africa, of which the greater part was in the German Hinterland. He has come back with a little negro girl, who has given the interviewers plenty of work, and he has bragged on platforms. As a matter of course, he has made use of the old commonplaces concerning "Perfidious Albion." On that point it seems to be impossible for any Frenchman, at any time, to be sane. In these days he indulges in a style of polemic which, if not copied from Irish patriot eloquence, is inspired by the same spirit. Lieutenant MIZON does more than hint that his life was attempted by poison, and that by a plot of more than Machiavellian profundity —his boat was so villanously repaired by an English carpenter that she sank, or would or could have sunk. Nay more, a steamer belonging to the Company on which he happened to be was actually run on a sandbank. These things were done by Carthage, and her daughter, Perfidious Albion, does them now. And this is heard with credulity and applause in Paris. Lieutenant MIZON is currently described as "the hero," and his journey, which was all in districts already crossed by other travellers, is spoken of in language which would be a little inflated if used of BARTH, or BRUCE, or MUNGO PARK. African exploration and African empire are the fashion of the day in Paris, and the most is made of the Lieutenants MIZON. As for the talk of such heroes, the best thing to do is to quote the motto of the KEITHS, "They say. What say "they? Let them say." When next a Frenchman comes to one of the Company's posts, it will be advisable to assign him an empty house, let him repair his own boat, find his own steamer, and cook his own dinner. In the meantime the Company can go on with its solid work.

THE SOFIA TRIALS.

THE mills of M. STAMBOULOFF grind slowly enough to have provoked some, though not, it is fair to say, any very reasonable protest; but they grind quite as small as the necessities of the case demand. It is, on the whole, not bad "practice" to have brought down twelve out of eighteen persons prosecuted on a charge of conspiracy to commit a crime, the actual authors of which have never been captured, and in all probability never will be. The trial is stated to have been conducted with "scrupulous fairness," which makes the result all the more satisfactory so far as the ends of justice are concerned; though it entitles us to say that they conspire very badly in Bulgaria if prosecutions conducted with scrupulous fairness are so fatal in their results. In Western countries, as a rule, there is considerable difficulty in tracing home political crimes from the hands that commit them to the hands that plan them; and, generally speaking, it may be said that, if you do not manage to get hold of the hands, and in their "red" condition, you are likely to end in getting hold of nobody at all. In Bulgaria they are more fortunate. There, as we have said, you "fire "into the brown," as it were, and bag two-thirds of the entire covey. The result of the Sofia trial is that four of the prisoners are condemned to death, and will, it is believed, be executed; that sentence of death is recorded against a fifth, whose sentence is commuted in consideration of his youth; and the remaining seven are sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from sixteen months to fifteen years. That among the latter are included a former Premier and Regent, and a Cabinet Minister, is a circumstance which fairly compensates for the fact that the rest were "miscellaneous "and mostly obscure members of one or other of the "discontented groups which have for some years existed "in Bulgaria." Slightly to vary the famous reply made to the gentleman who complained that the company was "rather mixed," we might remind the writer who thus describes the remainder of the prisoners that "he cannot expect them to be all ex-Ministers."

The incidental revelations of the trial were more interesting than the inquiry into the charge itself. Nothing, for instance, in the overt acts of the convict MILAROFF will compare in romantic attraction with the contents of the journal, and the disclosures contained in it respecting Russian intrigues. The history of this man's despatch to Bulgaria with money and revolvers supplied to him by the two "secretaries "of the Slav Benevolent Society" for the purpose of assassinating Prince FERDINAND, and the further striking detail that he and his associates had at first undertaken the manufacture of bombs "with the "knowledge of General IGNATIEFF and others; but, "finding explosives dangerous, had decided on employ-"ing revolvers, daggers, and strychnine," would in themselves have sufficed to save the sensational reputation of the proceedings. It is not likely, however, that these revelations will create any embarrassment in Russia, where it seems to be considered quite as natural to persist in plotting the assassination of Prince FERDINAND as it is for M. STAMBOULOFF to reply by court-martials and executions. Neither side appears to think any more of the contest than Lord GRIMTHORPE would of a controversy in the newspapers.

In the meantime the persistence of M. STAMBOULOFF'S Russian enemies in their endeavour to compass his destruction is indirectly assisting him to strengthen his position. The trial and conviction of M. KARAVELOFF, against whom it is admitted that "there is practically no evidence," is a mode of ridding oneself of a political opponent to which we have had nothing to correspond in our own history for nearly three hundred years. It is said to be probable that M. KARAVELOFF'S sentence will be commuted, but "that his political career has, to all appearance, come to "a close." It is long since statesmen in this country have enjoyed these convenient facilities for bringing the careers of their adversaries to a close. The weapon of attainder is no longer within the reach of the oldest Parliamentary hand among us. To meet with it again, in a slightly modified form, among the politicians of a rising nationality is an inspiriting reminder that "the "world is ever young."

THE MOROCCO DIFFICULTY.

ENGLISHMEN who take any interest in the failure of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S mission to the Emperor of Morocco, as our fathers called him, may do worse than endeavour to look at the incident from the point of view of Fez. Apart from the moral merit of thus applying the golden rule—for we would prefer that foreigners should look at our conduct from our point of view—the effort will have an enlarging effect on the mind, and will help to a much firmer grip of the situation. Looked at from Fez, then, the final refusal to sign the treaty is, perhaps, not so absurd an act as it seems to us. Trade is, no doubt, an excellent thing. It would be an advantage to the people of Morocco to be able to sell their barley and wheat, their horses and cattle, more freely than they can at present. Investment of European capital in working the mines of the country would unquestionably promote the material prosperity of the people. If all this were done when it was done, even an Emperor of Morocco might be disposed to do it quickly.

But would it be done when it was done? Would not some other consequences follow? These are questions which a Sultan and his Viziers, sitting in council at Fez, may well ask themselves, and reflecting, as Sultans and Viziers may naturally reflect, they have

seen reasons and reasons for thinking it wiser to do nothing. These men must know that European rule follows the European trader. Morocco has already suffered severely from the French dominion in Algeria. Its rulers know what happened a few years ago in Tunis, what views Italy has on Tripoli, what England is doing in Egypt, what the European Powers decided concerning the Soudan only the other day. They met and portioned it out as being *res nullius*, a phrase for which the learned men of Fez, who expound ARISTOTLE in corrupt Arabic, have doubtless an exact equivalent. We know that these things were done out of disinterested love of civilization, and that whatever pecuniary advantages have been incidentally acquired were unforeseen and even hardly desired. To Sultans of Bornu and Sokoto, or negro kings of Uganda, in their benighted ignorance, it looks very like spoliation. The slave caravans from the Soudan which frequent the markets of Morocco have, we may be very sure, already brought reports from Uganda, which must appear very ominous to the SULTAN and his advisers. Looking all round them, they see that European trade interprets itself into European rule with great rapidity. They know that in exact proportion as they allow Vice-Consuls to hoist flags in their towns, and Christian traders to spread over their country, they will give foreign Powers a greater hold on them. Their own "fanatical" subjects hate the unbeliever, and are very capable of rebelling against rulers who appear to encourage his intrusions. Add to this that the SULTAN has in all probability been warned by France, first, of the real motives of perfidious Albion, and then of the measures she herself may be constrained to take if her legitimate interests are found to be in any danger. Considering the perils direct and indirect which compass him about, it is not wonderful that the SULTAN has, after going further than any of his predecessors, finally refused to sign the treaty. It is idle to say that the safe course for him is to accept the inevitable and open his country to all Europeans alike. This policy would not improbably produce a rebellion of true believers which European Powers could make an excuse for intervention; and the inevitable for him would be reduction to the position of the Bey of TUNIS, a fate which no Sultan of Morocco with the spirit of a white rabbit could be expected to undergo without a struggle.

Of course the European Powers can open Morocco if they please. But on this point also it is well to begin by clearing our minds of cant. If Morocco has remained unopened so long, the real explanation is to be found in the mutual jealousies of the European Powers themselves. We have no wish to take part in the war of mutual accusations now going on between the French and English press. It is, however, a fact that the establishment of English or even Spanish influence in Morocco would be as unwelcome to France as Russian supremacy at Kabul would be to us. That is, of course, no reason why we should hold our hand for a second, if we think the game worth the candle, and are prepared to take the consequences of our acts. When Sir C. EUAN-SMITH makes his report we shall learn those details of the history of his mission which are needed to make its story fully intelligible. In the meantime we know from the French themselves that they have acted in opposition to our Envoy. The real opponent in Morocco is, therefore, a European Power, and that is the capital fact of the situation which Lord SALISBURY did not paint too strongly when he compared it to the endless imbroglio of the Eastern question. In the meantime it is absurd to blame the much-badgered SULTAN for taking what may well appear to him to be necessary measures of self-defence.

The amusing report from an unofficial eye-witness of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S failure, which reached London on Friday morning, is perfectly consistent with the supposition that MULEY EL HASSAN has been mainly influenced by fear. There are many signs of cunning and of tergiversation in his conduct all through; but they are of that childish, and one may almost use the kindlier word childlike, kind which is not usual with barbarous potentates who find themselves between the fell incensed points of mighty opposites. It is eminently probable that the riot got up by the soldiers of Bushta el Bagdaki against the British Vice-Consul's flagstaff was not unexpected by the SULTAN himself. His young men are unquestionably as ready to start a fray when the chief wants one as the clansmen of CAMERON of Lochiel. All the rest of the story—the tardy appearance of Viziers and the bodyguard to restore order, the invitation to the Palace, the SULTAN'S anxiety for the safety of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S life, the stealing of the horses and mules of the Embassy, and their return when it appeared that the Minister could go without them, the despatch of envoys after the Mission with orders to complete the treaty, the apparent progress made in the negotiation, the final discovery that the text of the treaty had been sophisticated—all these are incidents familiar enough to those who have some acquaintance with the history of the relations of European Powers to Indian princes. The story shows that MULEY EL HASSAN can have recourse to lies and intrigues, like other Oriental sovereigns. But these are methods which they do not commonly use except when they find themselves in danger. In this case, if the Sultan of MOROCCO had not thought himself in some peril he would not have lied to Sir C. EUAN-SMITH, for the very sufficient reason that the English Embassy would not have been allowed to come within sight of Fez. He was sufficiently afraid of us not to refuse to receive the Mission, and if he had only been afraid of us the treaty would have been signed. But he is also afraid of other peoples and things, and some one of them has seemed to him more immediately terrible than the anger of England, and the treaty has not been completed.

Sir C. EUAN-SMITH will perhaps be able to tell us whether the fear by which the SULTAN has been influenced has been justified by a serious danger, or has been to any great extent exaggerated by his imagination. In the meantime the French cannot reasonably complain if their loud exultation is understood by us to indicate with sufficient clearness the original source of the SULTAN'S fears. If the French are so intensely delighted at the failure of the English Mission, it is presumably because they have a lively conviction that its success would in some way have injured them. It is not only because they see in the return of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH without a treaty a final rebuke to that wicked Unionist Ministry which has, horrible to relate, shown a decided want of sympathy with the blameless French. Given this view on their part, it is not flattery to say that they are eminently capable of taking active measures. Also, they have the means to take them when necessary. The Sultan of MOROCCO is menaced by rivals and pretenders, and it is always in the power of the French to use some of these instruments against him. Whether he has been warned that, in case he became too friendly with England, it would no longer be possible to restrain certain enemies of his, we do not know. But the sudden collapse of the negotiations just when a French envoy was on his way is at least compatible with that supposition.

BRITISH OFFICERS AND THEIR WEAPONS.

TIME was when to be an expert swordsman was looked upon as one of the most essential qualifications an officer could possess, and several of our most celebrated soldiers at the commencement of the century were remarkable as much for their personal prowess with the sword as

for any of the larger gifts which go to form a great commander. Sir William Napier could run or jump with any one of the gallant members of his regiment, and records how, in the race for the rocks at La Rhune, he was "not a foot behind" the most active of them. And he could hold his own with the foils, the single-sticks, or the bayonet, as well as in mere bodily activity. Marshal Beresford, too, was a man of magnificent physique, and owed his life to his thews and sinews when he found himself engaged in a rough and tumble that would have shocked Von Moltke with the Polish Lancers at Albuera. Lord Anglesey was also a typical "beau sabreur," and even when he lost a leg could sit a horse with more grace than most mortals can display with two. During the Mutiny and Sikh wars hand-to-hand encounters, in which the leaders on either side set a shining example to their followers, were by no means uncommon, and almost all the men on our side who came to the front could hold their own, and more than do so, even with the expert hereditary swordsmen who rode against them. Nicholson was as efficient with his arm and wrist as with his quick decision and active brain. Hodson of Hodson's Horse was the very ideal of a cavalry leader, and his name was terrible to the natives as much, perhaps, by reason of his reputation as a swordsman as because of any of the other soldier-like qualities of which he was possessed. Sir Dighton Probyn, when he was at the head of his native cavalry squadrons, was looked up to by his followers as a very Paladin, and could beat the best of them at tent-pegging, lemon-slicing, or any of the tests of horsemanship dear to men who are soldiers by tradition, birth, and predilection.

Last, but not least, there were few men in India twenty years ago who would have cared to meet Lord Roberts, as we must now learn to call him, at any of these exercises if a heavy stake depended on the issue. Even now, when years and the cares of office may reasonably be supposed to have somewhat dimmed his eye, it is a refreshing sight to see the Commander-in-Chief take the first "peg," as he usually does, at the Simla gymkhanas, and to note that he can wield a lance with a dexterity which none of those who follow him will surpass, and not a man of his age in all India equal. Nor is it in our armies alone that such qualities in officers have ever commanded admiration. The brilliant Murat, vain and theatrical as he was in dress and manner, when the battle was at its height was never more thoroughly at his ease, and never showed more strikingly to advantage. The handsome figure covered with lace and frippery was always wont to shoot far ahead of the squadrons behind him into the *mêlée*, and regarded a chance as thrown away which did not enable him to lay several opponents low by the superior skill he could display with the sabre. Lasalle, young, bright, and intelligent, who fell at Wagram, the best leader of cavalry in Europe, with the one exception we have just been speaking of, at two-and-thirty years of age, owed much of his influence and authority to his fine riding and his cunning of fence. In our own times Skobeleff was just such another, and the halo of romance which played about him arose in a large degree from the physical advantages he could boast of amongst his uneducated troopers. Valentine Baker's is another name which will occur amongst several others, some of whom are happily with us still, and we may hope that, unless the character of Englishmen widely alters, we may never lack a plentiful supply of men of the same quality.

While, however, there is still room for the display of skill with the *arme blanche* to those of the officers of our army who may in one of our smaller wars become engaged with some foeman not only worthy of their steel, but perhaps chivalrous enough to give their steel a chance of showing its temper, foes who fling assegais or hurl spears are impenetrable to the niceties of sword-play, and their brutal methods of slaying give little opening for the graces of self-defence. They must be fought with weapons rapidly and decisively deadly, and the revolver is undoubtedly the queen of such. Therefore it will appear reasonable to suggest that every young officer ere he goes on service, where his own life and the fortunes of those he leads may be dependent on his being able "to hold straight," should be made to attain some proficiency with a weapon which will, in all probability, have more to do with the preservation of his life, should he ever be brought to close quarters with a savage foe, than the sword at his side. Yet he is often made to spend some hours weekly playing with the toy in that most stereotyped and mechanical performance termed of the drill sergeant "cutting the sword exercise." A few years ago no man in the army made even the faintest effort to learn the use of a revolver until he found himself "in orders" some fine morning for active service. In nine cases out of ten he then and there proceeded to the nearest "stores," and purchased a weapon without trying it, or making any inquiries beyond what might be answered across the counter. If he did not succeed in shooting himself ere he sailed, as was notably the case with the colonel of a crack regiment of cavalry during the Zulu troubles, he had a pot or two at bottles or the inevitable porpoise from the deck of the transport on his voyage out, and felt equal to engaging the enemy with confidence by the time he reached his destination. Those who have realized how difficult it is to shoot well with a revolver loaded with the heavy service ammunition will well understand how small must have been the effect of shooting by men thus hurriedly prepared. On the other hand, with practice a marvellous degree of accuracy is attainable, and the feats performed by the late Mr. Ira Paine, almost incredible were they not vouched for on unimpeachable authority, clearly prove this. At the South London Rifle Club some years ago he hit a 3-inch bull's-eye ninety-eight times in a hundred shots at a range of twenty yards, and the two which missed the inner ring were within an inch of its edge. On another occasion a target, carefully preserved by the club as a mute witness of his skill, shows that he deftly slew a bluebottle fly which had settled on it twenty yards from where he stood, when his ability to accomplish the feat was challenged by some bystanders. When such precision can be hoped for, it is manifestly absurd not to endeavour to make the most of the weapon capable of it, and we are glad to find that at both Woolwich and Sandhurst energetic steps have been taken lately to encourage our rising officers to practise largely. At both colleges a range for pistol practice has been constructed out of doors, and at Woolwich an indoor gallery is also provided. Instruction is given daily by competent instructors, and we understand that the cadets avail themselves of the facilities provided in a most encouraging manner. The most interesting and likewise the most useful practice is that at the "running man." At a given signal an iron figure emerges from the ambush thirty yards or so from the shooter, and mounted on a light truck is rolled towards him with arm upraised to strike until he gets within twenty paces, when apparently the fire is too much for him, and he recoils in terror back to his snug retreat. The rules prescribe that three shots must be fired with the right hand at the sable warrior as he advances, and then three more with the left must be discharged ere he reaches his sanctuary at the end of the range. The idea is that, whilst the infantry officer's "right grasps the sword," his left (unlike Swift's captain of horse) holds, not the bridle, but the revolver. The three shots must therefore be got in quickly and continuously without lowering the arm, and rapidity of aim, so necessary on the occasions when skill at pistol-shooting becomes of vital importance, is an essential to success. This year a competition between two teams from the nurseries of our officers was for the first time instituted, and took place on the same day as that when the relative skill at gymnastics was decided. The trophy was carried off by the cadets from Woolwich, and the best shot amongst them further gained the regulation sword presented as a prize by the Wilkinson Sword Company to the highest scorer of the winning team, with the excellent score of 52 out of a possible 60 at the "running man" competition, the bull's-eye being 4 inches in diameter. That a lad should be able to hit a moving target with such precision says much for his steadiness of nerve. We trust these competitions may continue, and rejoice that skill with so essential a part of an active-service kit as a revolver has at length a chance of being rewarded as it undoubtedly ought to be.

BASE-BALL.

THE 14th inst. was the day fixed for the match-game of Base-ball between the London Thespians and Buffalo Bill's Wild West team. Siberian cold, a drizzling rain, a bitter wind, and a grey sky did not add to the liveliness of the situation; the only bits of colour were the white wig-

wams, painted squaws with gaudy blanket and moccasined feet dangling over the bare benches, or perhaps a tattooed chief shooting in and out of the arena like a falling star on a dark night. In spite of the day, however, the match was a very interesting one. It was almost a one-sided affair, as the London Thespians, with all their cleverness, could scarcely expect to compete with their American cousins on their own camping-ground, playing what is now idiomatically styled by Americans the great national game. Still, we had no cause to be ashamed of our Thespians, who did some splendid "base-running" and some very brilliant pitching, especially in the fifth, sixth, and eighth innings. The latter was the final, the Wild West team being so much to the fore that the ninth and last innings was declared off by the Umpire, and the American team claimed a fine victory at the close of the eighth innings. The best pitching or bowling was done by Snyder, of the Wild West nine, and the best base-running by Bebb, first batter; likewise some excellent running by Nelson, a half-breed, son of an old trapper well known in Rocky Mountain haunts. Indians are not base-ball players, and never can be. The hand that wields the tomahawk or wings the poisoned arrow is clumsy at the national game; it can neither bat nor pitch, and is absolutely without cunning in the latter art—the which, according to our Transatlantic cousins, is the chief feature of base-ball; and, if this speciality of pitching or throwing is to be considered upon its artistic merits, a slight résumé of the American game may not be amiss.

There exists a very widespread idea that base-ball is the old-fashioned game of rounders, and the idea is not altogether without foundation; the difference being that base-ball is scientific, where rounders is simple. The latter game was named from the four bases or bounds which mark the diamond, and which must be made by the batter after having hit the ball. One base is a fair play; but two are considered brilliant, and in America one has often seen three—even four—bases made at a single hit.

The special science claimed by Americans is in the pitching of the ball, which may be explained in the same way as when at billiards you strike one side of the billiard-ball to have it hit another side. The American pitcher throws the ball with such skill that it makes a curve after it has left the pitcher's hands, and by taking an unexpected course throws the batter completely off the track. This naturally requires no mean skill, as it is one thing to shape the course of a ball on a table, and another to shape the course of a ball in air as it leaves the pitcher's hand. At a recent game played in Boston a pitcher or bowler, by a single throw, put a ball in and out of three stakes, thus demonstrating beyond a doubt that the science of base-ball consists in the curve-throw, and the almost absolute control acquired by the pitcher over the ball. Englishmen doubt the power of a man to throw a ball and make it continue on its travels to a certain point, then from the original impetus curve out or in, up or down—this, too, with incredible speed—until it reach its final destination. The pitcher usually gives a secret sign to the catcher to indicate the curve and ultimatum of the ball, and even then the catcher very often has a hard enough time to prevent the ball passing him.

This may be science, but it savours more of magic, and we would be more inclined to suspect therein the lurking art of a Signor Blitz or Professor Hermann than the "common or garden" practice which has made the American base-ball pitcher so proficient.

In the winter and spring of 1888–89 two famous teams—the "All America," Captain John M. Ward, author of the celebrated *Ward's History of Base-Ball*, graduate of Colombia Law School; and Adrian C. Anson, Captain of the "Chicago"—left New York *viâ* San Francisco for Australia, Egypt, India, Italy, France, and arrived in London in March of 1889, playing a well-known match at Lord's; but which, owing to most unpropitious weather, did not show the American game to its best advantage. The "fielding" was specially admired, and if the magic pitching or curve-throwing was not fully understood, it excited at least enough interest to make us return willingly to the subject and the history of base-ball.

Sir Frederick Leighton's lovely picture in last year's Academy shows us some Greek maidens playing at ball, and reminds us that it was originally a game for girls; much easier, we fancy, to play in the flowing robes and cinctured waist of the classical Helen than in the shield-skirt, be-stayed, and be-corseted creature known as the modern Hypatia, sympathized with by the modern Æsculapius, and anathematized by all lovers of Greek drapery and Greek art. Chicago the "miraculous" once boasted a girl base-ball team, but its career was uneventful, and we think women have really left the "field" to men.

The first game of base-ball played in America was in the autumn of 1829, in the Elysian fields of Brooklyn, New York, a goodly company present, but not the twenty-three thousand spectators who, on May 30th (Decoration Day), 1888, paid admission to the great national match in the base-ball grounds of New York city, half a century later. The enthusiasm was something electrical, the ferries weighted with base-ballites, and the great bridge uniting the two cities, black with human beings, hung athwart the sky like a black spider in a tortured web. The excitement spread from Maine to California, and, as pulling a string too tight causes it to break in the middle, so the exaggeration about the great national game had the usual effect—a marked reaction and a considerable falling off in national interest. Just before this, where men had been but amateurs they now became professional players, and the captains, or leading men of the nine, received for the season, from April until October, as high a remuneration as 2,000*l.*, oftentimes more, and seldom less than 1,500*l.* sterling, the former 10,000 hard American dollars, the latter 7,500.

The American college boys still keep up the base-ball excitement; the matches played in spring and autumn between Harvard and Yale create as much public enthusiasm as the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and are really become public holidays in Boston. When the furore was at its height, Base-ball Leagues were started throughout the States, and the game received therefrom a decided blow. As in the same town it was scarcely possible to keep up interest in Home teams, Professional teams, and the Gentlemen Players called simply "The Nine," there were the usual squabbles amongst directors, leaders, umpires, citizens, friends—to all parties—hence the decline in enthusiasm and the inevitable base-ball reaction. That it should regain its former popularity is doubtful, but it will always hold the first place amongst the best field sports of America. That we are to have rivals in cricket is also doubtful. Our game is too long; Americans are in a hurry, they could never wait days for so simple an issue. A sharp game of base-ball may be played easily in two hours. Batter, fielder, and pitcher may have each his comfortable breakfast at eight, his base-ball at nine, his Wall Street at twelve, and, in season, his strawberry short-cake—another national dish—at one. This leaves a broad margin of time in which life as a business may be "transacted," speculation promoted, and pleasure attempted. The American has plenty of to-morrows, but in the meantime holds tight on to his to-days, and even in his recreation has no intention of wasting all too valuable time.

MONEY MATTERS.

OF the railway dividends so far announced, four are decidedly good, two are fairly satisfactory, and two are disappointing—so much so, indeed, that the market has been more impressed by their badness than by the satisfactory character of the six others. Of the eight railways, one serves the manufacturing districts—the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire. It declares a dividend at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, which is the same rate as twelve months ago, and it carries forward to the new half-year about the same amount. Considering the crisis through which the world is passing, and the disorganization of business by the great coal strike, this is as much as could reasonably have been expected. Of the Companies which serve London and the neighbourhood, the London, Brighton, and South Coast declares a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum against only $3\frac{1}{4}$ twelve months ago; but it carries forward to the new half-year about 10,000*l.* less. It is to be recollected, however, that in the past half-year the Company had to reconstruct some of its bridges, which took about 5,000*l.*, and, therefore, accounts for half the decrease in the balance carried forward. On the other hand, as already stated, the dividend is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum higher than it was a year ago. This is in accord-

ance with the general expectation, but it is not the less very gratifying to the shareholders. The Metropolitan District Company distributes 3¼ per cent. per annum on its Preference stock against 2½ per cent. twelve months ago, which is very good. The London, Tilbury, and Southend Company announces a dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent. against 2 per cent. last year, which is again very satisfactory; and the Metropolitan declares a dividend at the rate of 3¼ per cent. per annum upon the Ordinary railway stock, being the same rate as twelve months ago. It, however, gives a bonus of ⅛ per cent. to the Surplus Land stock. This, again, is very satisfactory. The results in these four cases—the Brighton, the District, the Tilbury, and the Metropolitan—all go to show that the home trade is well maintained, and that more particularly the passenger traffic is growing, and is fully compensating the Companies for any falling off there may be in goods traffic. On the other hand, the South-Eastern Company declares a dividend at the rate of no more than 1¾ per cent. per annum, comparing with 2¼ per cent. at this time last year, and it carries forward no more than 1,300*l.*, against somewhat over 2,000*l.* twelve months ago. Whether we look at the rate of dividend or the balance carried forward, the result is very disappointing; and it caused a fall of fully 4*l.* in the Deferred stock, while it weakened for the time being the whole railway market. The Great Eastern announcement is fully as bad as that of the South-Eastern. It declares a dividend at the rate of ¾ per cent. per annum, whereas twelve months ago the rate was 1½ per cent.; the dividend now, that is to say, is barely half of what it was at this time last year; and the balance carried forward is only 4,900*l.*, against somewhat over 4,700*l.* twelve months ago. The gross earnings of the Great Eastern Company were larger by 48,000*l.* than in the corresponding half of last year, yet the working expenses and the fixed charges increased so much more considerably that, as we have seen, the Company has had to cut down its dividend 50 per cent.; indeed, it has been able to pay anything only by taking 20,000*l.* from the Contingent Fund. The Directors in their Report account for this by saying that the advance in wages and the shortening of the hours of labour of many of the employés have been much felt in the expenditure of the Company during the half-year, the pressure to reduce the working hours having gone beyond what was at first understood to be the principal object of the agitation. But though this is no doubt true, it is also unquestionable that the capital expenditure is growing too fast, and consequently the fixed charges are increasing more quickly than the earnings of the Company. The market hopes, however, that the reduction in the dividend will be temporary—firstly, because the great coal strike disorganized the industries of the country during the half-year, and no doubt there will be a recovery in the future; and, secondly, because the Company has a very large suburban traffic, which is steadily growing. Still it appears clear that the management is not as careful and economic as it might be, and it is incumbent upon the Directors to introduce reforms. The case of the South-Eastern, however, is more disappointing than that of the Great Eastern; for, as we have just said, the Great Eastern is expected to recover quickly, while the South-Eastern has been steadily falling off for years. It carries on business under conditions very similar to those of the London and Brighton Company. The Brighton, however, year after year, shows a great increase in its earning powers, whereas the profits of the South-Eastern are as steadily falling. It seems to follow that the South-Eastern does not pay that attention to the requirements of its customers which it ought to do. The accommodation it furnishes is bad and the fares are too high. It has a great suburban traffic, it has a terminus within the City itself, it serves important seaside towns, and it has a large Continental traffic; yet it is steadily losing ground, while the Brighton Company is as steadily gaining ground. Can it be doubted that there must be grave faults of management to account for such a difference?

The efforts of the joint-stock banks to keep up rates have failed, as we anticipated, and the market is once more exceedingly easy with a downward tendency. The prospect of a change of Government here, the electoral contest in the United States, the prorogation of the Spanish Cortes without authorizing a new loan, and the unfavourable reports from Russia, are all checking business in every direction. Bills are exceedingly scarce, there is no speculation, the supply of capital is excessive, and it seems inevitable, therefore, that rates must continue very low for the remainder of the summer.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 39⅜*d.* per oz. Evidently uneasiness is increasing in the United States. Last week the New York Associated Banks made difficulties about paying out gold, and it looked at one time as if a crisis might occur. Apprehension, however, has been abated by the announcement of the Treasury that it will continue exchanging all kinds of currency for gold. But the position, nevertheless, is very critical, and the market consequently is very weak.

Upon the Stock Exchange business is as slack as ever. There was some recovery on Wednesday in Spanish securities, on a mistaken notion that the adjournment of the Cortes was favourable to the finances of the country; in reality, it prepares the more careful observers for serious difficulties. Some time ago the Government introduced a Bill authorizing it to raise a new loan; but it was found impossible to push forward the measure, as a deadlock occurred owing to a fight over a protectionist measure. The authority for raising a new loan has, therefore, not been given, and it is difficult to see how the Government can find the necessary funds. Hitherto it has paid its way by incessant borrowing from the Bank of Spain, but the credit of the Bank of Spain has thereby been seriously imperilled. Gold is now at a premium of about 16 per cent. More serious, however, is the condition of Russia, where cholera is spreading, and the crop prospects are unfavourable. Still, the market for Russian securities is wonderfully strong; and, indeed, this week a rise has occurred. Evidently the great financial houses in Paris and Berlin are doing their utmost to support quotations, and as long as money continues abundant and cheap they may be able to succeed. But an untoward accident might bring about a considerable fall. Here at home the approaching change of Government is checking all kinds of business, and there is danger that we may have a great strike in the cotton trade. Employers say that they cannot afford to go on paying the present wages, and it is reported that they will demand a reduction of 10 per cent. The workpeople threaten a strike if this is proposed. If a great strike occurs, following so soon after the Durham strike, there will be another shrinkage of business, and consequently the market view respecting Home Railway stocks is not favourable. It is hardly likely, however, that there will be much fall in Home Railway stocks. Speculators may sell, but investors will hardly do so. If they were to sell, they could not find other securities equally safe yielding them as good a return upon their money; therefore, whatever speculators may do, the effect will be only temporary, and there will before long be a recovery. Investors should bear in mind that the influence of strikes is temporary. Business, of course, falls off for the time being, but when the strike comes to an end traffics will increase. The further dividend declarations are unfavourable except the District Company's distribution on the Preference. The London and South-Western divides 4¼ against the same rate, the Chatham 3*l.* 8*s.* on the Preference against 3*l.* 10*s.*, and the North-Eastern 3 against 6, all rates per cent. per annum. In the United States apprehension respecting silver and the Presidential elections are both exercising a very depressing effect upon the stock markets. It is true that trade appears to be improving. All through the year hitherto it has been very depressed, but there are signs now of recovery. Probably if the new harvest is good trade will increase, unless there should be a currency crisis, and it is not easy to see now how a currency crisis can be avoided.

The weather of the past fortnight has been unfavourable to the crops, and the expectation now is that the harvest will be decidedly under average. Still, the market is wonderfully easy and prices are exceptionally low.

At a meeting of creditors of the New Oriental Bank Corporation on Wednesday, Mr. Welton, the Liquidator, stated that the claims of creditors would probably amount to about 4½ millions sterling, and that the assets are valued at present at about 4,800,000*l.* A million and a half are really good banking assets, and can be realized within six months; another million and a half would take a longer time to realize, and probably would prove good; the remaining 1,800,000*l.* would take a long time to realize, and at present it is impossible to say how much they would

yield. At the outside he could not hope that the bank would be able to pay more than 15*s.* in the pound.

First-class investment securities have risen during the week. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $96\frac{15}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$; India Sterling Threes closed at $97\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{16}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half per Cents closed at 98, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Victoria Three and a Halfs closed at $92\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$; Queensland Three and a Halfs closed at $92\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; and New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at $94\frac{3}{8}$, also a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. On the other hand, Home Railway stocks have generally given way. South-Eastern closed on Thursday afternoon at 110, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 5; Great Western closed at $85\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western closed at $164\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Midland closed at $154\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of 2. In the American market, investment stocks have decidedly advanced. Illinois shares closed on Thursday at $105\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore closed at $136\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{8}$; and New York Central closed at $114\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. In the Argentine railway market some are up and some are down. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed on Thursday evening at 26–9, a fall of 1, but Buenos Ayres and Rosario closed at 65–7, a rise of 2, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 123–5, a rise of 5. Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 66, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 59, a rise of 2. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $63\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 2; Egyptian Unified closed at 97, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; German Three per Cents closed at $87\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; Greek of 1884 closed at $71\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2; and Russian Fours closed at $95\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1; but Spanish Fours closed at $61\frac{13}{16}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$—at one time during the week the quotation was as low as $60\frac{1}{4}$.

SCULPTURE IN 1892.

BY common consent, the sculpture at the Royal Academy this year is creditably performed and attractively arranged. No very striking new talent is revealed, but the recognized artists in this kind, almost without exception, are favourably represented. The opinion which we expressed, at the opening of the show, regarding the importance of Mr. Onslow Ford's "Shelley" (2002) has not undergone any alteration upon further examination. In "The Children of the Wolf" (1997), the shepherd carrying Romulus and Remus, Mr. Frampton presents to us a fine group of heroic size. As usual with this artist, the legs are too long and massive; but there is careful study in the modelling throughout, and the composition, with its rich light and shadow above and simplicity below, is admirable. Mr. Albert Toft's large statue, called "Fate-Led" (2007), is a marble which would demand fuller praise if its execution were carried further. A small statue of "Harmony" (1854), a girl with a great violoncello between her knees, by Mr. Alfred Drury, is vivacious, but marred by a certain extravagance of action. Less carefully modelled, but more sober, is the "Favourites" (1859) of Mr. H. C. Fehr. It is interesting to compare two groups in which young artists have treated the same subject, "Jacob wrestling with the Angel." Mr. Montford's (1852) shows the greater knowledge, and is the more academic, while Mr. C. J. Allen's (1878) is the more imaginative in treatment. Both deserve commendation, but Mr. Montford suffers from the peculiarly nasty patina of his bronze.

Statuettes are unusually rare this year, but we find two which are of superlative merit. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Sic Vita" (2004) represents a boy of about fourteen, playing with a huge comic mask, but turning suddenly, with a grimace of agony, because a bee is stinging his leg. There is no more masterly piece of work in the art of the year than this learned and yet simple study of a youthful figure. Another small work of originality and beauty is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's bronze of "Edward I." (1996), which holds the place of honour at the entrance to the Lecture Room. The modelling of the regal armed figure is extremely fine.

In imaginative relief we are naturally first attracted by the work of the new Associate. In the large and ambitious "Endymion and Selene" (1907) of Mr. H. Bates we find a poetical conception, broad and simple planes, and dignity of treatment. But the latest A.R.A. cannot escape the charge of having taken insufficient pains. His forms are meagre, and his detail too often unintelligible. We find more to praise in the "Hero and Leander" (1968) of a much less distinguished man, Mr. David McGill, who has produced in this bronze rondo a tender and beautiful piece of highly-finished relief. A delicate marble in basso-relievo is Mr. John Taylorson's "Christmas-Morn" (1902), with excellently-studied child forms. It is distressing not to be able to commend the contributions of a sculptor who has done work of such merit as Mr. Henry Pegram, and we admit that we ought to see the reliefs for the entrance of the Imperial Institute (1960, 1971) in the place for which they were made, but we have to confess that we are greatly disappointed with these models; they seem clumsy, and they certainly lack melody of line. If we mention the pretentious "Dream" (1966) of Mr. W. O. Partridge, it is only to utter a word of warning against the affectation of which this facile production is the sign-manual.

In iconic sculpture of the larger class not much is presented to us at the Royal Academy. We are glad, however, to see a cast of Mr. Thornycroft's successful portrait of "John Bright" (1868), now at Rochdale. Mr. Brock's marble statue of "Edward Thring" (1967), seated, for Uppingham School Chapel, has great merit. The head is a little hard, and the feet needlessly ugly, but the disposition of the drapery is good. Mr. George Lawson exhibits a small bronze replica of his excellent "Burns" (1998), the original of which is now in the town of Ayr.

Among the busts this year, two assert an absolute pre-eminence. Nothing better in portraiture has been seen in our day than Mr. Gilbert's busts of "Sir George Birdwood" (1964) and of the late "Baron Huddleston" (1970). The latter, indeed, must be confessed to be the last word of the modern school of picturesque sculpture. To go an inch further would be to fall into extravagance, but we can trust so consummate an artist as Mr. Gilbert to know when and where to pause. These strange busts are, we think, not at present executed, but we presume that the artist intends to carry them out, as he has indicated, in pale terra cotta, with liberal use of gilding and silvering. It would almost be impertinent to praise the marvellous skill with which the details are modelled; the fingers, for instance, with which Sir G. Birdwood lifts his golden Buddha, the eyelids which the Judge lets droop. Whatever individual opinion may decide, there can be no question that these are two of the most characteristic and curious portraits done in our time. Next, after these two heads, comes, we have no hesitation in saying, the "Old Woman" (1896) of Mr. Goscombe John, with the modelling of which it would be exceedingly difficult to find any reasonable fault. This is work not quite so brilliant as Mr. Gilbert's, but not a whit less accomplished. No fourth bust is so admirable as these; but the visitor should not fail to look at Mr. Pinker's "Dr. Jowett" (1900), Miss Alyce Thornycroft's head of "My Mother" (1899), Mr. Brock's "John Marshall" (1905), an excellent likeness, or Mr. Pomeroy's solid and well-drawn "Miss Broke" (1923) and "Mr. Reginald Blomfield" (1957). No child's head in the exhibition is better modelled or with a truer vivacity than the "Master Sassoon" (1918) of Miss Thornycroft. It is a singular fact that it is not by any means the most eminent imaginative artists who always excel with their portrait busts. This year Mr. Onslow Ford's "Mr. Arthur Balfour" (1974) is unfortunate, and Mr. Bates's "Mr. G. Warner" (1961) deplorable.

Of purely decorative sculpture we find some very fine specimens in the Royal Academy. Mr. Onslow Ford's "Gordon Memorial Shield" (1980), with its winged figure of St. George in the centre, is beautiful in composition and carefully carried out. The "Chair of Office of the Corporation of Preston" (1999) displays in its best form Mr. Gilbert's skill in treating bent metal decoratively, with successive bosses and edges, illuminated throughout with positive as well as with suggested colour. Among miscellaneous works we must mention Mr. Adrian Jones's spirited colossal group of "Duncan's Horses" rearing (1880); the "Indian Rhinoceros" (1947) of Mr. R. Stark; Mr. David McGill's "Greyhound" (1982); the "Wounded Tiger" (1856) of Mr. Christie; and the "Panther" (1992) and "Lioness" (1994) of Mr. Swan, all showing the remarkable revival of animal sculpture amongst us. A word must be spared for the amateurish but very spirited race-reliefs, sketched in wax, by Mr. Gilbert W. Bayes.

RECENT MUSIC.

WHEN Nessler's *Trompeter von Säkkingen* first saw the light at Leipzig in 1884, it is said that Rubinstein, indignant at the success of a work so full of trivialities, asked Pollini, the manager of the Hamburg Stadt Theatre, whether he would produce the work. "Für mich nicht" was the curt reply; but, in spite of himself, Herr Pollini was forced to give way to public opinion, and the *Trompeter* is now one of the most popular works in the Hamburg repertory. An opera which has forced its way to popularity in spite of the opposition of musicians certainly deserved a hearing in England, and Sir Augustus Harris was fully justified in giving it a trial at Drury Lane on the 8th inst. The result was not such as to make it likely that the verdict of English amateurs as to Nessler's merits which was expressed when his *Rattenfänger* was produced at Covent Garden some years ago will be reversed. His music appeals to a class of musicians that does not exist in England, a class whose musical ideal is satisfied by the Liedertafel chorus, with unlimited beer and plenty of cheap sentiment. To amateurs with these tastes the *Trompeter von Säkkingen* must be a perfect garden of delights, and when it is remembered that Scheffel's lyrics, which form the backbone of the libretto, have been household words in the mouth of every engaged couple in Germany for the last half-century, the success which the work has achieved is not as inexplicable as at first appears. In America the *Trompeter* has been received favourably, owing mainly to the enthusiasm of the German colonists; but in Brussels it met with the failure which, on its musical merits, it deserves. In England it may possibly become popular with the sort of audience which still flocks to *Maritana* and the *Bohemian Girl*; the work is undoubtedly bright and tuneful, and would not be a bad addition to the country repertory of the Carl Rosa Company, but it is quite unsuited to a season devoted to grand opera. The performance was, on the whole, excellent. The Werner of Herr Reichmann is one of his best impersonations, and, though he was obviously indisposed, he acquitted himself well. Herr Wiegand's Baron and Fräulein Bettaque's Maria were also very good; and that fine artist, Frau Heink, gave importance to the small and conventional part of the Gräfin. The mounting was adequate, though some of the supers in the Procession of Pilgrims were rather comically dressed. The *ballet d'action* relating the concoction of *Maitrank*—a subject which must have been incomprehensible to most of the audience—was not as well arranged as it is at the Dresden opera-house.

It is a far cry from Nessler's opera to Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, the last part of the Nibelungen Trilogy, which was performed at Covent Garden on the 13th and repeated at Drury Lane on the 18th. The work is of such colossal length that on both occasions the impressive opening scene, in which the Norns sing the impending doom of Walhalla, had to be omitted, besides which other important cuts were made, especially in the part of Gutrune. On the other hand, the fine scene between Waltraute and Brünnhilde, which is sometimes suppressed, was given almost in its entirety, and afforded an opportunity for a splendid display of declamation on the part of Frau Heink. To her and to Frau Klaffsky, the Brünnhilde, the chief honours of the evening belonged. In spite of a somewhat weak voice, Frau Klaffsky gave what is probably the finest dramatic performance of the part of Brünnhilde which has been seen since Frau Materna was at her best. Her features are singularly impressive, and her gestures are always admirably effective without being in the least stagey. These fine qualities, combined with an attractive presence, greatly atone for the defects of her voice, which is not of that heroic quality generally expected of a Wagnerian soprano. She also understands the art of husbanding her resources, so that, though she was overpowered in the scene with Gunther and Hagen, in which Siegfried's death is plotted, the final act was given with a degree of force which was really surprising. The Siegfried of Herr Alvary was best in the long narration which precedes his murder by Hagen; his struggle with Brünnhilde for the ring wanted the muscular strength given to it by such singers as Vogl, and the beautiful duet in the opening scene was passionless and rather tame. As Hagen, Herr Wiegand was not as good as in his old part of Gunther; his besetting sin of singing out of tune has increased with age. The Gunther of Herr Knapp and the Gutrune of Fräulein Bettaque were not very remarkable, but the charming music of the Rhine maidens was excellently sung. The stage-management of the last act was the worst we have witnessed, and perilously approached the ridiculous. At Drury Lane no attempt was made to carry out the difficult effect of Brünnhilde's leap into the funeral pyre, but the horse was led off on one side of the stage, while Brünnhilde went out on the other. The rising of the Rhine, which is supposed to extinguish the flames, was also left to the imagination of the audience. In spite of these defects, the performance was thoroughly enjoyable, and an opportunity of hearing the work once more was very welcome. To any one who takes the trouble to follow the words with a moderate amount of attention, it must always be, in spite of its length, one of the most thrilling and engrossing tragedies ever put upon the stage. The orchestra, though occasionally rather coarse, was on the whole excellent.

German opera displaced the regular entertainment on Saturday night at Covent Garden, when *Tannhäuser* was given in the original language with great success. The house was full to overflowing in all the upper parts, and presented a marked contrast to the state of Drury Lane, where *L'Amico Fritz* attracted a very moderate audience. The Tannhäuser of Herr Alvary would have ranked very high among the parts in which he has been seen this year if his performance of the opening scene with Venus had been a little more convincing. His acting in the second act was extremely fine, and his singing both there and in the third act was quite up to his usual level. Frau Klaffsky, as Elizabeth, was admirable from a dramatic point of view; and, if her singing did not give unqualified satisfaction, it was because it is impossible to forget Mme. Albani in a part which she has so completely made her own. Fräulein Bettaque sang the music of Venus with much more vigour than charm, and Frau Heink was as successful as usual in the Shepherd's song. Herr Reichmann made a fine Wolfram, and his singing of the music was in all respects excellent. Why the short episode in which Wolfram takes part should be left out of the love-duet of the second act is not easy to guess, more especially as the work was given almost without a cut. The end of the beautiful finale of the second act was curtailed, but not as badly as in the Italian performances. The omission of the chorus of younger Pilgrims, returning from Rome with the news of the miracle which shows that Tannhäuser is forgiven, is, of course, thoroughly inartistic, since it robs the opera of its logical close. As the Landgraf Herr Wiegand displayed most of the faults of a heavy bass in unusual perfection. The minstrels were very good in the *ensembles* of the first and second acts, though their praises of love were even less effective than usual. After the well-arranged opening of the Venusberg scene, strange things happened to the scenery, and, among other novelties, a tableau was revealed, representing Leda in the company of a remarkably staid swan. This seems to have been borrowed from the later version of the scene, as given at Bayreuth last year; the older form of the music was, as need hardly be said, retained at Covent Garden. A good many vagaries in the first act could, however, be pardoned for the sake of the wholly successful manner in which the apparition of Venus was managed in the third. There was no clumsy change of scenery, and the stage directions were far more faithfully carried out than on any former occasion in England. The performance of the Overture, under Herr Mahler, was rather tame, but that of the opera very good in nearly every respect.

Among the remaining operatic performances of the past three weeks, the only one which calls for notice is that of Verdi's *Aïda*, in which Miss Macintyre showed very gratifying improvement as an actress in the title-rôle. Her beautiful voice was as telling as ever; but she still has something to learn as a singer, especially in her rendering of *cantabile* passages, which are too apt to be rough and badly phrased. The Amonasro of M. Maurel was very picturesque, and the King of M. Plançon and Rampis of M. Edouard de Reszke could not have been better, while Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's Amneris was extremely dramatic and well conceived.

The final concerts of an exceptionally active season must be dismissed with a few words. At the last Richter Concert Mme. Nordica surprised even her most devoted admirers by her admirable singing of the last scene of the *Götterdämmerung*; it was not only declaimed, but also sung, and the impression it created was accordingly very great. The concert given in aid of the Goring Thomas Memorial was

one which will long linger in the memory of those who were so fortunate as to be present. No higher praise can be bestowed upon all who took part in it than to say that it was in every respect worthy of the occasion and of the beloved composer in whose honour it was given. Concerts—several of which, if space allowed, would deserve more than a passing mention—have been given by M. Reisenauer (an able pianist), Mrs. Amélie Hubert, Miss Kuhe and Miss Beverley Robinson, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his clever pupils, Mr. E. Zeldenrust, Sir Charles Hallé (who brought his interesting Schubert Recitals to a worthy conclusion), Fräulein C. Friedländer, Mr. Peiniger and his pupils, Miss Rensmann and Mr. L'Amy, the pupils of the Royal College of Music, Mr. Percy Pinkerton, the Sisters Röder, and in aid of the Mauritius Relief Fund.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a week of very unseasonable weather, winding up with a storm which might have been fairly expected in either March or October, but which certainly was quite out of place in the third week of July. In our memory we have only had two similar storms; that of July 16, 17, 1867 (the Sultan's Naval Review), and that of July 20, 1879. We spoke last week of occasional readings of the thermometer which were above 70°; but during the interval we have now to chronicle this degree of temperature has only occurred once in these islands, at London on Saturday last! For most of the days the temperature at 8 A.M. over these islands, and the whole north and centre of Europe, has not even reached 60°. On Thursday, July 14, the depression which had just passed over us lay over northern Germany, and for that day at least our weather was dry, if cool. A fresh system of depression came up to the south coast of Ireland during the night, and the amount of rain measured at Cork on Saturday exceeded an inch. At Liverpool and Holyhead the fall was heavy also. Saturday was fine in southern England; but Sunday was most disagreeable. The system of which we have just spoken had moved south-eastwards, and had broken up, so that the map for Sunday morning showed a trough of low pressure covering the whole of Europe, between the parallels of 45° and 50°, and as far east as to Poland, with three distinct areas of readings below 29·7 in. within it. The result for the whole south of England was a damp easterly wind—at all times a most unpleasant experience. The amount of the rain, which fell generally, was not very great; but the cold wind brought down the maximum thermometer below 60° at almost all stations except those in the extreme south-west. The subsequent days have, however, been even worse than Sunday. The barometer rose in the south-west of Ireland during Monday, and on Tuesday morning a deep depression showed itself over the extreme north-west of Scotland. This moved rapidly south-eastwards during the day, and by Wednesday morning its centre lay near Brussels; while northerly gales had blown at exposed places on our coasts, and had caused loss of life at Liverpool. The actual amount of rain was not as much as might have been anticipated from such a storm. It fell most heavily at Aberdeen and Oxford, about three-quarters of an inch being collected at each place. The chilly weather which we have had has not reached the Mediterranean; for from the southern French stations we have reports of readings above 80°, and even of 91° at Perpignan, on Saturday last.

During the week ending July 16 the rain was unevenly distributed. Scotland received little or none. In fact, none at all was reported from the west of Scotland. In the south-west of England, however, a good deal fell, and it was much wanted. The sunshine record for the week was miserably poor. Jersey and Guernsey headed the list with 55 and 54 per cent. respectively of possible duration. The Thames valley came off worst, none of the four stations in it reaching 11 per cent., and Oxford bringing up the rear with 9·6 per cent.

RACING.

THE Sandown Meeting, at the end of last week, will long be remembered by those who were present, on account of the extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm at the victory of Orme in the Eclipse Stakes. Such a scene has probably never before been witnessed on a racecourse. Orme has been a most popular horse, and when he went amiss, whether from poison or natural causes, universal sorrow was expressed in racing circles; he could not start in the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby, and was so seriously ill that at one time his life was despaired of. However, thanks to his splendid constitution, his trainer was able to bring him to the post for the Eclipse Stakes in marvellous condition under the circumstances, and no horse could have run a gamer race, as he gradually wore down Orvieto and won by a neck. The Duke of Westminster must have been highly gratified by the spontaneous outbursts of ringing cheers from winners and losers alike that greeted Orme's victory. He could not be nearly as fit as he can be made, so it looks as if the St. Leger is at his mercy. The Eclipse Stakes was of course the most exciting contest at Sandown, but there was another race that was of more than passing interest. We allude to the Sandringham Gold Cup, in which Mr. "Jersey's" Milford met with his first defeat at the hands of General Owen Williams's smart St. Simon colt Perigord. It is very satisfactory to find such a thoroughly staunch supporter of racing, with two colts, Hautbrion and Perigord, both of his own breeding, of so much promise, and we sincerely hope their spirited owner may be credited with many good wins in the future. Sandown was truly a great meeting.

Monday's racing is certainly not popular either with trainers or professional racing men, so we were not surprised to find a comparatively sparse attendance at Leicester. The most interesting race was the Midland Derby, for which Certosa, who had run fairly in the Eclipse Stakes, was favourite; but Mr. Houldsworth's Dunure gave him 9 lbs., and won cleverly by three-quarters of a length. Mr. J. Lowther's moderate, though consistent, Heremon won the Thurgarton Plate, and Mr. H. Milner's well-bred Medora, by Bend Or out of Agneta, St. Angelo's dam, won the Bradford Stakes easily by a length from the Kempton winner, Moonflower.

On Tuesday we had a very wet day, and consequently a scanty attendance. Leicester certainly has been most unfortunate in having bad weather. Almost every meeting is more or less marred by rain or snow. The Zetland Plate was won by Prank by a head only from Simena. The winner swerved almost across the course, or would have won much more easily.

On Wednesday the most notable feature was the victory of Bushey Park in the Prince of Wales's Plate. This colt, the property of Mr. Houldsworth, was spoken of last week as a most promising animal, likely to turn out a real high-class racehorse, but up to this time his efforts have been most disappointing.

Next week we have Goodwood, where the acceptances for the Stakes are fairly good, though the class of horses engaged is not very grand. On this long and tiring course perhaps Billow, who ran like a real stayer at Ascot, may make a bold bid. Bithynian ran fairly well in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and as he will be in inferior company here, and his weight is so lenient, he may run well. The Stewards' Cup has the huge entry of ninety, and already a long list of quotations are in the papers, but probably very few genuine commissions are yet out. Amongst the higher weights we should select St. Angelo, as we think that he is a horse with terrific speed. Of the middle-weights, Unicorn cannot complain of 7 st. 12 lbs., as he won this race last year very easily indeed, after getting badly off. It is true that he meets Cuttlestone and others on very much worse terms on this occasion; but still we cannot help fancying him. Pensioner is well in, if his Hunt Cup trial was correct. These three were our fancies upon looking over the weights, but we are not sanguine of finding the winner by taking three out of ninety. The Gratwicke Stakes of 100 sovs. each, with ten subscribers, reads like a good thing for whichever Mr. Milner may start, Certosa or Broad Corrie; and the Duke of Portland may capture the Ham Stakes with Raeburn. The Richmond Stakes should bring out a good field of two-year-olds, rumour being busy with the names of several dark ones; but none of the great cracks, except Milford, happen to be entered. This colt has, we should say, had enough of it for the present, though we should hardly know what to select as his conqueror if he ran. The Sussex Stakes of the second day contains the name of the popular Orme, who escapes with a 5 lbs. penalty. Whether it is intended to start him we know not, but he

will win if he runs. In his absence Mortgage might credit Mr. Houldsworth with the stake. Curio has a 12 lbs. penalty, for winning the Newmarket Stakes, and we fancy this will give him a harder task than he can perform. The Lavant Stakes will be most interesting if Meddler, Buckingham, Perigord, or Isinglass were to meet. No doubt Meddler would be the favourite, but the chosen of Captain Machell's stable should trouble him. Personally we were much in love with Isinglass at Ascot, and shall not desert him, but in any case we shall anticipate the success of the trusted one of the Captain's stable. The Rous Memorial is another good two-year-old stake, wherein Bill of Portland has a chance to recover his somewhat tarnished character, Medora and Hautbrion seeming his most dangerous opponents. The Gordon Stakes should give us a really sporting race, as it is said that Buccaneer is to be kept for it, instead of running in the Cup, and he may be opposed by Orvieto, Nunthorpe, Huntingdon, and perhaps others. At this distance—Craven Course, one mile and a quarter—we should fancy Orvieto. Orme is in the entry, but we cannot think he will be started for this race. The Prince of Wales's Stakes of 200 sovs. each, each subscriber to name two foals and bring one to the post, for two-year-olds, has twenty subscribers; 400*l.* goes to the second, and the third saves his stakes, so that the race is worth 3,200*l.* to the winner. Perhaps Bill of Portland may be kept for this event, as his chance looks to be very great; the easy course will probably suit him better than the ups and downs of Stockbridge, and we think he will win. The Duke of Westminster's Joyful is entered, and he had a very tall reputation at one time, but we are not aware if he still retains it. The Nassau Stakes for three-year-old fillies on the last day will not, we believe, see La Flêche at the post, and in her probable absence it is not so easy to make a selection. If Gantlet retains, to any extent, her two-year-old form, we think that she would beat the remainder, for they are a moderate lot, Broad Corrie and Arise seeming to be the best. If Hautbrion is reserved for the Molecomb Stakes he should win. We can never believe that his Ascot running was correct. The Findon Stakes, also for two-year-olds, gives Best Man and Moonflower the chance of fighting their Kempton battle over again, and we should stand Best Man, disappointingly as he has run. Goodwood certainly gives promise of excellent racing, especially amongst the two-year-olds. The Cup is not likely to be productive of a very exciting contest, especially if Lord Rosslyn does not start Buccaneer; but Martagon seems to be a fair stayer, and we fancy his chance. Whether Mr. W. Cooper may run The Lover we know not, but now that Orme shows such a bold front in the Leger he may do so.

THE THEATRE IN POLAND.

LUBOWSKI, Sarnecki, and Zalewski form, so to say, the medium of production, both ends of which are represented by two equally remote and equally isolated writers; one of these is Joseph Blizinski, the other—writing under the pseudonym of Ladislas Okanski—is Alexander Swiztochowski. The first is, so to say, the affirmation of the theatre, the latter its negation. Swiztochowski appears at the very moment when the proceedings instituted against the "Idealist" generation were nearing a "Positivist" solution. He is one of the judges, and, strange to say, he accords as dramatic writer to interesting modern heroes that benefit of determined irresponsibility which he refuses to grant, as publicist, to their ancestors—to the "great guilty ones" of the past. The inconsistency is patent from a philosophical as well as from the theatrical point of view, the latter unable to do without the principle of responsibility; but in the fire of an ardent controversy nobody dreams of consistency, and the author of the *Irresponsibles* (*Niewinni*) is a polemist above all. He is one in the choice of his subjects, in his cutting style, in the designs of his characters, where every lineament must serve as proof to a thesis, and even in his conception of the stage, which he assimilates to a chair of Positivist philosophy. A paradoxical sociologue in *Father Macarius* (*Ojeiec Makary*) and *The Beauty* (*Pizkna*), an artist in *Helvia*, *Aspasia*, *Pausenia*, Swiztochowski will never be a theatrical writer, and will never force his subjectiveness on the public, who wants on the stage the truth or the poetry of life, both alike absent from his works.

The small middle class finds a faithful photographer in Michel Balucki, and descending further the social scale, we find the "People," whose heroes have traversed various phases in dramatic literature. But the popular drama seems like a big boy brought up in isolation, in an entire ignorance of life, and in a sort of innocence which changes its name with every change of ideal in society. Albert Boguslawski and Jean Kaminski introduce us to "people-hero" animated with a great spirit of patriotism; Korzeniowski imagines a romantic people modelled on the *être incompris* or *l'homme qui passe* of Victor Hugo; Jean Gregorowicz cultivates the idyl of a people *à l'eau de rose*, developing only qualities, and nothing but qualities, midst the conditions of a patriarchal existence. Ladislas Anczyc creates a melodramatic people, but breaking away from convention depicts rigorously country morals, not without reminiscences of *Sonnenwendhof*, and somewhat after the manner of Mosenthal. Finally, Jean Galasicwicz, the most modern of all and the best observer, sets to the ungrateful task of balancing the equilibrium of "grievances," "disinherited classes," "intellectuality," &c., and invents an opportunist people. In one word, this popular literature lacks nothing—except the genuine people, unrecognizable in the medium type of the literary peasant dragged to-day through the pages of novels and over theatrical boards. An outcome of tendency, conceived in the original sin of sentimentalism, and treated with proceedings misapplied elsewhere to the literary "working-man" of 1848, the Polish peasant of books and plays, instead of being a living type, plays the part of personified remorse of the national conscience. This gives him a radically false physiognomy, not only from an artistic, but also from a social, point of view; for the Polish national conscience is under no particular obligation to feel stung by remorses, which leave in peace the rest of European societies, despite the same memories of abuses of seignorial power. The real culprit, if needs be to find one, is the civilization of a certain epoch, the sins of which can in no degree burden the conscience of one nation, at the pleasure of a tendency or a purpose. And so the peasant who has found his sociologue has to wait yet for his observer. In the meantime, we must be satisfied with the true poetry in Leonard Sowinski's beautiful drama *The Ukraïne* (*Ukraina*), the capital scene of which, a dialogue between the lord and the boatman, resumes the tragic side of 1863; or such progress in observation as we see in *The Patrimony* (*Ojcowizna*), by Mme. Ulanowska and M. Szczepanski, who study the psychology of the peasant in his autonomical demesne, so to say, and independently of his relations with the lord, the priest, and the schoolmaster—*i.e.* outside the social question properly said. An intimate alliance between poetry and observation can alone create the genuine popular drama.

The theatrical crisis which seems to reign now everywhere finds its echo on the Polish stage. Yet as for dramatic production in Poland, we will call the present period one of transition, for fear of having to call it one of silence. There is no lack of workers, the vitality of the nation is as strong as ever, and a generation of young writers tries to break this silence now and then. But what between a *force majeure* which precludes all liberty in discussing the pros and cons of certain questions, and robs the authors of a quantity of subjects, types, and situations, and a defensible instinct of self-preservation, all literary production is so gagged that it has to take either to old grooves and antiquated formulas or to subside into silence.

REVIEWS.

COMPANION TO THE ILIAD.*

AMONG the many recent works on Homer and the Homeric age, Mr. Leaf's *Companion to the Iliad* holds a place of its own. It contains an Introduction, giving Mr. Leaf's general ideas on the subject, and the chief part of the volume is made up of a running commentary on passages of various interest. The references are made both to the Greek text and to page and line of the translation of the Iliad, by Mr. Leaf himself and two com-

* *Companion to the Iliad.* By Walter Leaf, Litt.D. London: Macmillan. 1892.

panions in the adventure. It may thus be used by Homeric students not very strong in Greek. We can scarcely hope that they are a large constituency, but perhaps, for their purposes, Mr. Leaf might have included the arguments of people whom he does not convince, and who signally fail to convince him. The ideas of Mr. Monro, for example, are certainly well worth notice, where they conflict with or mitigate the separatism of Mr. Leaf. For example, Mr. Leaf is quite determined that the remarks of Achilles in XVI. 72, 84, 86 are inconsistent with Book IX., and were composed before Book IX. Mr. Monro, in his edition of the Iliad, Vol. II., p. 310, gives reasons for differing from Grote and Mr. Leaf. In his introduction to Book IX., Mr. Monro also argues for the consistency, or against the supposed inconsistency so much dwelt on by Mr. Leaf. But he also notes five excessively faint and disputable traces of later style in Book IX., with other points possibly or conceivably indicative of lateness in date. Mr. Leaf (p. 171) mentions this part of Mr. Monro's work, but does not mention his belief in the naturalness of the conduct of Achilles. Compare Leaf, pp. 267-68, and Monro, II., 339-40, I., 338-40. Mr. Leaf merely admits, in general terms, that "much acute criticism" is against his view.

Most of Mr. Leaf's notions may be collected from his valuable edition of the Iliad. It is useful, however, to possess them in a more consecutive shape, and we shall endeavour to abridge them with as much clearness as possible.

In prehistoric, or pre-Greek-historic, times, Hellas was occupied by a pure Greek race of Achæans, under whom the mysterious Pelasgians lived in subjection. Mycenæ was the chief city, and as early as the twelfth century B.C. possessed a native art and skill in wall-building. The Achæans were swept away by Dorian invaders about 1000 B.C. The Iliad and Odyssey are, in origin and in the main, the work of Court-poets of the Achæans in Europe. After the Dorian invasion, they were carried by Achæan emigrants to Asia Minor. As the Asiatic Achæans (Æolians) declined in vigour, the Ionians—that is to say, the Pelasgians, Hellenized by association with Achæans—took up the poems "by right of genius," and "partly transformed them." In later ages the Ionians succeeded in claiming the original authorship of them. Old Achæan words were kept amidst Ionian novelties; hence came the epic dialect. The poems, especially the Iliad, as well as the dialect, have been altered, and expanded, and interpolated, and generally bedevilled, at various dates and by various people. How, and when, and why the poems were thus treated, in Mr. Leaf's opinion, we shall state presently. Meanwhile, it is to be observed that Mr. Leaf accepts the current theory of the Mycenæan discoveries—namely, that they are Achæan, pre-Dorian, of about 1200-1100 B.C. He also, rather to our surprise, acquiesces in the notion that Achæan invasions of 14-1200 B.C. are spoken of in Egyptian inscriptions. This idea, first started by M. De Rougé, developed by Lenormant, and confirmed by the adhesion of Mr. Flinders Petrie, may conceivably be correct. But it has been severely criticized by Brugsch, and by Mr. Cecil Torr, among others. We only know for certain that the "dwellers in the coasts and isles" of the sea did attack Egypt, and we have little doubt that early Greeks were in that maritime armament. Helbig, however, brings the invaders from Asia Minor, Brugsch from Colchis, of all places, and the identifications based on such equations as Aquaiusha = Achæans are more serviceable to romance than to sober argument. Thus, though we are inclined to believe with Mr. Leaf, we certainly have not all the courage of his opinions (*cf.* p. 15). Again, in a work intended for the more popular class of the half-learned, Mr. Leaf, we think, should at least have criticized Mr. A. S. Murray's theory that the treasures, pottery, and walls of Mycenæ are really rather later than Homer, are not Achæan, but post-Dorian, and are relics of the age of the Despots, of men like Phidon of Argos, in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. We are not convinced by Mr. Murray's arguments, nor by Professor Ramsay's attribution of the Lions on the Gate to Phrygian influence in the Tyrannic age. Our hearts are with Mr. Leaf, in this matter at least, and it is probable that Mr. Murray's recent book came too late for his criticism. But still the archæological opposition must be recognized, confuted if possible, in no case overlooked.

We now approach Mr. Leaf's separatist theory of the composition of the Iliad. It was begun by an Achæan Court minstrel in Europe, who only sang the wrath of Achilles. He himself, or other poets more probably, added a general picture of the war, introducing Helen, the Trojan heroes in Ilios, the feats of great ancestral chiefs, as Diomede and Odysseus and Idomeneus. In a third stratum yet later came "great individual poems," as the Embassy to Achilles (IX.), the Making of the Arms of Achilles (XVIII.), the Ransoming of the Body of Hector, the Catalogue of the Ships, while shorter episodes and connecting passages, such as Book VIII., were introduced. In this stratum the character of Achilles was wholly spoiled into inconsistency by the episode of the Embassy in Book IX. Between the second and third strata comes the break caused by the Dorian invasion and the flight to Asia Minor:—"Probably the latest parts of the Iliad may coincide in time with the earliest growth of the great lyric school which blossomed with Sappho" in the eighth and seventh centuries. Thus the Iliad may have been from 1100 B.C. to, say, 700 in the making. Yet we, like Wolf, find no archæological anachronisms, or very few indeed.

Before alluding to the alleged "inconsistencies" on which this theory of composite authorship, extending through four centuries, is mainly founded, let us see how Mr. Leaf supposes that the thing was done. He rejects writing "as a means of publication in the Homeric age." Certainly it was not a means of publication; but it may have been a means of retaining the poet's work for his own recitation, as in the case of mediæval *trouvères*. Opinion is coming round, as in Bergk and Willamowitz Moellendorff, to this conclusion. If we can grant an original MS. on plates of lead, on skins, on Egyptian papyrus, or what not, the chances of interpolation and expansion are greatly diminished. Mr. Leaf does not dwell on this possibility, nor on the certainty almost that, if a poet, like a *trouvère*, made his livelihood by an epic in MS., he would have a very lively notion of literary property.

Here is Mr. Leaf's hypothesis, and here is our criticism. First, we have an Achæan poet in Greece—probably a Court poet—who composed the comparatively short epic of the Wrath of Achilles, now chiefly extant in Books I., XI., XVI., and XXII. This piece became very popular. Mr. Leaf believes that, "as the supply of original poets can never have been sufficient to provide one for each princely Court in Greece, it is clear that many, or most, must have been content to learn the songs which they recited." Now this is inconsistent with human nature, and especially with the nature of poets. You would not easily persuade an earnest clergyman that he was no orator, and, like Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, had better read Jeremy Taylor's sermons to his congregation. The Sennachie of Cluny would not, without drawing dirk, listen to a request that he should recite, not his own poetry, but poetry by the Sennachie of Lochiel. Court minstrels in prehistoric Greece, if they resembled Court minstrels in Scotland or India, would be obliged to celebrate their own chiefs, and a Sennachie of the Pisistratidæ in Pylos would decline to recite another Sennachie's praises of Ithacan Odysseus, and Larissean Achilles, to the exclusion of Nestor's early adventures. Professional, personal, and clannish pride are all against the hypothesis that a Court minstrel would sink into a mere drawing-room reciter of another man's lays. Bad or good, he would give his own. Mr. Leaf, however, believes that the incompetent minstrel would "resort to some sort of school, in order to acquire, and from time to time extend, his repertory" (p. 19). "This school would naturally attract the poets of original power"; that is, it would attract the very men who did not need it, and who would bitterly despise it. "Self-taught am I," says the bard of Odysseus (Odyssey, XXII. 347); the passage appears to indicate that all bards were not self-taught. Probably the position was hereditary, and the lays were handed from father to son, as in mediæval Europe. Mr. Leaf's school was "necessary" because there were not original poets enough; it therefore attracted original poets. "But it would be necessary that every original genius who attached himself to the school should sink his own personal claims in his poems." That would be a great attraction to an original poet! He would attend a school for the incompetent because he was competent; and he would give up, what is so dear to singers, his personal glory for the purpose of adding to a repertory which, as Theocritus advises, he could easily have provided for himself. Poets about 1100 B.C. must have been very unlike any other poets known to history. This easy young minstrel would find it "indifferent to him whether he composed fresh poems altogether, or only added fresh episodes to those already in existence." Like the Athenians in Thucydides, one envies Mr. Leaf's ignorance of the poetic character. Besides, Hesiod says that potter is jealous of potter and poet of poet. In Mr. Leaf's theory, then, the original "Wrath" was always receiving accretions from self-denying modesty which found acceptance for its work by sinking it in Homer's. The school, which encouraged endless change in what, if it resembled Hindoo and Maori schools of poetry, it was bound to keep intact, was yet "conservative." It would admit what Mr. Leaf regards as glaring inconsistencies, rather than excise a line or two of the original, which, however, it altered at pleasure (p. 270). What "almost reads like a deliberate attempt to belittle the hero" is readily admitted by the conservative "school," yet a few deletions, to save the whole consistency, as

Mr. Leaf argues, of the poem, are not ventured on. The "school" is a body existing "to maintain a fixed standard," which is done by introducing endless changes, and, even in Mr. Leaf's opinion, glaring absurdities. Mr. Leaf, on one side, believes in an uncounted number of original poets who treated the Iliad with strange freedom; and, on the other hand, thinks that the supply of original poets fell short of the demand. He believes in, or at least supposes, the existence of a school "to maintain a fixed standard," as in the Vedic and Karakia schools, and he also believes that alterations were admitted apparently for the purpose of "belittling" the hero of Homer. An hypothesis, especially if it has only "some faint trace" of historical evidence, should be less self-contradictory than Mr. Leaf's. However, granting that original poets, though so scarce, were so numerous, we ask whether they would have preserved, on the whole, unity of style, of the grand style; whether there could, after all, be so many great poets so much akin?

Mr. Gladstone thinks this unlikely; even two grand masters are one too many for Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Matthew Arnold was of the same opinion. But Mr. Leaf thinks that style is easily imitated, apparently many poets could catch "the grand style"; we only wish that they would. Again, Mr. Leaf argues that, in literary history, one genius means the co-existence of many geniuses, as Scott, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron. Yes; but such men do not often or successfully collaborate. Nor can the style of one be readily mistaken for that of another. No one could take a page of Racine or Quinault for a page of Molière, or a portion of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* for work of Keats's or Wordsworth's, though critics wrangle over Fletcher and Shakspeare. Great contemporaries stand from each other unmistakably aloof. Thus Mr. Leaf's theory of how the composition of the Iliad was done seems to us undemonstrated and wholly unconvincing. His arguments for the existence of inconsistency, as in Books IX. and XVI., we examined in reviewing his edition of the Iliad. Far from being inconsistent, these books, in our mind, are essential to each other, and to the epic.

For the rest, it is impossible to praise too highly the excellence of Mr. Leaf's notes on the *Realien* of Homer, life, arms, implements, chariots, myths, manners, and customs. They help to make Homer's world live again, especially if we accept his belief in the date of the treasures of Mycenæ. It is a most interesting and valuable work, full of patient and acute research. Our quarrel with Mr. Leaf, after all, is more literary than erudite. Every one has a right to his own interpretation of Homer; his own sense, if he has the sense, of Homer's magnificent unity, his indivisible supremacy.

NOVELS.*

MRS. PAUL KING places no imposing list of previous works on the title-page of her book, yet *Cousin Cinderella* is so clever that it hardly seems possible it should be a first attempt. The characters are original, and on the whole natural, even though they are far from being attractive, and as they prosecute, in their various ways, the object of their fondest hopes—i.e. the admission into London society—the author stands aside and mocks relentlessly. Neither the old and rich Mr. Peter Basset, nor the amazingly beautiful and stupid Naomi Dean, nor the plain and determined Beulah Marquand, nor the tactless and ambitious Mrs. Jerome, nor even her little daughter, Camma, with her aspirations towards clairvoyance, are conventional types, and the union of all these strange forces for the "Siege of London" is the subject of the book. Mr. Basset is a rolling stone who late in life has successfully rolled through two or three rich gold-mines, and is willing to dispense his wealth for the benefit of those who take his fancy. In the very Far West he comes across his distant cousin Naomi Dean, the youngest of a rough and vulgar family, all excellently hit off. To use his own expression, he "idolizes her beauty," gets an invitation for her to stay in Boston with another relation, Mrs. Jerome, and superintends her *début* in society. Unluckily, Naomi is as stupid and unimpressionable as she is lovely, and, after her first ball, when she receives two or three offers from very young men, fails to make any strong impression, or, indeed, to receive any. On this point Mrs. King probably is mistaken. A girl with beauty such as Naomi's could not have fallen flat, however great her stupidity. And she was *only* stupid, not coarse or vulgar, and her loveliness was of that kind which shakes the world. With such perfection to gaze on, men would not have demanded lively talk, nor even have inquired into her moral qualities, which were, however, quite unexceptionable as far as they went. After a short probation in Boston, Mr. Basset, whose heart is better than his grammar, resolves to take Naomi over to London, with Mrs. Jerome as her chaperon. Mrs. Jerome cannot be parted from her fourteen-year-old daughter, Camma, a nice little unobtrusive girl, with an unfortunate talent for recitation, and Naomi declines to move unless her friend Beulah Marquand goes with her. Up to this point the story is admirably told, but Mrs. King goes astray when she depicts the interviews that take place between Mr. Basset and the middle-aged Lady Hughes (his *planche de salut* as regards Naomi), whose acquaintance he had made on board a Pacific steamer. Not an aspersion is cast on the absolute respectability of Lady Hughes, past or present; yet she is described at the age of fifty as wishing to get up a flirtation with an uncultivated old man of seventy, who says "off of me," and as perpetually throwing her arms round him and kissing him. He is at first much confused by this conduct; but "when he found that his elderly innamorata contemplated no more deadly assault on his virtue than giving him a kiss or two when they were alone," he became hardened. This is silly as well as horribly vulgar. There is nothing either in Mr. Basset or in Lady Hughes to render such extraordinary behaviour probable, and if Lady Hughes had been of an amorous disposition she would certainly have chosen some younger man to flirt with. Lady Hughes, indeed, is the weak point of the book. Mrs. King is apparently not sure of her ground, and tries to make up for knowledge by imagination. Hence the picture is in most respects a failure, for the details which go to make it up are incorrect. To give one instance, Lady Hughes would never have submitted to have Mrs. Jerome, whom she had studiously ignored, substituted on the occasion of the Drawing Room for Beulah, who had impressed her, and whom she had offered to present. A good scene might have been made of her rejecting this arrangement, and outraging Mrs. Jerome's feelings still further. Mrs. King might have scored a point here, and it is a pity that she did not "see her chance and take it." It would be unfair to tell the story, which is as full of surprises as *My Official Wife*, although, after the manner of Hawthorne, some of it is purposely veiled in mystery. When she chooses, no one can narrate more sharply and clearly than Mrs. King; but she does not always choose. In spite of some vulgarity of style, as when she perpetually talks of "photos" instead of "photographs," remarks that they "were a well-bred lot in the room," and frequently uses "gaucheness" when she had better say either "gaucherie" or "awkwardness," Mrs. King is a distinct gain to the ranks of the novelists. She is incisive and original, she does not ride a subject to death, she can laugh at herself and her characters, and, above all, she lets them develop themselves, and never attempts to dissect them for the benefit of her readers.

In all essentials *Ingelheim* is the exact opposite of *Cousin Cinderella*. It is more refined, but then it is also much tamer. It is also, unluckily, about twice as long. *Ingelheim* should have been called *The Adventures of a Foundling*, and it is to be feared that its perusal will make many young ladies regret that they cannot begin life over again on the door-step of a country parsonage. Surely no girl who was not a beauty ever got on so well as Dolores Traherne, though she was, as we are told with wearisome reiteration, very shy and simple and silent. At fifteen she takes part in a village concert with her adopted sisters, the parson's daughters, and a great German professor is so impressed with her voice that he persuades her godmother to let him place the girl with the first teacher in Europe to have it cultivated. This is the reason why Dolores is sent to Ingelheim, where she spends over a year. Everybody is fond of her, and, more than that, a smart and charming young officer proposes to her a few weeks after she has rejected the affections of her adopted brother. This is not bad for a quiet girl of sixteen who only looks pretty now and then. She is *still* sixteen (as far as can be gathered, but the author is often a little hazy as to her dates) when a rich English-born, Spanish-wedded Countess claims her as her long-lost daughter, and though the real daughter soon appears on the scene, Dolores loses nothing, but rather gains a sister. The writer hardly manages to convey to the reader the *cause* of Dolores' amazing success. She is unselfish, and straightforward, and loyal; but these qualities, though they gain and keep us friends in the daily round of life, do not attract the notice of busy people. And Dolores must have been likewise extraordinarily stupid. In vol. i. p. 52, when her life at Ingelheim is first being described, the reader is expressly told that "her general education was not neglected. French and German were easy to acquire under present circumstances (living

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* *Cousin Cinderella.* By Mrs. Paul King. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

Ingelheim. By the Author of "Miss Molly." 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

More Kin than Kind. By B. Loftus Tottenham. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

A Precious Jewel. By Dora Murray. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

in a family of French origin where German was always spoken), and her future career demanded a knowledge of Italian. So, with all this work and the preparation it demanded, there was not much time except for fresh air." Yet later, when Captain Shore has proposed to her, it is a question of her going for six months to a Parisian school "to learn dancing and French" (vol. ii. p. 219), and after more than a year of life passed solely with Germans and in the midst of a German family, "Dolores' German, though not very good, was more fluent and intelligible than it used to be" (vol. ii. p. 266). But the author's real interest lies, not in Dolores, but in Virginia Shore, a young lady with an English father and a German mother (both dead), who was a sort of maid of honour to the lovely widowed Princess of Ingelheim. She never makes her appearance without her dress being minutely analysed, the expression of her face noted, and her words being marked down. In general her conversation consists of a kind of intellectual fencing with an old man who is invariably alluded to as "Excellency." Sometimes this talk is clever, but it is more often dull. It is the kind of conversation that in real life, after two or three sentences, people would break off, and laugh, and exclaim, "Dear me! we are talking just like a play." But Miss Virginia Shore airs her cheap wisdom with "the slight mocking smile" we grow so tired of hearing about, and without a suspicion of the triteness of her remarks. Here, for instance, are two passages taken at random, the first from vol. iii. p. 108:—

> '"*Men*"—Virginia is speaking—"are only men, they don't see all that there is to see."
> "Fortunately—often for them," his Excellency replied.
> "Wrong, Excellency," Virginia retorted; "one cannot see too much; where men are clumsy is in not knowing what to forget. 'Knowledge is power.'"
> "And power, you consider, is always advantageous?"
> "It depends on the use one makes of it."
> "The temptation, Miss Shore, is to use it, even when unnecessary, for the sake of impressing the fact that we possess it; at least, that, I believe, is generally the case—with *women*."'

The next passage is from vol. iii. p. 175:—

> '"Vanity," his Excellency observed, calmly, "is a warm garment, without which many of us would go cold."
> "Oh, Excellency, who is severe now?"
> "You correct me justly, Miss Shore; severity at a comedy is unpardonable."
> "Incongruous, Excellency. It is as great a mistake to be incongruous as impetuous."
> "Do tell me why. I see Prince Waldenberg coming this way, and I do not wish to miss any chance lesson in ease and comfort."
> "Excellency, it is a pity you are going to leave us; no one can ever take your place."
> "Don't tell me, *please*," he murmured, "that *I* am also a comedy which distracts your leisure moments."
> "No, Excellency," she replied quickly, "you are the satire on the comedy."'

How small our visiting-list would become if our friends habitually indulged in the mixture of platitudes, parables, and metaphors that formed the delight of Virginia Shore. Occasionally, after much toiling, she says a good thing; but in general the chaff is very vacant, and it is surprising that any one should have been "caught" by it. It is really a misfortune that the writer should have bestowed so much pains on what was so little worth it, and also that she should repeat herself so frequently. Dolores is scarcely ever mentioned in the book without a reference to her "simple" nature, she never sits down to write a letter without the reader being informed what a difficulty it always was to her to frame words and sentences, and Virginia's "slight mocking smile" and "cold eyes" are as little to be kept out of the pages as King Charles's head out of the memorial. Remarks as to the obedience which children give their elders, and which reacts on themselves, occur more than once—more than twice—and nobody ever has a forehead without "soft little curls" lying on it. The style is often bad, as the author has apparently but little ear for harmony; such sentences as "the ever-present loss of Emilie's kind presence" (vol. i. p. 93) occurring pretty frequently, while the preposition "of" seems dear to her heart, in a way to make the grammarian weep. "He had not let go of her hand," she says, in vol. i. p. 42, and again in p. 148, "he did not let go of the slight hand." The best thing in the book is the portrait of M. Desprez.

Eva Graham, the heroine of *More Kin than Kind*, is a pleasant and probable young lady, and her lover Ralph Denham is a pleasant and probable young man. There are too many presentiments in the book, and too many conventional incidents; but the writer seems young and fresh and may make a novelist some day when she has shaken off a tendency to melodrama which at present besets her. She must likewise be careful not to indulge her taste for "word-painting," which is a constant rock ahead in these days. In vol. iii. no less than eight out of seventeen chapters begin with descriptions of scenery, and the proportion is too large.

A Precious Jewel is suggestive of the footlights, so elegant is the language the characters use, even the young men. "The kiss you saw me press on Muriel's brow," says one brother to another, p. 56, "was in token of an eternal farewell, and sealed a solemn promise made by me that I would never, in days to come, assert my claim to any possession that might be mine by right. That you should so far have misjudged us both I deeply regret." The gift of eloquence appears to have been a family characteristic, for the nephew of the orator above quoted remarks (p. 234) to his cousin, another Muriel, that he "may have no castle and broad lands" to lay at her feet. Even the author is not behindhand, and relates how, when the first Muriel is dying in a summer-house, and requests her niece to run to fetch her son, the second Muriel was "unable to deny her behests" (p. 132). The young lady only is unequal to a greatness "unto which she was not born," for she murmurs to her lover (p. 142) "Did I not tell you I was feared of him?" Elopements, fraternal hatred, lawsuits, attempts at murder, all have their turn, and those to whom such subjects (treated in an innocent and artless manner) are a joy may read *A Precious Jewel* with impunity. Others, who demand a real human interest, will enjoy it less.

PRISON SYSTEM OF ONTARIO.*

IN July, 1890, a Commission was appointed under the Great Seal of the Province of Ontario in Canada West, "to collect information regarding Prisons, Houses of Correction, Reformatories, and the like, with a view of ascertaining any practical improvements which may be made in the methods of dealing with the criminal classes in the province, so far as the subject is within the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature and Government," and the Report now before us was made last April, and has been printed by order of the Legislative Assembly. The Commission consisted of five members, of whom one was appointed Chairman and another Secretary. The mode of proceeding adopted appears to have been most comprehensive and complete; one of the first decisions arrived at having been that "the investigation of the subject shall include the following particulars—(1) The causes of crime in the province." (2) "Any improved means which may be adopted in the province for providing and conducting Industrial Schools." (3) "Any improved means which may be adopted in the province for rescuing destitute children from a criminal career." (4) "Any improvement in the management of the County Gaols of the province and with respect to the classification of prisoners therein." (5) "The most fitting practical employment of prisoners in the province." (6) "The question of indeterminate sentences for offenders against provincial laws"; and (7) "Any improved way of dealing with tramps and habitual drunkards in the province." A notice was given through the press that the Commission would hold sessions in the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, and Ottawa, and all persons interested were invited to attend and state their views. It was also arranged that the Commissioners should proceed to the State of Massachusetts, and afterwards to the States of New York, Michigan, and Ohio, to visit the best and most successful of the penal reformatory institutions of those States, and ascertain as far as possible the special merits of their respective systems. It was further arranged that they should take the evidence of a number of eminent specialists who have devoted themselves to the study of prison life as a science, and obtain such information respecting the most advanced systems of the United States, and those which obtain in Great Britain and other countries of Europe, as would enable them to institute a proper comparison of all those systems and their results. They then prepared a series of systematic questions to be put to gaolers, sheriffs, gaol surgeons, and others. These questions were 96 in number, and seem to embrace any possible point in connexion with the subject, including numbers of prisoners, accommodation, classification of sexes, classification of crimes, the mode of dealing with lunatics and with imbeciles, the treatment of tramps, homeless persons, paupers and habitual drunkards, religious instruction and secular instruction to prisoners, occupation for male and female prisoners, opinions concerning inebriate asylums, the effects of imprisonment on young persons of both sexes, the chief causes of vice and crime, the advantages or disadvantages of prisons and penitentiaries being self-supporting, the system of indeterminate sentences, by

* *Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario.* Toronto: Warwick & Sons.

which is to be understood a delegation to local authorities of power to remit certain portions of a sentence for good conduct, the system of industrial schools and reformatories, and the general opinion as to the chief causes of children becoming depraved and criminal, whether from vicious surroundings, neglect at home, evil influences of any sort, or hereditary wickedness.

It will be seen that the Commissioners did not underrate the importance of their task, and indeed it is not too much to say that any one of these numerous subjects would alone have sufficed as a labour of years for any Commission however strong; but when we come to the details of the work done, we stand aghast at the energy and daring with which these gentlemen appear to have proceeded. They quote one judge—a high authority—who says that in dealing with the subject he resolves not to be limited to what the laws treat as crime, but to include as within the meaning of that term all wrongs committed against persons and property, public health, justice, decency, and morality, whether forbidden by a public law or not. This appears to afford a good field for their labours; but it does not nearly compass the scope of their intentions, and they quote another high authority who divides criminals into classes, characterizing them as "political criminals," "criminals by passion," "insane criminals," "instinctive criminals," and "occasional criminals."

Under the head of "Instinctive Criminals" the whole question of heredity is discussed, and very interesting information is given; but it is somewhat difficult for the ordinary mind to follow some of the apparently wild theories which are advanced, especially when these differ widely. For instance, one high authority lays down that "there are some persons naturally more prone to crime, and more devoid of guiding and inhibiting instincts, than the generality of mankind," while another enunciates the doctrine that "moral weakness and a propensity to evil are the inheritance of all men." Again we read, "There are two factors in criminal heredity, namely, an element of innate disposition, and an element of contagion from social environment, and practically it is not always possible to disentangle these two factors. A bad home will usually mean something bad in the heredity of the strict sense, but frequently the one element alone, whether the heredity or the contagion, is not sufficient to determine the child in the direction of crime."

No doubt these are rocks and shoals in the way of social reformers; but we must leave these to the students of so-called "criminal science," and get into the open water of practical suggestions. We do not in any way undervalue the importance of the points referred to; on the contrary, we notice them prominently for the double reason that they are essential to a proper understanding of the subject and that the recital of them goes to show that the Commissioners have given them full consideration and have not in any way "scamped" their work. Moreover, we give great credit to the Commissioners for having so framed their questions as to allow an opportunity for the introduction of all the most advanced theories, from criminal heredity to "atavism or the liability to lapse into the condition of the unimproved animal which is sometimes found in the best-bred cattle." These abstruse points appear to embrace all the phases of human life—not merely those connected with crime—and a careful study of them in the book itself will well repay a reader who is interested in the subject. Some of the replies are undoubtedly those of enthusiasts or persons with one idea, while others give evidence of thoughtful, logical, and practical study; but all are interesting in their several ways, even those, or we might almost venture to say, especially those, which come from "faddists" of the genuine kind—that is to say, eminent specialists, who do not object to be designated by that doubtful title.

Space does not permit a longer reference to these fascinating subjects, and we must proceed to a study of the results of the Commission brought forward in the form of recommendations, which may be summarized as follows. With regard to juvenile criminality an alteration of the school laws is proposed, so that children of a proper age shall attend school for a reasonable period in each year, and that the laws in this respect be rigorously but judiciously enforced, care being taken not to press too severely on families poverty-stricken or afflicted with illness. If a child under fourteen years of age is found guilty of an offence, commitment to a common gaol should under no circumstances be made, nor should the child be committed to a refuge or reformatory until all other means of correcting or reclaiming such child have been tried; the system of suspended sentence, under the surveillance of the police, should also be more used, unless the environments and general surroundings of the children are extremely bad.

After dealing with the vast subject of juvenile criminals the Commissioners proceed with recommendations for the reformation of women, chiefly by finding work for them, and providing inebriates with reformatories—really prisons—as they allude in direct terms to the provision of means for the safe custody of such of the inmates as may attempt to escape therefrom; and they define as habitual drunkards all those who have been convicted of drunkenness three times within two years. They also propose to imprison such other persons addicted to the use of strong drink as in the opinion of the county judge may be reclaimed by timely restraint and judicious treatment, and recommend that some of these be permitted to return home on parole if they give satisfactory evidence of a sincere desire to live soberly, and of strength of mind sufficient to enable them to keep their good resolutions; but the Commissioners give no indication as to the mode which they would recommend for carrying on the work of the community when they have imprisoned the bulk of the population, as would undoubtedly happen under such laws in many of the outlying parts of America. They next deal with tramps and vagrants, making it compulsory on the authorities to provide in every common gaol a sufficient quantity of stone to be broken, and an official to see that every professional tramp or vagrant shall do a full day's labour, unless certified as physically unfit. For homeless and destitute men, women, and children they urgently recommend that, in order to abolish the inhuman system of committing such persons to common gaols, the establishment of a poor-house be made compulsory, and that, when a poor-house has been established, it shall be unlawful to commit to a common gaol, as a vagrant, any homeless and destitute person who seems to be physically incapable of working, unless such person has been guilty of some offence.

It will be a startling revelation to our readers, as we own it is to ourselves, to learn that in Canada it is the custom to commit homeless and destitute men, women, and children to a common gaol; but these are the *ipsissima verba* of the statement, and we must take them as we find them. We trust that we are mistaken; but the wording of the urgent recommendation for a change appears too precise to admit of misunderstanding. They recommend that no lunatic be sent to a common gaol unless in case of absolute necessity; that young criminals, who are first offenders, should be placed in an industrial reformatory to be established for this special class, and not subjected to the fatal results of associating with the most depraved and hardened criminals; that the sentences on all juvenile offenders be indeterminate, and that a public functionary be empowered to liberate them, unconditionally or conditionally, and on parole, as may seem best calculated to promote the welfare of the offenders and the interests of the State, and that all sentences should, as far as possible, be progressive or cumulative, the penalty for a second offence being greater than that imposed for the first, and always increasing in severity as the crimes or offences increase in number. They propose that a "good time system" be at once established to work with the indeterminate sentence system, so that prisoners could earn marks and thus obtain a remission of some portion of their sentence; that in all lock-ups and police stations structural provision be made for the complete isolation of the sexes, and means be provided for the separation of abandoned women from other female prisoners, not only in the buildings, but also in taking them to and from court, and in their subsequent transfer to the common gaol, and that wherever female prisoners are, whether in the lock-up or during their removal to court or transfer to gaol, a police matron shall be present and shall have entire charge of them. They also make proposals for the classification of prisoners, and in some cases for separate or cellular confinement, and with regard to prison labour they condemn the "contract system" under which contractors for the payment of an agreed sum per diem receive the full benefit of such labour, and are necessarily given an undue control over the prisoners, thereby seriously interfering with discipline, and they recommend instead the Provincial Account System, which is, that the province shall supply all the machinery, plant, and fixtures, and all the raw material, and use the labour of the prisoners for the best interests of the respective institutions.

In conclusion the Commissioners say that it is absolutely essential to the successful working of any system of management that competent, zealous men, capable of commanding the respect and gaining the sympathy of those entrusted to their care, should be employed in every branch of the service, and in this we cordially concur, but we venture on our own behalf to suggest that, if this last point is thoroughly attended to, there may be little or no necessity for many of the others.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.*

THE saying of Wendell Phillips that "the answer to Confucianism is China" is true both negatively and affirmatively. No one will deny that Confucianism has done much for China. Viewed from the outside it provides a system of morality which falls little short of Christianity and Buddhism. If its maxims were closely obeyed its followers would fulfil to perfection the duties which belong to men as citizens and as individuals, and to some small extent its influence in these directions is undoubtedly observable among the people. It exercises a marvellous restraining power over them. It "has unified," as Mr. Smith writes, "the language, the thought, and the race. It has developed a nation of keen intellectual ability, able, as we have already remarked, to hold their own with any other race on the planet." But here its influence for good stops. It has provided the skeleton of a moral system, but has contributed nothing towards filling in the framework. It is an excellent machine, but lacks the all-important motive power to make it work.

Nothing can be better than the morality which it teaches. "Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles" is one of the earliest injunctions which the student meets with on beginning his study of the *Confucian Analects*. If he be a foreigner and has mastered the canon before visiting China, he may possibly land in expectation of meeting a people whose word is to be believed, and in whose every action is reflected a transparent honesty. A short acquaintance with them is, however, sufficient to disabuse his mind of these fallacies. He will quickly perceive that this, like all the other high-sounding phrases of the old philosophers, is written in sand so far as the national conscience is concerned; that the people have no prejudice in favour of truth, and that they are insensible to the shame attaching to a falsehood. Mr. Smith aptly illustrates this failing by the following instance:—"A friend of the writer received a visit from a Chinese lad who had learned English, and who wished to add to his vocabulary an expressive meaning 'You lie.' He was told the phrase, but cautioned not to use it to a foreigner, as the result would certainly be that he would be knocked down. He expressed unfeigned surprise at this strange announcement, for to his mind the words conveyed a meaning as harmless as the remark, 'You are humbugging me.'" It is never possible to be sure that any statement made by a Chinaman is in itself true, or that it contains the whole of a truth. A typical instance of this characteristic has lately been furnished by the Chinese Government in its dealing with matters relating to the recent riots. It never occurs to a Chinaman, of whatever rank, to hesitate to make a false statement if it should suit his purpose to do so. If the assertion be accepted, so much the worse for the acceptor; but if this last be a native or a foreigner who understands the Chinese manner of conducting controversies, he will require a demonstration of its truthfulness before he will give it credence. Should the statement turn out to be unfounded, as very commonly it will, its author will be quite ready to admit its falsity without a blush, and to commit himself to another asseveration which, in all probability, will have as little of the true metal of sincerity as the first.

As the late Mr. Baber wrote of this strange people, "incapable of speaking the truth, they are equally incapable of believing it." At the same time they are ever ready to believe any monstrous tale that may be palmed off upon them. To this habit of credulity Mr. Smith devotes one of his very interesting and amusing chapters, and in it and other parts of his volume he takes occasion to point out, with truth, that Chinamen never think it necessary to test an assertion by ascertained facts related to it. If these "stubborn things" do not agree with the antecedent statement, it is no affair of theirs, and instead of attempting to reconcile the irreconcilable, they adopt the simple plan of accepting both views. We have recently had experience of the singular credulity with which the people, at the instigation of designing agitators, have accepted without question all the ridiculous and scurrilous stories about foreigners which have been scattered broadcast in the central provinces. Some of the more harmless of these find a parallel in an instance quoted by Mr. Smith, in which "a countrywoman expressed the opinion that the remarkable whiteness of foreign children is due to the practice of their mothers of *licking* them every day as cats do their kittens." By the last mail news was brought of an equally preposterous example of unreasoning belief. An opposition to missionaries is reported to have suddenly arisen in Shansi, where an enchantress lately routed the Christians by persuading the people that in a recent visit to Heaven she discovered the falsity of the new doctrine.

Such faith, if properly directed, would remove mountains, but unhappily, both by mode of life and by the current system of education, the national mind is cramped and confined within narrow and deep grooves, and resembles that of a child, in so far as regards the implicit belief with which every statement of whatever kind is accepted. No outside experience nor intercourse with other people helps to widen their knowledge of life. The vast majority of Chinamen live and die within bowshot of the place of their birth; everything beyond the contracted limits thus set to their observation is "foreign" to them. Not only Europeans but natives of other provinces, and even of other districts within the same province, are foreigners in their eyes. Like the character in one of Richter's novels, quoted by Mr. Smith, every Chinaman assumes that the first meridian lies through his own skull. "His own village, his own district, his own prefecture, province, and country are *his*, all others are outside," and on them he looks with undisguised contempt.

The author of the remarkable essays which form this volume has resided for many years in a country district in one of the northern provinces of the Empire. He has lived among the people as one of themselves, and has gained a more intimate knowledge of their characteristics than has probably been acquired by any other foreigner. He is evidently a keen observer, and possesses in a marked degree the power of expressing himself in terse and idiomatic language. His essays are as full of interest as they are of matter, and convey a better idea of the strange people of whom he writes than is to be found in shelf-loads of ordinary works on China.

* *Chinese Characteristics.* By Arthur H. Smith. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892.

PHASES OF ANIMAL LIFE.*

IN a volume of slight but lucid and pleasant essays, Mr. Lydekker has placed before us some of the varieties of structural formation to be found in past and present types of zoological life. He is not very happy, we think, in defining his intention as being "to illustrate in a popular manner a few of the various modes in which animals are adapted to similar conditions of existence." The use of the word "similar" here seems vague and ambiguous; for where does the similarity come in? It would be stricter to say that the essays, as a whole, show the mode in which, at various stages of the world's existence, the structure of animals has been adapted to their requirements. Mr. Lydekker is well acquainted with his subject, and writes plainly, though not elegantly. His little chapters read like half-hour popular lectures of the better class, and this, we suspect, has been their original employment. There is an absolute want of reference, and if Mr. Lydekker writes again he would do well to recollect that "a well-known writer states" is not an adequate formula of acknowledgment. When will young aspirants learn that it does themselves no disadvantage to be found civil to their elders?

One of the most curious instances of change of mind on the part of nature is illustrated by the history of mail-clad vertebrate forms. The earliest fishes, like the world's first civilized warriors, found it necessary to be encased in complete plate-armour. Curiosity is greatly exercised to know what can have been the conditions under which such a form as *cephalaspis* shot through the seething waters like an iron torpedo boat. Since then, the regular tendency has been towards a simplification of the armour, a reduction of its extent, a more supple and elastic distribution of its parts, with, in the course of ages, a gradual tendency to reject armour altogether as a lumbering and ineffectual form of defence. Most of our knowledge of the old cap-à-pie style comes from examination of the Old Red Sandstone; but one of the original Gogs and Magogs of the fishy world survives in the gar-pike of the American rivers, whose body is covered with lozenge-shaped scales of solid bone. In the mammalian world the armadillos and the pangolins survive; but the most amazing of all mailed animals, the glyptodont, long ages ago gave up the unequal struggle with his own uncompromising carapace of bone without a fold or an articulation in it. Life under a solid dish-cover was not worth living for a glyptodont.

Some curious considerations enter into the varieties of true and spurious flight. True flight is very rare in the animal kingdom, being practically confined to the birds and the insects. Bats, among mammals, are the only genuine fliers; but it is now certain that the extinct class of pterodactyles, among reptiles, enjoyed true flight. Marsh restored the pterodactyle—a thing fit to send a nursery into convulsions. This was a winged dragon, with a racket-shaped tail, and enormous crocodile's jaws, armed with sharp teeth. In the Haarlem Museum is a slab of limestone marked with the print of the trailing tail of a pterodactyle, and the im-

* *Phases of Animal Life, Past and Present.* By R. Lydekker. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

pression of the creature's delicate membranous wings has sometimes been found on stone. It is romantic and appalling to think of these beings—they were sometimes twenty-five feet in length—suddenly darkening the air with their flight, and descending to carry off an infant or an ox in their carnivorous jaws. But it appears that they had ceased to exist before infants began to offer that delicate attraction.

Giant birds, again, strike the imagination with awe, and these, at all events, have lingered on into historic times. The ostrich, the emu, and the cassowary are large fowl of sorts, yet they dwindle into insignificance by the side of certain fossil species. It is difficult to understand how New Zealand was able in comparatively recent times to support no fewer than twenty species of its elephantine moas. The egg of the *æpyornis* of Madagascar should have figured on the breakfast-table of Gargantua; it contained rather more than two gallons of nutriment. Not every one knows that the famous dodo was an enormous pigeon, which had grown until it lost its power of flight, and so fell an easy prey to its foes; and, probably, all these unwieldy feathered forms sank out of existence because of their excessive bulk and inability to conceal themselves from dangerous assailants.

No more extraordinary form has succumbed to its own inconvenience than that of the long-necked paddle-lizards of the sea, the plesiosaurs. It will be remembered that about thirty years ago P. H. Gosse started the theory that the sea-serpent, which was then for ever being vaguely heard of, might be an ancient retainer of this class—might be, in fact, the Last of the Plesiosaurs. Darwin and others were inclined to entertain this view, which no evidence has ever really supported or disproved. By this time, no doubt, that venerable survivor is no more, and his extraordinary skeleton, with its forty feet of snake-like tortuousness, mingles with the bones of age-old krakens and fish-lizards in some chasm of the Atlantic bottom. Life and the ordinary conveniences of travel proceed more comfortably, doubtless, in the absence of these and other tremendous horrors; but the delineations of their probable forms remind us that the romance of zoology had to cease before the romance of humanity could begin.

GEOFFREY DE MANDEVILLE.*

IN spite of its title, this volume can scarcely be described as a biography; for though it contains the biography of one of the most prominent lords of Stephen's reign, the story of his life is almost lost amid a mass of matter of other kinds. It is rather a series of disquisitions on certain points connected with the reign, and more especially with the charters granted to Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, together with numerous criticisms of the statements and opinions of historians who have written on the period. It is not a book to be taken in hand lightly; for it is full of arguments closely followed out, authorities are freely quoted in the text, and it is written with more learning than literary skill, though here and there we come across a passage, such as that on the death of Earl Geoffrey, which seems to indicate that, if Mr. Round chose to leave criticism for narrative history, he could write with spirit. He shows great industry and no small amount of critical ability, propounding and maintaining several propositions, some of them of first-rate importance, that more or less directly contradict the statements and opinions of historians of deservedly high reputation. It is impossible adequately to represent his arguments here, and we shall confine ourselves for the most part to giving some examples of the conclusions that he has arrived at, leaving our readers to go to his book for the reasons that have led him to adopt them. Many of his arguments are based on the charters granted to Earl Geoffrey by Stephen and by the Empress. Some of his points, however, are unconnected with these charters, and among them we may notice his contention that the appeal to the judgment of Rome on the conflicting claims of Stephen and the Empress, recorded in the *Historia Pontificalis*, and referred to by Gilbert Foliot in his letter to Brian FitzCount, took place, not as Freeman believed, in 1152, nor, as Miss Norgate has it, in 1148, but in 1136, and is, therefore, to be connected with Stephen's "confirmation" by the Pope, and not with his attempt to have his son Eustace crowned. Here Mr. Round seems to us to have proved his case. The election of the Empress as "Lady of the English" (*Domina Anglorum*) is fully discussed, and it is asserted that Bishop Stubbs and Freeman have both "failed to grasp" its true significance; for Mr. Round maintains that the precedent set by Henry I., who was elected at Winchester and afterwards crowned at Westminster, taken in conjunction with the fact that the feudal title *Dominus* was used by our kings before their coronation, makes it certain that Matilda, who like her father was elected at Winchester, fully intended to be crowned as soon as possible at Westminster. If so, it is strange that she made so little haste to go to Westminster, and stranger still that she did not receive the rite during the days that she was there in the June following her election. After referring to what the two eminent historians in question have written on this subject, we are at a loss to know what it is that they have "failed to grasp"; they have certainly refrained from seeing evidence where no evidence exists. Would Mr. Round maintain that a king in describing himself as *Dominus Hiberniæ* declared his intention of being crowned King of Ireland? From a comparison between the first charter of Stephen (1140) and the first charter of Matilda (1141) to Geoffrey, Mr. Round concludes that the dignity of an earl did not "*per se* carry with it" the third penny of the pleas of the county. Stephen's charter granting Geoffrey the earldom of Essex does not mention the third penny, and Matilda specially grants it, "sicut comes habere debet in comitatu suo." On this question Mr. Round has, we think, only succeeded in showing that it is probable that the third penny went by express grant, not that an earl had not a right to such grant in virtue of his dignity. He seems to us to make too much of a rather unimportant point. His distinction between the third penny of the pleas and the third penny of town revenues is just; but though Bishop Stubbs's references to Domesday on this point are perhaps misleading, we cannot allow that he is here liable to any material correction. Mr. Round points out that, after the Empress had been forced to flee from London, the Queen granted Earl Geoffrey a charter, which has been lost. We are pleased to have our attention called to this small point, though, as he announces with exultation that it has been passed over by historians, we must observe that it is scarcely a matter that concerns any one save a biographer of Geoffrey de Mandeville.

From Stephen's second charter to Geoffrey Mr. Round draws some extremely interesting conclusions. It proves, he points out, that it was not by Matilda in June 1141, as Mr. Loftie asserts in his *London* (Historic Towns), but by Stephen in the following December, "that London and Middlesex were placed in Geoffrey's power," which at once disposes of the idea that the citizens turned against Matilda because she had granted Geoffrey the shrievalty. From this charter, too, we learn that it was not a new thing that London should be held on lease; for London and Middlesex had been held to farm by Geoffrey's grandfather at a rent of 300*l.* a year. The grant to Geoffrey of the offices of justice and sheriff is fully discussed in an appendix on the early administration of London, in which Mr. Round contends that the Middlesex granted *ad firmam* to the citizens of London by Henry I. included London, it being certain that there has never been but one ferm paid by the citizens, called, according to Henry's charter, the ferm of Middlesex, and in the Pipe-roll (31 Hen. I.) the ferm of London. Besides correcting some minor inaccuracies in Mr. Loftie's valuable works on the history of London, this appendix traverses his assertion that "London is not . . . and never was in Middlesex." Mr. Round suggests that the Anglo-Saxon portreeve of London, whose disappearance has always been recognized as a difficulty, lived on as the Norman sheriff of London, or Middlesex, or London and Middlesex. And he differs from Freeman and Bishop Stubbs in dating the charter of Henry I. after the Pipe-roll of 1130, instead of referring it to the beginning of the reign, and from Mr. Loftie and Miss Norgate with reference to the policy of Henry II. towards London, pointing out that the charter of Henry II. omits the concessions of Henry I. as to the ferm and the shrievalty, and that the ferm paid under Henry II. was over 500*l.* a year instead of 300*l.*, as provided by his grandfather's charter. We need scarcely insist on the extreme importance of the points we have noticed; they are carefully argued, and we shall look with interest to see whether those who have hitherto maintained contrary opinions have any satisfactory answer to bring forward. Another appendix which demands notice traverses Bishop Stubbs's statements that the earls created by Stephen were "new men," and that their poverty was relieved by "pensions on the Exchequer." The phrase "new men," used in the Bishop's little book, *The Early Plantagenets*, is, we think, open to misconstruction, and does not occur in his *Constitutional History*. But that Stephen's earls received grants which may fairly be described as "pensions on the Exchequer" is distinctly stated by William of Malmesbury in a passage (Hist. Nov. 1, § 467) quoted by Mr. Round, who denies, we think, without sufficient ground, that it supports Bishop Stubbs's view, and seeks to destroy its force by the merely negative argument that the charters that we have speak only of grants of lands. He further

* *Geoffrey de Mandeville: a Study of the Anarchy.* By J. H. Round, M.A., Author of "The Early Life of Anne Boleyn: a Critical Essay." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

contends that none of these earls were displaced by Henry II. He makes out a good case, and it will be remembered that Bishop Stubbs handles the question with the greatest caution in his *Constitutional History*. A second charter from the Empress rewarded a fresh treason on the part of Geoffrey, who, as Mr. Round says, seems to have changed sides merely to secure on each change a higher price; he put "himself and his fortress up to auction," and "obtained from the impassioned rivals a rapid advance at each bid."

The points that we have noticed here are only a few of those which Mr. Round has discussed with much learning and dexterity. We gladly acknowledge the good service that he has done in thus minutely examining, by the aid of charters, some difficult problems connected with a very short and obscure period. On the other hand, we are bound to say that he has been guilty of faults more serious in our eyes than the misreading of a charter. He would do well in any future book that he may write to remember that an author should be chary of self-congratulation, and should abstain from perpetually calling attention to the extreme importance of every discovery that he believes himself to have made; for it may chance that some of his discoveries may seem to his readers as tithes of mint and anise and cummin. A passion for differing from and correcting others has led him more than once to make a mountain out of a molehill, to insist uncharitably on any inaccuracy that he has been able to discover in the works of historians, and to construe as inaccurate any words of theirs which are at all capable of such construction. Unfortunately he seems wholly unaware of the heavy debt that every scholar owes to those who have laboured before him, and of the spirit and tone in which he ought to refer to them. He speaks of some of the authors from whom he differs with an arrogance that is perfectly intolerable. One of these authors is now unhappily no more, and it is only fair to Mr. Round to point out that his book was written before Freeman's death. Yet even so, his sneers at that distinguished historian are evidence of his deficiency both in judgment and good manners. He seeks to enforce one of his most offensive remarks by quoting some pretentious impertinence from a "learned criticism" in the *Genealogist*. It is strange that men should be foolish enough not to perceive that they never appear so small as when they gird at those greater than themselves. Mr. Round shows here that he can do good work of a certain kind—of an inferior kind, some at least will think, to the work of men who present in a not unworthy form the history either of institutions, or of an epoch in a nation's existence, or of the life of a great city—and it is a pity that he should make himself ridiculous by attempting to belittle achievements that he has not rivalled. In a work so large as the *History of the Norman Conquest* there must necessarily be some imperfections, and it is not surprising if minute labour over a few years of a reign which is avowedly treated there in a broad manner, and, as the author announced, merely "from a special point of view," should have brought one or two to light. At the same time those who are qualified to judge historical work know that the book affords ample proof that Freeman was an historian of sound judgment, vast learning, and unsurpassed accuracy. Their opinion will not be shaken by the sneers or arguments of Mr. Round.

POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY.*

POETICAL anthologies are always amusing, especially when they are the result of co-operative labour. They do not always supply any *felt* want in these days of cheap books, and they have nothing in common with the Greek Anthology, though a good many people seem to think so. But if no one wants them, every one buys them—merely for the fun of the thing. There is something irresistible in the critical capers of the editors, whose contributions are often more interesting than the works edited. Another humorous side of the matter is that few ever agree with the choice of the selectors. Exception, of course, must be made of those anthologies compiled by recognized critics when they possess an educational or literary value, and when public opinion is of no importance whatever, or the very valuable and delightful collections for the use and delectation of children. Where ladies are concerned, the undertaking is naturally a delicate one—full of pitfalls and dangers. Great temerity is required for the selection from the poems of the ninety and nine Sapphos of a later day. But Mr. Alfred Miles and his co-editors have proved equal to the task, and we know of no other volume that can present in so small a space such a favourable, and so general, an impression of the feminine poetic talent of the century. Mr. Miles has devoted a volume to that classical period of English literature that lies between Joanna Baillie and Miss Mathilde Blind. As far as Mr. Miles is concerned, nothing could be better done. But to any one who can really appreciate unconscious absurdity, we recommend the little notes on Mrs. Carlyle and George Eliot from two other pens.

In the group of noble dames to whom Mr. Miles presents us, there are only two (or perhaps three) whose work is of the very first rank. Mrs. Browning and Miss Christina Rossetti would be *hors concours* in any selection from the poets of both sexes. The former is by far the more popular, and, according to some critics, to be placed on a far higher plane than the latter. It is, however, a matter of choice, and, in our opinion, no subject for dogmatizing. Miss Rossetti's poems have a peculiar exquisite quality, a feminine charm lacking in the stronger and more masculine poetry of Mrs. Browning. Strong and musical as are Mrs. Browning's numbers, she never quite reached to that "imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength" to which her husband could climb at his best. Nor can the warmest admirers of Miss Rossetti claim for her the poetic endowment of her brilliant brother. Such unfair comparison, however, does not affect the high position Miss Rossetti and Mrs. Browning occupy in English literature. The third poet of importance who appears to us to be something more than Joanna Baillie is Miss Jean Ingelow. Concealed under her eccentric phraseology, obvious rhyme, and often slipshod metre, are the qualities of a true poetic gift.

It is fashionable now to speak slightingly of such poets as Mrs. Hemans, Mary Howitt, Eliza Cook. If we are not able to understand the esteem and admiration in which they were held, we should think on the fate that probably awaits some of the young "poets" of a later day, whose laboured striving after "form," and whose rhymed epigrams on French and English men of letters, may bore our children as Mrs. Hemans bores us. Mrs. Hemans affected the heart rather than the head, while certain poets of to-day only affect the nerves. Eliza Cook appealed to an intellectual audience untouched by extension lectures. She stirred the great middle classes of England, yet there is no one who has quite taken her place, and who shall say that she sang in vain? Mrs. Hemans, Mary Howitt, and Eliza Cook were not poets of very high aims; their ambitions and their achievements were essentially parochial; they had not the dignity of their predecessors, nor the fire of their contemporaries; they had no expectations of the great possibilities, the unsounded notes of later English verse. They knew nothing of Mr. Arnold's "high seriousness" or "criticism of life"; their appreciation began and ended in a frightened admiration of Shakspeare. We do not look to them for lofty subjects, elaborate harmonies, delicate metres, impeccable prosody, but the humbler merits of admirable sentiment, a genuine patriotism and homely themes—qualities that cover a deal of false quantity—and with all this the lyrical gift was assuredly theirs. They amused the characters of Thackeray, and surely may amuse us, and even touch our refined senses. Our mothers read Mrs. Hemans, our daughters read Mr. Lewis Morris—our mothers have chosen the better part.

* *Poets and Poetry of the Century: from Joanna Baillie to Mathilde Blind.* London: Hutchinson.

A MIDLAND RAMBLER.*

THIS handsomely got-up volume is asserted on the title-page to have been illustrated by the author. The impression it produces is rather that of having been written by the artist. The "introductory" chapter, by Mr. Payne-Smith, is the usual account of Rugby School, containing nothing that is not to be found in a good many other places. The illustrations and the corresponding parts of the letterpress set forth the glories, not only of Hillmorton, Dunchurch, and Bilton, but also of places as far afield as Warwick, Coventry, and Northampton. The battlefields of Edge Hill, Naseby, and Bosworth Field are duly noticed, and there is a very full account of Stoneleigh. Mr. Rimmer's sketches are all nicely done, and worth looking at for those who know or are interested in the places he describes. He is a rather rambling person in style as well as in fact. Fragments of history are thrust into the middle of geographical and architectural disquisitions in an odd way. The chapter about Coventry, for instance, after suitably dealing with churches and with Greyfriars Hospital, concludes as follows, *à propos* of Parliaments held there:—

> 'The King, Henry VI., had become very unwell, and the Duke of York, as a descendant of Edmund Langley, quietly put in his claim to the future monarchy, and his claim was rather popular. The King was so unwell as to be almost in-

* *Rambles round Rugby.* By Alfred Rimmer. With an Introductory Chapter by the Rev. W. H. Payne-Smith, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School. With 73 Illustrations by the Author. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

capable for a year, and York was appointed the protector of the realm. On the King's recovery, Somerset, who had been committed to the Tower, was restored to power, and York took up arms. Somerset fell, and a renewal of the King's malady restored York to power; but the recovery of the King caused his overthrow, and he fled to Ireland, when the Queen summoned a Parliament to Coventry, and all sorts of harsh attainders were passed against the Yorkists.'

It reads like a rather idle schoolboy's answer to the question, "Summarize the principal events of the years 14——14—." The sketches, however, are worth looking at.

ATLASES AND BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY.

STANFORD'S *Guinea Atlas* (Stanford), which appears with the date 1892, in a small folio very well and stoutly half-bound, will amply maintain the reputation of the publisher for work of this kind. It contains thirty-eight maps, which is about the usual allowance for a full atlas *orbis terrarum*. For our parts we could wish for a division of Africa into three, for a map of Central Asia, and for a division of Australia into at least two parts. The fact is that the old "continent" maps are now of very little use. As far as giving the general relations of places on the earth's surface, one good "hemisphere" map (which we miss here) and one on Mercator's projection (which is here, and no doubt is the more useful of the two) suffice. For anything more, single maps of Europe, Asia, and Africa are, except in atlases of enormous size, too small to be of much good. We have, moreover, before now remarked that such things as "orographical" maps, though they meet a passing fad, are much more for special than for general atlases. But this sort of criticism is always rather unfair. As it gives itself the atlas is very good and well worked up to the latest dates. We are glad to see that Mr. Stanford does not allow the French claim to Amsterdam and St. Paul. The inconvenience of permitting these to be anything but British any world-map shows at once; for they make an exact half-way house between Cape Town and Albany. He has put in Aldabra, too, which seldom, we think, has appeared in a map of the size before, and coloured it of a "bloody red," as reason has it. A useful peculiarity of the map of Europe is the drawing of a dotted line in seas which belong to more than one Power, so as to indicate the general line of demarcation in island territories. There is a useful inset map of France in provinces added to the modern scheme, and we may specially commend the two maps of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. By the division of India into North and South the absence of a map of Central Asia is to some extent—not quite—made up, and the so-called East Indies map, giving the archipelago from Malacca to New Guinea, is excellent. Indeed, the whole is one of the best atlases of its scale and class that we have ever seen.

One point excepted, *Black's Handy Atlas of England and Wales*, edited by Mr. Bartholomew (A. & C. Black), is a most useful addition to the shelf of Books of Reference. Its size does not much exceed that of an ordinary volume of a three-volume novel; it contains an ample descriptive index, and sixty-eight double-page plates, opening flat, and very clearly and well printed. The earlier plates are occupied by all manner of statistical diagrams, showing heights of hills, geological facts, rainfall, Parliamentary divisions, railways, canals, chief lighthouses, and what not. Then we come to the actual topography; and here we think the mistake comes in. The plans of towns are quite excellent, and very useful. There are some sixteen or seventeen of them, and we only wish Messrs. Black would add some more, and publish them in a volume by themselves. There is, so far as we know, nothing of the kind; and in perambulating England we have constantly wanted it. But the county maps are on too small a scale to be really useful, and this is due to what we think an error in arrangement. It seems to have been thought necessary to give the maps in actual counties, or groups of counties. For instance, Oxford, Berks, and Bucks are included in one map, and this reduces the scale sometimes as low as six miles to an inch, which is far too small to be of much service. Yet in consequence of the irregularity in shape of most English shires, a great deal of space is absolutely lost. Thus in the case of Gloucestershire, barely half the space is occupied; the rest being blank or half-blank space, mapped elsewhere. In small plate maps like this we are convinced that the right way is to neglect the county, and give rectangular districts, joining on one to the other. In this way no space would be lost, a much larger scale (probably three, if not two, miles to an inch) could be easily managed, and, by colouring the county boundaries boldly, very little confusion or inconvenience could occur. The fact is that, though we have excellent map-makers in England, they are too prone to go in grooves. In the grooves, however, this is excellently done; and, indeed, it may claim to have to some extent, though not quite sufficiently, got out of them.

It is popularly supposed that a reviewer is ignorant of the sense called bashfulness. We can, however, avouch that in despatching the revised edition of Commander Alfred Taylor's *Sailing Directory* (Two Parts. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.) in a few lines, we do feel a certain *purpureus rubor* stealing over our countenances. The only thing to be said is that we do not quite see how it could be worthily reviewed anyhow. Lord Brassey might make a shift: or an exceeding ancient master mariner who had used the seas for a lifetime or two. Indeed, if Messrs. Smith & Elder will supply us with a six-hundred-ton three-masted schooner (we want no floating steam hotels), and will keep it up for five or ten years, we will attempt to give a sort of outline of the book's merits from actual experience. As it is, we can only pretend to have dipped into it here and there, and testify to a very genuine admiration of the thoroughness with which the work seems to be done. Here shall you learn how to get round Acheen Head, remembering the fact that, as Captain Taylor remarks with historic calm, "the king of Acheen is often in a state of warfare with some of his subjects," and, as he adds with even more admirable moderation, "is now at war with the Dutch." Observers, we believe, calculate that "war with the Dutch" has been going on (though some say it ended in 1875) for about twenty years, and is about as near its end as it is to its beginning. Here shall you learn how to steer if, feeling like St Francis Xavier or Robinson Crusoe, you are bound to Trincomalee or to Macassar Town (where you would naturally inquire for Rowland's). These two huge volumes deal only with the Indian and China seas and the Brazilian and African coasts, and the amount of information in them is enormous. No one who has a weakness for geography can refuse admiration to the patient care with which it has been collected, and the clearness with which it is arranged.

The fourth volume of Sir Edward Hertslet's great *Map of Europe by Treaty* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode), though itself a formidable compilation, is much more within the compass of the ordinary student who has no more than reason travelled by land and sea. It is, indeed, as those who have consulted its former volumes know, an historical, or rather diplomatic, treatise with a geographical title, and, as it deals with the most recent times (1875 to 1891), any reader must possess an ignorance more than natural if he is not to some extent *à même* with it. It has actual maps showing the alterations introduced during the period, the new boundaries drawn, and so forth; but its main and principal point is the collection of documents relative to the changes thus made. These are arranged in order, annotated where necessary, and generally placed in condition for the historian, the publicist, and the politician to consult. Here, for instance, among other famous papers which have each in its way become a name, is the Andrassy Note, which at the end of 1875 stirred Camarina, and ultimately brought about the Russo-Turkish war and the further dismemberment of Turkey. Here is the Berlin Memorandum, which succeeded it next May, and the British replies to each. Here are those proclamations of war by Servia and Montenegro, egged on by Russia, which made the struggle inevitable. Here are the documents of the Constantinople Conference, which did not prevent, and those of the Berlin Congress, which somehow or other patched up, the war, with the Treaty of San Stefano, and all the memorandums and circulars, and the rest of it, as well as the constitutions of the British occupation of Cyprus. Then we pass to all the pother about Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and the Dulcigno demonstration, and the fuss about the Greek frontier and the Danube boundaries, and the Servian and Bulgarian war. It will thus be observed that almost the whole contents of the volume deal with the Eastern question, the points which do not concern it, such as Luxembourg, Heligoland, and one or two more, being few. Sir Edward does not, as a rule, travel out of Europe; but he has given the African agreements of 1885 as joining on to certain provisions of the Treaty of Vienna.

Mr. George Ranken's *Federal Geography of British Australasia* is a volume (printed at Sydney, but published in London by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.) which seems to be intended, from a list of questions subjoined to each section, to be used as a school-book or in some similar fashion. Its use, however, as a book of reference or for continuous reading by any Englishman who wishes to acquaint himself with the geography and geographical statistics of the colonies is to be recommended. Few English atlases give very satisfactory maps of Australia; the situation of the various colonies round a huge central basin of uninhabited land making it difficult to do so, unless a considerable number of separate plates are devoted to the subject. Mr. Ranken has twelve —two for Australia generally, one apiece for New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand, two apiece for

Western and Southern Australia, with their vast sweeps of desert, and one for the "dependent islands"—New Guinea, Fiji, the Chathams, and Norfolk Island. The maps are clearly drawn and well printed, but seem in some cases to an English eye insufficiently filled in. Under the head of each colony pretty full and decidedly well-arranged details in the style of the older, and we think not the worse, geographies are given, including historical outlines, statistics, topographical surveys, sketches of products, and the like. The book is written in a businesslike manner, with hardly any excursions of the "blowing" kind.

We are not greatly enamoured of the plan of *Longman's School Geography for South Africa*, by George Chisholm and J. A. Liebmann. The title is rather an odd one, and may not immediately suggest (though we admit that it accurately enough, when you know it, describes) the nature of the book. It is not a mere school geography *of* South Africa, as might be vainly imagined, but a Geography *for* South African Schools. That is to say, there are first some sixty pages devoted to the kind of general talkee-talkee which the modern geographer loves. Then come ninety devoted to African geography generally, and South Africa in particular, and then a couple of hundred devoted to the rest of the world. We question the desirableness of this arrangement, which appears to contemplate an œcumenical system of varying geography books for Australia, for India, for Canada, and for the Falkland Islands. We have never approved of the allotment of a wholly disproportionate space to the British Isles in geographies intended for home school use. If history must be to some extent, geography should not be to any, a Chauvinist science, and the various countries of the world should be impartially regarded by it. The study of one's own country, geographically speaking, with greater minuteness may come afterwards. However, this is matter of opinion, and no doubt it will be pleasing to South Africans to have a geography adapted to the meridian of Cape Town. Moreover, it is a good geography in its way. Professor Liebmann's South African part is very well and carefully done, and though Mr. Chisholm's part seems to us to show less of "new departure" than he thinks, and where it does show new departures to be of less value than he thinks, this also contains plenty of well-arranged information.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.*

THERE have been many books, some of them of a most exhaustive character, on the art of illuminating; but, strange to say, none of the same scope as this one of Mr. Middleton's. He gives a history of the art from the time of the ancient Egyptians down; but, though his book is so comprehensive, it is by no means large, all he has to say being said in 270 pages octavo. But Professor Middleton is not given to wasting words, and, indeed, if we have a fault to find, it is that he is often too brief, too concise, and remembers too little the stupidity and ignorance of his fellow-creatures. The illustrations are numerous and good, being woodcuts, and very clearly printed; but Mr. Middleton has not ventured on any chromolithographs. As both curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum and also Slade Professor, he has excellent opportunities of studying the illuminated manuscripts committed to his charge, and, unquestionably, he has taken every advantage of his position, but has not been content without a careful examination of every other collection to which he could obtain access, and has further supplemented his store of information by an impartial survey of his own well-selected library. We may commence a notice by briefly running through the headings of the chapters, and can afterwards select anything we find particularly interesting for more detailed examination.

The first chapter relates to "Classical Manuscripts written with a Stilus," and describes, among other things, writing on metal plates, on waxed tablets, on boards, on horn, and on ivory, with a special reference to consular diptychs and to "bidding the beads," or asking for the prayers of a congregation. "The list of names was read out from the diptych by the Deacon," and Professor Middleton points out that the bidding prayer before the sermon at Oxford, Cambridge, the Temple, and other places, is a survival of the old custom. In the second chapter Mr. Middleton treats of "Classical Manuscripts written with Pen and Ink." He is very learned about the roll and the codex; about Egyptian books of the dead; about the manuscripts on papyrus found at Herculaneum, and about Roman libraries. The production of ancient books was greatly facilitated by the employment of highly educated slaves. The chief Roman publishers owned a large number of these unfortunate creatures. Fifty or a hundred could write from the dictation of one reader, "and thus a small edition of a new volume of Horace's *Odes* or Martial's *Epigrams* could be produced with great rapidity and at very small cost." After a short but very learned treatise on the ink, pens, and papyrus, Mr. Middleton proceeds, in chapter iii., to tell us about classical manuscripts adorned with paintings, a most interesting subject, the more so as it gives him an opportunity for a short dissertation on pictorial art among the Greeks and Romans. In the fourth chapter we arrive at Byzantine Manuscripts. Chapter v. is on Carolingian Manuscripts, and in the next chapter we have the Celtic School. Here Mr. Middleton has much to say about the Book of Kells, the Gospels of St. Cuthbert, and the "Golden Gospels" of Stockholm, and enlivens his pages with the strange adventures of some of these books at the hands of the Vikings and others. In the next chapter he treats of Anglo-Saxon art, in a most interesting account of a type of illumination in which English painters excelled all others of that period. In chapter viii. he does not confine himself to book ornaments, but describes the wall-paintings at Westminster, the embroidered copes sent to Italy, and the general uprising of taste, even in the troubled days of Henry III. This is, perhaps, the most interesting chapter in the book, the subject being one which Professor Middleton has made peculiarly his own, and we shall return to it further on. A chapter on the French style follows, and a very curious passage on printed books decorated by hand. In the two divisions which come next we are told of the art as it was practised in Germany and the Low Countries and in Italy and Spain. The rest of the volume relates to the writers of manuscripts and their modes of life and methods of working. There is a great deal about the vellum in use, the gilding, the pigments, the pens, the brushes, and finally the bindings, and the last chapter ends with some remarks on the present prices of illuminated manuscripts, and the modern want of appreciation. There is an appendix containing directions to scribes from a manuscript at Bury St. Edmunds, and a note by the late Henry Bradshaw on Service Books.

Such is this remarkable treatise—during the reading of which we keep alternately wondering why nobody wrote such a book before, and reminding ourselves that nobody but Mr. Middleton could have written it. He brings to his observations on illumination so wide a knowledge of other arts that he can always illustrate one by the other; and his memory of such things is so unerring that he can without an effort "concatenate," so to speak, all that is required to connect the latest with the earliest work. This power is specially shown in the eighth chapter, where he treats of the remarkable outburst of artistic activity which took place in most of the countries of Europe, and nowhere more than in England, in the thirteenth century. This outburst has been accounted for by several theories, not one of which will exactly fit the circumstances of the case. Mr. Middleton says emphatically that English art at this period reached its highest development. "For a brief period England occupied the foremost position in the world with regard to nearly all the principal branches of the fine arts." Henry III. was fond of mural painting. Wherever he had a palace it was decorated with pictures. Mr. Middleton does not make separate mention of Guildford, where the castle was elaborately decorated, or of Windsor, where some of the mural painting survives, but concentrates his attention on Westminster. He tells us of the "Painted Chamber," and of "the Queen's low chamber," and its paintings of "the gestes of Antioch." There is still in the Deanery a chamber called Jericho, and another, which is better known, called Jerusalem, from the pictures which adorned the walls. Mr. Middleton points out that the good taste of such great artists as Edward of Westminster would not permit them to paint large pictures in a large hall, but to multiply the number of small ones, keeping the figures as delicate in execution and small in scale as if the room had been of the most limited dimensions. "This had the effect of enormously adding to the apparent scale of the room." How different this is from the practice of the ordinary modern architect, who seems anxious to disguise the height of a building, and make it appear half, or less than half, the height it really is! "The sixteenth-century tapestry," remarks Mr. Middleton, "in the great hall at Hampton Court is a striking example of the way in which gigantic figures may destroy the scale of an interior." In the second half of the thirteenth century, while Cimabue and his school "were still labouring in the fetters of Byzantine conventionalism," no work was produced in any country which, for jewel-like colour, grace of form, and harmony of composition could equal what was produced in England. Mr. Middleton singles out as examples the bronze effigies of Henry III. and of Eleanor of Castile. They were the work of William Torell, an Englishman, who used the *cire perdue* process, recently revived with such excellent results. Attempts have

* *Illuminated Manuscripts in Classical and Medieval Times.* By J. H. Middleton. Cambridge: University Press. 1892.

been made, but in vain, to prove that Torell was an Italian, and that the retable in the Abbey was by a foreigner, "but there is not the slightest foundation for either of these theories." Mr. Middleton also tells us of embroidered vestments, still preserved in various parts of Italy, made by English embroiderers of this period, "though their authorship is not, as a rule, recognized by their present possessors." He mentions examples in Rome, at the Lateran, and at Pienza, Bologna, and Florence; and, if we mistake not, an admirable cope of English thirteenth-century work is among the treasures of St. John's Church, at Valetta. On many occasions the Pope, in sending his pall to a new English archbishop, would ask in return an embroidered vestment of English work. It should be mentioned that in all previous printed books in which such vestments are mentioned "they are wrongly described as of Italian workmanship."

We cannot follow Professor Middleton through the rest of this delightful chapter. The most interesting part of it is that in which he speaks of the marvellous little manuscript Bibles. But we cannot pass by one example in the Cambridge University library, dating from about 1280, which has from thirteen to seventeen lines of text in an inch of the column. This, of course, is the important part of this eighth chapter, and contains the results of much original research. Altogether we may hope that after the publication of this book the days of ignorance on the subject may be past. If it is, the want of appreciation which Mr. Middleton complains of will also be past. He says that a manuscript Bible, on between six and seven hundred leaves of fine vellum, with eighty pictured initials, can commonly be purchased for from 30*l.* to 40*l.* It might interest him to see four in a private collection, the most expensive of which was bought for 10*l.*, and the cheapest, which also happened to be the best, for 8*l.* He finds much fault with collectors who will give more for a showy and over-elaborated manuscript of the sixteenth century than for a work of the purest and best period. The difficulty with this fascinating book is to know when to lay it down.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.*

THIS study of lower middle-class life is admirable, and in some of its touches it goes near to genius. It is the diary, extending over about a year and a half, of a highly respectable clerk in the City, one Mr. Charles Pooter, who seems to be verging on fifty years of age, although he still preserves a considerable vivacity of spirits. He has a wife, Carrie, the devoted partner of his joys and sorrows, and a son, William Lupin Pooter, commonly known as Willie. Mr. and Mrs. Pooter have recently come into possession of a new house, The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace, Holloway, from which Mr. Pooter goes up every morning to the establishment of Mr. Perkupp in the City, where there are many other clerks, but where, as time goes on, the reader observes the diarist to be more and more highly respected. Mr. Pooter's great ambition is to get Willie, who is now twenty years of age, appointed to a clerkship at Perkupp & Co.'s; but we gather that Willie has been something of a trial, and that his father has been very fortunate in getting a place for him in a bank at Oldham. The incidents recorded in the Diary are not merely exceedingly natural in themselves, but they are precisely those which such a person as Mr. Pooter might be expected to think worth recording. In that part of Holloway in which The Laurels is situated two or three friends of the Pooters have already settled, and this seems to have decided the latter in choosing a residence. Accordingly a sort of small society immediately forms itself around them. We are made to feel that the Pooters, with all their poverty and ineptitude, are essentially hospitable, and the little visits of their friends, and Carrie's ingenious artifices for entertaining them, occupy a great deal of Mr. Pooter's thoughts, and therefore of his Diary. He launches out further and further, and at last they have a party, with a paid waiter and several guests in evening dress, to which they even go the length of inviting Mr. Perkupp. This, however, is going too far, and ambition o'erleaps itself.

In process of time they are surprised by the advent of Willie, who announces that he has dropped his first name, and must be henceforth addressed as "Lupin." The indignation of Mr. Pooter, and his struggles to prevent the innovation, are pathetically useless. But worse is behind. When the Bank Holiday is over, and it is time to catch the train for Oldham, Lupin mentions that he has "resigned" his place in the bank, and, under pressure, that "if you want the good old truth, he's got the chuck." This dreadful news, and the presence of the ardent Lupin at home, are endured with great philosophy; but Lupin now becomes an integral part of the story. Like onion's atom in Sydney Smith's salad, he animates the whole. He is a perfect specimen of the ordinary sensual clerklet. But we think that Messrs. Grossmith treat this very unpleasant outcome of our "so-called nineteenth century" with uncommon skill. Lupin is brutal, but he stops short of absolutely disgusting us; he is vapid and ignorant, but he has a certain smartness and adventurous humour which force us to follow his history with attention. At the end of the story no harm has been done by him, and he comes off well enough, yet not exasperatingly well.

Such is the story of *The Diary of a Nobody*, reduced to its simplest elements; but the charm and the skill of it reside in little touches which it must be left to the reader to discover for himself. When Mr. Pooter tells the company of the dreadful dream he has had—that he saw some huge blocks of ice in a shop, with a bright glare behind them, and found that the blocks of ice were on fire—the reader rises up and calls the unfilial Lupin blessed for remarking, "What utter rot!" After the Franchings' party, the Pooters very nearly miss the train, "through Carrie having mislaid *the little cloth cricket-cap which she wears when we go out.*" When they have the fearful blow of Lupin's losing his second engagement:—

> 'We all ate our breakfast in deep silence.
>
> 'In fact, I could eat nothing. I was not only too worried, but I cannot and will not eat cushion of bacon. If I cannot get streaky bacon I will do without anything.'

When, by a most extraordinary good fortune, the Pooters are invited to meet the Representatives of Trade and Commerce at a ball in the Mansion House, where they know nobody, Pooter fancies at last he sees an acquaintance, and is "moving towards him," when Carrie "seized me by the coat-tails, and said quite loudly, 'Don't leave me!' which caused an elderly gentleman, in a Court suit, and a chain round him, and two ladies to burst out laughing." When Mr. Perkupp came to the party, and Frank and Lupin happened (alas!) to be personating the Blondin Donkey, he would not "come right into the room":—

> 'I apologized for the foolery, but Mr. Perkupp said:—"Oh, it seems amusing!" *I could see he was not a bit amused.*'

There may be people who are like Mr. Perkupp, and who, in the mad pride of intellectuality, will be not a bit amused by these and a hundred other touches in *The Diary of a Nobody*. We venture to believe that they will find themselves in a minority. The book is so natural that it appeals irresistibly to the natural man, and no one need be so genteel as not to confess that the troubles of Pooter touch him here or there through the carapace of his social *savoir-faire*. If we have anything to advance against the Diary, it is a certain air of the old-fashioned. The Messrs. Grossmith have not been studying their lower middle-class quite up to date. When Mrs. James tells Carrie that "smocking" is all the rage, she means that it was so several years ago. We think that people in the condition of the Pooters would have their cuffs and fronts repaired at home. There seems a little excess in the drinking of champagne, even though the brand be "Jackson Frères." But these are motes in the sunbeam, and we may ourselves be ill informed on these great subjects. What we are sure of is that *The Diary of a Nobody* has amused us from cover to cover.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THE ninth volume of Chambers is full, as its eight predecessors have been, of good miscellaneous reading. In one respect it even shows an improvement on them. Much more care is taken to quote authorities. We have noticed very few cases of failure to supply what ought always to be considered one of the most useful features of any encyclopædia. One instance there is in the article on the "Star Chamber," to which no name of an authority is attached. A less extreme example of failure in this respect is to be found in the article "Spain." It is either a gross exaggeration or a piece of sheer pedantry to say that "There is no good general history of Spain." Mariana's is a very good history indeed, to those who read with their brains, while Dunham and Lafuente, though not great historians, are far from bad. As Mr. Webster, the author of the article, quotes Hübner's *Arqueologia*, Siret's *Les premiers âges du metal*, and Schirrmacher's *Geschichte Castiliens*, it is strange that he could find no room to mention Dozy's *Recherches* and his *Histoire des Musulmans*. The *Encyclopædia* has deliberately incurred a certain risk by deciding to notice living men, and has not always escaped the dangers inseparable from that practice. They are of two kinds. The writer may be tempted to pass over matters on which it is disagreeable

* *The Diary of a Nobody.* By George Grossmith and Weedon Grossmith. With Illustrations by Weedon Grossmith. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.* Vol. IX. Round to Swansea. London: W. & R. Chambers. 1892.

to touch, and thereby diminish the value of what he says as information. Of this error there is an example in the article on Mr. Stanley, from which no one would learn why the fate of the camp at Yambuya had ever been made a charge against the explorer. Again, the writer may be tempted to write in a too polemical spirit. Of this other error there is an example in the article on Lord Salisbury. Mr. Greenwood's very interesting article seems to us to have the fault of going too much into matters of opinion, which are surely out of place in an encyclopædia.

These weaknesses are perhaps inseparable from the scheme of the *Encyclopædia*. What might be avoided is the mistake of giving subjects to writers who are certain to treat them in anything but an historical or scientific spirit. Mr. Bramwell Booth, to take a flagrant example, has been allowed to write on the Salvation Army. Who wants an encyclopædia to give him the opinions and puffs of Mr. Bramwell Booth? Mr. A. R. Wallace is a very different person indeed; but none the less his article on Spiritualism is a very strange one to find in a work which does not profess, and ought not to undertake to serve the purpose of, any propaganda. The statement that "many of the most remarkable mediums have submitted to elaborate and careful tests by scientific and intelligent observers, with results wholly beyond the powers of professional conjurers," though no doubt written in absolute good faith, is simply misleading. Were the "scientific and intelligent observers" themselves conjurers? If not, what does their evidence prove? But we know what the professional conjurer proved about the Spiritualist miracles when he was called in. Of the articles which are, properly speaking, encyclopædia articles we have little but good to say. Mr. David Pollock's "Shipbuilding" is, perhaps, a little too historical, and we do not believe that the Norse ship dug up in the sepulchral mound at Sandefjord is 78 feet long by 7 feet in the beam. Seven is a clear misprint for 17. The actual measurement is 16 feet 11 inches, according to other authorities, and is far more consistent with probability. Seventy-eight by seven is an impossible proportion for an open boat meant to stand the waves of the North Atlantic. Mr. Pollock is quite right in saying that the ships built for the King of Spain in the last century were better than our own. Nelson even confessed that it was fortunate the Spaniards could not build men as well as ships; but then the chief of the constructors for the King of Spain in the eighteenth century was one Mullins, a subject of King George, and an Irishman. A very creditable article is that on "Scholasticism," which compares very favourably with the nonsense too often talked about those "strong swimmers in vortices of logic," the Scholastic Philosophers. Mr. Hume Brown, at least, sees the immense importance and enduring interest of the question of the schools, let the mere forms and methods of the disputants be as obsolete as you please. In the article "Signalling" we note an omission. Mr. Bolam mentions "Sir Home Popham, Marryat, and other inventors," but he says nothing of Kempenfeldt of the *Royal George*, who made the first real advance on the crude code of the Duke of York, which itself was only a slight advance on the signals of Sir John Hawkins. Mr. Bolam, by the way, is mistaken in saying that in "the times of James II. a ship's signal could only be expressed by flags in confusing number, hung in different parts of the vessel." There were also signals by lanterns, gun-fire, and the dipping of sails. The phrase, too, "a ship's signal" is curious. Strictly speaking, it means a signal made by the admiral for a particular ship; but from the context we take Mr. Bolam to mean any signals made by the ship, which is quite another thing.

The artistic and literary articles in the volume are of exceptional interest. Mr. Charles Whibley's "Sculpture" is very readable, and on the whole critical. Still he ought to have named the Spaniards with the other mediæval and modern schools, though he may have found them distasteful. Nor do we quite understand what Mr. Whibley means when he calls the carving of their gods by barbarous peoples "furtive attempts." Surely the idols of barbarians were not, and are not, carved on the sly, in holes and corners, out of mere terror of the enlightened art-critic. Mr. Saintsbury contributes a genial article on George Sand, and Mr. Traill another of the same quality on Sterne. Neither of these gentlemen belongs to the common race of critics who cannot see that, although A or B did things "against which God's judgment is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared," yet they produced literature. The volume contains many articles of geographical and scientific interest, such as Prince Kropotkine's "Siberia," Professor Geikie's "Silurian System," Professor Kennedy's "Steam Engine," and Dr. Buchan's "Storms."

RECENT VERSE.*

IN *Zalmoxis; and other Poems* a fairly high and well-sustained excellence in craftsmanship is the chief feature to be noted. Not that Mr. Wilson is a singer without an individual note. There is certain, though slight, evidence, it seems, to the contrary in some of his Border songs and ballads, and in the lyrics collected under the humble title "Clods of the Valley." In this last section, indeed, are some tender and moving songs of aspiration, such as "Listen," and "Side by Side," in which the melodious expression of thought and emotion common to mankind take distinctly original poetic forms. But, for the most part, Mr. Wilson's inspiration is literary, and such as visits the scholar of poetic temperament whose thoughts are with the dead. His themes are drawn from such sources of suggestion, and not from imaginative communings with the prophetic soul of the wide world. His first two poems, "Zalmoxis" and "Two Figures at Delphi," are based on hints from Herodotus—the fable of the Getans who worshipped the slave Zalmoxis as a god, and that of the two Argive youths, Cleobis and Biton, for whom their mother besought the gods to bestow their best gift, and was answered by the death of her sons in the temple as they slept. Both legends are set to a spirited measure, and treated with grace and skill by Mr. Wilson. From Herodotus also is derived "The Daughter of Mycerinus," a less successful attempt in another metre; and in "Eloise" a more familiar subject is somewhat tamely rendered, possibly by reason of the author's deference to the exact letter of the existing document. In other poems in the volume a Tennysonian influence is perceptible. Perhaps it is more notable, as a beneficent influence, in "Calypso," where the goddess addresses her last words to Ulysses before his departure, and recalls the magic of his adventures:—

> Odysseus, when I hear thy lips recite
> The famous deeds done on the plains of Troy,
> My famished soul is feasted with the sound;
> This lonely isle seems peopled, and I cry
> *Thou art a god already*—often then,
> These hills and forests and near-floating clouds,
> Taking new shapes, have grown to my rapt gaze
> The very walls of Ilion. . . . .
> Hath thy voice ceased? Oh, yes, for see—they fade,
> Those air-built phantoms, ships and tents and towers;
> The battle's maddening music dies away,
> Only the love-lorn nightingale's low call
> Comes from the cedars, making soft accord
> With the low rhythmic rollings of the sea.

Mr. Hovey's "Poem in Dramas"—*The Quest of Merlin*, a prelude, and *The Marriage of Guenevere*—shows an independent treatment of a subject that has attracted many modern poets; though we cannot say that the second play in his volume, which is styled a tragedy, possesses dramatic completeness, unless the present volume is intended as an instalment merely, of which design no hint, however, is given. As it stands, *The Marriage of Guenevere* suggests the first or second member of a dramatic trilogy. It ends abruptly at the accusation of Lancelot and Guenevere by Morgause, the sister of Arthur, and Queen of Orkney. The tragedy has its culminating point, it is true; but it is, though both powerful and effective as a situation, one in which the leading figures in the drama in whom interest is concentrated are but very indirectly associated. The climax in the action arrives in the discovery of the hypocritical Morgause's intrigue with Sir Ladinas de la Rouse by Peredure, the brother of Guenevere, who slays the Queen of Orkney's lover and then commits suicide. Undismayed by this incident Morgause persists in denouncing the Queen before Arthur, and utterly fails in her enterprise. The King welcomes Lancelot to a seat beside him and Guenevere, and the drama ends with what cannot be called, in theatrical speech, an effective "curtain." Mr. Hovey's drama comprises some scenes that are wrought with skill and poetic in conception, and in the lyrical passages of the prelude—where fauns, nymphs, sylphs, gnomes, angels, the Norns, Valkyrs, Bacchus, Titania, Aphrodite are called up to assist Merlin in his quest—there is plenty of variety and some happy touches of fancy. It is odd that one whose independence in writing verges

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* *Zalmoxis; and other Poems.* By James H. Wilson. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

Lancelot and Guenevere. A Poem in Dramas. By Richard Hovey. New York: United States Book Co.

Phaon and Sappho and *Nimrod.* By James Dryden Hosken. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Potiphar's Wife; and other Poems. By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

Ethandune; and other Poems. By James Williams. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

The Deformed Transformed. By Ronald Ross. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

Lorenzo and *Love Sonnets.* By G. H. Kersley. London: Bickers & Son. 1892.

occasionally on eccentricity should commit so palpable a Tennysonian echo as is contained in the following lines from Mr. Hovey's dedication:—

As the young priest might feel before the shrine,
First time he speaks the words at whose low thrill
God smites himself into the bread and wine.

With Mr. Hosken's little volume is issued a leaflet, from which we learn that the author of *Phaon and Sappho* was born in Cornwall, is yet young, and at present combines literary work with the useful functions of an auxiliary postman in his native county. This information is imparted, no doubt, in a kindly spirit. But since Mr. Hosken's dramatic method appears to owe nothing whatever to the nature of his official duties, we cannot feel deeply interested in the statement. Mr. Hosken is not, as some of our Capel Loffts seem to think, the only poet of the Post Office. Over the border, in the neighbouring county of Devon, there is the cheery Mr. Capern, who is still "pretty vitty," we rejoice to know, wooing the muse and carrying letters. In one respect, at least, Mr. Hosken may justly claim to represent the men of letters. His dramas are based on a purely literary convention. The English drama, especially the Elizabethan drama, which he has evidently studied well, has not proved unfruitful in the way of inspiration. Then Mr. Hosken undoubtedly possesses genuine literary faculty, a good ear, true constructive instinct, some power in characterization, and still more power in developing the dramatic elements of his subject. This is no bad equipment in a playwright; yet with much admirable writing and some cleverly-designed scenes Mr. Hosken's dramas lack vitality. They are wanting, above all, in passion and imagination. A crucial scene is that between Nimrod and the ghosts in the second play. You are compelled to think of *Macbeth*—and the difference. A diction, though correct, expressive, and even elegant, becomes mannered and tedious, because unvaryingly sustained at one pitch. It has too much of what is commonly considered poetry—as when a shepherd's daughter speaks of "our bleating charge" and the sun peeping over "the shoulder of the world." This sort of thing is pretty enough, but it is a poor exchange for nature and actuality.

In the Japanese and Egyptian sections of Sir Edwin Arnold's slim volume there are some graceful adaptations of Oriental poets, and some characteristic descriptive or narrative poems, such as "The Egyptian Princess," "The *No* Dance," and the curious Japanese story "The Grateful Foxes," which well exemplify the picturesque pen and florid style of the writer. "Potiphar's Wife," again, takes a narrative form and a pictorial method. The scene is presented with a studied effect of colour and atmosphere. Both within and without, the stately pleasure-house of the Lady Asenath is depicted with the skill of a practised picture-maker. With less effect, however, is the passion of the incident suggested. Perhaps it is the choice of stanza, as much as the similarity of subject, that provokes the disenchanting thought of *Venus and Adonis*, especially in the stanzas XL.–XLII., the last of which is a painful anti-climax.

Ethandune, the chief of several narrative poems in Mr. Williams's volume, tells of the raids of Sigurd Olavson in Britain, of his marriage with Hilda, daughter of Earl Alfgar, and of their martyrdom in Norway. Mr. Williams deals with the story in vigorous style. His verse has the simplicity and strength that become the stirring theme. The sailing of Sigurd, the descent on Crowland by the Welland, the sacking of the abbey, the fight at Ethandune, are set forth in a vivacious and spirit-moving fashion in metres that are skilfully varied and accordant with the changing phases of the story. In "Emrys," again, the like effective directness of style is to be observed. The gift of concentrated expression which these poems reveal is especially fruitful in artistic results in the sonnets of Mr. Williams, which are distinguished by a true feeling for the qualities that make for excellence in that much-abused metrical form. The sonnets of Mr. Williams are one-thoughted and self-sustained. Although he has classified them as "Byzantine Sonnets," "Sonnets of Places," and so forth, the sonnet is not treated as a stanza. There is no diffuseness, no phrase-making, no "hammered" rhymes. They are mostly inspired by suggestions of foreign travel, or by an acquaintance with the literature of history and romance which is evidently the fruit of a genuine love of letters. "My Books" is an example of the kind, not unrepresented by poets, that must interest scholars, and the whole Byzantine series has the like interest and appeal. The "Sonnets of Places" strikes us as particularly happy—such are "Hoorn," "Malaga," "Carnac," and "Coimbra," which last we give:—

Mondego ripples to the sea below
Coimbra's crumbling towers, from Santa Cruz
At eventide the lonely sentry views
Estrella's craggy summit smooth with snow.
I sit and mark the gownèd students go,
Grouped two and two in cowls of divers hues,
Along the interlacing avenues
Where 'mid the limes the fireflies flash and glow.
Here, Ignez, didst thou bear love's martyrdom,
And here in his imperishable verse
Camoës raised to thee a monument.
The day of thy revenge is surely come,
For all the land is blasted by a curse,
The crown of empire from its brow is rent.

Mr. Ronald Ross appears to be quite satisfied that *his Deformed Transformed* is a play, and actable, whatever may be thought of the other, for he has appended careful instructions for its "reduction" with a view to its representation. A poet can scarcely be said to invite criticism who is so conscious of the defects of his work. It is rare, indeed, to find a dramatist desirous of reducing his play by one-half or two-thirds of its length. But the luxuriant dialogue and chaotic condition of Mr. Ross's drama decidedly call for this drastic treatment; though to what extent it would restore order and stimulate action, and make clear the dramatic purpose of the author, are problems not to be solved by us. Some of the scenes show clearly that Mr. Ross has the gift of imagination, a grim humour, and a certain command of the elements of grotesque. But the play, as a whole, is void of artistic design and extremely slovenly as to presentment. Then as to the one figure in the drama that is in any way a happy conception and impressively realized—the character of Gangogo—his speech, at least, betrays, more clearly than Mr. Ross seems willing to admit, his Byronic origin. We may quote from his address to the mysterious Alpine maiden Astrella, as proof that Mr. Ross's borrowing of a title is not the only Byronic point to be noted of his drama:—

Why do you scorn me?
Have I no heart, no passions, need of love,
No virtue in me like to other men?
Nature to me
Was not so much unkind as man has been,
By lashing all my soul with bitter jests,
Until the drawn and cramped cicatrices
Have twisted it as hideous as my body;
And I am I, Gangogo, flesh and mind.
If God made me a dwarf, men made me devil,
And telling me I was one made me one.

Mr. Kersley's drama opens in Florence at the close of the fifteenth century, and supplies some entirely novel pictures of Florentine society in that extremely moral age. The hero of the piece is one Lorenzo, a painter of high repute. A most unheroic and priggish person is Messer Lorenzo, full of fine sentiments and deft in cold and glittering speech. Unreal sentiment, indeed, and a diction that is absurdly artificial, mark most of the characters of the drama. Lorenzo is commissioned to paint the portrait of the beautiful and aristocratic Ada, who instantly falls in love with him. He has a rival, however, Piero his name, who discovers that Lorenzo has an illegitimate child whose mother had committed suicide. Piero informs Francesco, the father of Ada, of these facts, who, in his turn, undertakes to rate the unhappy Lorenzo soundly:—

FRANCESCO: It is my painful duty to accuse
Thee of unworthiness to be my guest.

And when Lorenzo expostulates with this welcome, he responds:—

The blazon of thy splendid genius
Has drowned the bruit of thy morality
Before it reached my ears, until to-day,
When, in a breath-pause of thy greater fame,
Thy lesser found a channel to my ear.

Of course the painter is forbidden the house. Subsequently he kills Piero, after strong provocation, and is cast into prison. Then he gets out, and by some strange chance meets Ada and her nurse in Spain. But the reproof of the virtuous Francesco has so wrung his soul that he bids his love get her—not to a nunnery, but to her parents, her aggrieved parents, in Florence, having nothing to offer her but the hope of "spirit-communing," which he assures her is "not an idle coax." If less bold, Mr. Kersley's sonnets are quite as sad and monotonous as his drama.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE do not quite know what to say of M. René Millet's *Rabelais* (1). We love boldness, and we hate futile discussions of uncertain points of literary biography. Now the biography of Rabelais is excessively uncertain; but the boldness with which M. Millet dismisses it almost deserves the classic epithet of

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Rabelais.* Par René Millet. Paris: Hachette.

"Bragian." Except the barest outlines, he gives literally nothing at all about his hero's life, referring those troublesome persons who want to know to the life prefixed to Burgaud and Rathéry, to M. Arthur Heulhard, to anybody, in short, provided they won't bother *him*. He is equally cavalier in regard to the literary history, and dismisses the great *crux* of the whole, the authenticity of the last book, in a note of twenty lines, and a reference to M. Fernand Brunetière, who is himself not exactly a Rabelaisian specialist. Now we have so often grumbled or laughed at those who indulge in the "chatter" which is at the other extreme to this casualty, that it may seem rather unreasonable in us to object to M. Millet for being too casual. But, after all, there is such a thing as a golden mean, and it is rather hard on the candid ignorant who takes up a book to be referred for the main points to somebody else. Besides, M. Millet is nearly as casual with regard to the actual work. He discusses it almost always sensibly (though he is bitten by the stupid old error about the "gloom" of the middle ages), and sometimes, especially in the peroration (where he brings Rabelais *aux prises* with Naturalists and pessimists, and suchlike cattle), brilliantly. But when we ask ourselves, Would a person who has not read Rabelais—"which many hasn't," as M. Millet himself admits—understand this? Would he be able even to make head or tail of it? We are constrained to answer in the negative. And then, having so answered, we are bound to ask in turn whether a book of this sort is meant for the elect or for the general? The elect, whether they agree with it or not, will enjoy it; the general, we fear, will, in a pleasing idiom of M. Millet's country, "not see but fire therein."

The sixth series of M. Jules Lemaître's *Impressions de Théâtre* (2) contains some very interesting matter. There are the curious articles on his own pieces *Le député Leveau* and *Mariage blanc*. There is the brief notice of *Macbeth*—a sincere or ironic palinode. There are two notices of Ibsen, in which M. Lemaître says many shrewd things, but fails, we think, to appreciate some, both of the Norwegian's merits and of his defects. There are other pieces, all interesting, on Molière, on Dumas, on all sorts of persons. But as we never shall desert Mr. Micawber (who is, being interpreted, a theory that impressionist criticism, though often interesting and amusing, is the wrong sort), we shall take the liberty to observe that this supremely clever practitioner of it illustrates its weakness by frequently pronouncing no opinion at all. He expounds the piece very prettily and then plants us there. Perhaps Mrs. Wititterly (to keep to the same company) may discover profound clevernesses and suggestiveness in these analyses. We don't, or at least don't always.

M. A. Lequiante (3) has discovered, translated in great part, and annotated with particular care, certain rare, though not unknown, letters from France in 1793, written by the composer Reichardt. Reichardt, who was born about the middle of the last century, and of whom we fear not many Englishmen, save those interested in the history of music, have ever heard, was not merely a musician of more than average skill, a traveller, and a fertile writer. He was also a great Republican, or at least a great hailer of the dawn of the French Revolution. Indeed, he got into no small trouble at more than one time during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period, owing to the fact. In 1792 he made a journey into France and stayed some considerable time (with introductions in each case to persons who could pilot him about) in Strasburg, in Lyons, and in Paris. His observations are not exactly of the first interest, but they are not of the last, and M. Lequiante has annotated them with so much care and knowledge, that his notes are a kind of refresher to one's general remembrance of the minor personages of the period.

We can give sincere applause to M. Armand d'Artois. He calls *Le Capitaine Ripaille* (4) "Roman de cape et d'épée," and, as the examinee said, it is "a Roman from head to foot" and no mistake. It begins with a fine *guet-apens* and an excellent battle-royal on the banks of the Loire, and it ends with the justification of the criminal. All between these things is as it should be. *Macte virtute*, can we say to M. d'Artois.

The hero of M. Ocampo's novel (5) is an Englishman, Sir W. Albert Stone, and he causes a French lady to stoop to folly—an arrangement of parts not often condescended to by a French novelist. The book is well written, though too full of reminiscences of Schopenhauer, but neither hero nor heroine is particularly sympathetic. The former is a half Schopenhauer, half Byron, and we don't like the mixture; the latter appears to us to be something of a baggage, to use a relatively polite term. But others may pass a less harsh judgment on her and him.

M. Georges Duval (6) undoubtedly knows England, or at least London, much better than most Frenchmen who write on the subject. His quotations and his names are generally if not invariably right, and his personages are not exactly *de fantaisie*. What further judgment should be passed on the history of Lord Madigan, his son William, and that son's beloved, Margaret Stent, we prefer to leave to readers.

We have also to notice a volume of *Traités conclus par la Russie avec l'Angleterre*, 1710–1801, edited, in Russian and English, by M. de Martens, and published by authority at St. Petersburg, to which we shall very likely return; three new volumes (*Monluc*, by M. Wormand; *Thiers*, by M. Zevort; and *Racine*, by M. Marceaux) of the remarkably cheap and good series of "Classiques populaires" published by MM. Lecène, Oudin, et Cie; and a useful *French Military Reader and Writer*, by M. Pellissier (Percival), selected specially to bring in as many French military terms as possible, and completed by a set of English passages for translation.

(2) *Impressions de théâtre*. Par M. Jules Lemaître. Sixième série. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(3) *Un Prussien en France en 1792*. Par A. Lequiante. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Le Capitaine Ripaille*. Par Armand d'Artois. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Une passion*. Par Armand Ocampo. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOME skill and courage, it must be admitted, are required of a writer who would review in a single volume, and that a small one, the world's poets, from Homer to the present Poet Laureate, as is attempted by Miss Anna Swanwick in her *Poets, the Interpreters of their Age* (Bell & Sons). Nor does the thesis suggested by Miss Swanwick's title tend, by implication, to lessen the magnitude of the enterprise, but rather does it increase the task by a burden as superfluous as Matthew Arnold's unhappy definition of poetry as "a criticism of life." Excepting in the narrow limits prescribed by the theologian, the archæologist, the moral philosopher, Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Pope, Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning are not interpreters of their age. The poet is prophet as well as poet. He looks before, and after. In what special sense is Shakspeare, or Chaucer, or Burns, or Byron, or Keats, or Coleridge the interpreter of his age? When this question has been exhausted by the utmost ingenuity, it would be found that the essential qualities of the poet's poetry are entirely unaffected by it. In the present time we find Shelley claimed as the interpreter of the vegetarian, the communist, the teetotaller, by a little band of faddists, whose study of the poet begins with *Queen Mab* and ends with *Laon and Cythna*, and who rank the egregious notes on *Queen Mab* above *Prometheus Unbound*. Miss Swanwick, indeed, does not pursue this interpretative method to its logical conclusions, being much better employed in showing to what extent the poets are interpreters of the age that is. In the season of guide-books a guide to Parnassus is no bad thing for those who want time or inclination for independent studies.

Devonshire Idyls, by H. C. O'Neill (Stott), is a charming little book of reminiscences of Devonshire rural manners, customs, speech, folklore, and character, written by a Devonshire lady, whose sketches of country life in North Devon some fifty years since are marked by truth and simplicity, and a quiet yet penetrative pathos. The Devonshire speech, not yet killed by the Board School, is incidentally illustrated in these sketches, together with certain curious almost forgotten customs and beliefs, as they existed in the uncorrupted times long ago. "A Story of Something" is a capital spookical story, of a time when the writer as a little girl was instructed by her nurse that she should always break the bottom of the shell after eating an egg that "the fairies mightn't use it as a boat to sail away in." They were fond of the good people in the good old times. The story tells how a certain "peart maid" as she was going home "in the dimpses" was overlooked by a witch, and was never more the same since. "Her came home all of a tremble and quite skeered like. And her said the old woman had drawed a ring round her, and dared her to get out of it. And Avice said it was because her wouldn't buy a broom of she. And so her drawed the ring in the road mux with thiccy broomstick." And dreadful things happened in the house afterwards. The "clome" rattled and danced, and the big bellows and furniture upstairs, until the Parson was called in, and "*said* them" with words from his black book. "But it was grandmother's chair that finished me," says he who tells the story. "When I saw en dapping down over the stairs just like a Christian I was up and off like a hare." The book is full of pleasant reading, and not for West-country folk only. "The Patchwork Quilt" and "Mary's Mug" are touching sketches of rural character, and there are delightful pictures of village life and the well-contented day of the labourer of the

(6) *Master Punch*. Par Georges Duval. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

old days in "Christopher Comer," "The School and the Scholars," and the rest.

Academy Architecture, edited by Alexander Koch (Simpkin & Co.), deals with recent architectural work in the form of an illustrated review of English and foreign designs. In the first portion of the book we have a good selection of drawings from the Royal Academy Exhibition, of domestic architecture, churches, and other public buildings. Another section illustrates chiefly designs by foreign architects, or by English architects in foreign lands, original or restorative; while in a third, or supplementary, part we have additional drawings from last year's Royal Academy, which forms, with the first part, a representative collection of designs.

A new edition of *A Little Tour in Ireland*, by "An Oxonian" (Edward Arnold), is a book deserving of notice, on account both of the Dean of Rochester's genial record of travel, and of John Leech's drawings, which comprise some of that artist's happiest work as a book-illustrator.

In *English Social Reformers* (Methuen & Co.) Mr. H. de B. Gibbins presents a well-knit and consecutive sketch of the most influential and fruitful reformers in matters social and industrial from the era of *Piers the Ploughman* to the teachings of Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin.

On the subject of thrift Mr. John M. Robertson—*The Fallacy of Saving* (Sonnenschein & Co.)—contends with the orthodox economists, and finds that the thrift of the individual does not contribute to the prosperity of the community. Many people, probably, neither thriftless nor students of economics, are troubled with a pathetic sense of the fallacy of saving, without troubling themselves about the State or society. But they do not feel the hatred of thrift that certain socialistic reformers profess. And while what Mr. Robertson calls "faith in parsimony," or the principle of saving, is active among the working classes, there is, as he regretfully admits, little prospect of the blessings he advocates, such as a graduated Income-tax, and State public works, "based on an extended taxation of rent and incomes," for the employment and training of inexpert labour.

Of Professor Max Müller's series, "The Sacred Books of the East," we have to hand *The Grihya-Sûtras*, or Rules of Vedic Domestic Ceremonies, Part II., translated by Hermann Oldenberg and the Editor; and *Pahlavi Texts*, Part IV., translated by E. W. West (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press).

The Canadian Guide-Book, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Heinemann), is a well-planned handbook, based on the Baedeker Guides, for the use of sportsmen and tourists in "Eastern Canada and Newfoundland"—a geographical term that comprises Eastern Ontario, the province of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Compared with the rest of the Dominion this is a small territory, "but it contains," as Professor Roberts justly remarks, "the bulk of the population, much of the finest scenery, many of the best hunting and fishing resorts, and nearly all the history, tradition, and romance which combine to clothe the name of Canada with something like a savour of antiquity." To the rich and varied attractions of this region the present volume is an excellent guide, being portable, compact, and complete. The maps are good and the woodcuts pretty.

Hutchinson's Australasian Encyclopædia, edited by George Collins Levey (Hutchinson & Co.), is a useful book for reference, that combines the characteristics of a gazetteer and a dictionary of general information. A handbook of Australasian geography of this kind has long been wanted, and this volume, with its excellent map, supplies the want satisfactorily.

The second volume of the *Victorian Year-Book*, edited by Henry Heylin Hayter, Government Statist (Melbourne: Sands & MacDougall), contains the usual elaborate trade and agricultural statistics of Victoria, together with certain interesting supplementary reviews of the social condition and defences of the colony.

The current annual issue of *The Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies* (Griffin & Co.) supplies a succinct statement of work done in the past year, and both as a record and as a directory is a serviceable volume.

Among new editions we have the first volume of Mr. Henry Dunning Macleod's *Theory and Practice of Banking*, fifth edition (Longmans & Co.); and an enlarged new edition of Mr. R. D. Munro's treatise on *Steam Boilers, their Defects, Management, and Construction* (Griffin & Co.)

We have also received *The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture*, translated from the German of H. Zimmer by Jane Loring Edmands (Putnam's Sons); *Life in Motion*, lectures delivered at the Royal Institution by John Gray McKendrick, M.D. (A. & C. Black); *The Effects of Machinery on Wages*, by J. Shield Nicholson, new edition (Sonnenschein & Co.); *A Manual of Chemistry*, by Dr. Arthur P. Luff (Cassell & Co.); *An Epitome of Real Property Law*, a manual for students, by W. H. Hastings Kelke (Sweet & Maxwell); the fifth edition of Mr. A. D. Lawrie's legal handbook, *How to Appeal against your Rates*, outside the metropolis (Effingham Wilson & Co.); a translation of Dr. Riemann's *Catechism of Musical History* (Augener & Co.); *The Greek Devotions of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes*, edited by Canon Medd (S.P.C.K.); *Not "Death's Dark Night,"* by the Rev. A. Willink, M.A. (Skeffington & Co.); *The Gospel Narrative; or, Life of Jesus Christ*, by Sir Rawson W. Rawson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The New Testament and its Writers*, a Guild and Bible-Class Text-Book, by the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont (A. & C. Black); *History of the Church in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland*, by the Rev. J. Langtry (S.P.C.K); *Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings*, edited to illustrate the laws of Rhetoric and Composition, by Alexander Mackie (Longmans & Co.); *Selections from Livy*, Books V. and VI., edited, with notes, by W. Cecil Laming, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Latin Clause Construction*, by F. Ritchie, M.A., Notes for Middle and Upper Forms (Longmans & Co.); *The Wars of the Roses*, edited by Edith Thompson, "English History from Contemporary Writers" (Nutt); *The Lunacy Law*, an explanatory handbook, by Daniel Chamier (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *The German Emperor and his Eastern Neighbours*, by Poultney Bigelow (Cassell & Co.); *A Short History of the Queen's Reign*, by R. Johnston (Simpkin & Co.); *Laura Montrose*, by Adela May, second edition (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Lady Patty*, by the author of "Molly Bawn" (White & Co.); *On the Threshold*, by Edward Foster (Arrowsmith); *Travellers' Tales*, edited by Edward A. Morton (Arrowsmith); *The Adventures of Three Worthies*, by Clinton Ross (Putnam's Sons); *Pris*, by the author of "Tip Cat" (Innes & Co.); *The Literary Reader for the Young*, by Professor C. J. T. Kaufmann (Liège: Dessain), especially designed to teach correct pronunciation of English; and Chambers's *Expressive Infants' Reader* (W. & R. Chambers).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CHRONICLE.

Honours. TUESDAY'S *Gazette* contained a considerable allotment of honorary distinctions, including several authorizations to wear Egyptian decorations. But the chief items were the bestowal of the vacant Garters on the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE and ABERCORN. Hereon, of course, much gutter wit, answered long ago by anticipation in certain home truths of good Captain GOWER'S to the "counterfeit "cowardly knave" who mocked at "ancient tradition "begun upon an honourable respect."

Home Politics. The process of reducing Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority has begun even before that majority has had time to give any solid sign of its existence. The seat at Greenock, over the supposed gaining of which Gladstonians particularly rejoiced, and which was one of their first triumphs over the Liberals, was awarded in re-count to Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND by a majority of 55, instead of, as at first, to his opponent by a majority of 44. "Count early and count often" would, no doubt, be as good a motto as "Vote early and "vote often," were there no such word as "re-count." This result, by the way, must make Mr. NAOROJI remember his BROWNING, and ejaculate

"O Persic Zoroaster, Lord of Stars!"

in a somewhat uncomfortable manner.——Mr. GLADSTONE arrived in town on Wednesday, and the Cabinet-makers and programme-draughtsmen have been busier than ever.——Yesterday week Sir CHARLES HALL was formally adopted as Unionist candidate for the Holborn Division, vacant by the appointment of Mr. GAINSFORD BRUCE to a judgeship.——Almost the only political speeches early in the week were those of the indefatigable Mr. JACKSON at Leeds.——The Labour Commission has resumed its sittings.——On Thursday the seals of speech, which have been for the most part imposed during the elections, were taken off, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made orations to their respective constituents; the former declining Mr. GLADSTONE'S kind invitation to come and be killed, the latter avowing his preference of a certain well-known position among baronets to a certain other well-known one among peers.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. On the morning of this day week the Sangir volcano disaster was confirmed, though the loss in killed was reduced to the sufficiently terrible figure of 2,000.——It was said that the Morocco negotiations are to be resumed at Tangier.——Lieutenant MIZON, replying to Lord ABERDARE, solemnly asserted that the Royal Niger Company had tried to assassinate him, with the object of delaying his advance for a year. To assassinate a person in order to delay his advance for a year seems a little Hibernian. Another Frenchman, M. DE BONCHAMPS, is sure that it was all the fault of the English Missionaries in Uganda. M. DE BONCHAMPS'S own sphere of operations was in Katanga, about 700 miles south of Uganda. But that does not matter. There was still trouble in Scandinavia over the Norwegian claim to a separate foreign representation, and Lord KNUTSFORD, invited to dinner by Mr. G. R. DIBBS, was able to surprise his host by bidding him rise up Sir GEORGE.——On Monday it was announced that Mr. CARNEGIE'S manager had been shot at and wounded by an apostle of Labour, and there was a good deal of African news—more of M. MIZON'S Chauvinism; details showing that EMIN Pasha has attempted the route to the north of the Great Forest from the east towards the same Sultanate, Adamawa, which the French interloper reached from the west; some things about the Katanga expedition, and news of trouble in the Congo Free State, which may have wide-reaching consequences.——Our humanitarian democrats at home have been unhappy about a little piece of discipline which occurred in the American force now garrisoning Pittsburg, to enforce Mr. CARNEGIE'S decrees and look after his interests. A militiaman named JAMS, who cried out for cheers for the would-be assassin of Mr. CARNEGIE'S agent, was hung up by the thumbs for half an hour, half-shaved, stripped of his uniform, and drummed out of the regiment—a penalty which will be topped up by loss of civil rights. A sound flogging would have been better than this rather mediæval penalty. But O Democracy! Democracy! what *are* you coming to?——There had been more cholera riots in Russia, and some details were added to our knowledge of recent events in Uganda, near Kilimanjaro, in the French Soudan, and in other parts of Africa.——Wednesday gave more details about the Uganda and Niger disputes, as to which we shall only

say here that the *Times* is too charitable in allowing Lieutenant MIZON "half-scientific, half-commercial" objects. "Half-commercial, half-political" would be the true description, and it may be added that the gallant officer has all along been deliberately poaching either on the German Hinterland of the Cameroons or on the territory reserved to ourselves by agreement with France to the south of Lake Tchad. The results of the recent inquiry by Sir WILLIAM MARKBY and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK into the alleged judicial misconduct at Trinidad and Tobago were published; an Anarchist had been sentenced at Liège, and it was announced that the Norwegian Home Rule quarrel had been ended, or adjourned for the moment, by the withdrawal of the claim to separate consulates. However, the hint has been given, and, when the Eighty Club reigns and Unions are repealed, we shall, no doubt, see quartettes of English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Consuls at every port in the world—a rapturous prospect of "places with pinsions."——On Thursday it was announced that King MWANGA had rejoined the Uganda "Protestants," to the considerable annoyance of the French Bishop, and that Captain LUGARD'S course had been justified by the complete restoration of order in the kingdom. Some of the more Chauvinist Germans were still busy in trying to throw the blame of their disasters on English missionaries, but even from the German side contradictions came. The controversy—if controversy it may be called—between Lord ABERDARE and M. MIZON still raged. Yet more details of the Sangir eruption arrived, and some further particulars about Morocco. The condemned Bulgarian conspirators had been executed, with M. STAMBOULOFF'S usual resolution.——The news of yesterday was unimportant, and chiefly occupied with the African wrangles.

Election Matters. Sir HENRY DOULTON protests against the use by us of the word "jockeyed" in reference to the imbroglio of the North Lambeth election. If Sir HENRY will look at the passage again, he will see that no personal imputation is made against him, and that he is simply mentioned as the author of one of the letters on the subject. These letters, taken together, certainly left on our minds the impression that Sir CHARLES FRASER, whether with reason or without reason (a point on which we give no opinion whatever), had been so treated that he found a conditional retirement translated into an unconditional, and to him unexpected, one. This, we think, is fairly describable as "jockeying," a class of proceeding which should be avoided if possible, but which is not always discreditable, and is sometimes necessary.——On Tuesday was published a communication from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, giving his reasons for dismissing two sorters, CLERY and CHEESMAN, from the service. These reasons were amply sufficient, for the two men had not only indulged in the very practices of putting pressure on Parliamentary candidates which Sir JAMES forbade some time ago, and the prohibition of which he defended successfully in Parliament, but had dealt with this prohibition itself in an extremely insolent and insubordinate manner. Such conduct in a public department is inexcusable and intolerable.

The Law Courts. The House of Lords gave judgment on Monday in BARNARDO *v.* FORD (the GOSSAGE case), but the decision goes no further than that a writ of *habeas corpus* will issue.——That remarkable young woman, Miss MARY AGNES ILLINGWORTH, was found guilty on two charges on Monday, but Sir CHARLES HALL reserved sentence till October.——At the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday two gangs of the pestilent scoundrels, male and female, who decoy and rob sailors, were brought to justice and heavily punished.——The German who shot Detective-Sergeant JOYCE was sentenced to death on Wednesday.——GREATREX, the parricide, was found to be insane on Thursday. Sir WILLIAM CHARLEY, the Common Serjeant, has resigned his post, which is now in Government patronage. During the week a male plaintiff in a breach of promise case has obtained (at Chester) damages against the cruel fair—a very unusual thing.

The Bisley Meeting. At Bisley, on Friday week, Major POLLOCK won the second stage of the Queen's, and Sergeant HINDLEY of Oxford the Volunteer aggregate. The Queen's Prize also went this day week to Major POLLOCK, and Scotland was successful in the contest for the National Challenge Trophy. In the mounted competitions, the LOYD-LINDSAY went to the Ayrshire Yeomanry, and the Cambridge Shield to the 15th Hussars.

Naval Manœuvres. Those naval manœuvres, respecting which an ingenious landsman, deeply meditating, came to the conclusion that their meaning could only be a gradual clearance of ships so as to avoid that bugbear of the modern naval man, an "obsolete" navy, have occupied both sides of the Channel this week. The honours of the early part, we regret to say, remained with the French, who sank one torpedo-boat outright, and disabled two others, while our score merely stands, "*Thetis*, H.M.S., broke down; Torpedo-boat, hole (not disabling) made in one."

Yachting. The prize in the Royal Alfred Regatta at Dublin on this day week fell to the *Queen Mab*.

Racing. The Liverpool Cup yesterday week was won by Colonel NORTH'S Nunthorpe. The first day of Goodwood was a fine one, and (despite the absence of the huge money prizes by which a certain class of modern racing man is apt to measure the importance of meetings) gave some capital sport. The race of the day, the Stewards' Cup, brought out the large field of thirty, and was won well by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S Marvel, after an excellent fight with Peter Flower. The race which nominally held the same position on Wednesday was the Goodwood Stakes, won easily by Mr. MERRY'S Ralph Neville. It attracted, however, less interest than the Sussex Stakes, in which Orme made his second appearance, and again won, though not by any means with ease, from Baron HIRSCH'S Watercress. The Cup day was unfortunately marred by the very serious illness of Lord ALGERNON LENNOX. The Cup itself, like almost all long-distance races in these days, brought out a very small field, diminished both in numbers and interest by the fact of Lord ROSSLYN'S Buccaneer being kept for the Gordon Stakes, which he won with ease. In the longer race, however, Mr. BAIRD'S Martagon and the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Blue Green ran an extremely good match (for the third horse, Colorado, was quite out of it), and Martagon won only by a neck. The victory of Silene over Bill of Portland, Haut Brion, and others in the two-year-old Prince of Wales's Stakes was unexpected by the general.

Cricket. Yesterday week Gloucestershire, having played the dangerous game of putting Notts in first, were beaten by an innings and 100 runs. Somerset, who had been playing very well for some time, beat Sussex—their third win running—by six wickets, owing chiefly to the brilliant hitting of Messrs. HEWETT and PALAIRET, who, in the second innings, made 125 for the first wicket. Surrey *v.* Yorkshire was prolonged into Saturday. Surrey finally won by 72 runs, practically owing to LOHMANN'S excellent bowling. On Tuesday Somerset won its fourth match running, and defeated Kent by eight wickets. Surrey had a very easy victory over the neighbouring county of Sussex, chiefly owing to Mr. W. W. READ'S 196 not out. Next day Yorkshire *v.* Gloucestershire was drawn, the steady run-getting during the match having brought the total score into the tenth hundred. Very

high scores were also made on the first day of the Rugby and Marlborough match; two of the Marlborough boys—Messrs. CREED and MORTIMER—making, the first 211, the second 106. This advantage was too great to overtake, and Marlborough won by an innings and 78.

The Althorp Library. It was announced yesterday that Lord SPENCER has sold the Althorp Library (price and name of purchaser not specified) to an Englishman who will not only keep it whole and undivided, but throw it open to readers. It is interesting to know that there is anybody now among us who has at once love of books, plenty of money, and freedom from that dog-in-the-mangerishness which too frequently accompanies the two former qualities when they are found together.

Correspondence. This day week a fresh letter from Mr. STEVENSON on Samoan politics was published, together with an explanation by the solicitors of Lady DONOUGHMORE of the circumstances in which a technical infringement of the law, due to ignorance, had drawn down on her a heavy fine, and the usual gracious comments from Radical journals.——Monday contributed a great amount of, we are bound to say, mostly futile comment on the late elections of the "It was He; it was She; it was It" order. ——Lord ABERDARE returned to the charge against Lieutenant MIZON on Tuesday morning.——Letters on the elections have continued throughout the week, Unionist complaints and explanations being varied by the old Gladstonian cry against "beer" (a little inconclusive, surely; for do not Gladstonians teach that a man is quite free to drink the beer, promise the vote, and then give it to the other side?), and against the shocking tyranny of the Tory clergy towards Gladstonian shepherds. One Early Christian actually detected (or thought he did, for the horrid incident has been explained) a clerical dignitary in the negative act of not bowing to him, the E. C., when he was in company with a lady. O my friends! let us disestablish the Church at once, so that these deeds of darkness may no longer be! But the most delightful of Gladstonian outcries was contained in a letter to the *Daily News* of Thursday, in which the indignant writer complained that "the Church party" were teaching the labourers how to make soup of herrings and tripe! We had not thought to live to see the "turtle and gold spoon" argument actually justified from the other side.——Sir AUSTIN LAYARD very generously defended the scientific reputation of his old comrade, Mr. RASSAM; and Mr. BYLES, M.P., remarked (practically) that Mr. Justice MUNRO is another, but omitted to justify his own singular explanation of his remarks on the occasion referred to. ——Politics were tempered on Wednesday by letters on Colour Photographs and the Balance of the Modern Orchestra.

Miscellaneous. Not a few school-prize days, with their attendant speeches, have fallen during the week, and at two of them, in his boroughs of Warwick and Leamington, the SPEAKER officiated, apologizing in the second for a little joke he had made in the first at the expense of classical teaching, to the effect that long ago he himself, being in a part of Europe where Latin was spoken, could not remember "the simple Latin words for Yes and No." Now the best of the little joke is that there *are* no "simple "Latin words for Yes and No." Your Roman, either from canniness or want of invention, preferred circumlocutions and double meanings, like "immo" and "minime," and so forth. Indeed do we not owe *langue d'oc* and *langue d'oil* to this very oddity?——Divers accidents, though none on the gigantic scale of some recent disasters, have occurred, one of the chief being the sinking of Mr. VANDERBILT'S gorgeously bedizened yacht *Alva*.——The Salvation Army held its annual meeting on Monday, when the "General" was as impudent as usual, and Mrs. RIGGS, the poor old negress who came over to see the QUEEN, obliged the meeting with a very appropriate tarantella, corroboree, fandango, or whatever any one may like to call it.——There was a bad train accident, fortunately not very fatal, the train being a light one, on the joint North-Western and Great Northern line near Melton Mowbray, on Monday.——The autumn Congresses have begun early, the British Medical Association and the Institution of Mechanical Engineers leading the way, the former at Nottingham, the latter at Portsmouth. ——On Tuesday the Chairman of the London County Council reviewed the work of the year before the Council adjourned over its holidays.——A very horrible affair occurred near Falkirk on Wednesday, a man named FRASER, who is supposed to be mad, attacking divers persons with a sword, and killing two. The most horrible part of it, however, was, that the murder of one of the victims—a girl—was actually watched by the girl's brother and two other men, who threw stones at the murderer, but despite their numbers dared not close.

Obituary. By far the most important death of the week's obituary is that of Lord SHERBROOKE, one of the most remarkable, though not, perhaps, of the greatest, English politicians of the century.——M. LÉON CLADEL, whose death was reported last week, was a novelist who never had any great hold on the public, but whose reputation with successive generations of strictly literary critics was very high. Perhaps *Les Va-nu-pieds* and his other work intended more than they attained; but he certainly was a remarkable writer.——The sometime Bishop of Rochester, and later of St. Albans, Dr. CLAUGHTON, who resigned the latter See two years ago, had, owing to advanced years, been little before the public of late. But he was privately much beloved, and had earlier been a distinguished member of the moderate High Church party, a very active parish priest at Kidderminster, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and a preacher of great merit in what may be called the scholarly-popular style.——Mr. H. G. AUSTIN belonged to a family who had it almost by kind to be architects to Canterbury Cathedral.——Mr. HENRY VIGNE had been a Master of Hounds for two generations.——Dr. BELLEW was one of the most distinguished members of the Indian Medical Service, and was great, not merely as a doctor, but as a linguist, an archæologist, and a "political."

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

THE wild charges brought by Lieutenant MIZON against the agents of the Niger Company, and the readiness of Frenchmen to take the truth of those charges for granted, may, if properly considered, serve a useful purpose. Lord ABERDARE expresses his regret at the recklessness shown in making accusations which must tend to make Englishmen "draw the natural conclu-"sion that, in spite of near neighbourhood and long "friendly relations, the French people and French "press are ready to believe, on the slightest evidence "or on no evidence at all, that the English, not only "on the Niger but everywhere else, are capable of acts "of ferocity and treachery which the most barbarous "savages could not exceed." It may be lamentable that this is the French attitude towards us; but, since it is the fact, the more distinctly it is recognized the better. Nobody supposes that the peasantry and small shopkeepers, who, when they are stirred to act, are the real masters in France, are possessed by such a hatred of England as is likely to lead to effective hostility. They are only predisposed to

believe evil of us. With that small class of Frenchmen which is actively concerned in foreign or colonial enterprise the feeling takes a more pronounced form. An Englishman must be wilfully or naturally blind who does not see from their own words and acts that they are animated by a passionate desire to do the interests of this country some appreciable injury. The chance of getting somewhere before England, of turning England out of something, of preventing Englishmen from obtaining some profit, is put forward with unfailing regularity as an inducement to undertake every enterprise. Lieutenant MIZON, who, on his own showing, had no scruple as to accepting services from the agents of the Company, boasts "that the "success of my exploration was disastrous to the "material and political interests of the English." It is precisely because Frenchmen believe or hope that this is true that they applaud Lieutenant MIZON. As this officer is going up to Adamawa next year through our territory, common sense dictates that we should recognize the spirit in which he goes. Common sense will also show the wisdom of fully recognizing the extent to which he represents his countrymen.

As for the personal question between Lieutenant MIZON and the Company, we might fairly dismiss it in a very few words. It would be absurd to enter upon that general discussion of the policy and conduct of the Company for which he is anxious. These may be fair subjects for debate—but not with Lieutenant MIZON. He has brought very outrageous personal charges against certain Englishmen, and they alone are the subject of any discussion the Company can have with him. It would be perfectly fair, we repeat, to dismiss him with a very few words. Lieutenant MIZON brought gross charges against the servants of the Company. When he was confronted with a letter of his own thanking Mr. FLINT, the Agent-General, for services rendered, and expressing a wish to meet him again in Europe, he endeavoured to escape from a position which must certainly be painful by two subterfuges. He first says that the terms of the letter are merely formulas of politeness, and then he adds that, as he was completely in Mr. FLINT'S power, he naturally took good care not to express his real feelings. Now the letter, as all who care may see for themselves, is no mere formula of politeness, but an explicitly-worded expression of thanks. As for the second plea, we can only say that an officer—even one of "twenty-three "years' honourable service"—who is capable of saying the thing which is not from fear in Africa is equally capable of saying the thing which is not from other motives in Paris. There is manifestly apt to be something which Lieutenant MIZON prefers to the truth, and, that being so, we might dismiss his mere assertions as the unsupported word of a witness who has broken down under cross-examination to character. On the other hand, the kind of charges he brings, the evidence so-called by which he supports them, and the spirit which animates him, are all alike so characteristic that there is some advantage in paying more attention to him than the intrinsic value of his word would by itself warrant.

Putting aside the rather puerile stories about the repairing of his boat, &c., with the general remark that when a Frenchman is in a state of preternatural suspicion he will believe anything, we take Lieutenant MIZON'S two most serious charges. The first is, that the attack made on him by the Paganis on the Forcado was instigated by a servant of the Company. When asked for the evidence on which he bases the charge, the Lieutenant answers that the Company, by not properly recognizing other flags than its own, makes attacks upon them by the natives highly probable. A man does not need to have been brought up an attorney to see that this at the best only establishes a general probability that a certain cause will produce certain general effects. It is no kind of evidence that a particular person did a definite act at a given time and place. Yet it is upon no better evidence than this that Lieutenant MIZON charges Mr. BEDFORD, the Company's agent, with instigating the Paganis to murder him. In other words, he thinks the Company's men capable of acting in this fashion, and therefore he asserts as a fact that they did so act. When the case for the plaintiff is of this character, we hardly wish to hear the defence. Lord ABERDARE has, however, demolished the whole flimsy superstructure by pointing out that the Company did not know that Lieutenant MIZON was coming at all, could not know that he would come by the little-used Forcado, and could still less know that the fuel for his boat would give out at the particular place at which he was attacked. When he is reminded that, so soon as his difficulty was known, he was helped with fuel and medical assistance, he answers by quoting his "witty friend" Prince ARENBERG'S remark that the English might well take out the bullet they first put in. The only charitable explanation of such wild talk as this is that Anglophobia has reduced Lieutenant MIZON to the condition of those persons who suffer from what doctors call the mania of persecutions. Another explanation is that, when notoriety is to be gained by abusing England, a French officer can lose all sense of honour and decency. M. MIZON'S second main charge may be dismissed much more briefly. He accuses Mr. MACINTOSH of instigating the Sultan of Adamawa to murder him. The evidence for this is the mere word of the Sultan. M. MIZON, indeed, hints mysteriously at the proofs he collected during a four months' stay in the country, but he produces none of them. Until he does we may safely take it for granted that his evidence is, in fact, the mere word of a negro Sultan engaged in playing off one white man against another, and the repetition of the story by other negroes who found that the Lieutenant liked to hear it. That such charges based upon such evidence should be accepted as these have been in France, and publicly recognized as true by such men as M. POUBELLE, is an unmistakable sign that the old hatred of England is as lively as ever it was, and that the old stamp of Frenchman is there to profit by it.

The Morocco question is for the moment, whatever it is destined to become in the future, principally interesting for the manifestation of the same feeling in not such very dissimilar ways. The principals to the dispute are marking time, and there can be no more till we hear whether, as a matter of fact, the SULTAN'S envoys are coming down to Tangier to resume negotiations. If information said to be from Fez is to be believed, the poor "EMPEROR" and his viziers are relieving their feelings by devising diplomatic schemes for their own protection. The CZAR, it seems, is to be asked to send a Minister to Fez to cooperate with the good French in keeping out other foreigners. An alliance between the only true Caliph and the natural enemy of the impostor at Constantinople would be quite according to the most ancient traditions of diplomacy. CHARLEMAGNE and the Caliph of Bagdad were on excellent terms, while the Emperor at Constantinople and the other Caliph at Cordoba notoriously regarded one another with tender affection. But the times are changed, and we are afraid that this alliance will not save MULAY EL HASSAN from the evils he already endures, or from those others towards which he is said, credibly enough, to look forward with pathetic resignation. It is eminently probable, too, that when the SULTAN reflects under the trees of his garden at Fez on that dissolution of his Empire for which he is preparing by building a magnificent palace at Tafilet, he foresees the French as

busy with his spoils as any other unbeliever. Until Sir C. EUAN SMITH'S reports appear, and the Foreign Office has spoken, it is advisable to come to as little of an opinion as may be on the causes of the failure of the treaty. For what we know, it appears that Morocco is in a state of anarchy which would make the execution of any treaty exceedingly difficult, even if it were as different from the French version of our demands as Sir C. EUAN SMITH'S draft no doubt was.

LORD SHERBROOKE.

MANY, if not almost all, the things that are to be said about the late Lord SHERBROOKE are so obvious that they may be left to those who have already said or who care to repeat them. Of his history it is hardly more necessary to say much here. That he was a Winchester boy and an Oxford man of the great generation *circ.* 1830; that, after coaching a little, he went out to Australia and made a competence, if not a fortune, at the Bar there; that he returned, and entered Parliament some forty years ago; that after holding a distinct, but not very prominent, position for a good many years, he rose to actually the first rank during the great Reform debates of 1866–7; that he afterwards joined Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, not exactly to his or its advantage; that advancing years and infirmities induced him to accept a peerage in 1880; and that less and less has been heard of him since:—these things need only be summed up for convenience sake. It is true that strange blunders have been made even about the most famous of them. Thus the *Daily News* says that, after the first battle over the Reform Bills of five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. DISRAELI "de-"serted" Mr. LOWE. Now, putting aside the question, still vexed, though hardly among those who know, whether the course of action adopted by the Conservative Government was Mr. DISRAELI'S in any proper sense, the statement is absolutely incorrect. Mr. LOWE, if desertion is to be talked about, deserted Mr. DISRAELI. After he and the other Adullamites had joined the Conservatives to turn the Liberal Government out, they refused to give their help in keeping the Conservative Government in. That this in any way justified the action of the Tories we are far from holding; but it no doubt helped to cause it, and Mr. LOWE had but himself to blame. In what followed immediately he still bore his part well and worshipfully. Every evil presage which he made in his famous speeches as to the effect of lowering the suffrage has come to pass or is coming to pass. If he was as unpopular as CASSANDRA, he was as veridical; while friends and foes alike, both at the time and since, have admitted that the debating success which, against opponents of the very first class, and possessing marvellous natural gifts, he, with a relatively contemptible presence and ugly voice, sight that was almost no sight, and an ungracious and disagreeable manner, achieved, was something almost uncanny and quite unparalleled. For dauntless courage, for unceasing readiness, and for untiring energy, the part which Mr. LOWE played in those days is hardly to be overpraised.

To those, however, who look beyond the surface, it is not so much this brilliant and, in a way, successful period of Mr. LOWE'S life that is inexplicable, or the ill success which marked, for the most part, the rest of his thirty years of House of Commons life that is noticeable. He was the kind of nature to shine in Opposition, and for the greater part of his actual Parliamentary life his nominal friends were in office, and he most commonly with them. In this capacity his peculiarly donnish nature—dashed as it was with a strange survival of the undisciplined undergraduate cleverness which usually dies in the don—was sure to bring him into trouble, and did. In his last Opposition days his powers were failing, and his genius was rebuked before that of Mr. DISRAELI. But what is really astonishing about Mr. LOWE is the inconsistency which exists between his attitude during the short and late summer and his attitude during the long spring, autumn, and winter of his political life. If he was right in what he did during 1866–7, he was wrong at every other time of that life. Every argument which he urged with such unerring logic, such brilliant wit, such unsparing sarcasm, such wide and felicitous learning, against the lowering of the suffrage, told, and tells, also against the whole, or almost the whole, of the "Liberal" policy to which from 1850 to 1880 he committed himself, and with which, both earlier and later, he was understood to sympathize, though he returned to the wiser mind on the question of Home Rule. And so in other things. He was, more than Lord DERBY, more than Mr. GLADSTONE, far more than any other statesman of the vast number of men of Cabinet rank in his time, a scholar, a product of the English public school and University system, a man soaked in, redolent of, fashioned and water-worn by, classical reading and training. Yet, if our memory does not deceive us, one of his latest utterances before he passed into silence and the House of Lords—an utterance quite in keeping with the policy he had all along advocated—was a complaint to an audience of Civil Engineers that he had been brought up at the feet of DEMOSTHENES and CICERO, instead of in the society of rivets and drain-pipes.

In short, Mr. LOWE, as it is still most natural to call him, seems to have been another example of the peculiarity constantly charged on English statesmen, the peculiarity of being unable to take any logical and consistent view of politics as politics. The hatred and horror of democracy which he showed in 1866–7 cannot have been a mere freak or whim. It was too sustained, too vigorous and varied in its effects, too unaccountable on any theory but sincerity, not to be sincere. Yet for years before and for years afterwards, he was steadily, and we suppose sincerely, promoting measures which assured the triumph of democracy only less decidedly than Reform itself. How far this may have been the result of those physical deficiencies which have often stirred up in youth a feeling of revolt against the constituted—of revolt which lasts after the things which galled positively have been removed—it may be very difficult to say. But some such additional explanation seems necessary to account for the utter want of logic in the political career of a man of apparently most logical mind, in the efforts made to open the gates to the "bare and level plain of de-"mocracy" by a man who described the plain itself in an imperishable passage of disgust and loathing, in the constant presence, except on the one famous occasion, on the anti-Tory side of one to whom the luxury of scorn—the peculiar Tory luxury—was as the blood of his life and the breath of his nostrils. Nothing could be more unjust than to represent Lord SHERBROOKE as a kind of MOKANNA who avenged himself for his disabilities on the human race. But it is impossible not to believe that, if the soul of Mr. ROBERT LOWE had inherited, let us say, the body of Mr. WARD HUNT, or of Colonel KING-HARMAN, we should have had such a Tory statesman as neither Arcadia nor any other country has ever seen.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

IN the preface to *The Old Curiosity Shop* DICKENS says that one of the principal figures of the story was suggested by some lines in a poem of Mr. ROGERS'S, to whom, in acknowledgment, he dedicated the book :—

> And long might'st thou have seen
> An old man wandering as in search of something,
> Something he could not find, he knew not what.

The words aptly describe the recent political gropings and stumblings of Mr. GLADSTONE. His wanderings are not indeed, as to their ultimate purpose, so objectless as those of the "jolly old grandfather" whose peregrinations DICKENS described. The goal of Mr. GLADSTONE'S pilgrimage is, and always has been, a Parliamentary majority; and this he has, after a certain fashion, now attained. But, as to the intermediate stages of the journey, he has been almost as dependent on the chance suggestions of the moment as his prototype in fiction. He has turned off here, and turned back there, as he could find political companionship which promised, no matter with what windings and twistings, to help him on his way. Mr. GLADSTONE'S later course recalls to us HAZLITT'S description of COLERIDGE'S walk and conversation, in the literal sense of both words, as he observed them when that prophet and sage, then in the PRIESTLEY and HARTLEY stage of his development, came to preach "on trial," as Nonconformists have it, to the Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury. COLERIDGE advanced with undulating steps, and "I observed," says HAZLITT, "that he continually crossed me on the "way by shifting from one side of the footpath to the "other. This struck me as an odd movement, but I "did not at that time connect it with any instability of "purpose, or involuntary change of principle, as I have "done since. He seemed unable to keep in a straight "line." The words accurately describe Mr. GLADSTONE'S political career. He has never been able to keep in a straight line. He has been continually crossing his fellow-travellers on the way, shifting from one side of the footpath to the other.

This peculiar mode of progression is not to be attributed in Mr. GLADSTONE'S case, as in COLERIDGE'S, to any constitutional infirmity of character, to any moral instability. On all questions which have had no relation to his Parliamentary and official advancement, on points of theology and scholarship, Mr. GLADSTONE is what he was when he was a young man at Oxford. His consistency in them is not the consistency of harmonious development, but that of rigid and monotonous identity. It is only in the sphere of politics that Mr. GLADSTONE has had an open mind. The faculty of will, which in COLERIDGE was utterly wanting, is the most remarkable feature in Mr. GLADSTONE. The movements which in COLERIDGE were the result of helpless drifting under the impulse and conception of the moment are in Mr. GLADSTONE tactical manœuvres. His politics, to apply to him what was said with less truth of another statesman, have under their apparent variations been always the same—the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. The curious thing is that a camp-follower should have been mistaken for a guide. We quoted a short time since a sentence from a pamphlet of Mr. GLADSTONE'S published in 1845, in which, in reference to Free-trade, he spoke of himself as "a deliberate adherent of the policy described "in contemptuous terms as a halting between two "opinions." This unconscious self-revelation explains Mr. GLADSTONE'S entire career. On every political question he has halted, or rather, as HAZLITT expressed it, has "undulated," between two opinions, until it became apparent which of them was to win, and then he has followed its guidance with a fanatical and intolerant eagerness.

It seldom happens that the real character of men is discovered while they are still with us. The truth about them is usually found out by *post-mortem* examination. It would seem, however, that the events of the last six years have disclosed Mr. GLADSTONE, as he really is, to all but the blindest of his followers. The reduction of his majority in Mid-Lothian—which would almost certainly have been converted into a minority if Mr. GLADSTONE had not suddenly shown signs of ceasing to halt between two opinions on the Eight-Hours question—is a proof that where his influence was believed to be paramount it is on the decline. Forbearance may be shown to him if he offers himself for re-election a month hence on his acceptance of office; but even a majority of compassion would scarcely survive to another general election. The signs of Mr. GLADSTONE'S waning authority are curiously contemporaneous with the proofs of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S growing ascendency in the country, which, from the Midlands as a centre, is likely to extend over England. When the battle of the Union has been fought and won, and parties redistribute themselves according to the natural tendencies and affinities which in all countries divide Conservatives from Liberals, it is as clear as anything in future politics can be that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be the foremost man in a reconstituted Liberal party. There is a reaction, not merely from Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, but from the type of political character which he embodies. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has the faults of his qualities, and we have often spoken plainly about them. But his directness and straightforwardness of speech and aim are a healthy corrective of the tortuous and sinister influences which have of late years confused and perverted the intelligence and conscience of a great party.

AN INTELLECTUAL ORGIE.

"MAIS, c'est une orgie," cries the French lady in Mr. NORRIS'S novel, when she finds her English friends playing innocent games. The meeting of the disciples of University Extension at Oxford this week strikes us as *une orgie* of intellect. Can this be the old Oxford of the vacation; can these be the grass-grown streets of which rare explorers told, the streets in which young scouts revelled and drank deep, wearing flannels and Bullingdon ribbons? Young men and women from all parts of the land are to enjoy a prolonged and learned commemoration, a feast of lectures, and a flow of soul. According to the *Standard*, not only Nonconformists, but ladies, are to be allowed to bathe in Parson's Pleasure. It sounds like a new Decameron, nymphs and Unitarians flashing in the waters of the Cherwell, and holding many an *oaristys* beneath the pollard willows. If the brilliant and luxurious pictures after GIORGIONE which flash on the mind's eye be not too highly coloured, would it not be well to have a strong staff of chaperons on the spot? The revels sound like an intellectual form of the Holy Fair, and we really doubt whether, with such attractions, the lecturers, including Mr. TOM MANN, will find that they enjoy large congregations. The *religio loci* will have hard work to convert so many persons of ideas rather contrary to the tradition of Oxford. While the towers murmur the enchantments of the middle ages, is there any chance that they may beguile, for instance, Mr. MANN? Will he become pensive, and a friend of lost causes and forlorn hopes? Wandering in the gardens of John's, and beholding the effigy of a martyred King, listening for the voice of LAUD among his own groves, and calling up in Merton gardens the figures of the Queen, her ladies, and her cavaliers, he may lapse into Jacobitism, and toast in Archdeacon the "Queen

"over the water." This would be a great triumph for the *religio loci;* but for this, perhaps, the most sanguine can scarcely hope.

As to lectures, the only doubt is whether mortal brain can hold all that will be pumped into it. There are to be no less than ninety-nine lectures on the Renaissance and the Reformation. The Renaissance is a topic not over well suited to the young. They did most odd things in the Renaissance, as we know very well, to our horror, from the pages of Mr. SYMONDS; it was an epoch of strange passions, about which the less said the better. A study of the Reformation, too, might readily convert the most orthodox Unitarian into a ferocious Neo-Catholic, crying out for the restoration of the Inquisition. A tendency to wish that JOHN KNOX had been well burned before he took to burning witches in his turn is apt to be generated in the most Protestant mind when once put in possession of facts. To find our blessed reformer HENRY VIII. haggling over a groat with First and Second Murderers (Scotch) is a sore trial to the faith. Yes, the Reformation, like the Renaissance, is a ticklish topic. Then consider ninety-nine lectures, all crammed into so brief a space. A distinguished American critic has confessed to retaining, out of many years of lectures, only information enough to fill the outside of one envelope. This comes of hearing too many lectures. As to hearing ninety-nine, we do not believe that they will ever be delivered. The lecturer, like the gentleman in his anecdotage, will be compelled to trench on universal history. He will "foul" the lectures on other subjects, such as Greek tragedy, that delightful and exhilarating theme. The lecturers will enjoy themselves, for to impart information is a pleasure of which they never weary. The young ladies, like Miss AUSTEN'S young ladies, will have all the charms of being ready to accept information gladly. Perhaps most of the lecturers are married men. We tremble for the peace of families. The wedded wife somehow thirsts but temperately for information; but the new students will be like intellectual MÆNADS in their novitiate. They will drink deeply, intoxicatingly, of the Pierian streams, especially if the weather be cold and Parson's Pleasure comparatively unattractive. Old hardened University men have been heard to murmur against lectures. They said that lectures were tedious, that they learned nothing from them, that they were a waste of time, that the very lecturer was bored; but then they never heard lectures on the diversions of the Baglioni delivered to a mixed audience. There be who deny that lectures are educational at all; but the genius of the age holds a different opinion. Given good weather, at least the young persons should enjoy themselves. Were we to advise them, we would bid them, like Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, "live in Oxford as if it were a great "country house." For culture, let them take it in by the pores. They cannot well be sconced or gated if they cut lectures. If they attend them all, or half of them, brain-fever will be the result; but we hope for better things, and anticipate nothing worse than a flood of minor poetry. "To Neæra, bathing in Parson's "Pleasure," by the Rev. THOMAS GOWL, is what we look forward to with enjoyment.

THE BULGARIAN CONSPIRATORS.

JUSTICE is now satisfied in Bulgaria, and policy has not much to complain of. Sentence of death has been duly executed at Sofia on the four men against whom that penalty was awarded at the recent trials, MILAROFF and POPOFF having been condemned for taking part in the conspiracy against the life of Prince FERDINAND, while GEORGHIEFF and KARAGULOFF suffered on the charge of attempting to assassinate M. STAMBOULOFF. The sentences on all four men had to await the confirmation of M. STAMBOULOFF himself, who, being troubled by none of those scruples of delicacy that often so impair the usefulness of Western politicians, gave his official warrant for the execution of the two latter as well as of the two former conspirators. Probably he was of opinion that his action in the case of the men convicted of the attempt against himself was, if anything, the more salutary example of the two; and in any case we have little doubt that it was. Prince FERDINAND'S Minister has been, and is likely to continue to be, a much more favourite mark for the conspirator than the Prince himself; and, indeed, it seems to be pretty well understood between M. STAMBOULOFF and the Russianizing party in Bulgaria that they are engaged in a duel in which neither need expect quarter from the other. Hitherto the Minister has had distinctly the best of the game; but the game itself is at best a very uncertain one, and the position of a Bulgarian statesman situated like M. STAMBOULOFF is such that no prudent observer would call him happy till he dies—in his bed.

Meanwhile the indefatigable Minister continues the publication of those remarkable despatches of which the Russian press so indignantly denies the authenticity; while the Continental world continues to treat those denials with a polite incredulity which renders them warmer than ever. To the official journal of St. Petersburg it seems shameful that its European contemporaries should so lightly give publicity and attach credit to what it describes as these "vile forgeries," and much is made, of course, of the improbability of these compromising documents being allowed to fall into the hands of the Bulgarian Government. This, however, is ostensibly accounted for by the usual double-edged kind of explanation. A dragoman of the Russian Legation, high in the confidence of his employer, is said to have fallen out with him, and on being called upon for an account of the sums which passed through his hands, to have absconded, taking along with him a bundle of important documents from the archives of the Legation. These, according to the story, he has disposed of for a solid consideration to the Bulgarian Government, who are now, consequently, in full possession of all that there is to be known about the dealings and doings of Bulgarian emigrants in Russia and their relations with the Russian Minister at Bucharest. This evidence to the authenticity of these despatches is open, of course, to the obvious criticism that a defaulting agent who, on his own confession, has bolted with the private papers of his employer can hardly be credited with a conscience too tender to permit him, at a pinch, to forge additions to them. On the other hand, we have the singular fact that "already at that "time"—namely, at the time of the dragoman's flight —"Russian papers stated that the documents in pos-"session of the fugitive were forged"; a statement which, although it indicates a praiseworthy desire to be beforehand with the malefactor, shows also a suspiciously early prevision of his as yet only contemplated act of fraud. On the whole, perhaps, the Russian official press would do better to fall back on the irreproachable character of their Government, and to treat all those who are not convinced by it of the spuriousness of these despatches as simply impenetrable to conviction.

ANARCHY AND THE CONSTABLE.

THE condemnation of the dangerous criminal named FANGOUX (not inappropriately either) to the not contemptible sentence of twenty years' hard labour will, coming as it does so soon after the execution of RAVACHOL, serve to impress on the Anarchists the

wisdom of keeping quiet more firmly than ever. They have already learnt the lesson fairly well, as their recent good behaviour shows. After infinite bluster, very terrible to the average Parisian cowards, they have settled down, and are hiding themselves with the utmost care. As a natural consequence, it is found that French judges and juries are doing their duty. The President of the Versailles Assize Court put a stop summarily to the impertinent attempt of FANGOUX'S counsel to deliver a ranting Anarchist speech under pretence of defending his client. The jury refused to hear anything of extenuating circumstances for a man who was proved to have stolen the dynamite which RAVACHOL exploded. If it could have been shown that he had taken any part in producing the explosions, the jury would probably have given him the benefit of the Act from which the grovelling cowardice of the Parisians saved RAVACHOL. The punishment given him is severe, though it might well have been even heavier. We do not know on what principle of common sense an avowed enemy of society, who has taken an active part in an enterprise which led to murder and destruction, is to escape with his life simply because he cannot be shown to have actually lighted a match. All concerned should be considered principals in these crimes.

Apparently there is but one country in the world which can be expected to display this thoroughness of workmanship in dealing with the enemies of order—namely, the Triumphant Democracy. We shall not be accused of a foolish or sentimental fondness for the Government and people of the United States of America. But we will not deny that there is at times not a little in their conduct deserving of praise. When they do put their hand to the plough of law and order they go roundly to work. It is disgraceful to any country to allow such scenes as have lately occurred in Idaho and at Homestead; but, as half a loaf is traditionally better than no bread, so a vigorous though tardy vindication of the law is better than none, or a timid one. Now, it is undeniable that the vindication has been thorough-going. We wonder—or rather we do not wonder, we know what would have happened in this country if the General commanding the troops in Scotland during the railway strike had given orders that all workmen found putting obstructions on the line were to be shot out of hand or strung up to the next tree. There would have been a howl which would be going on still. Yet in the land of Triumphant Democracy a military officer gives such an order in Idaho, and nobody sees anything out of the way in it. There is not the smallest doubt that the United States troops would have obeyed orders. Nobody seems to think that the legality of such summary military executions would ever have been called in question. Those who had least doubt on the subject were apparently the strikers; for they entirely ceased attempting to blow up railway bridges with dynamite when they heard of General SCHOFIELD'S order. At Homestead much the same lesson has been taught. The Governor of Pennsylvania took a long time to make up his mind whether more votes would be lost by letting the strikers continue to burn and shoot than by restoring order. Since he did act there has been no hesitation. The State Militia has turned out without delay, and has done its duty against the mob. And here again one wonders—or does not wonder, but knows very well—what would happen if THOMAS ATKINS were hung up by the thumbs for half an hour, like the Pennsylvania Militiaman who was fool enough to cheer the would-be assassin of Mr. FRICK. Universal philanthropy would have bellowed for disbanding the British army. Yet in the United States of America few people seem to care.

The history of the Homestead strike has followed a course which is satisfactory enough to us for various reasons. The attempt to assassinate Mr. FRICK, which, by the way, was of the intrepid Russian Nihilist kind, is a pretty illustration of the unfailing tendency of all attempts to right yourself by violence to end in mere crime. It is also good hearing enough that the Union will in all probability be utterly beaten. Every vindication of free contract and free labour is so much gained for sound economical principles. But by far the most acceptable result of the fight will, we may fairly hope, be the putting to silence of the most self-asserting and underbred bore of our time. Citizen CARNEGIE has wisely enough decided to hold his tongue, and we should strongly advise him to continue.

DR. BARNARDO AGAIN.

WHATEVER else may be said or thought of Dr. BARNARDO, it must be admitted that he has furnished plenty of employment for the lawyers, and contributed largely to the exposition, if not to the elucidation, of the law. That an organ-grinder's apprentice, the child of a destitute labourer's distressed wife, should be the subject of three hearings and two appeals may be quite in accordance with the spirit and the poetry of British freedom. Mr. RIGBY and Sir WALTER PHILLIMORE, at the other end of the social and pecuniary scale, have no reason to complain of the result. But if an account could be published of the sums spent in contending for the body of HARRY GOSSAGE, they would prove the battle to be quite as vigorous as the fight for the body of PATROCLUS, though waged with less heroic and more civilized weapons. In fairness to the disputants we must remember that it is a struggle, not only for HARRY'S body, but also for his soul. His parents belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, which compasses sea and land to make one proselyte. Dr. BARNARDO, as he never allows the world an opportunity of forgetting, is an aggressive Protestant who engages in what may be termed a carnal warfare against spiritual error. Through a clergyman at Folkestone he received the boy from a policeman, and handed him over to "a Mr. NORTON "of Quebec." Quebec is, metaphorically speaking, under the shadow of the Seven Hills, which, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, makes the grass grow in the streets. But, as Dr. BARNARDO calls Mr. NORTON "a gentleman "of good character and of Christian principles," we may assume without danger of erring in our haste that he belongs to the Protestant minority in the capital of French and Catholic Canada. Dr. BARNARDO'S religious doctrines and philanthropic instincts have not taught him—perhaps they have prevented him from learning—that a parent or guardian, and not the proprietor of a "Home," has the right of determining in what faith his children shall be brought up. It is, of course, perfectly obvious that HARRY'S mother has not paid the money for this prolonged and costly litigation. That must have come from the pockets of richer and, perhaps, more rigid disciples of the Church of Rome. It is, in fact, if the phrase be not beneath the dignity of the contest, a case of pull devil, pull baker. That Dr. BARNARDO was wrong in removing HARRY GOSSAGE from the control of the mother all the Judges in all the Courts are agreed, and when they do agree—the quotation is something musty. But, right or wrong, Dr. BARNARDO has done it, and now the interesting question arises, What is to be done with Dr. BARNARDO?

The late Lord SHERBROOKE, who hated lawyers and their ways, would have been delighted with the judgment of the House of Lords in BARNARDO *v.* FORD. For what, after all this process of motion and appeal, have the Lords decided? Simply and solely that there must be a further return to the writ, for which three months' extension of time is allowed. When Dr.

BARNARDO has filed his answer, for which purpose he will have the whole of the Long Vacation at his disposal, he may be cross-examined on it by counsel of distinguished eminence, who know the value of their professional services. What will happen after that, THEMIS, in her infinite wisdom, alone knows. Meantime Lord HERSCHELL, Lord WATSON, and Lord MACNAGHTEN have laid down two general propositions which will not, to put it mildly, cheapen or facilitate the search for legal redress. In the first place, the LORD CHANCELLOR'S doubts notwithstanding, they have decided that an appeal will lie against the refusal of the *habeas corpus*. In the second place, they have very considerably narrowed the scope of the "have his carcase" itself. The Court of Appeal, or the majority of it, held that, unlawful custody once proved, the application could not be met by showing the custody to have ceased. The Lords say just the opposite. In other words, if you kidnap a boy, and sell him to somebody else, you may snap your fingers at the famous statute of CHARLES II. The ingenuity of the Bar, checked by the vigilance of the Bench, will have to devise some other remedy for the relatives of that captured infant. If JOSEPH'S brethren had been called upon by the Cadi to produce the person of JOSEPH, they could, under this doctrine, have told his Lordship to go to the Madianites and find the stripling for himself. Lord HERSCHELL and Lord WATSON are perfectly logical. *Habeas corpus*, they say, is aimed at illegal detention. Now you cannot detain illegally him whom you are not detaining at all. It seems that Dr. BARNARDO ought to have been treated as in contempt, and dealt with on that footing. Therefore, if his return to the writ should show that the boy was sent away before the writ was received, *habeas corpus* will not do; the whole of the proceedings must fall to the ground, and a fresh set be begun. Blasphemy against the British Constitution is the unpardonable sin. But if a magistrate could send a policeman to fetch a child who had been taken away from his parents, the fabric of society might survive the shock.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MAJORITY.

IT must be a comfort at this anxious moment to the devout Gladstonian—if, indeed, any such being yet survives amid the irreverent crew that now surround the venerable statesman—to learn from the most authoritative of all sources that Mr. GLADSTONE is "satisfied with his majority." This, it is true, only means that he is content with the number by which his party exceeds that of his adversaries. He uses the word majority, that is to say, as the name of an arithmetical relation, and not as a noun of multitude; and his satisfaction with the numerical strength of his party does not, of course, exclude the possibility of his being profoundly dissatisfied with certain of the members who compose it. If he has no such feeling, he is blessed with an amount of meekness and resignation which, even in a man so famed for his endowment with the Christian virtues, is surprising. For the painful truth is that no more humiliating position than that which he at present occupies has ever before been filled by any statesman of Mr. GLADSTONE'S eminence in the political world. There have been signs not a few during the last three or four years that the moral authority of the leader of the Opposition had sensibly declined; but the knowledge that his name and presence at the head of the Radical and Separatist army would be indispensable to victory in the battle which has just been fought has always sufficed to keep even the unruliest of his followers within certain decent bounds of discipline. But now that the battle has been—after a fashion—won, there is no longer the same necessity for feigning obedience, and with the necessity the pretence itself has disappeared. From every division of his motley army Mr. GLADSTONE is being day by day informed that the spoils of victory belong, not to him, but them; and that he will return to power, not to achieve the purpose for which alone, as he plainly told them, he took the field, but simply to do the bidding of whatsoever section of his followers may prove strong enough to impose their will upon the rest. The contrast between the position which he thus occupies and that which he held in 1880, or even in 1885, is melancholy indeed. In the former case, his supremacy over his party was as nearly absolute as it has ever been at any period of his life; and even in the latter, the fact that he was able, as the very first act of his administration, to compel the bulk of his party to take the plunge into Parnellism in his company, affords a significant testimony to the amount of authority and initiative which still belonged to him.

To say that it has now entirely disappeared, and that he will resume the reins of government without any real power of either direction or control, is to say too little. So impatient are his followers that they have not even the decency to wait until the reins are in his hand. From one group of them we learn, even before he has had an opportunity of consulting with his lieutenants, that thus and thus must he first shape his legislative course if he is to count upon their support. To which another body of them indignantly reply that he must do nothing of the sort, but that he must satisfy *their* demands before anything else, or they will know the reason why. Whereupon a third party—smaller, no doubt, than the other two, but speaking with the formidable accents of men who have been once before betrayed—interpose with the ominous warning that they have no intention of submitting to the same treatment a second time. Neither Mr. LABOUCHERE of the first part, nor Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR of the second, nor Mr. ARCH of the third, is in any degree encumbered by false delicacy. They obviously feel none of the hesitation of the counsellor who wishes to influence, but would not presume to dictate. On the contrary, Mr. O'CONNOR tells the great man "plump and plain" in the columns of his newspaper what it is the Irish want of him, and what they are determined to have. And in his even more blunt and rustic way Mr. ARCH, talking "at" his revered leader through an interviewer, gives him clearly to understand that the "once bit" HODGE is now emphatically "twice shy," and that, if Mr. GLADSTONE or any of the ingenious gentlemen about him think that the rural voter is to be fobbed off a second time, as he was in 1886, they are grievously mistaken. He has been once more willing to dispose of his vote to Mr. GLADSTONE for a consideration; but this time his representatives positively intend to see the colour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S money before they place their Parliamentary votes at his service.

Far away the most troublesome, however, though not the most peremptory, of Mr. GLADSTONE'S monitors is Mr. LABOUCHERE. Mr. LABOUCHERE is before all things a Parliamentary tactician and organizer of Parliamentary victory; so, while other men are simply discussing the question where and when to deliver the attack, the CARNOT of Northampton is anxiously reviewing the strength of the attacking army and considering how it may be reinforced. As to the strength, he is clear that it is insufficient, and as to the means of reinforcing it, he has his plan. When in doubt as to the playing value and capacity of your hand, demand, is his artless advice, a new deal; and, under pretence of shuffling the cards, see if you cannot arrange them in some such decent order as to give you a better hand next time. The idea is not a brilliantly original one, and has, indeed, been many times acted upon in fact,

or in analogy, with more or less success, in human history. But what is really and strikingly novel about it is the method by which Mr. LABOUCHERE hopes to give effect to it. Briefly, this may be described as the method of Mrs. BOND, with the Irish party cast for the character of the ducks whom that artless housewife invited to "come and be killed." Up to the present these seventy ducks, jealously watched by nine others of a somewhat different, and exceedingly hostile, breed, have shown not the slightest disposition to respond to the invitation; and the Gladstonian Mrs. BOND has been compelled to assure them in the most solemn manner that no harm is meant to them, and that their necks, if they will only kindly place them at the lady's disposal for a short space, shall be duly returned to them unwrung. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S argument may very likely seem admirably cogent to them in every respect but one. He shows conclusively that the party wants "consolidating" in order to carry a Home Rule Bill, and that, as no such Bill, therefore, can be carried during the present Parliament, the Irish party cannot do better than co-operate with the English Gladstonians in consolidating the party, or, in other words, in packing the electorate by a new Registration Bill. That passed, they can ride for a fall on any popular question they like to select, go to the constituencies, once more return with a majority big enough to swamp the whole Irish vote if necessary, and immediately proceed to give its powerless owners what they want.—Q.E.D.

The Irish party can accompany Mr. LABOUCHERE along his whole train of reasoning up to its last step, at which they stop, declining to take it. It does not strike them as a hopeful way of setting about the task of squeezing Mr. GLADSTONE to hand over the squeezing apparatus to him for destruction; and the plan is not likely to strike them as any more hopeful on a longer examination. In the meantime there are others besides the Irish who have something to say to Mr. LABOUCHERE'S scheme, and to thank him cordially for the magnanimity of ingenuousness which has induced him to explain it so fully to them beforehand. Some of these persons may therefore remind this foolishly clever or cleverly foolish tactician of two things he seems to have forgotten: first, that it is not quite so certain, as he coolly assumes, that any decent Registration Bill will give the Gladstonians their working majority, or any larger majority at all; and, secondly, that any other sort of Registration Bill, any measure avowedly and unblushingly designed to "rig" the constituencies, will have to pass the House of Lords, and that an agitation against them for having foiled so dirty a trick might not be quite so popular as he anticipates.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

THE General Election of 1892 is now a thing of the past, and Mr. Gladstone's majority of forty an established fact; but the question that now exercises the minds of politicians and laymen is, "What will he do with it?" It is a truism to say that it is a critical time for the British Empire, but it is a truism of such importance that every reasoning and reasonable being is trying to see into the future, and to cast a horoscope as to the duration of the Gladstonian majority of 1892, and as to the class of legislation that it is likely to produce.

As regards the duration of the present Parliament under Mr. Gladstone's leadership much has been said, and the whole country is ringing with prophecies, from the Carlton and Reform down to the most modest local clubs, the result being generally that well-informed prophets give the probable duration of Mr. Gladstone's term of office from nine to eighteen months. At the same time we have no hesitation in saying that there are men of both parties, eminently capable of judging, who look upon three or four years as at least a possible term for a new Administration, should Mr. Gladstone's health bear the strain that must necessarily be put upon it. As to his taking such precautionary measures as may enable him to bear that strain, many rumours are flying about. One that is very generally heard and accepted is, that he will take a seat in the House of Lords, and will guide and control the policy of his party, whilst leaving it to one of his lieutenants to lead the House of Commons. This would be a dangerous experiment, as by entering the House of Lords Mr. Gladstone would sacrifice the glamour of his personality as the "People's William"—a catchword which has been a mainstay to him in his various tergiversations. It is also generally acknowledged that none of his lieutenants would have the acumen, tact, or subtlety to steer any Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons, even to the second reading, with a majority composed of ingredients so heterogeneous as he has got together. Moreover, if, as we are constantly told, the House of Lords, should it reject Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, is to be attacked there would be a grave inconsistency in the Government attempting to "mend or end it" just when the leader of that Government had taken his seat in the Upper House. The rumour, therefore, of Mr. Gladstone taking a seat in the House of Lords may be dismissed as highly improbable. Another report is that Lord Spencer will be called upon to form a Government, and to dance as Mr. Gladstone pulls the string. But it is hardly probable that such a thought would enter Mr. Gladstone's head, after he has toiled and worked for six years to get the reins of government once more into his hands, and he would not care to see the Home Rule egg hatched by any other direction than his own, for all that it is an addled egg. One thing is absolutely certain—that the only chance of keeping the majority of such "queerly associated mates" together for any time between nine months and three years is for Mr. Gladstone to manage them himself, and by cajoleries and vague promises to keep them together till his Home Rule Bill has passed through Committee.

And it is in the Committee stage that Mr. Gladstone's powers of reconciling the irreconcilable will be most severely put to the test. There is a growing belief that the Government will attempt to bring in several important measures concurrently with this Bill, each measure being a sop to a different section of a disunited party, in the hope that they may unite in supporting Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. There is talk of a Labour Bill to satisfy the Labour candidates, and some sort of a Registration Bill for the Radicals at large, a Parish Council Bill for the agricultural labourers, a Disestablishment Bill for Wales and Scotland for the Nonconformists, and a Local Option Bill for the teetotallers. Of "one man one vote" we think we shall not hear so much in Parliament as we did during the elections, since it would be impossible for a so-called Liberal Government to introduce such a measure without also accepting "one vote one value," and thus diminish the Gladstonian majority in Ireland. The English constituencies would not fail to see how very unfairly they are being treated as to proportionate representation when compared with the Irish should Mr. Gladstone's Government attempt to introduce "one man one vote" without also giving "one vote one value," and, probably, they would at the next election show their appreciation of being compelled to play second fiddle to Ireland, more especially as it has been shown in the last two General Elections that there are more illiterate voters in Ireland than in Great Britain. We may be putting the cart before the horse in considering the rumours about Mr. Gladstone's policy without first looking into the various *on dits* about the formation of the Cabinet, and the distribution of the "loaves and fishes" at Her Majesty's Court.

Sir William Harcourt has been already receiving visits from the representatives of the various sections, and from Mr. Schnadhorst, whilst his leader is reposing at Hawarden after his exertions in Mid-Lothian, the extreme and unforeseen agitation he suffered, both mentally and physically, at the hands of Mr. Usher, who had the temerity to "heckle" him. These visits are popularly supposed to refer to the formation of the Separatist Government, and no doubt Sir William will present the various claims, with his and Mr. Schnadhorst's views, to Mr. Gladstone on his return to town.

As regards the formation of the Cabinet, which we think and hope will take place in August, every kind of speculation and opinion is rife. It is said that to Sir William Harcourt will fall the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

To Mr. Morley is popularly assigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, though he is ambitious of being "Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." Mr. Labouchere's soul aspires, it is generally believed, to the "Home Secretaryship"; but that may scarcely be, and it is said that he will be offered the "Post Office," which he might reject with scorn; while others say that he is not desirous of taking office at all, and would sooner remain a free-lance, with the possibility of exercising his powers of ridicule and sarcasm, than be bound by the necessary veneer of statesmanship that a seat in the Cabinet would impose on his restless nature. The Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland is supposed to be either for Lord Aberdeen or Lord Spencer, and opinions are equally divided between the two. But it may be that Lord Aberdeen is to be raised to a Dukedom, so that, in the event of the Duchess of Bedford declining it, Lady Aberdeen may be able to accept the post of Mistress of the Robes, although, contrary to popular belief, it is by no means necessary that the holder of that post should be a Duchess. As is usually the case in this country, the apathy as to the army and navy extends to the rumours as to the Secretaryships thereto pertaining, but Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Mundella have been mentioned in this connexion.

The most important post in the Cabinet is giving rise to more surmises and more speculation than any of the others—of course we refer to Foreign Affairs. Lord Rosebery is acknowledged to be the best man for it in this country after Lord Salisbury; but he is a sound statesman, is in favour of a continuity of foreign policy, and does not approve of the propaganda of "scuttle" and "abandon," or the withdrawal of the troops from Egypt. The advanced section of the Radical party is therefore adverse to the post being so offered, and it is whispered that a cabal is being formed against Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Labouchere, and others who are desirous to have Lord Kimberley as foreign minister. Lord Kimberley might be weak-kneed enough to accept any policy of "scuttle" and "abandon" urged upon him by the younger and more blatant Radicals of the party. What gives colour to the rumour is that Lord Rosebery has gone yachting for some weeks. Should there be any foundation for these suppositions, it will be one of the most fatal and successful of Mr. Gladstone's latter-day efforts towards the disruption of the Empire, and the acceleration of disturbances in Europe. We have tried to set forth what is passing in rational men's minds, and to deal with what is being talked about daily, and we are constrained to ask once more as regards his majority, "What will he do with it?" We ask, however, without any hope of getting an answer that will be satisfactory to Great Britain and Ireland either at home or abroad.

GROUSE-MOORS.

IT is probable that the grouse-shooting season will open modestly. Early spring-time on the moors was pleasant; but during the last eight weeks the temperature has been frequently low, and rain-storms have been numerous. In Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire many eggs were cracked by untimely frosts; and subsequently, both in England and in Scotland, young grouse were drowned in thunder showers. The general report now is that the birds are "backward." On most moors they are plentiful enough; but on all moors they are small and feeble for their age, and many of them will still be "cheepers" on the Twelfth. Seven weeks ago there was disease in Sutherland and in Ayrshire, in which counties it will probably linger all the year; but correspondents elsewhere are at one in declaring that the moors have a clean bill of health. In most cases, it is true, the correspondents are gamekeepers whose bias, when they have any, is in the interest of their masters, the landlords; but there is no reason for suspecting that the desire to please the shooting tenants, or the men who may possibly become shooting tenants, leads to any general concealment of disagreeable facts. Year after year the sport, on the whole, is pretty much according to the predictions of the correspondents. It is, that is to say, in harmony with the predictions made just before the opening of the season. The state of the moors is always, any time within four months of the Twelfth, a subject of much interest to sportsmen; but, excepting when it is a very parlous state indeed, it is never, until within a week or so of the opening day, the basis of prediction with absolute assurance. The fairest prospect on the First of August may be utterly undone by the Twelfth. If there is to be disease at all, it is often within those dates that the plague sets in in earnest. Therefore, while the character and the habits of the scourge remain as mysterious as at present, it will be unwise, until the very eve of our departure for the North, to do more than hope for the best.

The rise in the value of grouse-moors during these ten years has been very remarkable. It has been so great that latterly some estate agents have been hoping to see it arrested. These agents, whose thoughts have recently been set forth in certain journals of sport, fear that if the rise continues there will be a collapse of the vogue of grouse-shooting and the moors will revert to their prairie values. It is not impossible that the vogue may diminish. Deer-stalking, which the natural man might imagine to be a sport permanently superior to grouse-shooting, is not so popular as it once was, and the rents of deer-forests have been falling these few years. There is good reason for believing, however, that the estate agents are unduly apprehensive. The fall in the value of deer-forests is almost insignificant. At least, the most it signifies is that some of the men who like to spend autumn in the Highlands prefer a sport which is less arduous than that of stalking the stag. Perhaps, also, there is an element of humane feeling in the matter. It is scarcely possible to feel that there is cruelty in the quick, clean act of bringing down a grouse; but it is more than possible to feel that there is cruelty in deer-stalking, for not a few of the stags that are shot escape to die, or to recover, in lingering pain. The slight decline in the value of deer-forests, then, cannot be regarded as having any bearing on the possible decline in the value of grouse-moors. If the apprehension of the estate agents is fulfilled, it will be so under stress of considerations which apply to the moors alone. It will be simply because the popularity of grouse-shooting shall have diminished.

That is an improbable contingency. An instinct for field-sports, especially for those in which guns are used, is inherent in civilization, and it is pretty certain that nothing less than the ruin of the moors by State-legalized incursions of the tourist will put an end to grouse-shooting. Some of the agents seem to think that in the nature of things grouse-moors have an arbitrary value. They feel that rents higher than those which are fixed on the principle of 1*l.* a brace of the prospective bag would be out of the question, and a presage of ruin to the Highland lairds. The fear is false. There is no such thing as a natural arbitrary value. The value of grouse-moors, like the value of every other commodity, must always rise and fall with the demand. If the demand increases so much that men offer rents at the rate of 2*l.* a brace of the prospective bag, the rents will be double what they are at present; and that will be quite right. The misfortune which the tenant suffers when the prospective bag is heavier than the actual bag is nowadays neutralized, in many cases, by a stipulation that if his sport is less than he was led to expect there will be a proportionate abatement of the rent. That seems not unreasonable; but it is possible to regard it as the result of excessive liberality on the part of the landlords. Sportsmen begin negotiating about moors for next year almost before this year is over. They know that if they do not negotiate early they may not negotiate successfully at all. They certainly cannot blame the landlords if after the leases have been entered into disease or other adversity causes the moors to turn out less well than was expected. We allude, of course, to the cases in which the agent's statements about the prospective bags were made in good faith. In such cases it is right that tenants who enter into leases long before the Twelfth should take the risk, and refrain from grumbling in the event of its being realized. The evil of the other cases, which are believed to be very few, will speedily cure itself. The new custom of arranging for an abatement of rent in consideration of the bag being lighter than was expected will make excessive promises by the agents rare, by rendering them useless.

MONEY MATTERS.

A DISPUTE has broken out in the cotton trade which is only too likely to lead to a general lock-out and to great loss and suffering. On Friday of last week the Executive Council of the Master Spinners Federation met at

Manchester, and unanimously decided that work should be restricted to three days a week, and that wages be reduced 10 per cent. A circular to this effect was forwarded to all the secretaries of the District Associations included in the Federation, and it is expected that, if 75 per cent. of the members agree, the decision will be rigorously enforced. The workpeople, however, declare that they will resist. They do not dispute that the trade is now in a very bad way, that there is little or no profit upon spinning, and that something must be done to apply a remedy. But they allege that reducing wages will do no good, that it will simply enable the Master Spinners to continue the unwise competition which has brought about the present unsatisfactory state of things, and that, consequently, the masters will gain nothing, but the men will lose. They urge, therefore, that the true remedy is to be found in a restriction of production. It is to be hoped that both sides will show moderation and good sense. A general lock-out would inflict great suffering upon all employed in the cotton trade, and would increase the depression in trade—already too general and severe. As a month's notice must be given to the workpeople, there will be time for better counsels to prevail, and we trust that everything possible will be done to avert a protracted and bitter struggle. The condition of the trade appears to be due partly to over-production, partly to the Baring crisis, and partly to the unwise silver policy of the United States. At home and abroad there has for years been a keen competition in cotton manufactures. Everywhere the number of spindles at work has been increased; and as the cotton crops for a couple of years have been very large, the production has augmented year by year. On the other hand, the consumption of this country's cotton manufactures has been checked by the prohibitive tariffs of so many foreign countries, and by the great crisis through which the world is passing. The breakdown in South America has disabled important customers to buy from us as largely as formerly, and the Far East for a year or two has been suffering very severely. The extraordinary rise in silver in 1890—due to the last Silver Act passed by the American Congress—and the still more extraordinary fall during the past year and a half, have completely disorganized the trade of the silver-using countries. Unfortunately, China has suffered recently from a great famine and also from political disturbances. India has been tried by drought; and there has been a wild speculation both in India and in the Straits Settlements—in silver, in mining, and in Company shares. The speculation has broken down, there is extreme depression, there is a great falling off in the demand for manufactures; and thus, while the European production of cotton goods has been steadily increasing, there is a ruinous decline in the demand of our most important customers. On the face of it this would seem to justify the contention of the workpeople. There is over-competition, and the true remedy is to be found in reducing that competition. But, unfortunately, there are no effectual means of doing this. If production were to be artificially reduced at home, it probably would be stimulated abroad; and besides, all experience shows that artificial arrangements to reduce production never hold good for a sufficient length of time. Some of the members are sure to *rat*, and the whole combination then breaks down. On the other hand, the reduction of wages, though it will not afford a permanent remedy, will, for the time being, relieve the employers—will enable them, that is to say, to continue working without serious loss. The operatives, then, should bear in mind that it is useless to expect that capitalists will go on producing if they can only sell at a loss, and that it is better for themselves to see their earnings somewhat reduced than to face a total loss of wages for weeks, or it may be even for months. Whether so great a reduction as 10 per cent. is required we do not pretend to know—indeed, it is impossible for any outsider to give a sound opinion upon the point. But it seems clear all the same that some reduction is necessary. At the same time while we would counsel the working-men not to drive the masters to extremities, we would urge upon employers not to be too exacting in their demands, and to try if they cannot somehow meet their employés half-way.

The money market is very lifeless, and, of course, is likely to continue so during the summer. Besides the absence of speculation and of new enterprise, there is much anxiety respecting the silver market. It seems clear that the United States must soon stop their purchases of silver. If so, silver will probably fall ruinously, and people are anxiously asking what will happen in the silver-using countries and in the trade with them? While uncertainty on the point continues there can be no marked improvement in business.

The price of silver fell on Tuesday to $39\frac{1}{16}d.$ per oz., barely a quarter of a farthing per oz. above the lowest quotation ever yet recorded. On Wednesday there was a slight recovery; but the market is very sensitive, and a further fall looks likely. The American silver policy, as already said, has completely broken down, and it seems inevitable that the purchases of silver must be stopped as soon as the Congress to be elected in November meets next March.

The fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Tuesday morning, showed that there had been very large speculative sales in all departments during the previous fortnight. Speculative sellers had to pay fines on non-delivery in the Home Railway market, and in the Inter-Bourse department. Even some South African gold shares were scarce, and there was but a small supply of American securities. Naturally, therefore, the speculative sellers have been buying back, partly because of their unwillingness to go on paying heavy fines, and partly because they are preparing for their holidays. But, in spite of the recovery in quotations, there is no real increase of business, nor is there any likely for months yet. While uncertainty respecting silver continues, it is improbable that American railroad securities will be bought; indeed, we are of opinion that investors would act wisely to keep aloof altogether from the American market. The United States is a very rich and a very prosperous country, and it is possible that its silver mistakes may not bring on a crisis; but it is only too probable, for all that, that distrust will increase, and consequently that there will be a fall in the American market. No doubt purely trade prospects are good; but that will avail little if distrust deepens. Inter-Bourse securities are entirely too high. Fortunately British investors have been getting rid of those securities for years now, so that at the present time, with the exception of a few—notably Egyptian—the holdings here are smaller than they have been for a generation or two. In Home Railway stocks, on the other hand, we see no reason to anticipate any serious fall. The foreign trade, no doubt, is bad, there is anxiety respecting silver, the condition of many foreign countries is precarious; but at the same time the home trade keeps very good, and upon the whole Home Railway stocks will be found, we think, to yield as good a return as any other security—a better return, indeed, than any other security equally safe. From time to time speculators will sell, as they sold largely during the elections. Investors, however, ought not to be troubled by mere fluctuations in the market; what they have to consider is the probable yield over a series of years.

The dividends of most of the heavy lines are not yet announced; indeed, the announcements this week have been few. The Lancashire and Yorkshire dividend is at the rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, comparing with $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago. The North Staffordshire declares $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., against $4\frac{3}{4}$ this time last year, and the North London pays the usual $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The announcements are very nearly what was anticipated by the market, and have had no appreciable influence upon quotations.

The north-east wind which has been blowing nearly all the week is unfavourable to the crops. The pessimist anticipations are realized in the case of the hay crop, which is one of the shortest for very many years. Unless the aftermath is very good, the look-out for the winter keep of cattle is not promising.

There has been very little change in the week in British and Colonial Government stocks. In the Home Railway department, however, there is a general advance in the stocks of heavy lines. Thus North-Western closed on Thursday at 176, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{3}{4}$; Midland closed at $155\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{8}$; and North-Eastern closed at $154\frac{7}{8}$, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$. The disappointment with the South-Eastern dividend continues, and there has been a further fall. South-Eastern Ordinary closed on Thursday at 108, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 2; and the "A" stock closed at 70, a fall of 3. In the American market there has been a general advance. Atchison shares closed at $38\frac{1}{2}$,

a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{7}{8}$; Erie closed at $28\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Milwaukee closed at $85\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$. Coming now to the dividend-paying stocks, Louisville and Nashville closed at $71\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; Lake Shore closed at $137\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and New York Central closed at 116, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. In Argentine railway stocks there has been little movement; but the National Five per Cent. loan of 1886 closed on Thursday at $64\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{3}{4}$; the Funding Loan closed at $57\frac{3}{4}$, also a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. The Greek Loan of 1884 likewise fell, closing on Thursday at 70, a decline compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Generally, however, international securities have risen. Hungarian closed on Thursday at $92\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Italian closed at $90\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; Egyptian Unified closed at $97\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$; and Spanish closed at $62\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$.

NAMES OR BRAINS.

IT sometimes happens that when a practical question seems to have been thoroughly threshed out in discussion, and all the probabilities appear to have been exhausted, upon the experiment at last being tried, something of which nobody had dreamed leaps out of Pandora's box, and produces a result which nobody could have foreseen. The question whether articles in reviews and literary periodicals should be signed seemed to have been as thoroughly threshed out as any question could be. All had been said that could be said on one side in favour of personal responsibility, and on the other in favour of criticism free from personal responsibility but under editorial control. Argument and prediction having been exhausted, the experiment was tried, when out of Pandora's box there leapt that thing of which nobody had thought and which falsified all anticipations. Nobody, so far as we recollect, in the whole course of the controversy had suggested or imagined that, by introducing the practice of putting names to articles, the editorship of reviews and literary periodicals would be turned into a hunt for names.

Yet so it is, or is coming rapidly to be. We are very far from saying that our reviews and magazines under the new system have ceased to compete with each other in the intrinsic worth of their articles; but we do say that the competition has become to no small extent, and tends to become to a still greater extent, a rivalry in the capture of conspicuous names. The office and qualifications of the editor as a fisher of names grow less literary and more social. He must be a man who has, or knows how, to make for himself social access to the possessors of names, and who has the winning ways by which they can be drawn into the net, and induced to promise something for the next number. The advertisement of the next number proclaims the triumph of his social address, and the capture of the prize. For editorship of this kind literary discernment, or acquaintance with literary subjects, is but a secondary qualification. When the name is captured the editor's most important work is done. The responsibility being cast on the writer by whom the article is signed, the editor may almost abdicate—indeed, we sometimes see reasons for suspecting that he has already abdicated—his literary functions. Obviously this is not conducive to high literary excellence, or to the intrinsic worth of articles. It must often happen that the possessor of a name is not a good writer. Sometimes there may be nothing about which he particularly wishes to write, even in connexion with his own subject. If he is a busy man, he may not have time to put his thoughts in form. But he yields to solicitation, and promises something for the next number. The something may turn out to be the merest scrap, devoid, not only of literary merit, but even of substantial interest. But, whatever the paper is, it can hardly be rejected. We think we have more than once seen in a respectable magazine a paper signed by a prominent man, which would hardly have found insertion as a letter in a morning journal, and which, if offered with an ordinary name to the editor of a review, would certainly have been returned with thanks. A somewhat untoward influence is apt to be exerted, at the same time, on the choice of subjects and the scale upon which they are treated. Subjects which require study and thought, and which are proper to a literary periodical, are insensibly discarded in favour of the burning questions of the day, on which some prominent politician or leading literary man can easily throw off a few lines. The more names there are on the cover of the magazine the better. And this, again, has a tendency, by reducing the number of pages allowed to each writer, to limit the scale of treatment, and sometimes bring it below what a first-rate subject requires. It is chiefly in the old quarterlies that we now see first-rate subjects treated on a satisfactory scale. A notable device of the assiduous and skilful name-hunter is the Symposium, by means of which a whole galaxy of conspicuous signatures is presented to us at once with the utmost economy of space. Some words have had curious histories. The title of a great officer of State has sunk into that of a village policeman, while what was once the designation of a blacksmith has risen into that of the highest military commander. But hardly any word has had a more curious history than "Symposium," which, from its original meaning of a drinking party, has come to denote a printed discussion, carried on by a group of divines or philosophers about high problems of theology or metaphysics. By this time probably many people believe that "Symposium" is the Greek for a dialogue.

In this, as in all matters of practical science and invention, our American friends outstrip us. The American editor not only pursues the hunt after names more assiduously and systematically than his British rival, but he carries out his system to its full results by the aid of sensational typography. His grandest names are printed in the biggest letters in his table of contents and his advertisements. When the name is one which he fears is not sufficiently famous, a biographical bulletin supplies the necessary halo. "Full-Orbed Education," says the editor in one of these bulletins, "is the title of a powerful contribution by Professor ——, which I hope to be able to publish in the next issue. Professor —— is, in my judgment, the ablest thinker in broad and practical educational items in America to-day. This paper will be one of the most notable contributions to educational literature of the present decade." Again:—"A thoughtful essay entitled 'Woman's Cause is Man's,' by Miss ——, will be a feature of the March number. Miss —— is unquestionably one of the most remarkable women of our age. The work she is doing for the elevation of the race is incalculable, and while on many religious points I hold radically different views from her, I appreciate in her the noble woman who is doing within the lines of orthodoxy a magnificent work for God and man, in furthering temperance, social purity, and other great ethical reforms." The American editor, also, as might have been expected, goes beyond his British rival in his fondness for burning questions. In fact, he admits no questions or subjects, if he can help it, which are not more or less burning. To literary or historical subjects he will rarely have anything to say. In the *North American*, which appears to hold the highest place among American reviews, and the *Forum*, which appears to hold the second place, a literary or historical subject is hardly ever seen. The *North American*, indeed, has recently been giving a whole series of papers on the Olympian religion, which were not only as far as possible from being sensational, but almost as far as possible from being sense, and would hardly have commended themselves on either of those grounds to the judgment of the editor, but which, nevertheless, occupied a place of honour in the numbers, and were advertised in the largest letters. The explanation of their exceptional privilege was that they were signed by Mr. Gladstone, and probably ninety-nine out of a hundred of the readers of the review were satisfied with the perusal of the illustrious signature. We noticed also some time ago, in the same periodical, a homily on the duties of the religious man towards the State, which might likewise be described as the reverse of sensational. In fact, it might have been delivered as a sermon without any risk of disturbing the repose of the lightest sleeper in the congregation. We venture to say that it would not have found insertion had it been signed with the name of a mere literary man. But, being signed by a Cardinal, it found not only insertion, but insertion in the highest place of honour. The shortening of articles is also carried further by American than by English editors. It is carried so far as to render it hardly possible that any great question or subject should be treated with the necessary breadth and fulness. The articles thus become little more than a series

of newspaper editorials. In fact, one does not see why a good many of them should have appeared in any other form, or how, if the practice continues, the periodicals will be able to show that they have any standing ground apart from the newspapers. There is no use in finding fault with an editor or any one else for supplying the goods which his market requires; but a system of short, spasmodic articles on burning questions is not, one would imagine, exactly the thing of which the American mind stands in need. However, our *Quarterlys* and *Edinburghs*, we believe, still find their way to the higher reading public of the United States.

Of course, the system of signed articles has its advantages. Any practice is sure to have its advantages which has been widely adopted. Personal responsibility, no doubt, is favourable to care and conscientiousness. On the other hand, in reviewing it is adverse to freedom, and therefore, in some measure, to integrity, unless the reviewer is Rhadamanthus, with triple brass about his breast. The collaboration of a well-chosen writer with an editor who is probably free from the writer's individual sympathies or antipathies is, on the whole, as good a security for fairness as we are likely to get. The editor of every well-known periodical, though his name may not be on its back, does practically afford the guarantee of his personal responsibility for its character. Courtesy in discussion has advanced; but this is due more to the general improvement in manners than to any change in literary system. We think we have seen in signed articles things essentially as discreditable to the temper of the writers, and as insulting to those of whom they wrote, as anything that we ever saw in anonymous criticism. The same class of men who will behave like ruffians in the House of Commons will, if allowed, behave like ruffians in print, and perhaps they do it with the more gusto when they do it in their own persons. They are no longer in danger, like their prototypes in the days of Junius, of being put to the sword. There can be no doubt as to the relaxation of editorial control and supervision; in fact, it is difficult to say what an editor has to do in the way of correction which cannot be done by the reader for the press when the entire responsibility is thrown on the contributor. The name of a man of eminence in a special department, it may be said with truth, draws attention to the article; but the article would probably draw attention by its intrinsic excellence, not to say that in such cases the name of the writer usually becomes known. At all events, there can be no doubt, we venture to think, as to the growing liability of the system of signed articles to the infirmity which we have pointed out. The editor of a periodical in which the articles are unsigned having nothing but intrinsic merit to commend his wares, must of necessity look out for brains. Experience shows with increasing clearness that the editor of a periodical in which the articles are signed is greatly tempted, instead of looking out for brains, to look out for names.

EXHIBITIONS.

It is not much more than a year since Mr. Long died, and it is already proposed to form a permanent Edwin Long Gallery in London on the model of that Doré Gallery which has for so many years past been an institution of lower-middle-class life. What success the imitation is likely to have our readers may estimate for themselves by a visit to 25 Old Bond Street, where the nucleus of a Long collection is now on view, in the form of a collection of fifteen pictures of greater or less importance. The public is admitted to be fickle, but we are not prepared to say that it may not throng in its masses to admire all this tepid religious art. In his lifetime they loved Edwin Long, and why should not they, and their children after them, cling to his memory? This is a matter which, as it seems to us, hardly belongs to æsthetics at all. Those who bought the innumerable editions of Robert Montgomery did not criticize the poetry; to be an admirer of Edwin Long presupposes no affection for painting.

The very large composition called "The Parable of the Sower" (1) has not, we think, been exhibited before. It is accompanied by "a description from the pen of the Rev. Canon Farrar," which is equally "inédit." To insist on the sympathy which existed between the painter and his eulogist might lead us into difficult fields. The very style, however, of each is in absolute harmony with the other, and when we read about "the beautiful and luminous figure of a youth in a blue robe, who is pointing upwards," or of the personage, "whom we may perhaps regard as St. Matthew, who has picked up one of the broad flat pebbles of the shore, and with a stylus is scratching upon it some word, or turn of expression, he specially desires to remember," we hardly know whether the brush of Edwin Long inspired the pen of Canon Farrar, or whether it was Canon Farrar's lofty mission to have fired the genius of Edwin Long. *Arcades ambo!* shepherds of the same kind of sheep, feeding in the identical pasture, with the brand of Askelon on the fleece of every one of their charges.

The inadequacy of Long's imagination is curiously proved by all his ambitious pieces, though they are never quite devoid of a sort of cleverness. It is almost pitiful to see subjects so mysterious, so terrible, so exotic as his Egyptian themes treated with this cold English light thrown on studio properties and on a few grouped Italian models. No legend more singular and ghastly could be offered to a painter than that which describes how the priests of Anubis juggled with tame jackals on the feast of their deity, frightening confession out of criminals by supernatural exposures in the dim recesses of the temple. In Mr. Long's hands the thing looks like conjuring tricks at a Sunday-school festival. We know not what absence of the power to see and realize it is that irritates us beyond expression in the mere green water-plants and rosy ibis of "Pharaoh's Daughter" (4), so lamentable are these in their insufficiency. That the Edwin Long Gallery may not become, what its founders hope, a constant attraction to the public we are far from asserting; but our blessing can positively not go with the enterprise.

A very interesting exhibition of paintings by old Japanese masters, selected from the collection of Mr. W. Gowland, has been on view in the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi; but, unfortunately for the artistic public, only for two days. We believe that there is some hope that these pictures may again be exhibited, and less provisionally, when we shall hope to dwell upon them at greater length.

THE VITALITY OF ARCHERY.

Archery never dies. Apart from mythology and prehistoric times, there has been no period in the world's history when archery has not existed in one quarter or another. We have abundant evidence of its presence and power in warfare from the earliest days, until superseded by firearms, and it has been the ordinary means of obtaining food in all ages and in all countries, until civilization introduced the necessaries of life by other methods. It no longer exists for these purposes, except in remote regions; but it survives as a pastime, which bids fair to last as long as it did in its former state. An enthusiastic archer has written that "so long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men." We endorse that forecast and re-echo that hope. Surprise is sometimes expressed that archery does not make the same visible and substantial progress which cricket and tennis have made during the last twenty years; but surprise should rather be shown at the wonderful vitality which enables it, in spite of formidable rivals, to keep on the even tenour of its way. The keen zest and tranquil enjoyment which distinguish it from other sports or amusements are not to be denied, and whatever counter-attractions may present themselves, it is certain there will always be a section of Englishmen who will turn to it as naturally as a duck to water. The skill of our yeomen on the battlefields of the fourteenth century has descended to men not unworthy of the example set them, and modern scores will testify that neither the yew, from which the bows are now cut, nor the sinews of those who use them, have in any way deteriorated. Doubtless golf and lawn-tennis attract many who would otherwise enter the ranks of archers; but it remains to be seen how they will stand the test of centuries, and if they will not succumb to games that are yet unborn. In any case, there is room for all; but that archery is in any danger of being ousted by the above or any other amusements we refuse to believe. It will hold its own, as it has hitherto done, quietly and unobtrusively, maintaining, we trust, a high standard of skill and efficiency, and affording endless pleasure to those who practise it. It has never had a populous following, for its adherents are principally drawn from that comparatively

limited class which has leisure as well as pocket-money, and which needs neither the aid of professionals nor the stimulus of betting. Public archery meetings are *réunions* which are altogether unique. Nowhere else can ladies and gentlemen be seen in goodly numbers taking part in any outdoor competition; all of them on terms of social equality, many of them well known to each other, and half of them reassembling in the evening to discuss at the *table d'hôte* the doings of the day, the records of past meetings, and the prospects of future ones.

At a fashionable race-meeting both sexes mingle in the enclosure, and, although they may talk to their heart's content, get up sweepstakes, and show smart toilettes, it is not they but the horses who win the prizes and divide the honours. At an important cricket-match the ladies may muster in force; but their remarks on the game betray how little they, as spectators, see of it, or, as sympathizers, understand it. If their brothers or cousins have taught them something of its rudiments, and they venture to take the field themselves, once in a way, against an eleven of broomsticks, well, it amuses them and it makes the men smile, yet the very conditions of the match offer no basis for comparison or congratulation. At a lawn-tennis tournament those engaged in the contest are thoroughly absorbed while it lasts; their turn has come and gone; it has, perhaps, been a short and merry one, but it was soon over; one set is very like another, and few incidents ever arise during the play which can kindle more than a passing enthusiasm. At golf the company splits up into incongruous couples, who, according to somebody's definition of the game, spend one-half of their time in losing the ball, and the other half in finding it; if ladies play, they must of course pair with one another, and that does not seem natural; so that, however exciting the struggle may be, its sociability is at best limited. In the hunting-field ladies and gentlemen meet, it is true, but the proportion of the former is insignificant; moreover, hunting is an expensive luxury which only the few can afford, and there are manifestly many ladies who cannot hunt who yet might shoot. But, allowing for all that may be advanced in favour of archery's many rivals, of which hunting, being a winter sport, is not one, and recognizing their formidable pretensions, it still remains a mystery why that residue of able-bodied gentlefolk which patronizes no open-air pastimes, but which does possess means and leisure, does not take more kindly to bows and arrows. What more appropriate relaxation could be devised for middle age? Both men and women have then had enough of those amusements which entail more or less active effort, and are ready for something less exhilarating or less exacting. Their constitutions will benefit by exercise of a milder type, and archery will give them one of which they will never tire, and which will bring them vigour and enjoyment in their purest form. It is not everybody who needs the incentive of competition, or who can afford to follow the pleasures of the gun and saddle, therefore there must be many who could desire nothing better than a couple of hours' quiet distraction such as the York Round offers. Not a little of the charm of archery lies in the ups and downs which beset the road to good shooting, its very uncertainty adding a relish to every round. If excellence were attainable with no trouble, half the triumph of success would be missed. The discipline of archery, as in other difficult undertakings, is specially suited to the temperament of Englishmen by training their best points and bringing out good latent qualities; the very fact that something had to be surmounted will suffice to make some people take up bows and arrows just for the sake of mastering it. It is not asserted that archery is everything, but it is claimed that there is no more enjoyable and health-giving amusement, especially for ladies. There is no reason why the bulk of those well-to-do matrons and spinsters who neither hop, skip, nor jump should not keep their constitutions in order by drawing the long-bow. It takes them into the fresh air, offers them an alternative to superfluous art-work or novel-reading, supplies them with exercise of the best kind, in that it is steady and unaccompanied by sudden or unforeseen strain; is a pleasant break in the day's routine, and a release from domestic duties, proves a good lesson in patience and perseverance, and often has about it that element of uncertainty which in cricket is termed "glorious." In ease and grace of position it takes precedence of any movements of body, except, perhaps, the trained attitudes of hygienic drill. Yet, even with this and its other attractions, it doubtless would not commend itself to such ladies as in the winter take their pleasure in hockey—a boisterous and unfeminine game, which in due course will lead them on to leap-frog and paper-chases. Although archery will not satisfy either the restless craving or the lively dispositions of those female athletes who aspire to follow the male athlete in all modes of "playfare," rough or otherwise, they might at least try it during the summer, if not in earnest, then as an adjunct to a garden-party, like soap-bubbles or grummits. Being in good training from their vigorous antecedents, success might smile early upon some; but to most of them archery would appear poor sport, and they would soon relinquish it for something more heart-stirring. To any, however, who did persevere, the result would repay the effort. With ordinary health and strength, and a start under the eye of some experienced archer, success would be almost sure to follow, though it might vary in degree and often prove intermittent.

It must not be forgotten that one prominent and welcome phase of modern archery has been its development among the fair sex and their marked average improvement. When the first Grand National took place at York in 1844, no ladies entered for it; in 1860 the numbers had risen to 99, and in 1886 they were 95, there being then five public meetings instead of one, whilst the ladies now outnumber the men, and at club meetings their proportion is as 3, 4, 5, or 6 to 1. In 1854 the shooting was such that after the first public meeting at Leamington the local newspaper wrote:—"No accidents arose from stray arrows. The silence and force with which these weapons glance through the air make it absolutely necessary that great precautions should be adopted." Nowadays we need hardly say such comments are never made, and ladies think nothing of putting 40 out of 48 arrows into the target at 60 yards, or 20 out of 24 at 50 yards. In fact, their shooting has improved to such an extent that at 60 yards they believe they can hold their own against the men, and it is certain that at 50 yards they would beat the men at 60 yards. The question as to which sex is the better at 60 yards is to be tried during the summer in the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society, when the twelve best ladies obtainable will shoot a match at 60 yards against the same number of men. We think the ladies will be beaten. A closer, though less interesting, match might be arranged if the men were to shoot 8 dozen arrows at 60 yards, and the ladies 4 dozen at 60 yards, and 4 dozen at 50. As a rule, men have not as much time to spare for practice as ladies, and those engaged in other business than the business of pleasure are unable to give many days out of a limited holiday for either public or club meetings. A man may be devoted to archery, and may shoot his daily round with faithful diligence; but, as the York Round at a meeting means the sacrifice of a whole day, he cannot be present at many during the season.

Some people have never been to an archery meeting; we can assure them there is no fairer sight than a large gathering of archers at work on a bright afternoon in June. The level ground of close-cut grass, brilliant with its animated throng, the coats of Lincoln green mingling with the soft-hued dresses of the ladies as the archers pass to and fro between the glittering targets, the flashing of the arrows through the air and their pit-pat upon the canvas, combine to form a typical and attractive picture; and, if the picture be thus pleasant to look upon, surely the frame is worthy of it, with its background of stately trees, its gay flower-beds, its tents, its pavilion, and its military band. The uninitiated have an idea that archery is all child's play, and talk of "playing" at bows and arrows as if it were a game of puff and dart. Let one of them, however, take up a bow of average strength, string it for him, give him an arrow, and then tell him to draw it out. The effort to do so will open his eyes and "puzzle the will"; for the odds are ten to one he fails, and he will have to admit that he had underestimated both the archer's muscle and the fibre of a good yew bow. He will not then be so surprised to learn that every arrow drawn out means a dead weight of fifty pounds on each arm, and he will possibly in future show more respect for "only an archer" as he remembers the weight to be lifted with every one of the 144 arrows which constitute a York Round. Yet this is not too much for an archer in his usual form; being perfection of bodily exercise, there is no undue labour in archery; for every one should handle a bow well within his strength, and the rest to the arms and fingers in the interval between the ends is sufficient. Of course shooting a round on one's own ground is very different

to shooting one at a public meeting, and is not excessive exercise. There are the targets invitingly pitched and always ready; neither partner nor opponent is required, though the boon of companionship is ever welcome; and the Clerk of the Weather and oneself are the only two persons to be consulted. If a man be shooting alone or with one friend, the round may be got through comfortably in a couple of hours, and who will say that two such hours have not been profitably and pleasurably employed? Interest does not flag so long as an arrow remains unloosed, and if there is a prospect of topping your own "record," there is a stern resolve not to fall off as the end approaches, but to fight steadily against the sapping of fatigue or the demoralization of nerves. Should you have a companion, and he is about your own calibre, a healthy rivalry is imparted to the morning's work, and there is a further inducement to head your best score and his. At a public meeting there is more or less waiting about, according to the number of competitors at each target, and this delay, when spread over four or five hours, adds perceptibly to the burden of the day. The wear and tear is certainly a test of fitness and often of mettle. It lasts three days, and is often preceded by a long railway journey; change of life and petty eventualities affect the shooting more or less according to the temperament of each individual, and it requires *mens sana in corpore sano* to go through the three days' work with satisfaction to oneself, although its worries and weariness are forgotten in the varied delights of the meeting. An ex-champion, and one not troubled with nerves, used to say he found it necessary to elevate his point of aim half a target at a public meeting to allow for what was taken out of him on the occasion.

That archery has had such a continuity of existence since it ceased to be a weapon of war is strong proof there must be considerable fascination about it. Cricket has grown out of club-ball and golf out of bandy-ball, but archery alone among outdoor sports has survived in its integrity to the present day. The secret lies to a great extent in its self-effort and self-reward. An archer needs no extraneous aid, and is independent of any one else's action. So long as he has strength he can pursue his amusement. He supplies his own motive force. He has no "sight" to help him, nor powder to discharge the arrow, but his knowledge of what to do and how to do it enables him to hit the target. Eye, arm, and hand work together spontaneously, intuitively—a combination of decision and precision which produces good and commendable results. With his point of aim once determined, he will continue to hit the target with more or less certainty, and beside the satisfaction of doing so, there is a consciousness of having wrestled with his subject and won. None but a true and inspired archer can realize the sensation of that supreme moment just before the loose, when, with eyes riveted on the point of aim, the arrow drawn out, and the whole body in a state of tension, the desire, the will, and the strength of the man are all concentrated to despatch the arrow fitly. Success follows, and with it a taste of that witchery which will ever captivate the heart of him or her who is an archer, whilst to those who have not yet taken up archery, we would commend it most strongly, adding, in the words of Bishop Latimer, "It is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic."

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a week which has been almost absolutely rainless, but which, nevertheless, has been chilly, as the winds, in the south of England at least, have been easterly, and the sky cloudy. The reason of all this has been that an anticyclone has been lying over Ireland, and has then moved gradually north-eastwards, causing the easterly wind on its southern side to freshen along the south coast of England. On Thursday, July 21, the conditions were somewhat remarkable. The very warmest place in Europe was Haparanda, within the Arctic circle, where the thermometer marked 71° at 8 A.M., and rose to 79° during the day, being higher than the maximum readings at either Nice or Lisbon. This outburst of warmth was due to the existence of a depression over the Gulf of Bothnia, the easterly winds on the northern side of which cleared the sky of cloud, and allowed the sun to warm the air. With the advance of this depression over Russia, the temperature in the north of Sweden fell, and has not since recovered itself. In these islands there have been no features of interest to chronicle; temperature has ranged decidedly higher than it did in the previous week, and 70° has been reached fairly frequently. On Friday (July 22) 76° was reached at Loughborough and 75° at Cambridge, and on Saturday 74° in London. Still the temperatures at 8 A.M. have been very generally below 60°. In France warm weather has at last been announced; Rochefort reported readings above 90° on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The highest readings anywhere else were 88° at Lyons on Wednesday and 85° at Biarritz on Sunday. At Nice the thermometer has stood above 70° at 8 A.M. on several mornings, reaching 75° on Wednesday. The dry weather we have had has been of great service to farmers in getting in their hay, for the rain at the beginning of the month had caused considerable anxiety. In the south of Devon, however, there are great complaints of the drought. We have, at all events, had the experience that a summer anticyclone does not always bring clear warm weather; for during the last few days the clouds in London have been very dense, and almost threatening enough to portend a thunderstorm.

The results of the rain records for the seven months, at least up to July 23, show that, while the north-east and north-west of England have both received their due quantum, the most serious defaulters are the south-west of England, which wants 6·6 inches, and the south of England and west of Scotland, both of which want over 4 inches to make up their respective allowances.

As to sunshine, the week was better than that which preceded it. Jersey secured 58, Guernsey 56, and Falmouth 51 per cent. of their respective total durations.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

WE could wish that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had chosen any other piece than *La Tosca* for her farewell last Saturday. Both play and acting were noticed here six weeks ago at length, and it is superfluous to return to them. Yet we cannot but record that experience only deepens our dislike of M. Sardou's melodrama. It is clever enough in a way, but not in the way either of literature or true dramatic art. It belongs intrinsically to the class of pieces of what must be called music, for want of an exact term, which are composed (as they call it) to show off the manual dexterity of some popular pianist or violinist. The actor or virtuoso who prefers such things to real dramatic literature and real music chooses as a sculptor might choose, who loved better to make spectators gape by his "amazing cleverness" in handling rotten wood than to labour on the marble. Moreover, "und wenn 'uns' auch der ganze Kreis verhöhnt," we shall continue to believe that it is not clean to appeal to the feelings which are meant to be touched by the torture scene and the language of Scarpia's declaration in the fourth act. One is half-inclined to use the ugly word which Sainte-Beuve applied to certain parts of *Salammbô*. The sham realism of the play even affects the acting. When La Tosca wiped her hands, after stabbing Scarpia, they were red.

Now this kind of realism is unpleasant; and, moreover, it was made to look somewhat childish by the fact that there was no blood upon Scarpia's dress. It is surely a mistake to be "realistic" enough to break an old artistic convention, and yet not to be consistently realistic. Let us be either "fedeli a Dio" or "ribelli" in a manly way. These half-measures are "A Dio spiacenti ed ai nemici sui." Since we are on the subject of realism, by the way, we may also point out that La Tosca kills her man in an almost impossible fashion, by a nearly direct blow on the upper part of the chest, where there are nineteen chances out of twenty that the knife would have stopped on the bone, and the wound would not have been mortal at once, even if the weapon had got in. If we are told that all this is pedantry, and that nobody asks for the accuracy of a butcher's shop from the stage, we agree; but then why those red marks on Mme. Bernhardt's hands? "Fedeli a Dio," we say again, or "ribelli." Of course, if we decide for rebellion we are on a road which may lead far—may lead, among other things, to the police station. Even in Paris, and with the best will in the world, we shall never in this so-called nineteenth century come to the per-

fect realism of the Roman who, as the most moderate scholar knows, could burn or butcher a criminal or slave on the stage. In the meantime, this article is on a road which is like to lead it very far from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Our present subject is her farewell—temporary farewell, we hope and believe. We would rather have seen her in *Fédora* (not *Théodora*), in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, even in *La Dame aux Camélias*, though an unlovely thing enough; and no words can express how much we should have preferred to say good-bye to her as "Phèdre." But since it was as it was, we can only thank her for a "season" which has been full of beautiful acting, some of it wasted on—but damnable iteration lies that way. M. Sardou's Cléopâtre may not be Cleopatra, and Théodora may be naught, and *Frou Frou* not suited to the artist, but Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, with her voice restored and her heart in her work, was always worth seeing.

HUGH ROMILLY.

IT is with feelings of sincere regret that we record the sudden death, by malarial fever, followed by typhoid, of Hugh Hastings Romilly, C.M.G., late Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific, Acting Special Commissioner for New Guinea, author of two remarkable works, *From My Verandah*, with a preface by Mr. Andrew Lang, and *The Western Pacific and New Guinea*. Mr. Romilly was commander of an expedition sent out by a Syndicate of Directors of the South Africa Chartered Company to Mashonaland. Mr. Romilly's demise is all the more sad in that he has been stricken down in the flower of manhood at the age of thirty-six, at a time when he was apparently in the best of health, and was preparing further work relative to the great subject which had latterly engrossed his mind and life—New Guinea, its people, folk-lore, and the future development and knowledge of the races of the Pacific—a vast subject, a noble object, a fascinating theme, and one which never fails in its appeal to the human, romantic, or impressionable soul.

Mr. Romilly's description of how he first went to Southern seas is not only pathetic but prophetic. It begins his book—*From My Verandah*—thus:—"It was at the close of the London season of 1879, at *one of the latest balls* given that year, that, after a long conversation with Lady Gordon (since deceased), I decided to go to the young colony of Fiji, of which at that time Sir Arthur Gordon (her ladyship's husband) was Governor. Perhaps there was an additional attraction to me in the scheme *from the fact of my knowing absolutely nothing* about either the country or the people." Hugh Romilly was one of the first white men to set foot in New Guinea, but his undaunted ambition, courage, and spirit have borne good fruit—have decreed that he shall not be the last of such men.

The Western Pacific and New Guinea was published by Messrs. Murray in 1887, and reached several editions. The maps of the country, the notes on natives, Christian and cannibals—with an account of the Old Labour Trade—were received with widespread interest, and demonstrated, not alone the author's ability to cope with his subject, but the fact that another ardent recruit had enlisted in the ranks of serious explorers; that again the revered banner and revered name of the Queen were to be borne on the breezes of unknown climes.

RACING.

THE weather last week was delightful, and visitors to Aintree were specially favoured in this respect, and in the quality of the sport provided by the Messrs. Topham. Yard Arm, meeting with a weak opposition, readily won the Liverpool Plate, and it was a novel spectacle to see Mr. W. M. Redfern win the next race with Fatherless by Isonomy out of Orphan Agnes—a purchase from Mr. C. D. Rose. A third victory was in store for Jarvis's stable, as Mr. Rose's Ravensburg, by Isonomy out of Penitent (Lorette's dam), won the rich Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes. Ravensburg has clearly come on since Ascot, and is a colt of great promise, as he is not nearly as fit yet as he can be made, and he has more scope and size than his game half-sister. Indeed, we think he will develop into a good horse. The unlucky Cloudberry was, as usual, second, beaten by First Flight in the Molyneux Plate; and Pilot secured the St. George's Stakes cleverly from Mr. Houldsworth's Mortgage. The latter is a great overgrown leggy creature, whose name has appeared at times in the quotations on the St. Leger, for which he cannot have the slightest chance in the world. Inferno gave Armorel 16 lbs. in the Mersey Stakes on Friday, and won by a head; but Armorel does not seem to put much heart into her work, for she looked as if she would win easily till challenged by Inferno. The Summer Cup gave us a magnificent race—indeed, we have hardly ever seen a finer finish than this one—wherein Nunthorpe just got up on the rails in the few last strides, and won by a neck from Clarence and Windgall, who ran a dead heat for second place, with Enniskillen close up fourth. Certainly Mornington Cannon is at the present time riding with wonderful judgment and determination, and it was marvellous how he got through on the rails with Nunthorpe. Porridge soon showed how great a bargain he was last week at Newmarket to Mr. Abington, as he won the Croxteth Plate in fine style, ridden by Webb; indeed this excellent rider and M. Cannon won all the races on this day between them.

Goodwood opened in splendid weather, as the sun shone brilliantly and there was a delightfully fresh breeze. The course, too, was in perfect order, feeling as soft to the tread as a Turkey carpet; in fact, it could not have been in better order. Five moderate animals contested the Craven Stakes, the once useful animal, but now sadly deteriorated roaring Imp being favourite; but the non-staying Petard, having the speed of his opponents, won very easily in Mr. Douglas Baird's colours, and was sold to Captain Machell for 520 guineas. Origen, like Billow in the same ownership, seems to have acquired confidence by a course of hurdle-racing, and cleverly won the Charlton Welter. The Stewards' Cup brought out the immense field of thirty runners, thus maintaining its popularity. It was a very pretty and exciting race, in which Marvel won by a neck from Peter Flower, with Hildebert third, beaten three-quarters of a length. It is a very extraordinary thing that R. Marsh should have trained the winner of this race three years in succession. It may be remembered that Marvel won it two years ago, and seems to have a partiality for this course, as with 8 st. 8 lbs. he was not favoured in the handicap. The old-fashioned Ham Stakes gave us a very fine finish between Raeburn and Poppœa, which was won by the former by a neck. The winner is rarely bred, being by St. Simon out of Mowerina, the dam of Donovan, but he has hardly scope or substance enough to turn out such a celebrity as his half-brother. Lord Bradford won a race with Lucellum, a Chippendale colt of his own breeding, which passed into Mr. Heasman's possession at 410 guineas, and a capital day's sport was concluded when Mr. Houldsworth's Inverdon won the Richmond Stakes. Armorel, again, showed a bold front a furlong from home, but when the pinch came she ran as tamely as at Liverpool. There was a tedious delay, caused chiefly by Watch Tower, at the post. The Gratwicke Stakes was a walk-over for Broad Corrie. Wednesday was again a perfect day, the breeze, if anything, a trifle too strong, and a little dust to complain of amongst the luncheons, but still a most enjoyable day. The recent form of Pilot at Liverpool was considered good enough to plunge on for the Drayton High Weight Handicap, even with his 4 lbs. extra, and he just won from the leniently-weighted Rotten Row. After Betelgeux had won a Selling Race, and been bought in by his owner, Mr. Percy Hall, nine runners were weighed out for the Goodwood Stakes, though class was manifestly absent, and some of the runners looked very light, notably Andante and Penelope. Nothing looked better in the paddock than Ralph Neville and Billow, and backers as a rule supported them and Bithynian. Nor were they in error, as Ralph Neville, who swerved very badly in the straight, was got right again and won easily from Billow at the finish, Madame Neruda II. being third, and Barmecide fourth. Then came the Sussex Stakes, in which we were to have another sight of Orme, who was reported to have done well since Sandown, and as soon as he appeared in the paddock he was the object of much attraction. Critics, we think, on the whole pronounced him as looking all the better for his Sandown race, and odds of four and five to one were laid on him, with ten to one laid bar one, Watercress being supported at that rate, at longer prices Mr. Milner's Adoration—about whom

there was a quiet tip in circulation—was supported, the outsiders of the party being Bushey Park, Flank March, and Drogo. There was little delay at the post, and Orme always held a good position. When nearing the distance Watercress and Orme were some distance in front of their rivals, and when Barrett was seen to move on Orme the excitement was great; but it was a terrific race, and Orme won all out by a neck at most. It was said that Watercress had been stopped in his work, and he is such a great striding colt, with apparently good stamina, that he may be a thorn in the side of Orme again in the St. Leger. The Duke of Westminster, however, expressed his opinion that his colt could be made much better by Doncaster. It transpired that a match had been made between Orvieto and Buccaneer to be run in October at Newmarket across the flat, 500*l.*, 100*l.* forfeit. This should be a sporting affair. We had four runners only for the Lavant Stakes, with Buckingham an odds-on favourite, and he won when asked to go very cleverly from Simena, with Orchis third. A good day's racing was wound up with the clever victory of Queen's Page in another Selling Plate, and time does not allow us to tell more of Goodwood in this place.

Next week what is usually known as the Sussex fortnight will conclude with Brighton and Lewes. In the Corporation Stakes at the former meeting we may see Best Man make a further attempt to regain a reputation by no means borne out by his previous essays, and, in the Astley Stakes at Lewes, Simena's form with Buckingham at Goodwood should give her a great chance of victory. As soon as these meetings are over, the St. Leger will be much discussed, and no doubt Orme's successive victories, having been won after such hard-fought battles, will cause the betting upon the great Doncaster race to open out. As an outsider we like The Lover, who, we trust, has got over the fall he had whilst running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot by this time, though he has been longer shaking off its effects than was at first expected.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN SECONDARY EDUCATION.*

A "PULL all together" by seven contributors, directed by two editors, and introduced by Professor Bryce, ought to do something to haul the question of Secondary Education out of the mire. The pull is a fairly strong one, and not too long; but the dead weight to be overcome is enormous, and *vis viva* seems to be the greatest need.

Statistics are important, but few read and fewer remember them. A good startling novel, representing two or three flaxen-haired, blue-eyed pupils, murdered by the sanguinary proprietress of a seminary for young ladies, might stir the British public to a vague desire for vengeance; whereas the record of the intellectual slaughter of thousands of boys by masculine Sauls, and ten thousands of girls by feminine Davids, has hitherto aroused only a languid attention.

The danger which dogs such a book as *Studies in Secondary Education* is that its very earnestness may retard its purpose. The matter is most serious, and seriously it is dealt with, yet perhaps so seriously as to deter the general reader from its pages. There is not one of these treatises without its distinct value. Like many things in this vain world, they are likely to be read and approved by the small already-convinced class, and to fall short of the numbers whose cry would soon receive notice, if once they could be roused from their apathy.

Professor Bryce's opening is much in the style of the parody of Dr. Johnson in the *Rejected Addresses*; but to those who have the courage to break the crust, it will be found full of important suggestions. Indeed, there is one which by itself sums up the whole business—"What is needed is a Ministry of Education, whether under that name or any other, a department of State which shall be able to draw to a centre the still unconnected threads of our educational system." The metaphor, it is true, is a rather mild one. Let us try another. The Right Hon. Alcides Fitz-Alcmena, who shall first be promoted to this high office, will need to cleanse the Augean stable of private adventure by the streams of a no less effective Alpheus than a stringent Act of Parliament. A deputation waited on Lord Cranbrook the other day; and the upshot of the meeting appeared to be the prospect of some returns from the Charity Commissioners. When they come in, and have been read, marked, and so on, the business will be in no wise expedited. Is it likely that any more striking results than those of the Commission of 1868 will come to light? We shall know what pupils there are in first-grade, second-grade, and third-grade endowed schools. There will be columns of statistics, and an account, generally trustworthy, of the fairly satisfactory work done in all grades. But nothing will come out about the private-adventure *lues*. Dr. Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S., adorned with the hood, gown, and diploma of the last bogus society, started by some uncertificated bankrupt, will continue to issue his advertisement, and refer with conscious pride to the numerous "certs." obtained by his pupils at public "exams." Mrs. Pipchin will still receive little boys and girls in a stuffy back-parlour of a little house in a back street of a provincial town, and combine elementary education with theology by means of a judiciously-selected pedigree from the Pentateuch. What is the use of blinking the matter any longer? No unauthorized person has any business in a well-ordered State to take upon himself or herself the responsibility of educating the youth of the State, its most precious possession. If the State does not choose to forbid them, at any rate it has alike a right and a duty of knowing who they are that thus undertake such functions, what their qualifications are, if any, and whether the surroundings of the pupils are conducive to intellectual, moral, and physical health. This surely is the first step in registration, which in its bare name seems to have little in it. It may be made an engine for great good; but we must beware lest it stop short of the necessary point, and follow the example of the registration of Friendly Societies, which confessed its own inefficacy by reporting that it was impossible to prevent people from going to ruin with their eyes open.

The book is divided into three parts—an Historical Survey, an account of Recent Progress, and Studies in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Reading. A vigorous summary of twenty pages, which if acted on would bring a wholesome educational revolution to the country, concludes the work, save for a short appendix on the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education.

Mr. Llewellyn Smith, in dealing with the educational problem of to-day, which is made to stand in the forefront of the Historical Survey, and Mr. Benson, on the Growth of our School System, at first travel a little over the same ground; but the latter is more strictly historical, though he might with advantage have shown more of the sources of our endowments from suppressed guilds and chantries, and from some monastic buildings which were overlooked in grants, and being in a way unappropriated passed informally into the hands of corporations or parochial authorities, and were as informally utilized for educational ends. The church parvise, which doubtless served as a school in the middle ages, was in some places used for the purpose within the present century.

After dealing with proprietary schools, to which, in the absence of anything more systematic, many of our towns owe a great debt of gratitude, Mr. Benson comes to that marvel of forgotten labour and literary excellence—the Commissioners' Report put forth in 1868. It is true that many of them were, unhappily, cramped by their "public-school" education, and had little or no idea of the habits of thought usual in the class for whom they were working, or of the way in which secondary education had been generally regarded, and provided for or neglected, as the case might be; but they were a body of manly, clear-sighted, fearless men, and had they been less prematurely systematical, and more up to the real state of things, we might not have been now awaiting the fruit of seed sown a quarter of a century ago.

A little thought about the possibilities of any but the largest towns would have saved them from their triple grading of secondary schools. A few third-grade schools, the result in a measure of this classification, still exist; but it is hard to see what purpose they serve except the perpetuation of class distinction. The work done by them would be far better done by the elementary schools, in class subjects, and specific subjects, while the money expended in the support of these feeble institutions would more than suffice for the additional staff entailed on an elementary school by the requirements of this teaching, leaving a balance for exhibitions to higher schools, or some other useful educational object. At the time of the Commission, however, the condition of elementary schools would not have generally allowed of this arrangement.

In a town of 50,000 inhabitants it would not have been practicable to support schools of three grades, or even of two, for the most part; but a solution found in one instance may be recorded for the benefit of those who may experience difficulty in making

* *Studies in Secondary Education.* Edited by A. H. D. Acland, M.P., and H. Llewellyn Smith, M.A. London: Percival & Co.

provisions for varying wants and wishes on the part of parents. A school of some hundred boys, under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, was beset by this trouble, that some wanted Latin and Greek, some Latin only, some neither. Three mornings were devoted (with other work) to Latin, and three to Greek, the non-Greek boys on these days taking English grammar in conjunction with those who declined the classics altogether. These last, on the Latin mornings, were occupied in that pursuit which some parents love and most "educationalists" despise—book-keeping. This arrangement was found, on the whole, to satisfy parents.

Some of the abuses of trust recorded in the Report of 1868 are almost incredible save to those old enough to remember them and the like. Had the Report been issued ten years earlier, there might have appeared in it the instance of a master who had held an endowed school fifty years without having been known to give a lesson in it, or even to enter it save once or twice. He discharged his duties by deputy, and when his last deputy, who in the course of thirty years and more had brought the school to nothing, effaced himself, the trustee called on the master, then more than eighty years of age and stone deaf, to fulfil his duties personally. The octogenarian had the grace to confess himself inadequate to the task, and followed the example of his deputy.

The Assistant-Commissioners were, of course, excluded from the majority of the private schools of a lower order. Schoolmasters who were honestly endeavouring to benefit their pupils as well as to earn a living in some cases did not resent inquiry; but very many were of the type of one high-souled individual who informed the Commissioner that "he was not his sort." To judge from the advertisements in the educational columns of our daily papers, the species is by no means extinct. Mr. Llewellyn Smith notes, in treating of boys' secondary education in London, that the suburban parts of the metropolitan area are "the paradise of the 'academies' and 'collegiate establishments,' where the youth of a large, though decreasing, section of the middle class receive such education as they ever get." These schools, however, have felt a certain quickening impulse at the hands of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, and a reference to the class-lists issued by the University authorities will give no small credit to the better order of private schoolmaster, whether in the suburbs of London or in provincial towns. But there are some ephemeral "colleges," which spring up and decay like Jonah's gourds. It is a comfort to know from the London Directory that seventy-one disappeared between 1889 and 1890, though the satisfaction is damped by the record of the establishment of thirty-eight new ones. The parents who patronize them are of the "dumb, driven cattle order." They would lose caste were their children to partake of the bounty of Free Education. They have no good secondary school at hand, and so fall with their little ones alive into the chasm which yawns for them. A "college" is, of course, superior to a school, and a title conferred by an adventurer is in their hapless eyes as good as an Oxford or Cambridge degree, or even confounded with a Fellowship of the Royal Society. Analyse the huge unwieldy bulk of the lower middle class, and would five per cent. represent the number capable of discriminating between F.R.S. and F.S.Sc. (Lond.)? Let those answer that know. "Apply Principal" is the grammatical invitatory of most of these advertising worthies. A law-suit a little while ago disclosed the fact that "Principal" had three schools in different localities. Perhaps it is the same who to-day advertises himself to be addressed "care of Dec. Arts. Ass." The girls are, as they have always been, worse off than the boys; though, as Miss Collet's admirable paper shows, the difference is far less than it was. Large provision is now made by the Girls' Public Day School Company, the Church of England High School Company, and the trustees of endowments, and it is cheering to note the large accommodation and the readiness with which parents avail themselves of these advantages which are offered to their daughters. Still the question arises, What of the enormous residue? The answer is that they take whatever they can get. And the "whatever" falls into a kind of triple grading. The daughters of wealthier people, as a rule, go to high-term private schools, which vary from such as give good and sound results for their money, to others which subsist on vain show and exclusiveness, terminating in a "finish" of veneer and varnish, "accomplishments" of eyes and ears which have not learned to see and hear. To take a favourable specimen, Miss A, a capable and intelligent woman, is as fond of teaching as she has been of learning. She gathers round her helpers of her own kind, studies method, selects text-books carefully, gets her work tested, and practically performs the function of the Girls' High School without the name. Coming to a cheaper kind of seminary—Mrs. B is left a widow in poor circumstances, and must do something for herself and family. She has two fairly presentable daughters, and they set up a school, backed by the kindly sympathy of a large circle of friends. Canvassing is freely resorted to. Pupils come in. The dining-room of a private house, the most spacious available, 24 ft. by 15, is the schoolroom, and another room the class-room. The curriculum is the usual kind of thing. French of the *ong* and *ang* style of pronunciation prevails, the piano is smitten in common or triple time, English literature is represented by the most cheering scenes depicted by our bards—the putting out of Arthur's eyes, the death of poor young Casabianca, the early demise of Nelly Gray, with terrific accent on the *But* in the third line, and so on —geography is taught "with maps," as per advertisement, and arithmetic occasionally advances to the mystery of vulgar fractions. But this is about the average. Miss C, who has known better days, throws herself on the sympathy of her friends. Totally inexperienced in teaching, she, too, must set up a school. It is hand-to-mouth work. The number is small, the atmosphere morally and physically depressing, the children begin by being dull and end by being duller. The governess, procured by advertisement, knows about as much as her principal. At the end of a little girl's education under such hands—say at thirteen or fourteen—she may be just about up to the third standard in an elementary school; very likely she has never seen a map to know what it was, and discerns not the difference between land and water as therein depicted, has never heard of Julius Cæsar, William the Conqueror, or Charles I., and her poor little intellectual life henceforth is "bound in shallows and in miseries." Were a Commission to have power, as undeniably it ought to have, to investigate the character of private school education, and not to pick and choose, but take things as they are, the number of Miss Cs, it is to be feared, though decreasing, would still bear an unhealthy ratio to the number of Mrs. As and Mrs. Bs.

To turn from the subject to the book itself, those who want special information about Somerset and Wales will find it in the chapters written by Messrs. Hobhouse and Acland; the metropolis, as we have seen, is dealt with by Mr. Llewellyn Smith and Miss Collet.

It is hardly necessary to commend to the attention of the citizens of Liverpool Mr. Laurie's strictures on the Liverpool Institute; for in one important point—excess in homework—reform has already made its way. His judicious remarks on the secondary education of the town are of wider than merely local application. The statistics on p. 239 will suggest to those who will be at the trouble of reading them a condition of things which may find a parallel in many another town.

Birmingham is blest with the heritage of the Guild of the Holy Cross; but Mr. Llewellyn Smith points out the inability of its inheritors to expand their accommodation, and the distorted curriculum of the science schools created by the School Board. He, like his fellows, pleads for fuller powers to be conferred on some public authority. Reading is supposed to be a town of moderate and average advantages, and the sketch drawn by Mr. Benson suggests that this is a fair estimate. Here religious differences wax hot, nor does there seem a prospect of cooling, unless some clairvoyance be brought to bear on Mr. Richard Aldworth, who made his will in 1647 and died in 1654, to discover his desires on catechetical instruction.

To conclude, no words can better describe our duty than those of the Editors:—

> 'Where small private schools remain, the country has a right to demand that they shall be carried on in proper buildings, and not under the insanitary and crowded conditions which have too often characterized some of these schools. Schools which are badly ventilated, ill supplied with apparatus, which would fail to pass the requirements of the Whitehall Inspector, schools which are the "happy hunting-ground of the charlatan," must, in the best interests of the community, be wiped out.'

FICTION.*

ADEQUATELY to set in modern surroundings a tale of witchcraft is a task, for the present, at any rate, beyond the powers of Miss Jessie Krikorian, whose descriptions of the supernatural in *A Daughter of Mystery* form the least satisfactory portions of that book. The fact is, that an author successfully to

* *A Daughter of Mystery.* By Jessie Krikorian. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

Diana Trelawny. By Mrs. Oliphant. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

Fan. By Henry Harford. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

The Story of a Penitent Soul. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

The Billsbury Election, and other Papers from "Punch." By R. C. Lehmann. London: Henry & Co. 1892.

handle such a subject must go in for no half-measures, but must profess either implicit belief or disbelief in witches and their works; whereas Miss Krikorian, halting between two opinions, or at least lacking the courage of her convictions, describes without stint of circumstance or detail the various uncanny proceedings of her brace of sorceresses, Cleopatra and her grandmother, but in the narration of their effects contrives to discount their awful import by suggesting the alternative of a natural cause. The retribution, for instance, which befalls little Ben Hodge for pelting old Granny Gunn and calling her names is sudden and terrible; but when children in dismay fly wildly, not looking where they go, as did Ben and his companions, and there is a river handy, as there was for them, accidents are apt to happen, whether there be witches about or not. Again, a love philter is brewed with a mighty amount of preparation, whereon no lack of fine writing is expended. It is Cleopatra who compounds the recipe, and the moonlight awakes her to her task, "throwing," we are told, "a softening influence over her spirit, and filling her with a strange, mysterious, and exciting joy; effulgent, as it were, life within life, perfect in being." "Barefooted, and clad in a single garment," she picks the requisite ingredients in the churchyard at dead of night, and, in the congenial society of owls, bats, and frogs, she invokes "her dread Father"—that is to say, the foul fiend himself—with "bewildering blasphemies." And what is the result of the decoction so terribly introduced to us, when administered—O bathos of bathos!—in an after-dinner cup of coffee? Why, the wrong man drinks it, under the witch's own eye, whose supernatural power might surely have avoided such a miscarriage of her desires; and, instead of ensnaring the passions of the man she loves, she positively wastes her potion on one whose affections are set on her already, and whose subsequent proceedings, though they are for an eminent Radical and Freethinker of middle age unduly erotic, are susceptible of a simpler explanation than the sorceries of the inheritrix of "royal Egyptian blood." Horace's warning to authors—not to introduce a god, unless the knot be worthy of a god's untying—might have saved Miss Krikorian from this blunder; we fear, however, that to her and to many others who now lay pen to paper the *Ars Poetica*, whose maxims are as true to-day as when they were written, is a sealed book. The more human portions of *A Daughter of Mystery* are pleasantly written, and there is something specially agreeable, even fascinating, in the character of Olive, the gentle wife of Sir Talbot Byng, though it is hard to forgive her for persistently speaking of her husband's cousin—the eminent Freethinking Radical aforesaid—as "The Right Hon. John Byng." The title of Privy Councillorship undoubtedly has its proper times and occasions, but it is not for ordinary home use in such phrases as "Sir Talbot has just gone to the station to meet his cousin, the Right Hon. John Byng," or "The Right Hon. John Byng has just asked for permission to marry you, Cleopatra!"

Mrs. Oliphant has apparently been amusing herself, and perhaps herself alone, by experimentalizing out of how slender material can be furnished forth two volumes of fiction. Thin, it is true, are the two volumes of *Diana Trelawny*, but they might be thinner still, and yet deal with the matter in hand at fully sufficient length. This book is styled, by way of sub-title, "The History of a Great Mistake," which mistake occurs in this wise. An Italian gentleman, being desperately in love with an English lady, accepts the blundering and officious interference of a country squire, who offers, entirely unasked, to plead with the object of his affections. This bargain being concluded in a conversation wherein, conveniently for the author's purpose, no names are mentioned, leads to one of those misunderstandings common enough in works of fiction, though rare indeed, as we should imagine, in real life; for the Ambassador presents his credentials in the wrong quarter; not, that is to say, to Diana Trelawny, the owner of "a fine estate, a fine old English house, and a great deal of money in all kinds of stocks and securities," but to one Sophie Norton, a humble little dependent and hanger-on of that "queen of the county." This is, indeed, a mistake, but one from which we should expect no other result than the confusion of its meddling perpetrator. Signor Pandolfo Pandolfini, however, being possessed of as fine a sense of duty as ever was Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Captain Reece, "Commander of the Mantelpiece," considers himself bound by all the acts of his self-appointed agent, which he proceeds to endorse; but with so obviously ill a grace, and with an avoidance of his betrothed on pleas so transparently artificial, as would have aroused the suspicions of any one less heartily set on marriage at any price than Sophy. However, married they are; and by the end of the book their domestic happiness, if not without alloy, is at any rate far less outwardly and openly imperfect than one would have a right to expect from the peculiar circumstances of their engagement. For the rest, the story is mainly concerned with the vagaries of the little coterie of Diana's intimate friends, who gush to and sponge on that lady as much apparently to her heart's content as to their own. The character of a Lady Bountiful seems a straightforward matter, comparatively easy of depiction; but an experienced hand not long ago made a sad bungle of it on the stage, nor can we regard this Diana Trelawny as coming much nearer to the mark. Thoroughly appreciating the greed of her satellites—"their little amiable selfishnesses," as she euphemistically puts it—she is yet, either from indolence or infirmity of purpose, unable to say them nay; and obediently disburses in response to their flimsy and transparent diplomacy whatever they may happen to fancy, be it a residence at home or a trip abroad, a new frock or an entire trousseau. That the author is, as far as can be judged, quite unconscious that the creatures of her fancy are devoid of any charm is by no means the least irritating thing about them.

Fan: the Story of a Young Girl's Life, is apparently written for the purpose of disproving the dogma, bred of the fancy of cynical man, that woman is incapable of true friendship for other women. Fan certainly contrives, in the course of the three volumes before us, to pulverize this misogynistic theory, for she not only attaches to herself two dear female friends, but succeeds before we part with her in making them as fond of each other as they are of her. This triumph of female affection is not, however, achieved without some sacrifice of man's love, which tender passion, in honourable guise, at any rate, makes but a small figure in Mr. Harford's pages. It is true that Fan is in the end provided with a lover, who springs from nowhere for that purpose, of whose existence we are given no inkling until a few pages from the conclusion of the third volume, and who seems to be dragged into the story as a concession to the popular idea that a heroine to be happy must be either married or promised in marriage. Of her two friends, one remains single throughout, though not for lack of asking; while the other's experience of matrimony, fortunately turned to widowhood ere we take leave of her, forms at once the saddest and truest part of the book. There is only too much human nature in the character of Merton Chance, the shiftless, egotistical ne'er-do-weel; overvaluing himself, undervaluing his wife, who is worth a dozen of him, always ready to abandon the bird in the hand for the two in the bush—which, by the way, he invariably fails to catch. There are many Merton Chances in the world, and it is to be feared not a few with wives as much too good for them as was this Constance Churton for her worthless husband. The adventures of Fan herself have, it must be owned, somewhat the air of having been made to order, and are not always kept within the limits prescribed by the taste of Mrs. Grundy. Of the earlier chapters, descriptive of life in the slums, it may be urged that an inherently vulgar subject cannot be adequately depicted without some vulgarity; but a like excuse can hardly be urged for the author when he has made Fan an inmate of Miss Starbrow's somewhat extraordinary household. In this connexion we read of Wednesday evening-at-homes, an unmarried lady being the hostess, and gentlemen only being invited, where the staple amusement apparently consists of cards and whisky-and-water, an invitation to the latter of which the curate virtuously refuses on the excuse that "he never exceeds two or three glasses, you know." Then another male guest—a layman this time we are thankful to say, a military man, bold and bad as some novelists will persist in making the wearers of the red coat—appears to spend much of his spare time in taking the servants on his knee and kissing them; and later on, with the assistance of an intriguing soubrette and a forged telegram, plans for Fan a somewhat theatrical, impossible, and withal utterly abortive abduction. The canons of Grundyism are, however, more gravely contravened by one Mr. Arthur Eden, who sets about compassing the seduction of Fan in a cold-blooded systematic manner, which is told us with no lack of circumstance and particularity, nor is the situation made any pleasanter by the fact that the intending seducer and his victim are half-brother and sister; for Fan, though born in the slums, is the illegitimate child of a man of good family. Neither party is, of course, aware of this relationship till later, and on its discovery the young man does his best to repair his errors. There is, indeed, abundance of repentance towards the end of this story; unfortunately, however, it is rather hard to believe in its genuineness as regards Mr. Eden and the gallant Captain Horton—the harder, perhaps, because in both cases the author seems to protest it somewhat too much. Mr. Harford, who is apparently a beginner in the field of fiction, is full of promise, for his types of character are well chosen and well contrasted; his style only needs purging of that exuberance on matters of taste to which we have above referred, while his pages are so full of variety and incident that there are in them many interests and complications, particularly those

arising from the theological differences of certain of his characters, to which we have here found no space to refer.

Illegitimacy, with which we have been partially concerned in Mr. Harford's pages, plays an even more important part in *The Story of a Penitent Soul*, wherein the narrator, "Mr. Stephen Dart, late minister at Lynnbridge, in the county of Lincoln," is not only illegitimate himself, but becomes, we regret to say, the cause of illegitimacy in another. The sadness and morbidity of his confessions are relieved by their simplicity and sincerity of tone; he accuses himself without mercy, but he has, it must be owned, only too much reason for self-accusation, for there lies at his door an act of seduction which has involved the death of his victim and the suicide of her husband. Nor has he anything to urge in palliation of his offence but "heredity" and "environment," that he has but done what his father did before him, and that the depressing atmospheric influences of his Lincolnshire home have rendered his fall more certain. Small matters, truly, to set against an offence whose usual gravity is, in his case, augmented by the facts that he is a minister of religion, and that the man whose home he has dishonoured was the deacon of his own congregation, had trusted him implicitly, both as a minister and as a man, and was, if not a friend, at least a neighbour who had never by thought, word, or deed shown himself unfriendly.

The epidemic of electioneering pursues us even into our comic literature, and we accordingly find Mr. R. C. Lehmann republishing a series of *Punch* articles, part of which are concerned with the troubles of a Parliamentary candidate. Recent legislation, by the establishment of the Ballot and the repression of corrupt practices, has robbed our election-times of that robust and turbulent fun which was so much at the service of earlier caricaturists; nor can the pen of Mr. Lehmann, though facile and neat in its way, and not destitute at times of a welcome smartness, help us to clothe the ceremonials whereby we now choose our representatives in anything but their native constitutional dulness. There is, however, in these articles and in the others bound up with them in the volume before us plenty of evidence that Mr. Lehmann possesses an observant eye for the foibles of our latter-day society. Particularly is this evident in the little sketch entitled "Among the Amateurs," into whose mouths not a word is placed which might not be, perhaps which has not been, absolutely spoken by those callow dilettanti of the stage who fancy themselves so superior to its regular professors. It is a skit which lacks but one quality of true caricature—exaggeration—and which lacks that quality merely because it is impossible to exaggerate the superlative.

COOKERY-BOOKS.*

IT has taken us a rather unusual time to accumulate a sufficient number of what, we regret to observe, Mr. Theodore Child calls "cook-books"—not the only Americanism that occurs in his pages, though he seems to give himself out as an Englishman. Nor is any one of them of the first class. Mr. Child, indeed, might not improbably protest at being classed as a cook-bookmaker at all; for, though his book contains some receipts, and useful ones enough, it is rather a discussion of gastronomy and amphitryonics in general, after the fashion of Walker and Sir Henry Thompson, than a cookery-book proper. Though he is too apt to be "arch," and introduces from time to time a kind of male Mrs. Harris, entitled P. J. Didsbury, whom he addresses and quotes, and who is, to speak frankly, a bore, Mr. Child is right on a great many matters of actual feeding and the surroundings thereof. On wine he is not deep. To drink either old Bordeaux or old Burgundy from the bottle undecanted is, whatever any one say, an abomination, unless the ingenious, but not easily carried out, plan of placing the guests' glasses before the host in a row and letting him decant the whole bottle into them at a single inclination is pursued. However deftly the recovery from one filling may be executed, however gently the spiriting with Burgundy baskets and such like devices may be done, there will, nine times out of ten, be a loose acrid crust which will gradually at the successive tippings diffuse itself through the bottle and ruin the taste of the wine. Nor is 55°, as Mr. Child thinks, the right temperature for drinking red wine, to our taste. It is an excellent *cellar* temperature—there is probably none better; but it is far too cold for the best claret on table. So, again, it is a mistake to say that "all" white wines should be served cold; Madeira is best distinctly warm, almost hot. But when we see that a man writes Château Lafitte with two "t's" we never expect very much of him. In eating, as distinguished from drinking, Mr. Child is much sounder, and we are glad to see his protest against the practice of torturing poor savage canards, and such like wild fowl, by subjecting them to the *peine forte et dure* in a steel boot to get their gravy out. These mechanical refinements are always bad art. On the whole, however, the entirely uninstructed will learn a good deal from Mr. Child, and the instructed may pick up a few wrinkles, while his errors will fall harmless from them.

Miss Earl's little book of *Dinners in Miniature*, reprinted from the *Queen*, will also supply many revelations to the first-named class, and give useful hints to the second. Miss Earl's culinary taste is very good, and it is only now and then that, like too many of her sex, she is under the baneful influence of fashion. On glass and china she is remarkably sound, and not much less so on decorations; though we should have liked a clearer hint that you may very easily over-decorate a table. As for the more serious part of the book, the actual recipes given are always good and sometimes new, and the remarks on choosing, and so forth, excellent. It is a book of which no evil need be said, and much good may be said.

Miss Harrison need hardly have asked that venerable person Sir Thomas Dyke-Acland for a preface, though the fact that she has lectured on cookery at Exeter explains it. The proof of the pudding-book is in the eating of the pudding, not in the bushing by baronets. But Miss Harrison would seem to have a taste for ceremonious preliminaries; for even when Sir Thomas has introduced her she introduces herself with a series of short essays. However, when she does come to business she is practical enough, though sometimes a little odd. "I am afraid," says she, "keeping a cat is the only way to get rid of mice." Why afraid? What more pleasing remedy can you have? Having accomplished these remarks, Miss Harrison makes some more general observations on the operations of cooking in general, on the seasons, principles of choice, and so on of different fleshes, fishes, and fowls, and at last reaches her receipts. These are numerous, very clearly and boldly printed, and arranged on the principle, which is a favourite with some persons, of beginning a fresh line for each distinct operation and ingredient. One advantage of the book is that, for households which are afraid of a library of cookery-books (the more excellent way), this will prove a very good self-contained manual.

We can conceive Mrs. Pitcairn's book as being of very great service if wisely used by intelligent users; we can conceive it also as leading to wailing and gnashing of teeth in the hands of the unwary. There are receipts—indeed, a good many of them—but the speciality of the book is a series of elaborate bills or priced lists of supplies for large entertainments, school treats, mothers'-meetings, choice suppers, and so forth. This is extended to at-homes, to large and small dinners, and luncheon-parties—the minutest details, down to "Pepper, a halfpenny, curry-powder, 1*d.*," and so on, being attempted. Now, to some extent this will, as we say, be a blessing. Others besides the "overworked clergy," for whom Mrs. Pitcairn justly takes thought, have been reduced to complete puzzlement by having to cater for large numbers of persons at once; and it is rare, indeed, that the result is not either scarcity, or else a huge surplus of wasted food. The variety of schemes provided here, always, it is said, from actual experience, is very large. On one page we have a "Congregational Tea" for 270 people, including carpets, mirrors, "Eccles Cakes," tickets, tacks, and pink calico. But 270 Congregational teaers would surely require more than eight quarts of milk? Elsewhere 950 people have 61 quarts, which is, roughly speaking, two and a half times as much. Fourteen Choirmen and ten boys can, it seems, be provided with a supper of corned beef, leg of mutton, beefsteak pie, puddings, fruit, and so forth, for 1*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*, while a hundred "old people" only run to just over four pounds. All this is very nice, but the prices as well as the quantities sometimes make us stare. For instance, the hundred old people are to have ten plum-puddings at tea for "six shillings." What sort of a plum-pudding can it be that is big enough for ten people and costs sevenpence-farthing? In what part of England can you buy thin-

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* *Delicate Dining.* By Theodore Child. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co

Dinners in Miniature. By Ethel Earl. London: Chapman & Hall.

Mary Harrison's Guide to Modern Cookery. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Good Fare for Little Money. By E. H. Pitcairn. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

Luncheon Dishes. By Mary L. Allen. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Floral Decorations à la mode. By Mrs. de Salis. London: Longmans.

Food, Physiology, &c. By William Durham. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Cookery for the Diabetic. By W. H. and Mrs. Poole. London: Longmans & Co.

Foods for the Fat. By Dr. Yorke Davies. 10th Thousand. London: Chatto & Windus.

Remarks on Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne. By W. Guthrie. Second edition. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

cut *cooked* ham at sevenpence-halfpenny a pound? Pheasants at five shillings a brace, unless you have a friend who finds delight on a shiny night, &c., are very exceptional birds, and most readers will cry, "Where, oh where, does Mrs. Pitcairn obtain a quarter of lamb weighing ten pounds for three shillings? She must have hired the wolf to get it for her." On examining this latter remarkable statement, however, it would appear that the calculation is based on the quantity used being only three pounds—a little piece of arithmetic which, we fear, is sadly deceptive—and that the mysterious seven-penny-halfpenny ham above referred to is explained by the price per pound of a whole ham uncooked being taken as that of the eatable part cooked. That way also, we fear, deceptions lie. Nevertheless, in giving ideas of the things to get provided, if not of the exact expense of providing them, the book may be of real and considerable use.

Mrs. Allen is an old hand at this game, and her *Luncheon Dishes* is good. But surely this is rather a cheap and secondhand way of filling a whole page:—

'TOMATO KATSUP.

'*Ingredient.*	*Average cost.*
'1 bottle tomato katsup, Gordon & Dilworth's.	6*d.*

'RECEIPT.

'Heat the tomato katsup in a saucepan, pour round the mould, and serve.'

With a notebook and a grocer's shop-window any fellow might write a cookery-book like that in a morning.

Mrs. de Salis, the indefatigable, is again to the fore with a book of the usual size and plan on floral decorations, partly, if not wholly, for dinner-tables, and what our plain-spoken fathers used to call "the eating-room" generally.

We may notice, more or less together, three books which take the scientific or medical side of cookery, but two of which include, while one of them almost wholly consists of, receipts for the preparation of food in accordance with certain rules or with a view to certain conditions and temperaments. Mr. Durham's tract is one of the innumerable "chemistry of common life" books which have appeared during the last forty or fifty years. It is possible that they do some good, though we have never been certain that they do, and we are unable to perceive how they can in any case do much harm. Dr. Pavy, with his coadjutors, Mr. and Mrs. Poole and Dr. Yorke Davies, he by himself he, have more definite aims. The little *Cookery for the Diabetic* will no doubt be useful to sufferers from a very distressing complaint. The problem is an apparently simple one, to keep anything of a starchy and sugary nature out of the diet, or the preparation of the diet. Now, not to mention sugar, which is sufficiently, if not over-delightfully, replaced by saccharin, substitutes for bread in eating, and flour in cooking, are not to be hit upon by the first comer. Mr. and Mrs. Poole have compiled a careful and really elaborate cookery-book showing how to circumvent the enemy, and the only thing left is to secure attention to their directions. Dr. Yorke Davies's book also contains a miniature cookery-book, an A B C for the O. B.'s; but this is preceded by a long disquisition on the complaint itself. It may be disappointing, but will not be surprising, to find that Dr. Yorke Davies declines to give his receipt for this. "Come to me," he says fairly enough, "and I will show you" something not less effective and less appalling than the "Salisbury" Thorough of three pounds of lean meat and four pints of boiling water, or whatever it is, daily. The large circulation of his book shows that something of the kind is greatly needed at the present day, and that this has been found useful. The only thing that we should rather demur to is the author's unhesitating recommendation of Moselle wines. Undoubtedly they have their merits, but we have known cases in which much use of them has reduced the user to a state not much more gracious than obesity.

The remarks of Mr. Guthrie, a Belfast wine merchant, on Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, published for the second time in a little pamphlet, are very sound and good, and his tabular view of recent vintages at the end of it should be useful to wine purchasers. Of course there is a certain impossibility in making the necessary exceptions for particular wines in particular years. Thus some of his verdicts seem a little sweeping. To pronounce '77 a "good year" *simpliciter* in Claret is strange, when we see that no stronger term is used for '74, and that '71 is pronounced "remarkably elegant in flavour and bouquet." Now both these descriptions are absolutely true of the best wine of '71 and '77; but they are not true relatively of even the best when compared with a large average of '74's. Still it must be acknowledged that it would be almost impossible in a brief space to get such a matter absolutely right.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM.*

THE various manifestations which make up modern spiritualism have peculiar attraction for two widely different orders of mind, and it is patent that in each the trickster must find an easy and complacent victim. Giving place to the worthier, we first have the ardent inquirer, the curious restless explorer into things, the man "who wants to know, you know." The fact that upon casual survey, the spiritualist's creed appears as a mass of absurdities, futilities, and vulgarities does not prevent him from investigating the subject, and it is quite possible that his investigation may end in a qualified conversion. The utility of imagination in scientific work is not only well known, but can with difficulty be overrated. No one need be surprised to meet a visionary in a chemist or a mystic in an evolutionist; the surprise should be reserved for encounter with a scientific discoverer who has not owed some part of his success to brilliant guessing. This being so, we can understand that the idea of a new force in nature—psychic, odic, odyllic, or what not—would appeal strongly to all those men of knowledge, who might be prepared by their knowledge rather to accept the wonderful than to resent the abnormal. Such a medium's position can be described as standing on velvet, and it would probably be with similar slanginess that the medium would refer to his relations with them, if mediumistic influence upon the speech of Marcus Aurelius (a most favourite ghost) or of Wilmot, Lord Rochester (a rarer but no uncommon apparition), may be held to give indication of a medium's personal style of conversation. For incompleteness of revelation would not scare a learned visionary who knew that all great discoveries had been made gradually, with much starting on the wrong tack, much false deduction, and much worthless result. The exposure of a charlatan or the failure of an experiment would not frighten him from his faith. He would regard it simply as an error in his calculations or a crack in his test-tubes. "If [says a prominent spiritualist] it were conclusively proved that two-thirds of the persons believed to be genuine mediums, though subject to human frailties, had occasionally, in the absence of supposed spirit-help, resorted to imposture, and that all their manifestations were frauds, it would not impair the force of the great irresistible body of tested facts on which modern spiritualism is based." Who is to argue with this man? His untrained eye has been deceived by some piece of jugglery, and from that moment he takes up the strong position that there may be something in spiritualism—a most difficult proposition to deny, whatever we may feel. He refers to what he thinks he has seen as a tested fact, and reminds us that much of what we now understand would have been incomprehensible to our fathers, in which connexion he will, unless he is watched, quote Hamlet upon the limited extent to which we dream in our philosophy. These men form the figure-heads of spiritualism, and towards the romantic spirit which seduced them into that galley it is impossible not to feel kind. The second class of spiritualists do not make the same demand upon our sympathy; for the ignorant, the superstitious, the prurient, and the hysterical, form the larger proportion of modern mystics. These are they to whom anything can be made to look credible. While the imaginative scientist is puzzling himself about new natural forces, and the apparent suspension of old and hitherto invariable laws, the ass is thrilled to his marrow by the realization of the ghost stories that he heard in his youth, and will in pleasant agitation testify to what he has not seen, swear to what he has not heard, and claim any blasphemous screed from the medium as the voice and sentiments of his dead mother or his still-born babe. All the manifestations are to him terrible and of equal miraculousness. It is nothing to his understanding that the passage of Mr. Home along the ceiling gives the lie to Newton, for he knows not of Newton; while he is prepared to believe all things possible to a person who can call up spirits, commune with dead emperors, cause writing to appear upon untouched slates, and tell fortunes with a *planchette*. It is for him and his fellows that *The Banner of Light*, the exponent of Spiritual Philosophy at Boston, Mass., is (or was) issued. It is for them that bewildering pamphlets about "the ethereal and spiritual in connexion with the world and its play of affinities" are written. It is for them that the classification of Spirit-Power into (1) *Premonitions*; (2) *Apparitions*; (3) *Prescriptions*; (4) *Musical Interference*; and (5) *The Laying-on of Hands*, has been made. It is in consideration of their tendency to religious hysteria that a strong leaven of blasphemy has found its way into spiritualistic literature, and it is presumably for their benefit that the comic element is introduced into mediumistic dialogue.

* *Confessions of a Medium.* With Five Illustrations. 1 vol. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Some years ago two eminent professors expressed themselves concerning spiritualism—then a much-discussed topic—and each did this in a way that was calculated to give pain to a class of its bigots. "The world," said Professor Tyndall, "will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of spiritualism." It can easily be understood that this allusion to their pursuit displeased those worthy souls—cranks, perhaps, but not generally foolish, and credulous, perhaps, but somewhat scientific in their manners—who were profoundly aware of the purity and wholesomeness of their search after a new thing. All that was best among the converts to mysticism—and more than one was a justly famous man—was galled at the imputation of prostituted intellect and bought talent that was conveyed by that apt adjective. The other professor was Huxley. "Supposing," said he, "the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me," and thus brought down with the pellets of amiable indifference the small game of spiritualism, whose intellectual insignificance made them no mark for the conical bullet of Professor Tyndall's contempt. Their wrath can be imagined. Those who had sat spell-bound, with bristling hair, while guitars automatically tinkled, while hand-bells rang without the laying on of hands, while tables skipped like rams, and little chairs like young sheep—those who had not only experienced these things, but had paid in English gold for the privilege—were now told that the phenomena were not interesting. A tale of wonder had been unfolded, and a man, to whose voice educated England greatly listened, in place of ejaculating open-mouthed "No!" or "Impossible!" adopted the attitude of Mr. Toots, and found it all of no consequence. The re-issue of the *Confessions of a Medium* forms a remarkable (and anonymous) endorsement of the two professorial charges, and its perusal can be recommended to all those who have an itching to meddle with modern Black-Artfulness. The medium in his Confessions gives a brief sketch of his passage from superstition to fraud and from fraud to repentance; and the book bears the stamp of sincerity. He is taken to a *séance*, but had made up his mind before going as to the moral position of Spookism, for he tells us that he "believed that the emissaries of Satan had been let loose for a time, and permitted by a Divine Providence to test the faith of the followers of Christ." To judge by some of the self-communings with which his narrative is unnecessarily garnished, he was at that time an exceedingly blatant follower, so that it was natural that he should go to be tested. He went, and was tried, and was found wanting. "Religion and spiritualism became the opposing forces in his mind and he struggled to harmonise them," but ineffectually. Briefly, he was hoaxed, detected the tricks, and fell to be an accomplice in them—for, indeed, there is no record of his coming to full bloom as a medium and working a lay on his own account, but all his experiences are those of a bonnet. It was his to support one side of the "levitable" table with the surreptitious knee; and his to tamper with the neck of the sack wherein his friend was presumably fast confined; and on his person was concealed the shining garment which Mr. Thompson (of America) would assume in his dread impersonation of a materialized spectre, called now, with some aptness of nomenclature—some touch of appreciation for the silly awe of his audience—"Asoka," and now, with lamentable familiarity, "Joey." The Confessions confirm so completely the accusations of unbelievers, that we, as unbelievers, are willing to accept them as genuine. That the medium was himself the ghost was the obvious explanation of materialization of spirits. Sheltered by the darkness, he would emerge from his cabinet, and in the character of Busiris or Bobbie, Suleyman or Sambo, according to his intention to wear the tragic buskin or the comic sock, hold converse with the audience. This had been guessed, and our medium's confession is that in every materialization, that took place in his presence, matters were managed in that simple way. The sceptics, again, said that where a medium was searched and no concealed paraphernalia discovered, it was clear that his accomplice was in the room. We find that our author always carried the properties, for fear Mr. Thompson should be examined, and handed them up to that gentleman as occasion required. Again, the failure at many sittings to produce any result was always a subject of boast among the mystical. "If," said they, "the whole thing is a fraud, why should we subject ourselves to ridicule by allowing failures to take place?" The Confessions answer the question. If a medium has met with a generous employer, and has no future engagement, it would be good for trade to put off the revelation from night to night, as long as the patience of the man with the purse seemed unbroken; for a medium is not paid by results, but by sittings. Also a double purpose would be served by procrastination—curiosity would be stimulated by delay, and an opportune occasion could be selected for the manifestation, when there should be no fear of the physical outrage known among mediums as "seizing the person."

Our medium completely justifies the acerbity of Professor Tyndall and the indifference of Professor Huxley. Surely the wise people who supported spiritualism on the strength of miracles wrought through the agency of such fellows as Mr. Thompson deserved the reproach of having prostituted their intellects. And surely we can all agree with Professor Huxley in finding such clumsy conjuring deeply uninteresting. The book, though it be the answer to a conundrum already solved, should have its uses, for this is not a time in which any exposure of chicanery or ridicule of hysteria can be considered without use; but spiritualism in the form in which it is considered in these Confessions is now, we believe, unfashionable in England. Nor will it ever boom again. Great naturalists and distinguished chemists will never more support its tenets, to the irritation of their brethren of the Royal Society. No leading scientific authority will imitate Carpenter, and write a serious book in pooh-pooh of its doctrines. No future Faraday will devise instruments to turn the tables upon table-turners. The thing is dead, and this book forms a good inscription for its coffin.

CONSTANTINE, LAST EMPEROR OF THE GREEKS.*

THAT the fall of Constantinople is to be reckoned among the most important events of the world's history is perhaps even more evident from its remoter consequences than from its immediate effect, great as that was, on European sentiment. The story of its capture by the Turks is well told by M. Mijatovich, who has derived his information from the best sources, and has presented it in a pleasant form. He begins by pointing out how it came about that the city in its hour of need received little or no help from those who should have come to its rescue. Utterly demoralized, the peoples of the Balkan peninsula helped forward the advance of the invader; the peasants welcomed the Turkish rule, which at first actually bettered their lot; the Sultan's armies were swelled by a multitude of Christians, and renegades of all classes filled the highest offices in his court and camp. In addition to the voluntary services of Greeks, Servians, and others, the Turks compelled each province of the Empire that they conquered to furnish men and money for the conquest of its neighbours, and so many Christians willingly or unwillingly joined the army that Mahomet II. brought against Constantinople that a contemporary writer estimates their number at thirty thousand. It was impossible to expect help from Rome so long as the Greeks were schismatical, and the Emperor's submission to the Pope enraged the mass of the Greek people and added to the weakness of the city by exciting internal discord.

The military organization of the Turks, to which their success in Europe must mainly be ascribed, is illustrated by a long extract from the Travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquière.

From the same writer, too, we have a lively picture of Constantinople in 1433, and the record of La Brocquière's visit to the Sultan's Court at Adrianople. In a chapter on the diplomatic negotiations that immediately preceded the siege of the city M. Mijatovich dwells on the pacific policy of the Grand-Vizier Chalil, who feared that an attack on Constantinople would be followed immediately by a combination of European Powers against his master; he notes the disastrous effect of the consent of the despot George Braukovich to a three years' armistice between the Hungarians and the Sultan, who thus "obtained a free hand to strike down Constantinople," and he defends the Emperor Constantine XIII. from the charge of having wantonly provoked the wrath of the Turks by an unnecessary appeal for help to Western Europe. Constantine, he contends, did not turn to the Pope until the Sultan had declared his intention of raising a fort at Loemocopia, on Greek territory, and almost at the gates of the city. His submission to the Pope was greeted by the fanatic Greeks with execrations; the Great Admiral openly said that he would rather see the turban of a Turk in Constantinople than the helmet of a Latin, and the nuns of the city specially distinguished themselves by their violence, one of them declaring that "she would not fast any more; she would eat meat, wear Turkish garments, and offer sacrifices to Mahomet." The military arrangements for the siege are expounded with remarkable clearness, though even so the reader sorely needs the help of a plan; for the plan of Buondelmonti, given as a frontispiece, is of little use as regards the siege, and is reproduced here on so small a scale as to be

* *Constantine, the Last Emperor of the Greeks; or, the Conquest of Constantinople by the Turks* (A.D. 1453), *after the latest Historical Researches.* By Chedomil Mijatovich, formerly Servian Minister at the Court of St. James. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited. 1892.

almost useless for any purpose. From the writings of eye-witnesses M. Mijatovich has constructed a story of the siege as it proceeded from day to day which will be read with the deepest interest. Throughout its whole course, from April 11th to the morning of May 29th, when the city was stormed, the Emperor behaved with remarkable heroism; he refused to listen to the entreaties of the senators and prelates who would have had him leave his capital, and declared that he would die with his people; he laboured night and day in their defence, and finally, after a public and solemn preparation for death in the Church of St. Sophia, fell fighting valiantly against the Turkish host as it pressed through the streets of the Imperial city. M. Mijatovich's book is in almost every respect an excellent monograph. He has, however, been a little too hasty in accepting Thomas Walsingham, quoted rather oddly here from Hakluyt's *Voyages*, as the only source of information about the visit of the Emperor Manuel II. to England; several particulars not in Walsingham will be found in *Eulogium*, in the *Chronicle of London* (1189–1483), and elsewhere. To us, too, he seems to have missed a point by calling Constantine XIII. by no other title than "Emperor of the Greeks." Constantine was officially described as "Emperor of the Romans," as may be seen in the inscription surrounding the effigy of him given in this volume. Although for about two centuries and a half before his time, Roman in Eastern Europe merely meant Greek, the Empire of the East never entirely lost its Roman characteristics; they remained to the end the causes both of strength and weakness. Moreover, Constantinople, Greek as in many things it had become, had not lost all claim to the Imperial name of Rome. The older Rome, though the coronation-place of emperors, had in the fifteenth century long ceased, except in theory, to be a seat of empire; it was not so with the New Rome, as Constantinople was named at its dedication; it is not so even now, when a Sultan reigns in the city of the Cæsars. And as M. Mijatovich has shown here, the last Christian ruler of the city proved himself in no way unworthy of his exalted title, "Imperator Romanorum et semper Augustus."

CHURCH PLATE IN WILTS.*

THE death of Mr. Nightingale just as this volume was issued is a great loss to archæology. For many years he had carefully investigated the ecclesiastical antiquities of the Western counties. His volume on the Church Plate of Dorset was only published a year ago. As is well known, Wiltshire is divided, all the rich, flat lands north of Salisbury Plain forming the deaneries of Malmesbury and Chippenham being part of the diocese of Gloucester, and the rest being in Salisbury. Mr. Nightingale has wisely kept the parishes of the county together in his book, which is much more than a mere list of church silver, and includes many interesting notes on place-names and many curious personal anecdotes. There is a difference, not easily accounted for, between the church plate of North Wilts and that of the southern end of the county. The best mediæval pieces are found near Salisbury. The best examples of the Elizabethan period are found in the northern part. At Berwick St. James there was formerly a chalice of the thirteenth century which had been in continuous use until 1879, when the vicar and churchwardens, finding it too much worn to be "fit for decent usage," deposited it, and the paten of 1500, in the British Museum, resisting successfully various proposals to have them melted down for new vessels. In return Mr. Franks, with his accustomed generosity, presented the parish, which lies in "a somewhat unfrequented valley on the borders of Salisbury Plain," with a handsome new chalice and paten of mediæval design. In Salisbury Cathedral there is a thirteenth-century silver parcel-gilt chalice, believed to have been found in one of the tombs destroyed or removed by Wyatt in the course of his famous "restoration" of the Cathedral at the end of the last century. It was in all probability the same used by Bishop Longespée, who died in 1297. Two well-known specimens are in the county. That of Wylye has been frequently engraved and imitated. That of Highworth, of the same type, is not so well known. "It is a very handsome vessel, strongly gilt." The date is 1534, and there are indications in the inscription and the design of the religious changes then passing over the land. The Wylye cup is dated 1525, and is also gilt.

No fewer than eight mediæval patens, still in use, are enumerated by Mr. Nightingale. Immense quantities of church plate were confiscated in 1552, under Edward VI., but the inventories made by the Commissioners for Wiltshire do not exist, as in Dorset. There is, however, a list in the Record Office of chalices and bells. In no instance was more than one cup left for the use of the parishioners, and in nearly every place "something was taken for the King, varying from ½ oz. at Pertwood to 127 oz. at Bishops Cannings." The next move was to order a special pattern of chalice. This was under Elizabeth, but appears to have been carried out with great laxity in the diocese of Salisbury, notwithstanding the strong Protestant views of Bishop Jewel and his immediate successors. "There are more mediæval examples of church plate in the neighbourhood of Salisbury than in any other similar district in England." Outlines are given of Elizabethan chalices, some of which, chiefly in North Wilts, are of exquisite design. A beautiful flagon is engraved (p. 142). It was given to the church at Hedington in 1830, but is very pure Elizabethan in style and dated 1602.

The case of Berwick St. James, where the parochial authorities deposited their ancient silver in the British Museum, is unique, unfortunately; but a few cases are mentioned by Mr. Nightingale in which plate that had been sold or exchanged away was recovered. In 1887 he had a letter from a dealer in old silver asking to be informed "whereabouts in Wiltshire was a place called Sampsonis, as he had a bit of old plate with that name marked on it." Mr. Nightingale asked for a copy of the full inscription, as he did not know of the existence of any such place. It turned out to be a church of St. Sampson at Cricklade. Mr. Nightingale communicated at once with the vicar; but, before anything could be done, the silver, which consisted of an ancient chalice, had been sold by the dealer. Three years later, however, it turned up in the sale of a private collection at Messrs. Christie's, and was fortunately recovered for the parish. It was of the Elizabethan pattern and very handsome, with the date 1615. There were two chalices belonging to the church, and this one, being never used, was forgotten and left in the custody of a parish clerk, who died in 1879, when his family removed to Manchester. Then one of them, who did not know what it was or whence it came, sold it for 2*l.* 10*s.*, together with some coins. It eventually came into the possession of a collector who sent it to Christie's, where it was recognized. The rest of the story is obscure. The collector consented "to give it up," we are told, "on the payment of 45*l.* by the clerk's family, he himself having paid that sum for it." A second example of the danger of alienating church plate is that of Semley in South Wilts. The rector, in 1874, bought a new chalice and paten for 25*l.*, parting with the old vessels for 10*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* The chalice was dated 1714, but a dishonest dealer made the figures by a little change into 1514, and sold it to a clergyman in Kent, who still possesses it, and uses it for private celebrations. It is impossible even to dip into this volume without finding something interesting and curious, something to increase our regret for the premature death of the writer.

* *The Church Plate of the County of Wilts.* By J. E. Nightingale, F.S.A. Salisbury: Bennett.

THE EARLY COINAGE OF THE GREEKS.*

MR. WROTH'S very valuable Catalogue of the Coins of Mysia contains a large number of examples of Greek numismatic art, which are of quite exceptional beauty and historical interest. Among the many wealthy cities of Mysia, a large province at the north-west angle of Asia Minor, the most important were Cyzicus, Lampsacus, and Pergamum. Cyzicus, which, according to Cicero, was one of the most beautiful cities of the Greek world, was specially remarkable for its magnificent temples dedicated to a great variety of different cults, for its famous school of painting, and generally for the exceptional skill of its artists in all branches of arts and handicrafts. The wealth and commercial importance of Cyzicus, which date from as early a period as the sixth century B.C., appear to have been due to the favourable position of the city on the neck of a promontory extending into the Propontis, in the full tide of the naval commerce between the Ægean and Euxine Seas, within easy reach of the shores of Thrace on the north, and bounded on the south by a country rich in gold, the kingdom of Gyges, Crœsus, and other proverbially wealthy kings of Lydia. In Greece proper and in the islands of the Ægean Sea native gold was wholly absent, and from the latter part of the sixth century till about the middle of the fourth century B.C. the electrum staters of Cyzicus were, together with the gold Darics of the Persian kings, the principal staple of gold coinage throughout the whole land of Greece. For purposes of storage in the temple treasuries, and for private hoards during a disturbed and perilous period, the concentrated value of a coinage either of pure gold or the "white

* *Catalogue of the Greek Coins of Mysia in the British Museum.* By Warwick Wroth. London: printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. 1892.

gold" of Cyzicus was more convenient than the comparatively bulky silver coinage of Greece proper. The marble inscribed lists of the treasures stored in the Athenian Parthenon and other important Greek temples during the fifth century B.C. contain frequent mention of these Cyzicene staters, and, less commonly, those of Lampsacus, another of the wealthiest cities of Mysia.

A very valuable monograph on Cyzicus and its coinage was published in the *Numismatic Chronicle* for 1887 by the distinguished antiquary Mr. Greenwell, who himself possesses an unrivalled collection of the beautiful Cyzicene staters, the knowledge of which is a comparatively recent thing, due mainly to the discovery of two or three large hoards near the site of Panticapæum in the Crimea. In the time of Eckhel, the father of the modern science of numismatics, not one of the many types of these staters was known; and their frequent mention in Greek inscriptions was explained by the supposition that the "Cyzicene stater," like the mediæval English mark, was merely money of account, not an actual coin. The staters of Cyzicus are, however, comparatively numerous, and, apart from their great artistic beauty, are of unique importance among the coinages of Greek cities on account of the extraordinary number of quite different types which they exhibit. Most Hellenic States adhered closely to a very limited series of coin types—as, for example, the "owls" of Athens and the "horses" of Corinth. When variations in the form of mint-marks or magistrates' symbols were introduced, they were minute in scale and were kept strictly subordinate to the main State device. On the staters of Cyzicus on the contrary, though one fixed city symbol is invariably used, this symbol, the tunny fish, is the subordinate device; while the constantly changing magistrate's mark becomes the principal type on the *obverse* of the coin. Thus we see on the long series of these staters, ranging from the end of the sixth to the middle of the fourth century B.C., reproductions of the coin types of a large number of different Greek States throughout the Hellenic world, together with sacred types, showing how varied were the religious cults of this wonderful city, animals and mythical monsters in abundance, representations of important statues, and, finally, many scenes of the *genre* class, all treated with marvellous grace of composition and delicacy of workmanship.

A complete series of Cyzicene staters, were such a collection ever to be got together, would in fact almost present an epitome of the coin types and religious cults of the Greek world, together with a large class of quite novel and original numismatic devices. In all cases, however, a small figure of a tunny-fish, as the city mark, is skilfully introduced so as not to interfere with the main design of the *obverse*, and yet by its presence to indicate clearly the city where the coin was struck. As Mr. Greenwell points out, the types of these staters include reproductions of the devices on the coins of Syracuse, Gela, Tarentum, Thurium, Samos, Chios, Clazomene, and many other States, together with figures or symbols of Zeus, Poseidon, Demeter, Apollo, Athene, Aphrodite, Dionysos, Hera, and other important deities of the Greek and even of the Oriental hierarchy.

In Mr. Greenwell's monograph the coins are arranged according to the subjects of their types; but Mr. Wroth adopts a modification of this system, classifying them, in the first place, in four chronological periods. He then arranges the staters of each period according to their types within their main chronological grouping. The four periods are these:—(1) Coins of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C.; (2) those of about 500 to 450 B.C.; (3) coins of 450 to 400 B.C.; and (4) those of 400 to 350 B.C., when Cyzicus was sinking into insignificance under the domination of Athens. With the very slightest modification, the dates given to this remarkable series of staters by Mr. Greenwell are accepted by Mr. Wroth. Both numismatists classify a considerable number of the small electrum coins of Cyzicus within the first period, but only one of the large staters, that of which the *obverse* has merely the tunny-fish decorated with hanging fillets. It is, however, mainly the *reverse* of this coin which indicates that it may belong to an earlier period than any of the others. Instead of having only the "mill-sail" incuse square, an archaic form of reverse type which at Cyzicus survived till the latest period of these staters, this one coin has a minutely-cut crayfish introduced in the upper part of the punch-formed sinking. With regard to the second period, 500 to 450 B.C., several coins are here included by Mr. Wroth, and also by Mr. Greenwell, which, from their archaic style, may very well belong to the closing years of the sixth century B.C. The result of a great mass of discoveries made during recent years, and more especially the excavations among the pre-Persian stratum on the Athenian Acropolis, tend to show that the development of Greek art has usually been attributed to too late a period, and in the future a rather earlier date must be given, not only to Greek sculpture of the pre-Pheidian period, but also to painted vases, coins, and gems of the half-century which preceded the Persian invasion of Attica in 480 B.C.

Since the publication of this excellent Catalogue by Mr. Wroth, most interesting new light has been thrown on the meaning of primitive coin types, such as the Cyzicene tunny-fish, by Professor Ridgway in his book on *The Origin of Currency*, one of the most important and brilliantly original works on any archæological subject which have appeared for many years past. Professor Ridgway shows that the earliest Greek coin types commonly represented the principal product of each State, which product had had a fixed currency value before the invention of coined money. At Cyzicus the tunny fishery seems to have been the chief industry and source of wealth of the citizens, and Professor Ridgway gives ample reason to believe that in early times commercial values in Cyzicus were reckoned in units of the salted tunny. In illustration of this he quotes an interesting mediæval document, which, by a joint agreement between the English traders and the fishermen of Iceland, tabulated a list of values of English produce, such as corn, beer, honey, and wax, each with its equivalent value in dried stockfish. This important discovery gives a new meaning to a large number of Greek coin types, such as the ox of Eubœa, the silphium plant of Cyrene, the tortoise of Ægina, the shield of Bœotia, and many others, all of which represent on the coinage the former staple object of exchange and currency.

The monetary value of the Cyzicene electrum staters appears to have been very nearly the same as the Persian Daric of pure gold, which, like the stater of Cyzicus, had a wide circulation throughout the Hellenic world till both were superseded by the gold staters of the Macedonian Kings Philip II. and his son Alexander the Great. The gold Daric and the later Macedonian stater weighed 130 grains; while the electrum stater of Cyzicus averaged 248 to 250 grains. But the electrum was mixed alloy of gold and silver, which, though practically varying much in different specimens, has an average proportion of nearly equal parts of the two metals.

Another important series of early coins described by Mr. Wroth consists of the gold staters of Lampsacus, another Mysian seaport town. On these beautiful coins the State symbol, the forepart of a winged horse, occupies the *obverse*, while on the *reverse* a large variety of devices are introduced, inferior only to those on the Cyzicene staters in point of number and variety of style. During the fourth century B.C. the Lampsacene staters were specially beautiful as works of art; full of grace, and modelled with a peculiar soft delicacy of touch which, in some cases, savours distinctly of the *pictorial* in style; while on other specimens the extreme minuteness of detail suggests that the coin artist was also accustomed to engrave intaglio gems.

The silver tetradrachms of Pergamum, which come next in artistic importance among the coins of Mysia, are remarkable for the magnificent portrait-head of Philetairus, the founder of the Pergamene dynasty, who from 284 to 263 B.C. acted as governor of the Province under Seleucus Nicator, King of Syria. This noble portrait does not occur on the coins which Philetairus himself struck, but it was introduced as the *obverse* type under Eumenes I. and others of his successors. The introduction of portrait-heads on Greek coins did not come into fashion till a comparatively late period—not till after the death of Alexander the Great—and we find eiconic heads of the noblest style and workmanship even at a period when other classes of coin devices were in a very distinct state of decadence. The art of portraiture on coins, as it was late in development, was also late in falling into artistic decay.

Mr. Wroth's Catalogue is well and copiously illustrated with autotype plates, and it is in every respect a worthy successor of the many excellent coin catalogues which have previously been issued by the Numismatic Department of the British Museum.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXXI.*

THE appearance of a new volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is a recurrent pleasure; for pleasure it certainly is to dip even in the idlest way into these pages, where the careless reader is sure to find something to arrest his attention, while the more thoughtful one rejoices to behold such stores of information laid convenient to his hand whenever he may happen to need them. By this time the editor must be well-nigh weary of the inevitable formulæ of praise—the great and truly national character of the undertaking, the admirable way in which it has been carried out, the gratifying fact that each fresh volume maintains the reputation of its predecessors,

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXI. *Kennett—Lambart*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

and so forth. Therefore we will request him to "take them as read," and will forthwith proceed to mention a few of the articles. To our mind, one of the most interesting is that by Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders upon William Lamb, second Viscount Melbourne. It is true that Lord Melbourne affords a "sympathetic" subject. It is impossible not to feel tenderly towards the statesman who uttered the words of wisdom, "Why not leave it alone?" And one's heart goes forth to him when, indignant at Peel's conversion to Free-trade, he broke out with, "Ma'am, it is a damned dishonest act." Vigorous and apt, too, is his phrase of "the blackguard interest in Parliament," and there is fine sarcasm in his remark that Croker would dispute with the Recording Angel about the number of his sins. All this, of course, belongs to the lighter element in Melbourne's biography, in which there is no lack of serious political interest. His fascinating and flighty wife, Lady Caroline Lamb, receives separate notice by Mr. Russell Barker. Charles Lamb is fully and appreciatively treated of by Canon Ainger, the editor of Lamb's Works and Correspondence. Mr. Leslie Stephen, whom we are glad to see keeping up his connexion with the Dictionary, contributes the able articles upon Kinglake and Kingsley. Mr. A. J. Butler supplies the biography of the energetic and kindly-natured Charles Knight, "author and publisher," who, though his early-nineteenth-century way of looking at history is obsolescent, must still be honoured for what he did towards making history a thing of real and living interest to the general reader, and whom all true Shakspearians must love for his edition of Shakspeare, even though he did, as the critical hold, pay too idolatrous a reverence to the First Folio, and even though his adoration of the poet was at times somewhat indiscriminating. To Scotsmen, no doubt, the most interesting biography will be that of John Knox, to whom Dr. Æneas Mackay devotes nearly twenty pages, written in a sympathetic, yet not unduly laudatory, tone.

Sir Godfrey Kneller the painter, whose real name was Kniller, is among the many foreigners who, in consideration of long connexion with this country, have found admittance into the Dictionary. He was born at Lübeck in 1646, and was intended, and to some extent trained, for a military life, but preferred the paternal occupation of painting, which answered very well for him. "Ten reigning sovereigns in all sat to Kneller for their portraits. His sitters included almost all persons of rank, wealth, or eminence in his day." As he "enjoyed continuous good health," which enabled him to get through an enormous amount of work, and as in his later days he did not scruple to leave the draperies and accessories of his portraits to be executed by his staff of assistants, "he amassed great wealth; and though he lost heavily in the speculations of the South Sea Bubble, he left a large fortune." The biographer, Mr. Lionel Cust, remarks with truth, albeit in painfully modern phraseology, that "posterity has not endorsed the extravagantly high opinion in which Kneller's talents were held by his contemporaries." But still the best of his work is pronounced by Mr. Cust to be "of the highest order," and the blame for "the monotony of dress and attitude" in his portraits should be laid mainly upon the sitters themselves, who, yielding to the dictates of fashion and "the imitative tendency in the English character," "demanded that he should depict them in the one familiar attitude."

To the biography of Oliver King, sometime Secretary to Edward IV., and Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1495 to 1503, the addition of a detail may be suggested. In the contemporary letter-writer Simon Stallworthe's hurried account of the state of affairs resulting from the *coup d'état* which took off Lord Hastings's head, "Master Oliver King" is mentioned, together with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Ely, as being "yet in the Tower," presumably as a State prisoner. The present biographer does not touch upon this point, though he mentions that Richard III. deprived King of his office of secretary. Among some fifty other bearers of the same surname, Edward King may be noticed as an instance of the immortality that poetry can bestow. His name by itself may suggest nothing; but give him his poetical appellation of Lycidas, and he will be at once recognized as the subject of Milton's lamentation. Some traces of him in real life remain. "During 1633-4 King was prælector of his college, and the admissions are in his handwriting. . . . His name, written by himself in a small and very beautiful hand, occurs in a college order written in an old lease book." Latin verses of his composition are also extant; but, according to his biographer, Mr. Bass Mullinger, they hardly sustain his reputation for poetical ability. As Edward King lives in the character of "friend of Milton," so Edward Kirke lives as the "friend of the poet Spenser," but with this difference—that, whereas King's fame rests on what Milton wrote about him, Kirke's is founded upon what he wrote about Spenser. It is true that his title is not uncontested; for there is a theory that "E. K.," the admiring but somewhat heavy friend who supplied the commentary upon Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender*, was not Edward Kirke at all, but Spenser himself disguised under his friend's initials. Those who have examined the arguments by which this theory is supported will, we think, be quite ready to side with Mr. Sidney Lee (the present biographer) in rejecting it. It would take a great deal to make us believe that Spenser was such a laborious and unblushing self-puffer as he must have been if he was identical with "E. K." A more famous, or perhaps we should say more notorious, Kirke is the redoubtable Percy or Piercy Kirke, the leader of "Kirke's Lambs." His biographer, Mr. Manners Chichester, describes Kirke as "a short-tempered, rough-spoken, dissolute soldier," and observes that he "was no doubt harsh and unscrupulous, but the accounts of his atrocities are fictitious or exaggerated." He also tells us that the entries in the Home Office Marching Books, which show that Kirke's regiment was recalled from the West to London about August 1685, "disprove the unsupported statement that Kirke and his 'Lambs' formed the escort of Jeffreys during 'the bloody assizes.'" We must not conclude without noticing a contemporary of Kirke's, who practised professionally the craft which the Colonel exercised only *en amateur*. Long ago, and more in jest than earnest, we expressed our hope that the Dictionary would one day give us a critical biography of Jack Ketch. This has been supplied by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, and we can now know all there is to be known about "John Ketch, Esquire," as he styled himself in all seriousness, the hangmen claiming a right to that honourable addition. The facts that Ketch operated upon men of such mark as Russell, Monmouth, and Titus Oates, and that he earned a reputation for excessive barbarity, are sufficient to account for his notoriety, which was perpetuated by the application of his name to the executioner in the puppet-show drama of Punchinello, our own familiar Punch. "Fama, sive bona, sive mala, fama est," as some sixteenth-century Latinist has averred.

THE MAGIC INK.*

WHEN we admit that Mr. William Black is deservedly one of the most popular novelists, he cannot take it ill if we say candidly that his last book, a volume of short stories, does not reach his usual standard of excellence. It is not every novelist who has any standard at all, and the admirers of one of the pleasantest writers alive are naturally exacting. In two of his tales Mr. Black has attempted the apparently easy task of writing stories with a fantastic motive. "Any one can be merely bizarre," say the paradoxical critics—thinking, doubtless, of the average magazine ghost-story. But, in truth, to be successful in this particular line requires a special bent. This quality is not allowed to every one. Many great authors have, however, excelled in the presentment of the fantastic, and there are at least three living Englishmen who have produced little masterpieces of this kind, so that we are apt to be fastidious. After Hoffman, Balzac, Gautier, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, and Edgar Poe—all writers of different method, and all master of the fantastic—it would seem impossible to attain originality. Originality of ideas is not necessary, but originality of treatment and atmosphere is indispensable. One must create a new impression—*un frisson nouveau*. A ghost-story, however good, need not be fantastic at all. It is tales of diablerie, of mental disease, mental hallucination, or physiological interest that may be classified under the one generic term. In the middle ages, when the grotesque in art found its highest expression; when life was so fantastic in itself, and the commonplace phenomena of nature were ascribed to miraculous agency, there is curiously no trace of this peculiar *genre* as we know it. The plastic genius of the Renaissance abhorred anything of the kind in literature, and in the seventeenth century a belief in the supernatural became too real and serious a terror to be pressed into the service of fiction. It is not till the appearance of writers like Cazotte that this kind of story assumed a definite form, and even Cazotte was ahead of the fashion. The *conte fantastique* is one of the most characteristic and delightful, as it is one of the most exotic, growths of modern literature. It has been well said by a modern critic that "The too palpable intruders from a spiritual world in almost all ghost literature have a kind of crudity or coarseness. . . . The modern mind so minutely self-scrutinizing, if it is to be affected at all by a sense of the supernatural, needs to be more finely touched than was possible in the older romantic presentment of it." Let us say that the fantastic in *fiction* is a subtler presentment of the grotesque, an improvement on the usual ghost-story. "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner," for example, is a great improvement

* *The Magic Ink; and other Tales.* By William Black. London: Sampson Low & Co.

on the *Monk* of Lewis. And "Wandering Willie," excelling them both, is one of the finest tales of diablerie in the language. In Germany the weird stories of Hoffman have been equalled but never surpassed. In France the fantastic story was developed on different lines, as any one who has compared Gautier and Hoffman must have noticed. Gautier's are more delicate but less weird. Edgar Poe, perhaps, combined the merits of all the others. As a whole, his stories are the most perfect, though other writers may have produced a single work better than any one of his. It is, however, from Poe that those who now excel in the fantastic derive their happiest inspirations by developing and assimilating his methods. We have said that originality is not entirely indispensable. New material, however, is, of course, invaluable for the making of anything, and it is wise to eschew well-worn themes. Mr. William Black's open-air style and healthy characterization are hardly suited to curious or supernatural subjects. And it is only on this account that neither "The Magic Ink" nor "An All Hallow E'en Wraith" is satisfactory. In the former he has tried the always interesting experiment of making quite a commonplace person the victim of diabolic agency. The hero is given by a mysterious Eastern stranger a bottle of ink which records, not what the writer *wishes* to say, but what he is thinking about. It is a kind of ink that Mr. Gladstone must have used on several occasions. Magic wands, skins, inks, and the like, along with magic rings, have been done to death. And this particular story is rendered with little of Mr. Black's accustomed distinction. In the second story he has used the well-known superstitions and rites of All Hallows Eve with hardly more success. But, however unfortunate he has been in his subject, he has been able to give some admirable sketches of middle-class life, in describing which he is pre-eminent. Of the third and last story in the volume, "Nancibel," we cannot speak too highly. It is a domestic tale in the author's most characteristic manner—that manner which a large section of the public appreciates so highly.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.*

MR. WATSON gives a sufficiently exact estimate of his book in his Preface when he says that he "has no pretensions to literary abilities, but endeavours to relate, in a plain, blunt way, events just as they happened." This modest disclaimer of "literary abilities" is no doubt sincere; but it need not be understood too literally. It requires some literary ability of a not contemptible kind to relate things just as they happened in a plain, blunt way. The person of no ability always endeavours to adorn the events, or, when he is content to be pedestrian, never knows what to leave untold. Mr. Watson avoids these mistakes, on the whole, fairly well, and, besides, he is not without experience in writing. His *Life in the Confederate Army* was well spoken of. This volume is a continuation of his adventures in the American Civil War. After his discharge, wounded, from hospital, he turned to blockade-running, and kept to that risky business with some success till the close of the war.

Mr. Watson's narrative is capital reading for boys, and not an unpleasant pastime for grown men with a boyish spot about them. It will help to fill the hour or two after dinner, when the mind is indisposed for austere studies, and it will serve to pass over the small hours of a sleepless night pleasantly enough, and not quite unprofitably. For one thing it will do something to dispel a mistaken notion as to the business of blockade-running, and even in this matter "the Inquiry of *Truth*, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the Knowledge of *Truth*, which is the presence of it; and the Belief of *Truth*, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature." The blockade-runner of the American Civil War, so one went about idly believing, was a steamer, long, low, painted as like the colour of water as possible, and passing swift. So some were, but not all, nor the most successful. Even among the steamers the *Denbigh*, a rather slow old boat, was more fortunate than some of the dashing craft apparently better fitted for the work. But a great deal of the blockade-running was done in small centre-board schooners. Mr. Watson seems to incline to the opinion that, on the whole, they were more successful than the steamers. It is true that they had certain disadvantages. They were nearly helpless in a calm, and when chased by a cruiser which could steam into the wind's eye, whereas a steamer might escape by speed. On the other hand, they were less easy to see; for they sent up no clouds of smoke, they could carry much more cargo in proportion to their size, for the steamer was compelled to carry coal for her voyage out as well as in, since there was none to be got in Confederate ports. They were worked at much less expense, and were not so great a loss when captured. If they made the run by luck and good seamanship, the profits were greater. The nature of things in this as in other cases always provides a set-off for every advantage the ingenuity of man can work out. Nature means to kill all men and capture all blockade-runners sooner or later, and it is noted that she invariably succeeds in the end—which is a subject for solemn reflection after dinner and in the sleepless small hours. If it ever occurred to Mr. Watson while running in the *Rob Roy* from Galveston to Tampico, from Tampico to Havannah, and from Havannah back to Galveston, he has not recorded it. Perhaps it did, but does not appear to him in the light of an event which happened.

The *Rob Roy* was an estimable little craft, not unworthy to go a-cruising with H.M. brig *Snake* or the schooner of *Treasure Island*. Mr. Watson bought her at New Orleans, transferred her to an English registry, and took her down to Mexico. It had not been his intention to take to blockade-running; but circumstances, financial and other, recounted in a sufficiently agreeable manner, induced him to alter his mind. Mr. Watson had picked up some seamanship in a roaming life, and could navigate fairly. After an unlucky experience with a scamp who nearly jockeyed him out of his vessel, he acted as his own captain, and had no occasion to regret it. He made three successful runs, dodging the Federal cruisers neatly, with now and then a little help from local pilots. Luckily for him he was never sighted at sea by a swift steamer. Once, indeed, he was closely chased, but it was by an armed sailing-ship. On that occasion he got off much in the style of Marryat's smugglers or pirates by turning continually to windward, taking advantage of the greater handiness of his fore-and-aft-rigged centre-board boat in tacking to best the square-rigged war-ship. It fell calm, and then we seem to be reading of the days of Benbow, when Mr. Watson tells how they got away from the cruiser's boats by help of their sweeps. When he saw the steamers it was generally close in shore, where he could take refuge in the shallows, or the port was not far off. Once Mr. Watson, as he tells with pardonable pride, actually took the *Rob Roy* over the bar at Tampico in a "Norther" without a pilot, and with no help except some flag signals made to him from the shore. The Mexican pilots thought it a most unprofessional and, indeed, almost indecent act on his part. Since the pilot could not reach him, it was his duty to be wrecked, in their opinion. Mr. Watson saw something of the seamy side of the Confederacy both in and out of the States. He has stories to tell of the frauds of its commissariat and of the Southerners who, while professing the most entire devotion to the cause, found they could serve it best to their own satisfaction by hanging about with dubious commissions in the neighbourhood of their own plantations, or by settling at Havannah, where they served their country by selling mixed cargoes at a very high figure to blockade-runners. Mr. Watson's final judgment is that blockade-running was, "on the whole, a rather enjoyable occupation, with something of the zest of yacht-racing."

* *Adventure Series—The Adventures of a Blockade-Runner; or, Trade in Time of War.* By W. Watson, Author of "Life in the Confederate Army." Illustrated by Captain Byng, R.N. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE success of the volume published last year under the title of *Apostata* has encouraged its author to come promptly before the public again with a second series of essays (1), some of which are reprints of contributions to German periodicals. The writer deals almost exclusively with current political topics, the only notable exception being the clever sketch of Maupassant's tragically checked career; and even this gives him an opportunity for an attack on Macdougallism in Germany, since he actually had to meet a charge of disseminating *unzüchtige Schriften* for his very innocent discussion of the French novelist. As a devoted admirer of Bismarck and a contemptuous foe of *Caprivismus* he displays his accustomed incisiveness in attack and skill in defence, and though it cannot be said that his essays are of more than merely temporary value, they are always agreeable and sometimes brilliant specimens of vigorous polemic. In spite of his gibes at the prosecutions for *Majestätsbeleidigung*, and the nobbling of the press (which, by the way, according to his own showing in "The Duckpond," seems to be extremely deserving of the remedy desired by Teufelsdröckh's Count Zähdarm), he expresses himself with sufficient clearness concerning all in authority; it is not, for instance, very difficult to see who is intended in his pleasant portrait of Otto III. ("that interesting *fin de siècle* emperor—Nero was one, too—a reformer turned wrong way round"), or what is the drift of the interesting analysis and criticism in "The Romantic School," "Crowned

(1) *Apostata.* Von Maximilian Harden. Neue Folge. Berlin: G. Stilke. 1892.

Words," and "The Minuet"—the last much the best thing in the book, from the purely literary point of view. The volume teems with telling (and often very spiteful) hits at the author's political opponents, and contains some capital sarcasm on "advanced" thinkers, the fetish of Parliamentary government, the incontinent of speech, *publizistisches Ungeziefer*, and the mystic virtue of the letters M. d. R. (=M.P.); most of this may find its application to-day in our own enlightened land.

The anonymous author of *Berlin—Wien—Rom* (2) takes a much rosier view of the new order. He makes a careful and elaborate survey of the chief events which have affected the political situation since the dismissal of the great Chancellor, devoting himself more particularly to the circumstances connected with the Triple Alliance and the relations of Germany with the other Great Powers. Refusing to be labelled *bismarckisch* or *unbismarckisch*, he shows that those who clamoured for a continuance of the Bismarck "system" in foreign politics demanded an impossibility, seeing that—to give one reason only—no successor of the fallen Minister could possibly wield his unique power; but he holds that the outlook in general is far more promising and comfortable for his country now than it has been for a considerable period. This he endeavours to prove by a goodly array of facts and a cheerful method of interpreting the inferences to be drawn from them. He is thus enabled to accomplish his task of satisfactorily balancing the nation's debit and credit accounts since March 20, 1890:—"the pound left by the founder of the German Empire has been put out at vastly good interest by his much-abused heirs."

The idea first vigorously promulgated by Karl Marx, Lasalle, and their followers, that the workman is not only not benefited, but is absolutely injured, by the spread of gigantic manufacturing enterprises is not, it is to be feared, confined to Fabians and other insignificant faddists. The unsympathetic and apparently callous method of the older orthodox political economists has, no doubt, been not infrequently the cause of some such impression being left on the minds of not over-scientific readers—an impression which the more eminent of later writers on the subject are wisely doing their best to remove. The aim of the author of *Der Grossbetrieb* (3) is to demonstrate by a painstaking examination of the cotton industry in England that the development of a given manufacture means an increase of prosperity for all concerned in it, and that Labour's share in the social and material advantages gained is more rather than less than Capital's. Dr. von Schulze-Gävernitz brings plenty of facts to show that the poor are *not* growing poorer and the rich richer, and that there is no real ground for the fears of those pessimistic sentimentalists who see nothing but class feuds and a powder-and-shot settling day in the near future as the result of industrial progress. Not the least interesting part of the book is the sketch of the painful birth and early years of the machinery era.

Dr. Falkenheim is all for the "philosophical" treatment of literature and literary history, which treatment he conceives to be best exemplified in the critical writings of the veteran Kuno Fischer (4). He is at great pains to expound the only true method, which consists in first subordinating the psychological and the æsthetic standpoint to the historical, then the historical and the æsthetic to the psychological, and finally giving the æsthetic its turn; in other words, first group your man, then look into his "individuality," and, lastly, devote yourself entirely to the consideration of his works. There is, perhaps, no startling novelty about this plan, which, for the rest, depends, of course, for its success entirely upon the critic who uses it, who may give us Dryasdust, Harriet, and gush, or who may happen to be a Sainte-Beuve. The author is fairly happy in his own criticisms, and a discriminating, though enthusiastic, admirer of his exemplar. He does well to be angry with the mere philological students and professors of literature, who, indeed, seem to be the cause of his penning this pamphlet.

To the number of books which are no books belongs Herr Loewenthal's collection of greetings from the "poets and thinkers" of to-day to those of the next century (5). The latter will scarcely have a high opinion of their forbears if they judge them by the shards of prose and rhyme gathered together in this volume. The writers are not for the most part known to fame, but here and there the enterprising bookmaker has managed to "draw" an author of distinction. Felix Dahn, Rudolf von Gneist, Ebers, and the recently deceased Bodenstedt appear among the contributors; but it can scarcely be said that their remarks add appreciably to the value of the volume.

Dr. Bernard's translation of the *Kritik of Judgment* (6), which has never before been rendered into English, is a carefully executed piece of work. The version is faithful, and the notes and introduction are useful.

The two stories by Johannes von Dewall (7) edited for the holiday delight of army candidates are well suited for their purpose; the style and diction are not too difficult for those whose acquaintance with German is not extensive, and ample explanatory annotation is provided.

(2) *Berlin—Wien—Rom. Betrachtungen über den neuen Kurs u. die neue europäische Lage.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1892.

(3) *Der Grossbetrieb ein wirtschaftlicher u. socialer Fortschritt. Eine Studie auf dem Gebiete der Baumwollindustrie.* Von Dr. Gerhardt von Schulze-Gävernitz. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1892.

(4) *Kuno Fischer und die litterarhistorische Methode.* Von Hugo Falkenheim, Dr. Phil. Berlin: Speyer & Peters. 1892.

(5) *Internationales Saecular-Album als Gruss der Dichter und Denker des XIX. an die des XX. Jahrhunderts.* Herausgegeben von Eduard Löwenthal. (Deutsche, österreichische u. schweizerische Schriftsteller.) Berlin: K. Siegismund. 1892.

(6) *Kant's Kritik of Judgment.* Translated by J. H. Bernard, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

(7) *Auf verlorenem Posten und Nazzarena Danti, von Johannes von Dewall.* Edited by a Public Schoolmaster and an Army Tutor. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

NUMBER TWENTY.*

WIT and satire are so happily combined in Mr. Traill's visionary pictures of the coming century—*Number Twenty*—that the product must be classed among the small number of works revealing in the satirist the artistic union of the bard and the seer. Should there be some who may querulously urge that it is the poet, and not the satirist, who should be found on Pisgah, viewing the promise of the twentieth century, we may so far sympathize with the position of the objector by admitting the humour of the situation. Mr. Traill, probably, has anticipated this latter-day sentiment. But the sentiment, we contend, is wholly unfounded. Since literature was, poetry and satire have flourished side by side, and the conjunction of "wit, and poetry, and Pope" was no novel conjunction, but was known in previous ages, as it has been once observed since. If Mr. Traill's amusing and piquant pictures of the seven ages of *Number Twenty* are foreseen truths, then we are convinced there will be no satirists in the next century. To know the future is one of the most ineradicable yearnings of humanity. Everybody at all conscious that his is a pleasing *anxious* being would lift the future's veil. Derided as an ineffectual curiosity, this universal desire has survived the faith and practice of magic, and is as active a principle now as in the era of Cornelius Agrippa. Only it seeks gratification in new channels. It is the arts of the old professors that are discredited. The oracles are neither dumb nor deserted. Mr. Traill has, therefore, ministered to one of the most characteristic and most general of human instincts, shaping his theme to an original form, inspired by a modern and sympathetic spirit. The satiric scheme of *Number Twenty* differentiates it from each and all of the numerous essays of century-end prognostics, while in respect to humour it exists apart and companionless. Mr. Traill's visions of the twentieth century are somewhat of the nature of a horoscope. The pictorial or scenic elements are evoked by the seer. The satire has a genuine philosophic basis. Every age has its own well-marked tendencies, and it is these—whither they are setting, and to what results—that form the fundamental material of the satirist. Without these preliminary studies of the actual Mr. Traill's horoscope of the Seven Ages of *Number Twenty* must have lost its peculiar, we may say its unique, flavour. By diagnosing the signs of the present, as Mr. Traill does with masterly insight, the revelations of the future, astonishing and moving though they be, acquire an indescribable plausibility. From the First Age to the Seventh the connexion between the future and the last scene in the life of Old Seekleham, the present century, is sustained with admirable art.

Number Twenty is composed of a prologue and seven scenes descriptive of the Seven Ages of Vicesimus, the Twentieth Century, interspersed with certain humours and caustic colloquies between Vicesimus and Time, and an Aged Dramatist, and other delightful characters. The prologue presents the last moments of Seekleham. It has some extremely happy touches, among which we note the entrance of the poets of the Decadence, who cheer the dying Century with a chorus assuring him of their envy, since "although Decadence was wise, Death was still better." The First Age of Vicesimus Æon is marked by dread portents. It is a priggish and prosaic age, and he is an aged infant, like that precocious one celebrated in Mr. Gilbert's ballad. He is taken by Time to visit the typical baby, and finds him, neither mewling nor puling, but correcting the bad rhymes and the worse want of morality in his nurse's old-fashioned cradle-songs. And while the young are distin-

* *Number Twenty: Fables and Fantasies.* By H. D. Traill. London: Henry & Co. 1892.

guished by a High Seriousness, musing on *Robert Elsmere* in the cradle, the elders develop an unquenchable thirst for the Romance of Adventure. The young, of course, prevail, and the triumphs of the new education are portrayed. In the Universities specialism and the professorial body assume monstrous proportions. Philology supplants Literature, and Anatomy alone supports ten Universities, and a scientific age decides upon treating poetry as a mental disease. A poet-cure is invented. Everybody suspect of a "rolling eye," or "lisping in numbers," or other dangerous symptoms, is haled to a hospital, the acute or stubborn cases going to asylums. Very amusing is the description of this dolorous age. But just as the reign of dulness seems assured of a vigorous life there comes reaction. The hospitals are stormed, like so many Bastilles, and give forth their prisoners, who behave like the victims of Pizarro in *Fidelio*—"some of them burst into song that broke down in tears; others (and these the stronger) into tears that were staunched in song." Unhappily, it was found that they were *completely cured*. If we have not in these days stoned our prophets in this fashion, we have very nearly realized on the stage the ideal of Mr. Traill's "Aged Dramatist," whose specimens of Shakspeare "up to date" may well move some of our adaptors to emulation. "Shylock; or, the Forgiving Jew," and "Othello; or, Virtue Triumphant," are exquisite models. The verse, indeed, is not precisely such as our playwrights delight in; but the humours of the new morality are perfectly travestied. Vicesimus, as was just, was compelled to suffer vicariously through the poet-cure of an age of "scientists." He loves, and found no inspiration in poetry. Even the spirit of Poesy visited him in vain, as a vision in the night, and found that she had "incurred a serious responsibility when she descended, an ironical Diana, upon an inadequate Endymion, to touch the sleeping eyes of an essentially prosaic young Age."

Still more sad is the picture of the battle-field of the future. Military courage there was, though it was as inoperative and needless as the gifts of the poet. The Patent Instantaneous Army Asphyxiator—an improvement upon Dr. Juenemann's invention, celebrated in Mr. Traill's ballad "The Progress of Humanity" (p. 141)—and other gruesome devices of science speedily extinguished the enthusiasm of Vicesimus for the profession of arms. Through his field-glass he watched the action of the asphyxiator, as it discharged a huge *bulla*—the "bubble reputation"?—at the advancing army, and saw "half-a-dozen of the nearest regiments fall flat on their faces, like so many packs of cards." "What do you make of that?" asked Time. "The Patent Asphyxiator," answered Vicesimus; "I heard of it some time ago, but never thought there was anything in it." "In that," said Time, "in that you were clearly wrong." Then follows a pithy dialogue, the irony of which needs no pointing of the moral. Throughout the diverse scenes of the pageant the comments of the cynic philosopher Time are marked by a singularly delicate and searching irony. The last scene of all this satirical show is so finely imagined we will leave it to the enjoyment of the discerning. The scope of Mr. Traill's work has been sufficiently made clear by the salient features we have noted. The imaginative spirit that dominates it is only fully communicable in the reading.

The remaining portion of the volume comprises reprints in prose and verse from various periodicals and newspapers. The delightful history of "The Protectorate of Porcolonga" and the account of the "Great Baxstairs Scandal" are stories that are near akin in humour and capital examples of Mr. Traill's inventive resources. From these to the sprightly verses, and the very distinct and entirely admirable *jeu d'esprit*, "The Armourer of the Twentieth Legion"—not to mention that pleasant apologue of "The Brutes on their Masters"—the reader will not pass without experiencing a lively sense of the range and capacity of the author's humour.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOT many persons, who have undertaken the dangerous task of keeping up a series of *causeries* (1) in periodicals on a special subject, have acquitted themselves better in the most dangerous part of that task—the collection of their work into volumes—than General Thoumas. We have seldom taken up one of his volumes without finding it readable all through, never without finding something of special interest in it. Of the two subjects of this latter kind of interest, which we find in the Fourth Series, the first is the discussion of the Balaclava charge, and still more of its effect on the conduct of a distinguished French cavalry general, both shortly afterwards at the Tchernaya (which the French call the battle of Traktir) and later at Solferino. General Thoumas's thesis is that a cavalry leader ought to be trusted with, and to exercise, a large independence and discretion when orders affecting the use of his special arm are referred to him; his special contribution to the facts of history is a demonstration that General Morris (a very distinguished Algerian sabreur, who commanded the Chasseurs d'Afrique at the first battle and the cavalry of the Guard at the second) did exercise such discretion, but in each case with distinct authorization of his superiors. We cannot enter into details here; the really interesting thing is the proof how deep an effect the charge of the Six Hundred (which General Thoumas saw) made on French spectators. "I will do it, but it will be another Balaclava," said Morris at the Tchernaya to his "Captain Nolan," and that personage, less impetuous than our own unlucky countryman, is said to have suggested a direct appeal to Pélissier, who countermanded the charge, as, in the later case, did Napoleon himself. The other point is a careful comparison, provoked in General Thoumas's reasonable mind by wild references of French patriotism to the Mars la Tour cavalry fight as the greatest "sabre-shock" on record. He proves here (what, indeed, all students of military history know) that much larger affairs of the same kind had taken place both in the Napoleonic wars and in the eighteenth century. But he does not seem by any means to side with those modern tacticians who maintain that the era of cavalry is past.

As an historian, especially of fighting, and as a geographer, M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix (2) leaves something to desire; but that is not his real function. It is only by allusion that he speaks of D'Orvilliers's fight off Ushant in terms which a fairly enthusiastic Briton might use of Rodney's off Dominica; and that he seems to imagine the latter to have taken place "sur les côtes d'Amérique." What he meant to do is to give an extremely elaborate account of the actual administration of the French navy during the eighteenth century, and he has done this right well. Except for the fatal opening which that administration gave for constant combat between the "Corps de l'épée" and the "Corps de la plume," there was very little fault to find with it, and it contrasts most remarkably with our own haphazard and sometimes scandalous system, or want of system. Yet the victory was not to the systematic; for many reasons, doubtless not least because of a certain famous "encouraging of the others"—certainly the unluckiest jest ever made by a person of great genius. A fuller notice of this book will be found elsewhere.

It is, perhaps, not exactly from a member of the Society of Jesus that we should expect an exact and impartial account of the life and works of the finder of the Positive Philosophy. To Father Gruber's work (3), however, which has been translated from the German by the Abbé Mazoyer and M. Ollé-Laprune, may fairly be awarded that description. Indeed, we are by no means certain that it is not the best book on the subject in anything like the same space with which we are acquainted. Father Gruber does not "transact" in the very least, and is quite uncompromising in the expression of his own opinions where it is necessary to express them. But for the last part he is simply a dispassionate expositor, and he nowhere exhibits any of that personal animus with which orthodox champions used to be reproached, and which is still very noticeable in champions of the unorthodox side.

M. Paul Copin-Albancelli (4) is a bold man, and evidently fears not the fate of Hiram. That he has told much of the open secrets of Masonry in this book is less remarkable than his vehement contention that the "Grand Orient" (the principal French Masonic body, with which, it may be remembered, English and American Masons broke off communion some years ago because of its atheistic tamperings with the constitution) is at the bottom of all the religious difficulty in France. He does not represent it as a very numerous body, and certainly does not attribute to it any mysterious machinations. The thing, according to him, is very simple. There is a lodge in almost every constituency; the professional politicians find it easy to get the control of these lodges, and easier to give them a casting influence in elections. Candidates thus get to regard it as necessary to propitiate the lodges, and the thing is done. Read "Salvation Army" for "Freemasonry," and we fear something of the same kind might be said of England, though as yet on a smaller scale.

We must more briefly mention M. Emile Trolliet's *La vie*

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(1) *Causeries militaires.* Par le général Thoumas. Quatrième série. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Essai sur l'histoire de l'administration de la Marine en France,* 1689–1792. Par Lambert de Sainte-Croix. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Auguste Comte, sa vie et sa doctrine.* Par le R. P. Gruber, S.J. Paris: Lethelleux.

(4) *La franc-maçonnerie et la question religieuse.* Par Paul Copin-Albancelli. Paris: Perrin.

silencieuse (Perrin), a volume of strongly anti-Decadent poetry, which has sometimes a good satiric stroke

> (Victor Hugo créa l'ode aux larges coups d'ailes.
> Faisons bien mieux; créons le vers de treize pieds !),

and at other times an elegiac strain of merit; and the *Annuaire général de la photographie* (Paris: Plon), the first yearly volume of a publication which contains a great deal of information about the progress as well as the *personnel* of that art or industry.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN the preface to his *Roundabout Recollections* (Ward & Downey) Mr. John Augustus O'Shea is certainly nothing less than engaging. He frankly avers that it is the author's fault if his volumes are not entertaining. He boldly declares he will deal forth no ancient anecdotes. A chestnut, or heeltap, he cannot bear it. All his stories are his own, and new; or, when not his own, are rightly ascribed to their originators, and not in general circulation. In short, nothing could be more encouraging than Mr. O'Shea's address to the reader. The promised diversions, however, are very unequally distributed through the two volumes, the first being so clogged with tedious relations and matters trivial that it is likely to dissuade many readers from attempting the second. It is necessary, indeed, with justice to the writer, to urge the faint-hearted to persevere; for, if the first instalment of Mr. O'Shea's recollections is somewhat dull, the second is cheery, anecdotic, and amusing. The explanation of this contrast of style is simple enough. In his second volume Mr. O'Shea is almost entirely occupied with Ireland and things Irish, and on these ever-delightful themes he is as entertaining as an Irishman must needs be who has the gift of humour, a facile pen, and is, withal, a good story-teller. As to the decay of Irish humour in these days, Mr. O'Shea appears to agree with most observers, though he shows a characteristic disinclination to admit the whole truth about this sad fact, just as he allows himself to make very ingenuous reflections on the foibles of his countrymen, but is "opposed to others taking that liberty—it is a family matter." Dulness, he thinks, has fallen upon the theatrical audiences, the haunters of houses of call for actors, the Four Courts of Dublin —once brimming over with humour—but, by way of softening the impression of his melancholy survey, he owns it may be that he has changed and not the frolic temper of the age. Still, the liveliest illustrations he gives of native wit, and the most racy and piquant of his recollections, are referred to times more or less remote.

"On such fair themes we lavish all our skill, though all our skill can scarce their grace record"—so runs the legend inscribed on the binding of Mr. George G. Napier's *Homes and Haunts of Tennyson* (Glasgow: Maclehose & Co.), as it appears, newly revised and enlarged. Of the skill and taste this comely volume shows there can be but one opinion. The record, indeed, both as to text and illustrations, worthily honours the fair theme. By extending his researches in Tennysonian topography, Mr. Napier has supplied the completeness the first issue of the book was wanting in, and added considerably to the interest and attractions of a charming volume.

A more discursive topographer is Mr. J. A. Erskine Stuart, and scarcely so attractive is his volume on local literary association entitled *The Literary Shrines of Yorkshire* (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Erskine Stuart's reverence for the homes and haunts of literary persons is a natural sentiment, and within reasonable bounds laudable. But it is illustrated without discrimination in this rambling record of an obsequious "pilgrim in the dales." To visit Abbotsford and Stratford-on-Avon may be, as the author suggests, "educative agencies of priceless value," but we cannot see that the education of the visitor to Hull and Beverley is advanced by recalling G. P. R. James's novel, *Arrah Neil.* Mr. Stuart's antiquarian zeal is untempered by a nice perception of the extremely various nature of literary association. Then the illustrations of his book compare very ill with those of Mr. Napier's Tennysonian book, which comprises some of the most admirable renderings of photographs that we are acquainted with.

We are glad to note here the publication, in two volumes, of the contributions of the late Mr. William Jackson to the Transactions of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Archæological Society—*Papers and Pedigrees relating mainly to Westmoreland and Cumberland* (Bemrose & Sons)—edited by Mrs. Jackson, and inscribed to Chancellor Ferguson, the President of the Society. Mr. Jackson was a good representative of the spirit that renders county and local antiquarian Societies fruitful and flourishing.

On their first appearance the freshness and individual character of Mr. Joseph Skipsey's lyrics pleased us, as they have since pleased others who value song that is artless and unlaboured. Collected and revised, with additional poems, Mr. Skipsey's *Songs and Lyrics* (Walter Scott) revive and strengthen our former impressions of their pleasing qualities.

Essays by Sainte-Beuve, translated by Elizabeth Lee (Walter Scott), is a fairly good selection, from the "Causeries du Lundi," for the most part, of such specimens of the French critics as deal with subjects familiar to the English reader. In the same series we note *Italian Travel Sketches* and other translations from Heine, by Elizabeth A. Sharpe, with Gautier's delightful little note on Heine's genius.

In *The Little Lady of Lagunitas*, by Richard Henry Savage (Routledge & Co.), we have a Franco-Californian romance of the early days of the gold-fever, when California was the happy hunting-ground of adventurers and speculators, "unknown in the social history of any other land." Certainly, some of the characters of Mr. Savage's story are rogues of a very decided hue, and there is plenty of colour and life in his pictures of San Francisco society and the "golden eddy of crime and adventure," in which his brisk and somewhat spasmodic romance proceeds. Mr. Savage's descriptive powers are undeniable. He paints with a firm hand, and is picturesque in the manner of Mayne Reid. But his style is by no means pleasing.

Among new editions we have a revised edition of *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (Isbister & Co.); *Doing and Suffering*, memorials of Elizabeth and Frances, daughters of the late Rev. E. Bickersteth, with a preface by the Bishop of Exeter (Sampson Low & Co.); *A History of the Leeds Musical Festival*, by F. R. Spark and Joseph Bennett (Leeds: Spark & Son); Mr. Sydney Buxton's *Manual of Political Questions of the Day* (Cassell & Co.); *The "Bijou" Byron*, vol. vii., containing "Manfred," "Heaven and Earth," and "Cain" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and *A First Family of Tasajara*, by Bret Harte (Macmillan & Co.)

The Voter's Handbook, by Messrs. W. V. R. Vane and A. H. Graham (Cassell & Co.), is a concise explanatory guide for persons qualified to elect members of Parliament, County Councils, Municipal bodies, School Boards, Vestries, Guardians of the Poor, and Sanitary Boards. Qualification and registration are the subjects dealt with in this little book, and the information supplied is precisely what voters are most in need of. All the kinds of qualification are defined in clear terms and simple language.

Mr. Watkinson's *Guide to Electoral Changes since* 1886 (Stanford) forms a supplement to the *Handy Atlas and Poll-Book* published by Mr. Stanford, and a handy key to that very useful work. Such a supplement is of course necessary as each General Election approaches. It shows at a glance, by reference to the "Atlas," the nature of the changes that had occurred up to the eve of the last election. A new supplement will probably appear before many months have passed. And a new *Election Recorder* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) may be looked for at the same time, wherein the observing elector may chronicle the progress of the General Election, from day to day, in a convenient little memorandum book, which is to be reissued prior to the next appeal to the country.

We have also received *The Essentials of Histology*, by Professor Schäfer, for the use of students, third edition (Longmans & Co.); *The Optical Indicatrix and the Transmission of Light in Crystals*, by L. Fletcher, reprinted from the "Mineralogical Magazine" (Frowde); *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, Vol. III. (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, by G. H. Jennings, third edition, considerably enlarged (Horace Cox); *Professional Papers* of the Royal Engineers' Institute, edited by Captain W. A. Gale, R.E., Vol. XVII. (Chatham: Mackay & Co.); *A Digest of Political Economy*, by G. Vesian Pick (Sonnenschein & Co.); *The British Constitution and Government*, by Frederick Wicks, fifth edition (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Sermons by a Lay Head Master*, second series, by H. H. Almond (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Elementary Geography of the British Colonies*, by George M. Dawson and Alexander Sutherland (Macmillan & Co.); *Handbook of Latin Difficulties*, by Percy H. Frost, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *A Key to J. B. Lock's Elementary Dynamics*, by G. H. Lock, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Agricola of Tacitus*, edited, with notes, by Roby F. Davis (Methuen & Co.); *Theoretical Mechanics*, an elementary class-book, by J. Spencer (Percival & Co.); Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, edited by H. T. Rhoades, M.A. (Percival & Co.); Mr. W. W. Duncan's *Tramway Manual* for 1892 (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *Railways and Railway Men* (W. & R. Chambers); *Redress by Arbitration*, by H. Foulkes Lynch, second edition (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *Songs of Béranger*, translated by William Toynbee (Walter Scott);

Popular Studies of Nineteenth-Century Poets, by J. Marshall-Mather (Warne & Co.); *Asdrufel*, by T. J. Hardy (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Shelley's Principles*, by H. S. Salt (Reeves); *The Adelaide Proctor Birthday Book* (Bell & Sons); *Bernand and Constantia*; and other Poems, by C. J. Blake (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Leaves of Memory*, by Elizabeth Cowell (Seeley & Co.).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Further particulars as to the school and the new scheme may be obtained from the Clerk to the Governors.

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. THE proceedings of *Thursday*, the first day of the new Parliament's existence, and the only one that we have to chronicle, were brief, formal, dignified, and a little dull. There was the usual early rising to secure seats, and the usual little irregularity on the part of new members. Then Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY proposed Mr. PEEL as Speaker in a neat and appropriate speech, which was seconded harmoniously enough, but rather in the tone of a lecture, by Mr. GLADSTONE; the proposal was unanimously agreed to, Mr. PEEL returned thanks, Mr. BALFOUR expressed the satisfaction of the House, and the adjournment necessary for the QUEEN'S assent duly followed.

Home Politics. The result of the Orkney and Shetland election was expected, and for the moment Mr. GLADSTONE was spared the chagrin of seeing his young majority decline to the thirties; but the figures were curious. Mr. LYELL, the sitting member, improved a little on his poll of 1886, but could not come anywhere near that of 1885. And, similarly, Mr. YOUNGER, though he outstripped Mr. HOARE six years ago, came far short of the purely Tory poll in 1885. There must, therefore, have been very large abstentions on both sides, and it is clear that if some Liberals would not vote for Mr. LYELL, very many Tories would have nothing to do with Mr. YOUNGER. ——On Monday morning a circular from Mr. BALFOUR to his followers, requesting them to be in their places at the opening of Parliament, was published. ——Feeling doubtless that something must be done to increase their majority, the Gladstonians have been lodging petitions, including one against Mr. BALFOUR. Now, if an election judge were capable of being persuaded by the same means which suffice for an agricultural labourer, there might be something in this; but, as it is, the Gladstonians seem to have complicated an ancient heresy, and, while confounding other persons, run a chance of unnecessarily dividing their own substance. For unsuccessful election petitions cost a great deal of money.——Among the political gossip of the week, an interview of Mr. GLADSTONE'S with the Anti-Parnellite leaders on Wednesday, for the supposed purpose of arranging their bargain, was the chief item. Mr. ASQUITH (anointed with oil from the horn of the *Daily News* till it must drip from the tail of his wig and the skirts of his gown) is, it is said, to move the amendment which is to seat the Government, which is to bring in the Bill, which is to—— and so forth. ——On Thursday both the Liberal-Unionists and the Irish Anti-Parnellites had meetings, and the Eighty Club gloried and drank deep in the presence, and under the inspiration, of Mr. BLAKE, M.P., to whose position we draw particular attention in an article which appears elsewhere.——It was reported yesterday that there was to be no opposition to Sir CHARLES HALL in Holborn.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It was announced last week that the Idaho Courts had very sensibly declared the Miners' Union to be conspiracy, which it certainly is at Common Law and in common sense. Otherwise the United States were occupied with actual, not metaphorical, heat. The Russians were said to be filibustering on the Pamirs again.——American heat, African and Afghan troubles, cholera, and other evil things formed the staple of news on Monday morning. ——The principal item of Tuesday's news was a report (which seems to have been earlier "burked") of more serious cholera riots than any yet reported at Tashkend, where the less civilized part of the population broke out against the authorities, mobbed the Deputy-Governor, and were shot down in scores by the troops. There was also more news about a frontier difficulty on the Oubangi between the French and the Congo State. This has been anticipated for some time by those who know the lie of the land and the present temper both of French and Free State officers.——Spain has been busy over the COLUMBUS anniversary at Huelva, the chief day of which feast was Wednesday. There have been repeated rumours about the Russians on the Pamirs, while their countrymen in Europe have been made increasingly angry by the publication in Bulgaria of the documents which illustrate the dealings of a "rescuer" with his "rescued." The Muscovite also calls Prince FERDINAND "NERO," which is a little amusing.——Thursday brought fresh rumours of the way in which the Russians on the Pamir are, to adopt the old story, "putting "salt on the plate" for the meal which their good friend Mr. GLADSTONE is to give them, but tempered these rumours by other reports of impending troubles

in Ferghana. Those, however, who remember the enormous exploits of rumour in these very quarters some ten or twelve years ago will not be in too great a hurry to believe the latter part of the news. As for the former, the recent operations in Hunza-Nagar will facilitate the keeping a sharp look-out on the movements of Captain YANOFF and his likes beyond the Hindu Koosh. From America it was reported that ex-Private JAMS was proceeding against his late Colonel for aggravated assault on his thumbs.——Yesterday morning the Pamir rumours ripened into the report of an actual collision between Russians and Afghans, as to which it can only be said that the thing is not at all improbable, and is very serious if true. There was speech in India of an embassy to the AMEER, headed by Lord ROBERTS, whose name—for good reasons—is great in Cabul.——The French were preparing to settle their Dahomey trouble with considerable vigour.

Congresses. Congressing, even before the meeting of the British Association, proceeded vigorously. The Victoria Institute was addressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR on Monday, when also the International Experimental Psychologists met and had a paper chase, while the University Extension picnic has been proceeding merrily at Oxford.——On Tuesday the Psychologists listened to a most ingenious paper by that more than most ingenious professor, Signor LOMBROSO, on the "Sensibility of Women," to the general effect that the tender creature is not particularly tender, but is able to exhibit signs of tenderness at the exactly right time.——The British Association itself met at Edinburgh on Wednesday, and Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE delivered the address on which we comment elsewhere.——The Miners' Federation has also met, the debates presenting the usual edifying spectacle of unabashed attempts to get the most of somebody else's money for the least of their own work. An optimist might thank these good miners for at least vindicating their country from one foreign aspersion. There is no "cant Britannique" about *them* at any rate.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the subordinate offender in what was known as the Stamford Street case was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The Consistory Court of London refused a faculty in the matter of a very curious application by a widow to exhume the remains of her husband, buried nearly twenty years ago, and cremate them. Dr. TRISTRAM sweetened or embittered his refusal by a suggestion that the more excellent way would be for the lady to wait for her own cremation, and then have her ashes buried with her husband.——Some important judgments in colonial cases were delivered by the Privy Council this day week, and in the police courts a "Ladies-of-Llangollen" affair was prevented from turning to the tragic, Sir JOHN BRIDGE inducing an impulsive young lady of Belgium to retract a vow of suicide which she had made in case her friend married.——On Monday in the somewhat notorious and very unsavoury conjugal dispute of BONAPARTE *v.* BONAPARTE, the marriage in question was annulled on the ground of a previous collusory and invalid Scotch divorce.——The Savernake estate appeal was argued for the appellants before the House of Lords, but adjourned, and in the Queen's Bench Division a remarkable application for *habeas corpus* to restore parental control, which had been formally abandoned, was made, but not decided.——By far the most important judgment of the week, or, indeed, of the year, was that of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Bishop of LINCOLN'S case; but with that we deal at length elsewhere. On the same day more evidence was given, or rather repeated, in the case of NEILL, the man who is accused of girl-poisoning; and Mr. H. A. JONES in the matter of theatrical programmes found a jury unwilling to give him credit for purely public spirit in his dispute with his contractor. In the police-courts Mr. HANNAY very properly sent a person charged with rowdyism in a bar to prison without the option of a fine, though he was a "retired captain."——Two very remarkable questions of right came before the Courts on Wednesday; but neither of them was decided. One, an application by Mr. SIDNEY LEE, the Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to restrain a person who had bought a work of Mr. LEE'S from its first publisher from republishing it in a mutilated form, was practically left to a jury, and the result, if it ever comes, will be of considerable interest. The republisher may have a good defence; but, on the face of it, it certainly seems monstrous that any one should have the right of putting on a title-page "By AULUS "AGERIUS," and leaving out what he pleases of the wretched AULUS'S work. Still, the law is sometimes very odd, and it would seem that this was such a case; for Mr. Justice KEKEWICH'S detailed reasons for not granting the injunction came to this—that, unless there were grounds for a libel action, the author has no remedy. The other case was the action of a village HAMPDEN of Yorkshire against that wicked aristocrat, the Duke of RUTLAND, for "seizing" him when he interfered with the sport of the wicked aristocrat or his representatives. But the jury found that five shillings paid into Court sufficiently compensated the village HAMPDEN.——On Thursday the Privy Council delivered judgment in the Newfoundland appeal case, and decided that "matters of State" were not a sufficient plea in answer to the charge of inflicting private wrong. This is rather inconvenient, but very English.

Manœuvres. Manœuvres of all sorts (not to mention the political kind) have been proceeding busily during the week, and the Naval Manœuvres in particular have been described with that extraordinary zest on the part of newspaper Correspondents which suggests the MICAWBER family after it had been instructed in things nautical by the voyage to Australia, and restored to prosperity by a connexion with journalism there.

Yachting. The meeting at Cowes, where the German EMPEROR arrived on Monday, began on that day with the Royal London matches, in which, after a very bad start, the *Queen Mab* led the forties; while the *Columbine* sailed well, and won the Handicap match. In the Squadron race for the Queen's Cup on Tuesday the *Meteor* had only one boat of this year's racing fleet to contend with, the others entered being either cruisers or of the class which confines itself to handicaps. This antagonist was the *Corsair*, one of the best of the forties, and the German EMPEROR'S cutter was unable to give her her time allowance, the forty winning by eight minutes. Meanwhile divers of the *Corsair's* usual rivals were fighting another match hard by in the Southampton Yacht Club Regatta, and the *Queen Mab* won, as did the *Reverie* in a contemporaneous handicap. In the Squadron Prize next day the *Iverna* competed, and had the best of it, the German EMPEROR having thus little luck at Cowes, and the *Queen Mab* (which surely by this time might use cups for ballast) carried off the Australian Cup for forties and under. In the race for the Town Cup on Thursday the *Meteor* came in first, and beat the *Iverna*, but the *Queen Mab*, with true fairy luck, saved her time on both the larger cutters, and won the race.

Racing. On the last day of the Goodwood meeting the Chesterfield Cup, for which a fair field started, fell to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S Lottery; La Flêche, as might have been expected, had it all her own way in the fillies' race, the Nassau Stakes; and the Molecomb Stakes, reduced to a match between Mr. BAIRD'S Harbinger and the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Bunbury, was won by the former.——The racing of

Bank Holiday, as usual, needs no notice. At Brighton, on Tuesday, the Brighton Stakes fell to Mr. ABINGTON'S Lady Rosebery. On Wednesday the Brighton Cup was well contested by the Stakes winner with Lord ROSSLYN'S Buccaneer, but the latter was too hard for her, and won by a neck.

Cricket. Lancashire beat Gloucestershire hollow this day week. Surrey, not indeed with its strongest Eleven, had more difficulty than might have been expected in beating Essex by seventeen runs, and another apparently unequal match, Yorkshire *v.* Durham, was drawn, chiefly owing to a fine innings of Mr. DOBSON'S for the weaker county. The match of Bank Holiday was Surrey *v.* Notts at the Oval, which attracted a great crowd, and, on an awkward wicket, gave at first a pretty even game, Surrey being all out for 129, while Notts made six less for eight wickets. The Canterbury week opened with a match between Kent and Gloucestershire, in which neither county was at its strongest. There was enormous scoring on the same day at Manchester, by the county Eleven against Yorkshire, and at Preston by a team of Harrow Wanderers, including some famous bats old and young. On Tuesday the very slight advantage which Notts had had over Surrey was increased, and on Wednesday the Northern county won by four wickets. Kent beat Gloucester easily enough at Canterbury, and Yorkshire was unable to come near the enormous single innings which Lancashire had piled up on Monday. Sussex beat Hampshire after a good and fairly even match, and Essex drew with Derbyshire.

Correspondence. On Monday morning the rather acrimonious correspondence on the subject of Mr. RASSAM continued, the old "ROBERTUS HUMILIS" story was fished up for the benefit of short memories, and Mr. BYLES, M.P., was well called over the coals for his impertinence to Mr. Justice MONROE.——A very remarkable letter from the Bishop of CHESTER was published in Tuesday's *Times*, on the subject of drunkenness. Dr. JAYNE has for some time past been known as a courageous opponent of the doctrine that alcohol is the root of all evil; but, by way of cutting the ground from under the feet of those who say that this is merely negative, and that something must be done to check the pretty generally admitted evils of the drink trade, he comes forward with a sort of semi-Gothenborg system, whereby County Councils should turn refreshment-house keepers on the great scale, and, uniting public-houses with restaurants and "coffee-palaces," should run them all together on a "pure-drink-and-no-inducement-to-drink-without-eat-"ing" plan. The scheme has a holy boldness; but why County Councils?——Mr. JONATHAN HUTCHINSON corrected an extremely simple, but remarkably important, error in a report of what he had said on vivisection at the British Medical Association. He had been represented as having said that he had practised vivisection for twenty years. What he did say was that he had not practised it for that time.——But there have been few more interesting specimens of correspondence published during the week than the answers of Eight Wise Men (for it would appear that in this respect we go one better than the poor ancients) to the, we trust, innocent and not treacherous inquiry of the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* as to the reasons which induced them, the Eight, to go to sea in the Gladstonian bowl. We cannot do these reasons, very many of which are exquisite, full justice here. But they range from the statement of Sir THOMAS FARRER (who strokes the bowl) that the present Government has dared to do several things which are not according to the gospel of Sir THOMAS, to the assertion of the Dean of WINCHESTER (a lively bow, but a little wild) that he is a Christian, and has been an Oxford History Tutor. These and the others are all exquisite, but the best of them is the Dean of WINCHESTER. For he ought to know that, according to his party, the mere fact of his having been a member of one of the two abominable Universities is a strong presumption of political incapacity; while we hardly suppose that Dr. KITCHIN intends to set down all Unionists as Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels. Yet, by the shade of ALDRICH, some time Dean of his House, his logic is uncommonly shaky if he does not.

Miscellaneous. There was a bad railway accident at Penmaenmawr station this day week, by which a train carrying Volunteers was smashed and burnt, and many of its passengers injured.——Mr. CHARLES BOOTH gave evidence before the Labour Commission on Tuesday.——The late Lord SHERBROOKE was buried on Wednesday, and a memorial service at St. Margaret's once more gave occasion to the malicious to quote an oft-cited regret of HEINE'S, with "Archdeacon FARRAR" substituted for "ECKERMANN." These memorial services at St. Margaret's have assuredly added a newer terror to death.——On the same day Sir GEORGE FINDLAY, Manager of the London and North-Western, gave before the Labour Commission some remarkable statistics in reference to the position of railways as wage-payers.——The SHELLEY function at Horsham came off with due success on Thursday.

Obituary. Dr. FORBES WATSON was one of the most distinguished members of the Indian Medical Service, and had particularly distinguished himself by his attention as reporter on Indian products to the Food Stuffs and Textile Materials of Hindustan.——Count HÜBNER, an Austrian official with whose origin Prince METTERNICH was said to have been not unconnected, was pretty well known long ago as a diplomatist, and better still since as a writer of lively enough travels and reminiscences.——M. TEISSERENC DE BORT had a place, if a somewhat dim place, in such memories as are at all tenacious of the faint and shifting figures of French Ministries during the last twenty years.——Mr. A. H. BATHER, who long held an important position in the office of the Accountant-General to the Navy, was an even more remarkable example of the overcoming of physical disadvantages than Lord SHERBROOKE, for he was totally deaf, and almost totally dumb.——Lord BATHURST, the inheritor of a famous name, was very popular in his own country.——The Rev. JOHN WILDER, Vice-Provost of Eton, had been a Fellow of that College for more than fifty years, while it was nearly seventy since he first became a master there.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings in the House of Commons at the first meeting—for sitting it cannot be called—of a newly-elected Parliament are calculated to impress the imagination rather than the eye. There is a certain air of the informal and even the fortuitous—a breath, as it were, of the spirit of Mr. WEMMICK—about the process of electing a Speaker which leaves the appetite for imposing spectacle to satisfy itself upon historic memories alone. In the present case the cravings of the "modern spirit" were gratified, in anticipation, for about the space of twenty-four hours, by the ridiculous rumour that the Gladstonians contemplated starting a candidate of their own in opposition to Mr. PEEL. It was not suggested, even by the "inspired idiot" who launched this most fatuous of fables, that anybody had the slightest exception to take to Mr. PEEL'S past conduct in the Chair, or thought that it would be more satisfactorily filled by any one else. But it was hinted by these wiseacres that to oppose his re-election would afford the Opposition a convenient means of defeating

Ministers without making any declaration of their policy. The wiseacres, however, had omitted to notice that the only Government who have been thus defeated in modern times declined to resign upon their beating, or, indeed, until it had been more than once repeated on other questions; and they were apparently unconscious of the very grave reflection which their theory threw upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S abilities as a Parliamentary tactician. It may, indeed, be said that no leader of the Opposition, even with a tithe of Mr. GLADSTONE'S experience and ingenuity, would be unequal to so simple a feat as that of displacing a Government without showing any more of his hand than he chose of his own free will to lay on the table. The precise terms of the amendment which Mr. ASQUITH is to move to the Address next week have not yet been made public; but it is already safe to say that, unless Mr. GLADSTONE should think it expedient to be unexpectedly communicative, they will leave Parliament and the country about as wise on the subject of the contemplated policy of the incoming Government as they were before.

It is just possible, of course, that the debate on this fateful amendment may throw a ray or two of light on the matter; but any such revelation is contra-indicated, as the doctors say, by all the probabilities of the case. Disclosures of this kind, if any, will be reserved for the private ear of that section, or those sections, of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters whom he may deem it most advisable to reassure. Nor does there seem to be any conclusive reason for believing that the most important and powerful of these bodies need insist upon any information of the kind as a condition precedent to their consent to help the Opposition back to office. The well-known contributor to the correspondence columns of the *Times*, who has at much length and with great elaboration maintained the contrary, appears to have written under a misconception as obstinate as his repeatedly expressed belief that Mr. GLADSTONE is 84 instead of 82 years of age. His reiterated insistence on the proposition that it would be the height of imprudence in the Irish party to put the Gladstonians into power without exacting from them definite pledges with respect to Home Rule is apparently based upon the singular assumption that that step, once taken by them, would be irrevocable. It is difficult to understand his failure to perceive that those who make can unmake. A perusal of Mr. O'BRIEN'S latest deliverance would have reminded Sir HENRY HOWORTH of what he has so strangely forgotten. Mr. O'BRIEN remarks, and with perfect truth—though there is a delightfully national flavour in his derangement of epitaphs—that if the Gladstonians, whom he personally believed to be "all "honourable men," were to deceive them in the matter of Home Rule, they would "turn out the "traitors in twenty-four hours." So undeniably accurate is this view of the situation that it would surely be unnecessary for the Irish party to trouble themselves much about what Mr. GLADSTONE, at the present crisis in his fortunes, is or is not prepared to promise them. Their obvious game is to put him in a position to do for them all that they want, and to punish him by immediate expulsion from that position if he ventures to offer them anything less.

Hence we shall not die of unsated and insatiable curiosity to know what took place at Carlton Gardens last Wednesday, when Mr. MCCARTHY, Mr. JOHN DILLON, and Mr. SEXTON had their interview with Mr. GLADSTONE, in the presence of Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Indeed, its principal interest for us is that it was not attended by Mr. HEALY, as the representative of Archbishop WALSH. For the reasons above suggested, it appears to us that the Irish party can well afford to dispense with any elaborate and minute understandings, and Mr. GLADSTONE, we can well believe, is very glad to be spared the necessity of condescending upon particulars. At the same time it is amusing to reflect on what the position would be if it were absolutely necessary that some definite arrangement should become to between the incoming Prime Minister and his supporters below the gangway. It is possible, no doubt, that they might bind him; but what about his ability to bind them? What would be the exact value of a treaty with the Irish party to which the signature of Mr. HEALY was not attached? We have learnt as the result of a quarrel among the conspirators what Mr. PARNELL'S assent to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy of 1886 was really worth; but Mr. PARNELL had unquestionable powers as an agent to bind his principal, and it is even possible that he might have induced that principal to perform the contract for a year or two, at any rate, if he himself had not in his capacity of agent seen fit to repudiate it. But since Mr. PARNELL'S deposition, and the division of his Empire into "principalities and small exarchates," the precariousness of negotiations with the Irish party has become twofold. The English Minister who bargains with them not only does not know whether they have the will to keep the engagement, but he has no means of knowing whether they have the power to make it. It is childish to suppose that any undertakings given, with whatever good faith, by Mr. MCCARTHY, or Mr. DILLON, or Mr. SEXTON, would be held binding by the seventy members of their party, if Mr. HEALY, Mr. O'BRIEN, and others chose to repudiate it.

The formal speech-making at the Speaker's election was above the usual respectable average of such occasions; no doubt because those who took part in the proceedings are all of them, including Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, the proposer, entitled as orators to the same description. Mr. PEEL, whether in the Chair or out of it, has always shown impressive elocutionary powers; Mr. GLADSTONE spoke in his best, which for the business in hand was his most fatherly, manner; and the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY closed the ceremony appropriately with the freshest speech of the four. There was point as well as grace in the observation that most of the old members of the new House had had experience, in the capacity of members both of a majority and of a minority, of Mr. PEEL'S conduct in the Chair; and there could be no stronger testimony to his impartiality than that, viewed alike from either of these two opposite standpoints, it is equally unmistakable.

MR. GREENWOOD ON DREAMS.

IN the *Contemporary Review* Mr. F. W. GREENWOOD publishes an article on a subject interesting to most people, "Imagination in Dreams." We all have our share of dreams, and are interested in them mainly because in dreams we are often not ourselves, either as regards morality or the exercise of the imagination. Mr. GREENWOOD dilates at considerable length on two phenomena; first, the occasional power of seeing faces unlike anything that we know ourselves to have seen in actual life, and next, the comparative vigour and independence of the imagination in dreams. As to "new faces," these are given to us—at least to Mr. GREENWOOD and others—to behold when we are not asleep at all, but are wakeful enough to examine the apparitions and reason upon them. Mr. GREENWOOD'S own faces thus beheld are usually more or less unhappy and passionate. As these experiences are personal, we may be permitted to say that while our visitors are often very beautiful, their faces are such as we are not fortunate enough to meet in society. But, if closely watched, they will change into faces grotesque and hideous, so that the spectator opens his eyes to get rid of them. They literally

are "the stuff that dreams are made of," and, like dreams, they are not, and cannot be, presented by the imagination acting under the influence of the will. Scenes, as well as persons, thus flash themselves before the eyes, and they are not the scenes which we consciously remember. It does not follow that they are not unconsciously remembered. Again, in dreams the mind is constructing a story, no doubt; but it is not conscious of its own constructive work. Hence the artist is surprised by his own performances. Mr. GREENWOOD gives examples; others are offered in an essay of Mr. R. L. STEVENSON'S in *Across the Plains*. Even an unimaginative person can be imaginative in sleep, and, perhaps, in that condition he approaches to the normal waking state of men of poetic genius. The truth probably is that will, and judgment, and control are in abeyance, otherwise the unimaginative dreamer's critical faculty would cry "Arrest that "agency" (as in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), and the imagination would cease to exert itself. Indeed, the more we approach the moment of waking, the more imagination ceases to act, and will and reason step in. Thus a man dreamed that he had murdered an old gentleman, and left his body in a lonely summer-house, on a bank above the Tweed. The dreamer, like Mr. GREENWOOD, suffered from remorse. He prepared to fly to Callao, because

> On no condition
> Is extradition
> Allowed in Callao.

But, as he packed his effects, he reasoned, "Why did "I murder that poor old bore?" And he came to the conclusion that he must have been temporarily insane, and wakened on his way to give himself up to the police. Imagination withdrew as reason came on the scene. Fatigue, probably, lets fancy have free scope. When Mr. GREENWOOD is fatigued, his hands seem to smell of violets. This, though he may have forgotten the circumstance, was a standing illusion of Lord HERBERT of Cherbury's when he had been taking active exercise. Have our physical senses "an independent "faculty of imagination"? The idea of our noses thus setting up on their own account is certainly original. But one of Mr. GREENWOOD'S tales of imagination in a dream is really a case of reason awakening and drawing rational inferences from the facts of the dream. Mr. GREENWOOD laughed—we always waken after laughing in sleep.

Mr. GREENWOOD, rather to our surprise, allows for what may be called a "supernatural" element in dreams. Thus a man and a woman had loved long, but could not marry. The man dreamed a good deal about the woman. After many years the lady appeared in a new character, as an unrepentant *cascadeuse*. The lover had no reason to believe that she was anything of the sort; but on her death it turned out that the dreams were not inaccurate. This was odd enough—for whoever is haunted by this kind of vision knows that the lady is always as true as steel and as good as gold. Was there, then, some "communi-"cation" of a "telepathetic" sort, or was it all a mere fluke and coincidence? What novels had the man been reading? Unluckily few people have the manly courage to ask the lady if she dreams about them, and if so, what her dreams are like. Will any sentimental psychologist make this daring research? Mr. GREENWOOD holds that dreams reveal a man's character to himself. But what is a poor fellow to think who, in dreams of peril, is now an abject coward, and now as cool as a cucumber? These moral dreams have no consistency.

It lately occurred to a person to dream that a popular author, Mr. K., had insulted the Emperor of China in a published letter from abroad. By the Emperor's desire Mr. K. was arrested, and carried to the house of the Chinese Minister, where he was to be poisoned. The dreamer in vain urged that it would be better to go to war with China than to submit to this exorbitant demand. He did not dream whether or not Mr. GLADSTONE was in. Mr. K. behaved very well; he gave a parting supper to his friends; he was pale, but talked in an amusing and detached manner. Before imbibing the fatal hemlock, Mr. K. asked for a brandy-and-soda. This was brought at his desire, and the dreamer, though distressed even to tears, noticed that there was a great deal of brandy, and that very brown, in the stirrup-cup. This vision, though illustrating the deplorable nature of our foreign relations under a weak Government, throws no light on the problems discussed by Mr. GREENWOOD, unless, indeed, the future contains a revelation.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S CASE.

NOT for many years has a judgment more pregnant with consequences been arrived at by an English tribunal than that which the LORD CHANCELLOR delivered on Tuesday as the unanimous decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Appeal of the Church Association against the judgment of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and his assessors in the Lincoln Ritual case. That it was to some extent anticipated is true. The original judgment had been attacked with all the learning and ability (which was not very much), and all the industry and acrimony (which were both very great), at the service of the original promoters. No valid flaw had been found in it, either historically or legally. As a question of policy, supposing the arguments from law and history doubtful, there could be no doubt which way the judgment of sensible men must incline. The only justification (and it was a faint one) for the narrow and partial views of the subject too often taken by this very tribunal in earlier cases has now come to be a strong justification for it in taking a wide and impartial view. It might have seemed—it probably did seem—to judges who represented the thought of the earlier part of the century that Ritualism could be "put "down," and that it was desirable in the general interests of the Church that it should be put down. No man, save a hopeless and hidebound partisan, can take that view now. The attempt to disinherit the Church of her proved ancestral possessions and liberties in the way of ritual might have caused a secession to which no parallel exists in her history; the confirmation of those liberties and possessions will probably not lose the Church a single adherent, and will certainly not lose her one whom she need for a single moment regret.

We have before now argued, and we are more fully convinced than ever, that the real importance of the judgment thus jointly issued by the highest purely ecclesiastical and the highest lay tribunals lies even more in the methods by which it has been reached and the spirit which characterizes it than in the particular points of ritual which it, we may hope finally, authorizes. Nothing, indeed, can be sillier than to belittle the points actually at issue, as some do in fond belief that to affect the GALLIO is to assume the genius. They are not of small importance, and, though we regret the attitude which the Bishop thought proper to assume towards a tribunal which, if he had been wiser, he might have claimed for the Church instead of disclaiming for it, we have not the slightest blame for his original action. The ceremonies which he practised are seemly in themselves—they have for the most part a grave and orthodox meaning. They affirm the unity, in all proper independence, of the Church Catholic in all parts of Christendom. Most important of all, they emphasize the continuity of the English branch of

that Church in the first place, and, in the second, the fact that it is not a Church in which, while you may neglect what duty you please, you may not do your duty save at your peril. But we rate the advantages of a more general kind, to which we have referred above, higher still in the same scale. The system which was adopted by the Archbishop and his assessors, and which has been sanctioned and ratified by the Privy Council, is as near as possible the direct opposite of that which prompted the unfortunate judgments of times past. True, as the LORD CHANCELLOR ingeniously pointed out, by way of "letting down" his predecessors easily, the objection of the Church Association to the historical method cut its own throat; for, in a sense, that method was always used in preceding cases. But its application was almost invariably swayed by what we fear must be called the prejudice of the judges. Most of them always tacitly admitted the "Protestant" *petitio principii*, and, declining to look at pre-Reformation practice at all, manifested a distinct preference for looking only at recent practice during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. In direct opposition to the custom of the law in other cases, they utterly declined to interpret later enactments and practices by the light and in the spirit of the earlier practices and enactments on which they were based. If a stickler for territorial rights, or a bold invader of them, wishes to exclude or establish the claim of the public to fish for minnows in a backwater up which a boat can just go, he may cite precedents of RICHARD and charters of JOHN. In the case of the greatest and oldest institution of the realm, an institution of more than a thousand years' standing at the very narrowest estimate, the average member of the Judicial Committee, not so very many years ago, seemed to look at everything in the shadow and under the influence of an eighteenth-century three-decker with a black-gowned minister in it. It is this strange prejudice that the LINCOLN judgment utterly sweeps away. In too many earlier judgments there might have seemed to be a fear on the part of the judges that, if they looked too far back, a bar-sinister, or, at best, a distaff, would be found in the genealogy of the Church of England. This delusion seems to be at last dispelled from the judicial mind.

But there is something else. By this judgment there is also, for the time at any rate, and we may hope permanently, dispelled the presumption of the most extraordinary and unjust slavery which ever weighed on any community of men. The Church of England has always professed the greatest respect for liberty, but the construction which has recently been placed on "liberty" was, as far as anything in this world can be, absolutely novel. A clergyman of the Church of England was at liberty to neglect almost anything, and to introduce a great many things for which there was no authority whatever. But if he introduced other things for which the authority was at the worst doubtful, or if he endeavoured according to the best of his lights to introduce what others had neglected, he was liable to constant molestation, to heavy pecuniary mulcts, nay to actual imprisonment. A more wonderful instance of *tu pulsas, ego vapulo* could never be found. The most grossly ignorant and self-indulgent of Evangelical ministers, a man who could not tell what the Council of Chalcedon added to the results of the Council of Nicæa, who administered the Eucharist once a month, addressing rails-full of communicants at a time, and kept his church shut from Sunday to Sunday, went scot free; a man who tried to obey the plain rubrical directions of the Prayer-book found his substance going to the lawyers and his body going to the gaol. For ourselves, we have no wish to make the pendulum swing the other way. We do not desire to see anybody in prison for neglect, which, bad as the defence is, has a certain prescription of usage to cover it. But we do desire not to see men in prison for no other reason than that their usage was against a prescription of neglect.

Of course, however, the real value of the judgment must depend very much on the manner in which it is received. Taken in connexion with the powers now possessed and nearly always exercised by wise bishops, it draws the teeth of the more mischievous party among the Evangelicals, though there is no doubt that they will, like their bugbear, Giant Pope, whom they are all unawares copying, continue to "grin at the pilgrims." If all the active members of the Church Association were to migrate at once to Little Bethel, we could not congratulate Little Bethel, but we should, as members of the Church of England, bear the loss with equanimity. In so far as the decision hurts the cherished prejudices of the more moderate and more respectable members of the Evangelical party, we are unfeignedly sorry for them; but we trust that reflection will show them how little they have to complain of. Their own liberty is not in the least curtailed, and if the judgment deprives them of the power of forcing the consciences of others, it imposes no burden on their own. For what we believe to be now by far the largest and most respectable section of the Church, the "Right Centre" of High Churchmen, it is an unmixed gain. But upon no one does so heavy a responsibility rest as upon the extremer section of the High Church party. They have obtained all they can reasonably ask, and very much more than not many years ago they could reasonably hope. The odious restrictions imposed on them have been removed in detail to a great extent, and the principle of removal has been almost more satisfactory than the practice, both in the vindication of the rights of the episcopate, in the scheme of argument resorted to, and in the recognition of the historical continuity of the Church. If, in order to carry out fantastic private crotchets for impossible and unnecessary reunions, or from equally fantastic private judgment about the connexion of Church and State, or in the petulance of ecclesiastical democracy, or in mere freaks of fancy for some ceremony else, they give occasion for offence, they will commit one of the greatest crimes that any party has ever committed, and deserve that all honest and intelligent Churchmen should leave them, unwept and unpitied, to any fate that may befall.

AT PALOS

IT was a happy notion, and creditable to the ingenuity of the Spaniards, to celebrate the auspicious event which made Palos famous four hundred years ago by a little dramatic representation. The caravel *Maria*, manned by appropriately dressed sailors, must be a sight better than many eloquent speeches. She has, we are told, been built in careful imitation of the flagship of COLUMBUS'S little squadron. If the fidelity of the builders has been thorough, if she has not been coppered, has no inner skin, and has to trust mainly to her caulking to keep out the water, we hope that she will have unbroken good weather on her way to New York. The voyage to Havannah across the "Ladies' "Sea" is a simple business; but the coast of the United States in early autumn will be trying to a vessel which will be buoyant enough as long as she is water-tight, but is not to be trusted to remain so under a severe strain. She will not escape the strain wholly by being towed. We are not told whether the *Maria* is to make the landfall of COLUMBUS as well as take his departure. The disputes of the learned as to the exact spot might make it difficult to decide for which of the Bahamas the captain ought to steer. On the other hand, if it were left to luck, to the

wind, and the currents, the result might throw some light on a vexed question. It might be interesting to see whether the *Maria* touched at Turk Island, Watling Island, or Mariguana, or at none of the three.

The event which the Spaniards are celebrating with natural pride is peculiarly fitted to give an excuse for a centenary feast. The complaints justly made as to the artificial character of the excuses often chosen for these gatherings and their eloquence do not apply here. Beyond all doubt when COLUMBUS sailed from Palos on the 3rd of August, 1492, he did something by which the history of the world was profoundly influenced. Every schoolboy, of course, knows that, if COLUMBUS had never lived, America would have been discovered all the same, when PEDRO ALVAREZ CABRAL, the Portuguese admiral, was carried by the trade winds over to the coast of Brazil, in 1500. But in that case it would not have been discovered by Spain, and the whole course of the inevitable European settlement on the continent must have been modified. When that can be said of any particular event there can be no question as to its importance. There is a kind of historical critic, rather conspicuous in these latter days, who finds a peculiar satisfaction in pointing out that COLUMBUS discovered America without knowing it—which is true. That he believed, and died in the belief, that he had reached Asia is certain. It is not less sure that AMERIGO VESPUCCI, from whom the continent was named, by a series of flukes, misprints, and misunderstandings, went to his grave in the same faith. He thought that he had found an island of uncertain size to the south of the Equator, and that what COLUMBUS had found to the north was the eastern extremity of Asia. But the world which knows that COLUMBUS did, as a matter of fact, do it the service of finding America, and is aware that without him the voyage from Palos would never have been undertaken, has refused to belittle him because he did not know beforehand what was only found out through his exertions.

The learned who have written very largely about COLUMBUS have their serious doubts as to the truth of the stories told of his connexion with Palos. Not that there is any question as to whether he sailed from there. The dispute is as to the number and circumstances of his visits to the Convent of Santa Maria Rábida, and the exact nature of his relations to the Prior JUAN PEREZ DE MARCHENA. There has, in fact, been a considerable accumulation of what that very rude man, Mr. CARLYLE, called the marine stores of history about the life of COLUMBUS, as about most great transactions. He certainly had been at La Rábida, and the Prior was his friend. But, with or without JUAN PEREZ, COLUMBUS as a seafaring man would naturally have been in Palos. It lies right in the middle of the coast, which has always been open to attack from Africa, and has been the starting-point for attack on Africa. It is in the way of trade for the same reason that it is in the way of war. What are now fishing villages were brisk little trading towns in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Palos did not only send out COLUMBUS. It received CORTES when he came back from the conquest of Mexico. Palos does very well to remember its glories. And Spain does equally well to remember that she sent out COLUMBUS. In spite of the platitudes talked by painfully thoughtful persons as to the ruinous consequences of the discovery to herself, it was, take it altogether, the greatest thing she has done in the world. She owes to it her unparalleled position in the sixteenth century, and the opportunity to become "a mother of nations." The rest of the world has to thank her for the few magnificent and picturesque passages which enliven the commonly rather colourless, not to say Philistine, history of America.

THE NEUTRALIZATION OF THE SPEAKER.

ENGLAND has at last a Speaker and a House of Commons, the latter still in process of organization by the multitudinous swearing which began yesterday, and will be continued on successive days. Mr. PEEL has been sworn, alone, and in solemn state, almost as NAPOLEON crowned himself, and has superintended, is superintending, and will superintend the solemn vows of his colleagues. It would have been discreditable to the new House of Commons if Mr. PEEL had not been chosen once more for the post which he has filled in three Parliaments, and during eight years with an efficiency and a distinction which none of his predecessors has surpassed. He has been perfectly fitted to the office in the circumstances of the time in which he has had to discharge it, and to say that is to give him the highest praise which can be afforded to him or to any man. It is true that when any one has not been deficient in a staid and imposing gravity he is usually described by the indulgence of his contemporaries as the very best Speaker who ever filled the Chair. From this fact the inference is sometimes drawn that a solemn and decorous nonentity is the ideal Speaker. Certain tones of voice and certain attitudes go a great way. There is a good deal of what actors call "business" in the part. The Speaker must know how to smile urbanely, and to shake hands with a mixture of cordiality and condescension which are difficult of combination. An American President at a levee has not a larger experience of the "hand-shake" than a Speaker of the House of Commons at the opening of Parliament. He must know more about the variations of which this form of salutation is susceptible than any human being on this side of the Atlantic. But though a commonplace man, who happens to be a gentleman by instinct and training, and who has certain advantages of physique and temperament, may make a Speaker who will pass muster, a really good Speaker, in spite of Lord HOLLAND and Lord STANHOPE, needs rare gifts of intelligence and character, a certain instantaneity of perception and execution, a synchronism of intelligence and of will, which are the note of the born man of action in every sphere. It is as difficult to judge of Speakers as it is to judge of actors by tradition. But, so far as a judgment is possible, we should be inclined to say that since Speaker ONSLOW, who is the GARRICK of St. Stephen's, no one has graced the office so well as Mr. PEEL.

The true conception of the part of the Speaker has changed with changing political circumstances. In the pre-revolutionary periods of English history the Speaker was the mouthpiece of the House of Commons, as a whole, its "parlour and prolocutour," its champion and guardian in its encounters with the Crown. He embodied the Commons of England. When Prince JOHN of Lancaster, in SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry IV.*, reproaches the Archbishop of York with abusing the reverence felt to him, he can find no greater illustration of his authority than the statement that he was

> To us the Speaker in his Parliament,
> To us the imagined voice of God himself,
> The very opener and intelligencer
> Between the grace and sanctities of Heaven.

Then came the stage of party government in which the Speaker, while assuming and generally showing impartiality in the ordinary conduct of Parliamentary business, was yet out of the Chair essentially a partisan. This period covers the time from WALPOLE to the first Reform Act, or almost from the beginning of the reign of GEORGE II. to nearly the beginning of the reign of Queen VICTORIA. To the feeling that the Speaker was a partisan may in some degree be attributed the violence and disorder of the Parliaments of the eighteenth and the earlier part of the nineteenth century. His impar-

tiality was almost indecently challenged. BURKE, who was not only the greatest, but also the most disorderly, Irishman who has ever sat in the House of Commons, denounced what he called the novel doctrine of the Speaker's eye, which he said had a tendency to one side of the House rather than to the other. BARRÈ said he had got into the Speaker's eye, and then, without knowing how, had got out of it, and found another man there. TIERNEY charged Speaker ABBOT with habitual unfairness to him, and "fell upon him "like an assassin." Perhaps this suspicion was not unnatural when Speakers, in Committee, assumed the partisan character which they laid aside in the Chair, moving and carrying, as MANNERS SUTTON did, a resolution against Catholic Emancipation, and addressing the House from the gallery, as "the Doctor" on one occasion did, on a question of taxation. Even in the earlier days of the Reformed Parliament, Speaker SUTTON opposed in Committee a Bill for the admission of Dissenters to the Universities. The scrupulousness with which Mr. PEEL, simply on the ground that he had been Speaker, and might be Speaker again, declined to commit himself to any opinion on Home Rule is in contrast with the open participation of GRENVILLE, ADDINGTON, ABBOT, and SUTTON in the fiercest party fights of the day. Mr. GLADSTONE himself is not more reticent on Home Rule than Mr. PEEL. The office of the Speaker has been neutralized, to borrow a word from international politics, to the great advantage of his authority.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

IT must be capital fun to be an "Experimental "Psychologist," and attend an International Congress of your fellow-sufferers. Judging from the report of the proceedings of the body now or lately in session under this name at University College, a day with them must combine all the entertainment of a *séance* at a popular mesmerist's, a symposium among the working members of the Psychical Society, and a debauch in one of the most technical sections of the British Association. Mr. MYERS'S account of one of his psychological experiments was alone "worth the "money." He threw a boy into a hypnotic state, and "told him the story of QUINTUS CURTIUS." Then the boy looked into a crystal, where he saw a picture or panorama of what had been said to him during sleep, and "being much exercised as to the cause of the "opening of the earth in the Roman Forum," exclaimed, on the appearance of CURTIUS, "Here comes BUFFALO "BILL." Of course he ought to have said "Here "comes a Roman historian who flourished in the first "century of the Christian era, if not later. Why, "then, should he jump into a gulf which is sup-"posed to have yawned in the Roman Forum some "hundreds of years before CHRIST"? People, however, who have gone to the Congress in secret search of spooks or hypnotics may save their reputations as serious "scientists," if a depraved taste leads them to prize that name, by pointing to the title of, for instance, Professor HENSCHEN'S paper read at last Tuesday's sitting. It was on "The Visual Centre in the Cortex "of the Calcarine Tissue." "There's for you! Fancy "that, HEDDA, dear!" To have listened to an essay on a subject like this might quiet the conscience of even the most conscientiously scientistic of scientists, and license him to indulge to any extent in the lighter entertainments provided by the Congress. Perhaps the best of these was the paper communicated by Professor LOMBROSO, and read by Professor RICHET, on "The Sensibility of Women." It is an ideal subject for Professor LOMBROSO, who, as we all know, can detect you a congenital criminal by the shape of his ear, and who first discovered that peculiar twitching of the mouth and nostrils which indicates the homicidal tendency, unless you happen to have a cold in your head, or have taken a pinch of snuff and are not too proud to reveal your inclination to sneeze.

The Professor's paper is not quite new to the world. He has already hinted, or allowed it to be hinted, in his name, in the pages of a thoughtful monthly, that women are not so sensitive as they make out. He has now developed the thesis at greater length, and in that most delightful manner of the scientist, who, by defining none of his terms, and distinguishing between none of his conceptions, triumphantly brings science down from heaven to the level of the most slipshod intelligence. In Professor LOMBROSO'S luminous pages, the word "sensibility" means about half-a-dozen different things; and the proposition that women are less sensible to pain than men appears now in the form of the positive assertion that they do not feel pain as much as men; now in that of the comfortable inference that they cannot feel pain as much as man, because they don't make so much fuss about it; now in that of the interesting but irrelevant observation, that the temporary derangement of the bodily system and functions by pain is less severe in the case of women than of men; and yet again, that its permanent effect upon them is less grave. Add to this that the Professor agreeably contradicts himself in as many different places, as where, after quoting the reports of the "principal European surgeons" as to the greater capacity of women for "supporting pain in surgical "operations," he goes on to say that the reason which had made people believe in the greater sensibility of woman was "her greater irritability and the louder expression she gave to her suffering." In other words, it is a sign of irritability if she cries out under pain, and of insensibility if she suffers in silence. This seems a little rough on women; and, though we do not profess to determine, in competition with the "scientists," whether they do or do not feel as acutely as men, we think we may venture to assure them, on the strength of a very old science of the name of logic, that Professor LOMBROSO has not established the negative. Nor, we will add, does he seem to us likely to succeed so long as he remains, as at present, without the glimmering of a suspicion that there is any metaphysical question involved in the inquiry at all; whereas it really takes us to the very heart of that mysterious region in which Matter is transformed into Consciousness. In the meantime we may still, perhaps, permit ourselves to read the story of ARRIA with a certain sympathetic interest. We are not yet absolutely bound to believe that "PÆTE, non dolet" was no utterance of moral heroism, but simply a statement of physiological fact, and that the brave wife of PÆTUS literally meant no more than that the dagger did *not* hurt—or not very much.

DR. JAYNE'S SCHEME.

THE Bishop of CHESTER stands in the not common, but not unsatisfactory, position of a reformer whose scheme is very much more acceptable to the persons he proposes to reform than to the more zealous supporters of his own cause. Dr. JAYNE has contrived a scheme for dealing with "the public-house or entertainment-"of-the-people problem," which he fears "can hardly "commend itself at first sight to the main body of "teetotalers or licensed victuallers, nor yet to those "who look askance upon State intervention." A scheme which can hardly commend itself to any class of those most interested in the matter with which it deals would appear to be in some danger of failing to secure any measure of support. But we think that the Bishop

overrates the opposition he is likely to meet with. From the teetotallers, indeed, he may expect the treatment which is the lot of every man who retains even a rag of sanity in dealing with their fad. But the opponents of State intervention, by which must be understood the opponents of a great extension of State intervention, need not necessarily be opposed to a proposal to alter the manner in which the State already intervenes. As for the licensed victuallers, we see no reason why they should be offended by the Bishop's aim or by what can as yet be seen of his proposed methods. Indeed, their recognized spokesmen have already expressed readiness to give him a friendly hearing.

The comparison must not be pushed too far; but it may still be fairly said that the Bishop recommends the adoption by us of the Continental system of regulating the sale of tobacco, and its application to the sale of spirits in places of entertainment. The wine and spirit merchant would be left untouched; but the publican would be put more or less in the position of the tobacconist under the French Regie or the Spanish Estanco. Places in which alcoholic drinks were allowed to be sold would under the Bishop's scheme belong to some public authority, and not be merely regulated by one as at present. Dr. JAYNE recognizes the necessity for the "provision of such houses of refreshment as "may wholesomely meet, and, while meeting, cultivate "and refine, the established needs and tastes of the "people." He holds that, "with the hours of labour "shortening and the hours of leisure lengthening, the "demand for such entertainment cannot wisely be "ignored or discountenanced." With a good sense and courage which will certainly earn him the abuse of the temperance people so called, he lays it down that these places may, and even should, be licensed to sell alcoholic drinks. But Dr. JAYNE contends that they should be in the hands and directly under the control of a responsible public authority. He is prepared to compensate the licensees of suppressed houses, and to appoint the late publican to the place of manager of the State place of entertainment which is to succeed the public-house improved off the face of the earth.

We may say at once that the scheme has something to recommend it, and that we can see no reason why it should be distasteful to the licensed victualler—still less to the brewer and distiller. It is of the honest ones we speak, of course—not of the dishonest, who have reason to dread the Bishop's most commendable desire to secure alcoholic liquors against adulteration. The difficulty is not to agree that the thing might be done, but to see how it is to be carried into execution. There are two points on which great doubts may be felt by the most friendly critic. The first is as to the authority which is to manage these places of entertainment. Dr. JAYNE recommends the County Council. The proposal is of very doubtful merit, for the simple reason that a County Council would be terribly tempted either to use these places as a means of relieving the rates by making large profits on the sale of alcoholic liquor (which would be the opium trade over again under the control of an infinitely less trustworthy authority than the Indian Government), or to turn them into hotbeds for fads which could only be supported at the expense of the rates. The other difficulty is this—that the place of entertainment imagined by the Bishop is a species of club which could only be set up at a considerable outlay. Now, the cost of establishing such places in crowded towns, where reform is most needed, would be immense, while it is very doubtful whether they could be made to pay in thinly-inhabited districts.

Dr. JAYNE is, we cannot but think, too confident as to the authority which may most safely be entrusted with the power of managing these improved places of entertainment. Let it be taken for granted, which is somewhat of a concession, that any public authority ought to provide "comfortable, spacious, well-venti-"lated accommodation," in which "alcoholic liquors, "secured against adulteration, newspapers, indoor games, "and, where practicable, outdoor games and music" are to be obtained. Even if this be conceded, we still have very serious doubts, indeed, whether "our County "Councils would furnish the State with a machinery "free, on the one hand, from the dangers of over-"centralization, and, on the other, from the dangers "of over-localization." County Councils which could be named have behaved, both in their financial management and in their dealing with places of entertainment, in a fashion which by no means allows us to share the Bishop's confidence. And the financial question is of vital importance. The business which Dr. JAYNE wishes to see the County Councils take in hand would be a very considerable one in all cases, and in the large towns a very great business. It is his intention to farm the business of keeping places of entertainment to business men. The County Councils are to keep them in their own hands, and appoint managers. This means that they are to have the direct control and responsibility. There is ample experience to prove that a municipal body is as ill-fitted to conduct such a complicated business as it would be to manage the banks or butchers' shops of the country. Has the Bishop considered that the application of his scheme would, in all probability, make every election turn on the liquor question, and on conflicts between those who wish to increase and those who wish to diminish the number of places in which drink is to be obtained? This is not a wholesome subject for municipal conflicts. The extreme probability that the result would be disagreeably surprising to the so-called temperance party does not prejudice us in favour of the Bishop's plan. That party enjoys a power out of all proportion to its numbers, because it can turn elections. If once it were called upon to enter into direct conflict with the persons whose liberty it wishes to restrain, it might find itself completely beaten, and learn that local option means the power to increase as well as to diminish. But, though this would be both a welcome and an amusing result, we think it would be somewhat dearly bought at the cost of the degradation which must be the consequence of subordinating all questions of local administration to this one of more or fewer places of entertainment.

Dr. JAYNE passes over the second difficulty in the application of his scheme in a manner which is hardly practical. He does not, of course, propose that these places of entertainment, which are to "cultivate "and refine the established needs and tastes of the "people," are to be maintained at the expense of the ratepayers. They are to pay; but how? Dr. JAYNE proposes that "the pecuniary interests of the "managers (*e.g.* in the form of bonus)" must be "made to depend entirely on the sale of eatables and "non-alcoholic beverages." It is clear that there must either be a profit or no profit made on the alcoholic liquor. In the first case the profit is, we presume, to be devoted to the general expenses of management. If so this curious result will follow, that it will be the duty, though not the interest, of the manager to sell as much as he can of the liquor which produces the profit. If, on the other hand, there is to be no profit, these other curious consequences will follow. Alcoholic liquors will be cheap. Eatables and non-alcoholic beverages must be sold at prices which will pay the cost of rent, wages, managers' bonus, rates, and repairs. Therefore they must be dear, and the consumers of them will be indirectly taxed in order that alcoholic liquors may be supplied, at cost price, to the genial toper. We are afraid that in these circumstances it will be too manifestly the interest of

customers to patronize the cheap and not the dear articles supplied by the establishment. Dr. JAYNE will, we think, see that the result, besides being far from favourable to the cause of temperance, would spell bankruptcy for the places of entertainment, and entail a severe call on the rates of the county. Minor criticisms which suggest themselves to us are, that the book-keeping required by the Bishop's scheme would be enormously complicated, and that the power to appoint to, which implies that to dismiss from, the managerships of these places of entertainment would open the door to no little place-hunting and jobbery. We do not make these objections in any spirit of unfriendliness to Dr. JAYNE'S scheme, of which the aim is excellent, but only as our contribution to that "frank "and thorough reconsideration of the public-house or "entertainment-of-the-people problem" which he wishes to see undertaken. In matters of business the good intention, though it does no harm, is of little value in comparison with the possibility of execution.

AUTHOR AND COPYRIGHT.

THE case of LEE *v.* GIBBINGS, heard by Mr. Justice KEKEWICH this week, raised a question of great importance to men of letters. From the legal point of view it was, as the judge observed, a case of considerable interest and by no means free from difficulty. Mr. SIDNEY LEE, the plaintiff, had written for Mr. NIMMO, the publisher, a library edition of a *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. That was in 1886. Mr. GIBBINGS, the defendant, had since purchased the remaining sheets of this work, and had this year published the book with certain portions of Mr. LEE'S work omitted. It wanted, in fact, Mr. LEE'S original preface, introduction, table of contents, bibliography, and index. It was, therefore, an incomplete form of Mr. LEE'S book. The plaintiff moved for an injunction to restrain the sale of any copies of his work thus mutilated, on the ground that the omissions were so important as to be injurious to his literary reputation. The defence was that the defendant had done no wrong, and that, if he had, the wrong constituted a libel, and the Court of Chancery was not the proper Court to try a question of libel. From the judgment of the Court in this case it appears that the author who parts with his copyright is almost entirely at the mercy of the purchaser. In this case Mr. Justice KEKEWICH regarded the defendant, Mr. GIBBINGS, as the present owner of the copyright in Mr. LEE'S work. He was not actually the owner; but, as the purchaser of the remaining sheets of the original edition, he stood in Mr. NIMMO'S place, and could deal with those sheets as he pleased, "provided he gave the "plaintiff no cause to complain." Mr. GIBBINGS, we must assume, had certainly done as he pleased with Mr. LEE'S work. Mr. LEE, on the other hand, was prompt in his complaints. He complained, very naturally, of the mangled re-issue of his book. He complained of the date 1892 affixed to the title-page of a book which was not a new book, nor reprinted as written, nor issued under his supervision. The omission of the introduction alone constitutes a weighty cause for complaint on Mr. LEE'S part, and the judge recognized it as a "very cogent instance of mutila-"tion." Whether a publisher could issue a mangled form of an author's work, without making it plain that it was a mangled form, was a difficult question, according to Mr. Justice KEKEWICH; but the question to be decided in this case was, Did the defendant by so doing injure the author's reputation? The author's remedy, he decided, was in bringing an action for libel. Injury to reputation was founded on libel, and it was for the plaintiff to prove injury to reputation by such action. The question, in short, was one for a jury, and the judge declined to grant an injunction.

The decision is altogether extremely unsatisfactory to authors. The aggrieved author has his remedy at law indicated to him, only so far as his injured reputation is concerned. But it is left uncertain how far the publisher is legally entitled to issue books that are mutilated without showing clearly on their title-pages in what respects they are imperfect. There is no law, as the judge pointed out, to compel the publisher to publish a work in its integrity because he holds the copyright of that work. But is he entitled legally to issue a mutilated copy of a book without a sign of what has been done, and put the date of the current year on the title, as Mr. GIBBINGS did, as if it were a new book? Let us suppose that such a book is bought at a shop, and is found on examination not to be what it purports to be—that is, it is neither a new book nor a correct reprint of the work whose title it bears. Is there misrepresentation of the author's work in such a case? And has the duped purchaser a remedy in an action for misdescription? Putting aside, for the present, the question of injured reputation, it would be interesting to know how far such evidence—evidence of deceived book-buyers—would affect the legal rights of a publisher to deal with copyright works as he pleases. In other commodities than books the law uses no uncertain terms. "Made in Germany" is a familiar legend devised for the information of buyers and the protection of native manufacturers. Why should not publishers be compelled to mark mutilated editions as "mutilated," or "incomplete," in good clear advertisement on cover or title? If this rule were enacted, the important distinction between an "author's edi-"tion" and a "publisher's edition" would be clearly defined, and there would be no risk of the latter form of a book assuming the appearance of the former.

CANADA'S LESSON TO HOME RULERS.

BY the election of a Parsee for a metropolitan borough the Ganges has been made to run into the Thames. By the election—or, to speak more accurately, by the nomination—of Mr. Edward Blake, a Canadian politician, for Longford, the stream of British politics has received another tributary, and one which of late has been undergoing a good deal of discolouration. Mr. Blake, who, on the eve of Parliament last Thursday, addressed the triumphant and middle-aged youths of the Eighty Club, the other day, on his retirement from another Parliament —the Canadian—after twenty years of public life and some years of leadership, addressed a long valedictory letter to his constituents. In that letter he described the actual results of the Federal system in its application to Canada as "disintegration instead of consolidation, a small population, a scanty immigration, an empty North-West, a debt enormous and increasing, an extravagant expenditure, an oppressive tariff, restricted markets, trade forced into unnatural channels, tariff-walls frowning between us and our kinsmen; worst of all, lowered standards of public virtue, deathlike apathy in public opinion; racial, provincial, and religious animosities rather inflamed than soothed; a subservient Parliament, an autocratic Executive, debauched constituencies, increased dependence on the public chest, and diminished self-reliance, combined with a boastful Jingo spirit alien to true manliness and incapable of facing real facts." If Mr. Blake has brought with him the talisman by which such a shower of political blessings can be bestowed upon this country, his advent will, indeed, form an epoch, and he may even fulfil the hopes of enthusiastic friends, who predict that, when the horses and chariot of fire shall come for the prophet of Mid-Lothian, his mantle will fall upon the prophet of Longford.

Gladstonian journals tell us that Mr. Blake will be an invaluable accession to the cause of Home Rule and to Mr. Gladstone's staff, because he will be able to give lessons on the structure and management of federal institutions;

and he has already begun the course. Whatever Mr. Blake's experience or capacity may be, he might as well come to teach us how to hunt bears or navigate ice-boats as how to manage federal institutions. The United Kingdom is not a federation, nor would it be converted into a federation by any scheme of Home Rule at present before us. In a federation all the States or provinces are upon the same footing and bear the same relation to the federal government, in which each of the States has an equal share while it has an equal portion of self-government with the rest. But the proposal of the Home Rulers is that Ireland shall be treated exceptionally, and placed, not on the footing of a co-equal State, but on that of a vassal kingdom, having no share or only a qualified share in the supreme government. Home Rule as at present expounded is, in fact, based on a principle the very opposite to that of federation, the principle of federation being perfect equality among the States, whereas the principle of Gladstonian Home Rule is the subordination of one kingdom to another. No Canadian province or State of the American Union would tolerate for a day such a position as Mr. Gladstone's measure would have legally assigned to Ireland, nor would Ireland have tolerated it; she would have struck at once for a full measure of independence.

It is true that Mr. Gladstone, in scattering disunionism as well as class-hatred right and left, for the purpose of opening his own way to power, has called into existence vague ideas of changing the United Kingdom into a federation, and that some Scotchmen and Welshmen are beginning to talk of restoring the Heptarchy, and of setting up Parliaments in Edinburgh, and at some place hereafter to be named in Wales. The Parliaments, if antiquarianism is to rule our politics, ought to be set up at two places in Scotland, one for the Highlands and one for the Lowlands, and at two places in Wales, one for each of two ancient principalities. But no public man of any consequence, we believe, has yet seriously proposed to throw the whole constitution of the United Kingdom, with all its usages, traditions, and sentiments, into the smelting-pot, and to encounter, without any assignable motive, except the indulgence of historic fancy or the mere craving for revolution, all the difficulties and dangers which beset the establishment of federation in the United States, and which, in spite of the sagacity of the leaders and the immense strength, in that case, of the inducements to union, so nearly wrecked the young Republic. The United Kingdom is not as large as a single State of the American Union, and may surely be administered as easily as France by a single national Government. The railways and other communications of Great Britain form an indivisible network, nor can any separate interests of a local character be assigned sufficiently important to warrant the institution of four Parliaments, with all their paraphernalia of offices and elections, with their party organizations, and the vast expenditure which would be involved. It has been often objected—and the objection remains unanswered—that federation requires as its basis a group of tolerably equal States, such as those which make up the American Union and the Swiss Bund. If a confederation were formed of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the result would probably be a perpetual cabal of the three small States against the one large State. The debauching of Canadian constituencies which Mr. Blake deplores, in fact, arises partly from the awkwardness of the relations between the different provinces, the Government being tempted to control the large provinces—especially Ontario—by purchasing the support of the smaller. The present state of things in Norway and Sweden is a warning to the worshippers of the Federal system that it is not out of every block of wood that their idol can be made. A restoration of the Heptarchy, which, combined with the revival of the ancient divisions of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, might produce a group of States of the kind required, would be a comparatively sensible scheme. But the man who would propound any constitutional transformation of that kind, and propose to carry it into effect in the midst of a raging faction fight, must have drunk deep of the Gladstonian cup.

If fallacies could ever die, it might be supposed that we should hear no more of the example of Canada as an argument in favour of Home Rule. Canada is three thousand miles off, and is in the enjoyment of full legislative independence, the control of the mother-country over her legislation being no longer more than nominal. She regulates, among other things, her own military force, and she would regulate her own naval force if she had one. She aspires even to diplomatic independence, and does really in some measure enjoy it. She does not pay, nor would she consent to pay, a tribute of any kind to the Imperial Government. No difficulty or friction in the exercise of supreme power over her can arise. Besides, the feeling of Canada—of British Canada at least—towards the mother-country at the time of confederation was entirely kind, and Canadian privileges have been received and enjoyed without the slightest tendency to use them for the manifestation of any hostility or jealousy towards Great Britain. An independent Ireland would be a nation cut out of the side of the United Kingdom, and would be hostile to Great Britain from the very circumstances of its birth. Mr. Gladstone never bestows a thought on the circumstances under which his new institutions are to be set on foot, or on the effect of prevailing sentiment in influencing their operation. His political machine is constructed to operate in a vacuum when, unfortunately, it would have to operate in a plenum of angry and vindictive passion. Irish intrigue with France or with some other European Power hostile to this country would almost inevitably follow, and Great Britain would have either to sink to the second rank among nations or to reconquer Ireland. With reconquest would recommence the whole circle of Irish woes. As to any analogy that fancy may suggest between the status of a Canadian province and the proposed status of Ireland under Home Rule enough has been said. There can be no analogy unless the United Kingdom is turned into a confederation.

In one respect, however, Canada has taught an important lesson to the advocates of Home Rule, as Mr. Blake can assure us with the authority of experience if he wishes to tell us the truth. The keystone of the Gladstonian system is the Imperial veto on Irish legislation. Without this Gladstonians must—and, we believe, do—admit that national unity would be lost. Now the Canadian Constitution gives the Dominion Government a veto on provincial legislation, and this power was distinctly stated by the framers of the Constitution to be an essential feature of their plan. Sir Alexander Galt called it the Palladium, and he was speaking with special reference to the danger which the Protestant minority of Quebec—the counterpart of the Protestant minority of Ulster—would be exposed from Roman Catholic legislation in the province. Sir John Rose avows that he could not have voted for confederation had the Constitution not comprised the veto power. Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, afterwards Prime Minister, and other members on both sides, spoke to the same effect. What was the practical result? How did the Palladium fulfil its purpose? The other day an Act was passed by the Provincial Legislature of Quebec endowing the Jesuits out of the public funds—to which the Protestant minority contributes—under pretence of restoring to them the old estates of the Order to which they had no shadow of title—legal, moral, or even historical—since the identity of the Order had been broken by its suppression in the last century. The Act also recognized the authoritative intervention of the Pope in the legislation of a British colony. By everybody, except the Jesuits and their partisans, the measure was regarded as an outrage. Here, if ever, there was an occasion for the exercise of the federal veto; but the whip of the Quebec vote was cracked with decisive effect over the leaders of both parties and over the parties themselves. Out of the whole House thirteen members only dared to vote for disallowance. Not only was the Jesuits' Estate Act not vetoed, but the veto-power was actually surrendered on the spot, the leaders in each case falling back on the position that the power could be constitutionally used only when a Provincial Legislature had exceeded its jurisdiction; a manifest subterfuge, since legislation in excess of jurisdiction would be quashed at once in a Court of law, and no veto would be required. It may safely be predicted that the same would be the fate of an Imperial veto on the legislation of the Irish Parliament. On the first occasion when a legislative outrage was committed by the Irish Parliament, as soon as a disposition to use the veto was shown by the Imperial Government, the whip of the Irish vote would be cracked over the leaders of both British parties; they would cower under it; the veto would be surrendered, and the legislative separation of the two islands would be complete.

THE VOLE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

THE Scottish hills, as is well known, have been in labour, and have brought forth myriads of mice, or, more accurately, voles, distinguished from true mice by a stouter body, blunter nose, and shorter tail.

The existence and serious effects of this plague on the hill pastures of Teviotdale, Eskdale, and Nithsdale were brought under the notice of the Board of Agriculture during last winter—not, however, until a wide district had been overrun. In January the Highland and Agricultural Society called on the department to make definite inquiry into the extent and cause of the outbreak, whereupon Mr. Chaplin directed two of the local Inspectors of the Board to report on the condition of things in the six Scottish counties affected. The result was to reveal such a serious amount of damage, and so little signs of abatement in the numbers of the pest, that it was considered necessary to institute more searching inquiry, and to collect evidence as to similar phenomena in former years, as well in this as in other countries. Accordingly, a departmental Committee was appointed in May, with Sir Herbert Maxwell as Chairman, and that excellent naturalist, Mr. J. E. Harting, as Secretary.

In June the Committee proceeded to the infected districts near Hawick, Moffat, and Thornhill. Nothing short of personal inspection could have given a just idea of the nature and extent of the mischief. The voles have infested almost the whole of the southern uplands (though certain farms have suffered more severely than others), from the neighbourhood of Hawick and Peebles on the east, to the Merrick, near Newton Stewart, on the west, a distance of nearly fifty miles.

The Committee first visited the farm of Howpasley, twelve miles up the Teviot from Hawick, where the state of the pasture gave plentiful evidence of the presence of voles. The grass, which at that season ought to have been in full flush of verdure, was lying in withered wisps over many hundreds of acres, and the surface of the ground was closely covered with a network of runs. As one walked over the hill voles were disturbed at almost every step, darting from tussock to tussock, more like trout in a shallow stream than fourfooted animals on firm ground. So swift their motion and so rapid their turns that it is extremely difficult to hit them with a stick; the shepherds find it more effective to pursue them with an implement like a child's wooden spade. Some idea of the numbers on the ground may be gathered from the evidence of a shepherd on one of the farms near Hawick, that in five weeks he had, with terriers, killed 32,000 voles; nor is there any reason for supposing this to be an exaggerated statement. The tenant of this farm turned out a hundred cats, with satisfactory results; but, of course, the question is, what would become of the poor cats when the voles were done?

The animal which has created all this fuss is the short-tailed field-vole (*Arvicola agrestis*), intermediate in size between a common field-mouse and a small rat, and capable, like some of the other smaller mammals, of prodigious multiplication under exceptionally favourable circumstances. The present outbreak seems to have been first noticed in the summer of 1889, when some low-lying pastures at Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, were found to be infested. Thence the voles moved to the hill pastures, where, favoured by the unusual abundance of herbage in the summer and autumn of 1890, they bred with astonishing rapidity. The winter of 1890–91, though one of protracted severity in the southern part of the island, was comparatively mild in Scotland. It is true there was much snow, but that did not injure the voles, which hived merrily under the wreaths, and, as soon as the thaw came, swarmed forth to eat every green blade that appeared. Everywhere the same process went on; first what is called the bog-land—*i.e.* meadows on which hay is cut—was attacked; when that was done, and all prospect of a hay crop was destroyed, the voles moved higher up the hills, and devoured the pasture; the effect upon the condition of the ewes and the death-rate of lambs being, it is alleged, deplorable. In addition to this direct loss to the farmer there was the expense incurred by feeding the stock with hay and Indian corn, to prevent them starving on the ruined pastures. It is difficult to estimate the amount of damage done. Twopence a year for the keep of a mouse seems a modest charge—perhaps few people would be found to undertake it for less—but when a farmer calculated that he had maintained 3,000,000 voles at that cost for two years, it brought out the formidable total of 50,000*l.*—many times the fee value of the land.

There is nothing new in this excessive pullulation of small rodents. Holinshed, writing about A.D. 1587, describes an outbreak of this kind which took place in 1580 in the marshes of Essex, where "there suddenly appeared an infinite multitude of mice, which, overwhelming the whole earth in the said marshes, did shear and gnaw the grass by the roots, spoiling and tainting the same by their venomous teeth in such sort, that the cattle which grazed thereon were smitten with a murrain, and died thereof, which vermin by policy of man could not be destroyed, till at the last it came to pass that there flocked together such a number of owls as all the shire was not able to yield; whereby the marsh-holders were shortly delivered from the vexation of the said mice."

Other chroniclers—Stow, Speed, Childrey, Lilley, and Fuller—record similar outbreaks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the present century the New Forest and Forest of Dean were visited by the scourge in 1813–14, and likewise Roxburghshire in 1876. It is interesting to observe that Holinshed and the other historians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries bear testimony to the good service done by flights of owls, which appeared in unusual numbers. This was probably the short-eared owl (*Otus brachyotus*), a winter visitor to this country, commonly called the woodcock owl, owing to the time of its arrival generally coinciding with that of the woodcock. Its nest is not frequently found in Britain, whence, as a rule, it departs in spring; but it is a singular feature of this present vole plague that these useful birds (let no Cockney sportsman ever henceforward draw impious trigger at one of them!) have drawn together in great numbers, and have bred freely on the moors, rearing, in many instances, a second brood after the first was fledged.

Similarly, in South America it is described by Mr. Hudson, in his excellent book, *The Naturalist in La Plata* (Chapman & Hall, 1892), how, from time to time, phenomenal outbursts of small mammals take place, followed by the appearance in large numbers of short-eared owls, the identical species which have been pasturing on the Scottish voles, as well as storks and other carnivorous birds.

Great stress has been laid by farmers and shepherds in the affected districts on the destruction of hawks, owls, weasels, and other natural enemies of the voles, as being the cause of their excessive multiplication. Now, although humanity and common sense combine to disapprove of the persecution of kestrels and owls, which has been carried to a lamentable extent in the supposed interests of game preserving, it is impossible to believe that any ordinary stock of these birds could prevail against such an extraordinary wave of life as we have witnessed during the last two years. On the contrary, it has been proved that, even where no means have been taken to kill down what keepers class as vermin, outbreaks of small rodents take place from time to time. There was no game-preserving, in the modern sense, in Holinshed's day. In Norway, the lemming swarms down from the mountains from time to time, at irregular intervals, in innumerable hordes; in South America, where birds of prey are unharmed by man, Mr. Hudson tells of the vole-scourge being as uncontrollable as on our own Border hills. During the spring of the present year, just when the plague was at its height in Scotland, the uplands of Thessaly were infested by swarms of a kindred species (*Arvicola Savii*). Grateful as we are to buzzards, kestrels, owls, and even to stoats and weasels, for the useful check they maintain upon mischievous vermin, we cannot expect impossibilities from them, and it is certain that the balance of nature can never be so accurately maintained as to prevent one scale or other kicking the beam sometimes.

Whether Sir Herbert Maxwell's Committee will be able to devise efficient remedies or not remains to be seen. Any one who knows the extent and character of a Scottish sheep-farm must despair of the efficacy of traps, poison, or pits, such as may be employed successfully in enclosed places of limited area. Bi-sulphide of carbon, injected into the nests, has been found efficacious in Greece, but to apply it to a hill of 6,000 or 8,000 acres would be like playing a fire-hose on Mount Ætna. Dr. Loeffler's plan of communicating the bacillus of mouse-typhus to the voles seems hardly more practicable, because, even if it should prove to be as innocuous to man and other animals as the learned Professor avers, as a practical remedy it is open to this objection, that it is not contagious among the voles. Each animal has to

swallow a portion of the virus, in order to be brought to the death we so ardently desire for him. Experience leads us to look for an epizootic to carry off this excess of a special form of life; the practical question for farmers is, whether or not the process can be accelerated.

SIR A. GEIKIE'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association has been wise in its choice of a President for the present year. As the meeting was to be held in Scotland, it was bound to select a Scotchman; for north of the Tweed patriotism is patriotism, and native virtues are viewed through the right end of a telescope. As it was to be held in Edinburgh, the preference of a geologist was more than defensible. The Director-General of the Geological Survey may be appropriately regarded as the official representative of that science, and all will grant that he possesses qualifications which peculiarly fit him to preside over the British Association in the Modern Athens. Among living geologists he is unsurpassed for facility of exposition, breadth of culture, and grace of literary style. We are not then surprised to find in the present address some passages which are well worth careful consideration, with others marked by exceptional felicity of diction, while its lucidity and freedom from technicalities made it highly interesting to a large general audience.

Speaking in Edinburgh, where so much of his own life has been spent, where "the encircling green hills and grey crags gave him in boyhood the impulse which furnished the work and joy" of his life, Sir A. Geikie, by a natural inspiration, takes as the keynote of his address some episodes in the history of geology, in which the scientific men of Edinburgh were exceptionally prominent. The epoch renders the selection of this theme peculiarly appropriate. This year, as he reminds his audience, is practically the centenary of the announcement of Hutton's theory of the earth. Of this theory, which, when elucidated by Hutton's great disciple, Playfair, and elaborated with an exceptional wealth of illustration by Lyell, placed geology on a scientific instead of a hypothetical basis, the present address gives a clear and succinct sketch. It is to Hutton more than to any other man that geologists are indebted for teaching them to search patiently for facts, and to subject the same to inductive treatment. Hutton perceived that the crust of the earth testified to the working of processes analogous to those which are still in action. Rocks "which are now portions of dry land" bore record that "they were originally sheets of gravel, sand, and mud which had been worn from the face of long-vanished continents, and after being spread over the floor of the sea were consolidated into compact stone, and were finally broken up and raised once more to form part of the dry land." It followed, then, that "by the action of running water the materials of the solid land are in a state of continual decay and transport to the ocean," and that the ocean floor itself is liable from time to time to be upheaved by some mighty terrestrial force." Hutton also perceived that, in addition to the dislocations produced by these causes, masses of molten rock, which had subsequently cooled and crystallized, had been injected into the fissured crust and sometimes been poured out upon its surface. He was, in short, the father of uniformitarian geology. Like all truths, this at first had to fight an uphill battle; it was coldly received by the scientific world, it was denounced as unorthodox by the theological; it had to struggle for existence, even in its birthplace, against the strange medley of accurate mineralogy, imperfect observation, and unsound reasoning which were combined in the antagonistic theory of Werner; but at last it conquered, and now, as is common with great truths, it is sometimes perverted to a superstition.

This brings us to the part of Sir A. Geikie's address which will excite most comment among geologists. He does not shrink from affirming that the disciples of Hutton and of Lyell have occasionally gone astray through stopping their ears to the teaching of other sciences; nay, have been sometimes a little deaf to the warnings of their own. In the stratified rocks an evolution is indicated in the creatures which have tenanted the earth; analogy suggests that the same may be true of the earth itself. Doubtless its earliest records have seemed illegible, but the attempt to decipher them, so the President appears to hint, was too readily abandoned. The geologist has postulated an almost boundless succession of æons in the past. Take time enough, he has affirmed, and the processes of decay and growth and change will suffice to "drag down æonian hills," and to transform the softest mud into the hardest crystalline rock. But is there time enough? Here, as the President intimates, the Physicist steps in and dishonours these unlimited drafts on the Bank of Time. We may demur with good reason to the accuracy of the numerical results at which the latter has arrived; we may justly refuse, as the mathematical processes involve observations where inaccuracy is possible, to make light of the results of inductive reasoning from geological facts; but though we insist that the whole history of the globe cannot be contracted into ten or even twenty millions of years, we must allow (says the President) that nature has occasionally acted in somewhat different modes and at a rather quicker pace than the uncompromising uniformitarian is ready to concede. Sir A. Geikie seems prepared to admit that "terrestrial catastrophes even on a colossal scale" might be part of the economy of the globe. But in making this admission he seems to use the term "catastrophe" in a sense, geologically speaking, somewhat novel; for as an example of "the more recent and best known of them" he quotes the Ice Age. But, inasmuch as he grants that this age endured for many thousands of years, it, though in the popular sense a catastrophe to the region affected, is not one in the scientific. By a catastrophe geologists hitherto, we believe, have meant the upheaving of mountain chains from ocean depths, the hurling of vast deluges of water over ill-starred continents by these rocky leviathans at play, or explosions such as those of which Krakatoa and Saugir (if report be true) are modern and moderate representatives. Of these—the catastrophes of the geologists—it may be doubted whether the records of the rocks give us any evidence, so far as they have been at present deciphered; just as it may be disputed whether the extension of a great northern ice-sheet to the shore of France—which, if we rightly understand him, Sir A. Geikie admits—is anything more than a pious opinion of an extreme school of glacial geologists. These, however, are minor details; the important fact is that Sir A. Geikie commits himself to the opinion that the uniformitarian doctrine has been pressed too far by some of its most zealous advocates.

Of course this opinion is not precisely novel. It has been for some time gaining ground among geologists. It was expressed before the British Association in one of the evening discourses at the Bath meeting in 1888 (though Sir A. Geikie has probably forgotten the fact, since he is silent on the subject); it was repeated by the same geologist in more emphatic terms, as the result of further investigations, in the last Rede Lecture at Cambridge. But this advocate took a bolder position than is adventured at present by Sir A. Geikie, for he asserted that a study of the rocks themselves indicated that the crystalline schists and gneisses must have been formed under conditions which appear, at an early period of the earth's history, to have been general and wide extending, but subsequently rare and local. This, however, is merely an historical detail. The point of most scientific importance in Sir A. Geikie's address is that the Director-General of the British Geological Survey has abandoned that extreme uniformitarian position which of late years has appeared to find favour in official circles. This change of position has been a natural consequence, though probably he did not at the time foresee it, from that other "great surrender," when it was announced that the Murchisonian hypothesis—namely, that the crystalline schists of the Central Highlands were metamorphosed sediments of post-Cambrian age—must be abandoned, and that James Nicol, the humble Aberdonian professor, was substantially right where the "King of Siluria" was wrong. As on that occasion, so on the present, Sir A. Geikie has done service to science by the admission that official geologists—even as Churches—may err. The lesson may be useful to some of his subordinates who have been wont to plume themselves on "a rational uniformitarianism" as a security against the errors of dissenters without the official pale. In future they will do well to remember, when they are tempted to bear themselves proudly, that, in the well-known words, "we are all fallible mortals, even the youngest among us."

MONEY MATTERS.

SINCE the defeat of the Free Coinage Bill strong efforts are being made in New York to run up the prices of American securities. It is to be hoped that the British public will not be induced to join in the speculation; at all events, investors will do well to avoid the American market for some time to come, for it is difficult to see how the American Government can escape from the unwise silver policy on which it has embarked without serious trouble, perhaps even without a crisis. Allowing for the 20 millions sterling in gold which has to be kept as a reserve to secure the exchangeability of the greenbacks—that is, the old Treasury notes issued during the Civil War, and the 28¼ millions sterling of gold ear-marked in the Treasury as a security for the gold certificates outstanding—the Treasury holds of that metal not quite 3 millions sterling, which it is free to use for any purpose whatsoever. But the Treasury is liable for demands which may come upon it at any moment exceeding 110 millions sterling. Firstly, there were actually in circulation on the 1st day of July 19½ millions sterling of new Treasury notes—that is, notes issued in payment for silver bought under the Act of 1890—and those notes are being increased by the purchase every month of 4½ million ozs. of silver—that is, by not far short of a million sterling every month. The Act of 1890 authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem these new Treasury notes at his discretion either in gold or in silver. But he soon found that they could not be kept in circulation; in other words, they would not be accepted by bankers if they were to be redeemed in silver; therefore, he pledged himself that he would redeem them in gold, and up to the present he has kept his promise. While, therefore, the free gold in the Treasury, which did not amount to quite 3 millions sterling on the 1st July, has been seriously reduced by the gold exports to Europe since then, the 19½ millions sterling of new Treasury notes have, on the other hand, been increased by the purchases of silver. They amount, therefore, to considerably over 20 millions sterling at present, and they are all redeemable, according to the promise of the Treasury, in gold. Secondly, there are about 28 millions sterling of National Bank notes in circulation in the United States. These notes are secured by the deposit in the Treasury of interest-bearing bonds of the United States, and the United States Government undertakes to redeem them in cash when presented. It is true that they may be redeemed either in gold or in greenbacks—the greenbacks themselves being, of course, redeemable in gold. But it is obvious that if the Treasury were to refuse gold on demand the National Bank notes would immediately become depreciated. It is the confidence of the public that it can get gold for them when it pleases that gives them their high value. Thus we find that new Treasury notes and National Bank notes amounting to over 48 millions sterling are in the hands of the public at the present time, and are all redeemable in gold, while the Treasury holds, in order to redeem them, only between two and three millions sterling in the metal. Lastly, there are over 65 millions sterling of silver certificates in circulation. The silver certificates are redeemable at the Treasury only in silver; that is to say, the holder cannot insist on being paid in anything but silver coin. But they have been got into circulation and pass from hand to hand at their full nominal value, because hitherto it has always been possible to exchange these silver certificates for bank-notes, greenbacks, new Treasury notes, and gold certificates at will, and for any of these latter gold is paid at the Treasury. Consequently the real cause why the silver certificates circulate at their full legal value is that there never hitherto has been any difficulty in exchanging them for other kinds of currency redeemable in gold, and thus there has been no difficulty in getting gold for the silver certificates. Adding these 65 millions sterling of silver certificates to the 48 millions sterling of Treasury notes and bank-notes referred to above, we get a grand total of 113 millions sterling of various kinds of paper money circulating in the United States in the belief on the part of the public that gold can be had for the paper at any time required. But at the present moment the Treasury holds not very much more than 2 millions sterling in gold to make good this belief of the public. It is clear that if anything were to happen to shake the public belief, and there were in consequence to be a run upon the Treasury for gold, it would not be able to pay out the metal, unless it drew upon the fund set apart specially for securing the exchangeability of the greenbacks and redeeming the gold certificates. But if the Treasury were to do this, all holders of greenbacks and gold certificates would only too probably take alarm, gold might go to a premium, and a panic might ensue. It is to be hoped that the Government will find some means of preventing alarm, and that the Congress soon to be elected will deal wisely with the problem. But until it is dealt with, British investors will do well not to be beguiled by the assurances of speculators.

The silver difficulty in the United States is prolonging the crisis through which the world is passing. A few months ago confidence was rapidly reviving here, new enterprises were being engaged in, and business in every direction was improving. But the heavy fall in silver, the failure of the New Oriental Bank, and the increase of apprehension in the United States, put a stop to all that. Every one since has been afraid to incur new risks; gold, consequently, is still coming in large amounts from abroad; during the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received 423,000*l.* net, and more is coming. It is difficult to lend from day to day at even ½ per cent., and the rate of discount is little better than ¾ per cent.

Naturally the silver market is still more affected. The price of the metal fell on Thursday to 39*d.* per oz., a quotation touched only once before, yet everybody feels that there must be a further fall. Everywhere the demand is falling off, and even the demand for India Council bills is exceedingly small, the amount sold this week being very disappointing. Whether alarm springs up in the United States and silver and silver notes fall to a discount, or whether a crisis is avoided and the purchases of silver are stopped, it seems clear that the consumption of silver must decrease very considerably, and that there must, therefore, be a heavy fall in the metal.

As stated above, the great operators in New York are, in spite of all their embarrassments, trying to manipulate the market. They argue that, money being always scarce and dear in New York in the autumn, gold exports will now cease, and that there is every probability of gold being attracted from Europe; that the harvest will again be excellent, that the exports of all kinds will be very large during the next twelve months, that the railway earnings in consequence will be on a great scale, that trade will improve, and that, therefore, there must be a marked rise in all American railroad securities. The great operators have the strongest motives for painting the situation in the brightest colours. An exceptionally large proportion of American securities is now held in America, and those who are most apprehensive respecting silver are naturally the most eager to sell to European investors. We trust, however, that European investors will be on their guard, and will not be tempted by the optimist opinions that are likely to be spread. If there is a silver crisis in the United States, there clearly must be a great fall in American securities; and if, on the other hand, a crisis is averted, and the purchases of silver are stopped, there must be such a fall in silver as will disorganize the trade of the silver-using countries, and will, therefore, have a very depressing effect upon the London market. As yet British investors have not been persuaded to buy. In Paris and Berlin, too, strong efforts are being made to raise prices. The report that a Paris bank is about to lend two millions sterling to the Spanish Government has been made use of to put up Spanish bonds, and the intelligence that the Russian Government is inclined to open negotiations for a commercial treaty with Germany has had a good influence upon the Berlin Bourse. But our readers should bear in mind that the great capitalists, both in Paris and Berlin, have locked up a very inconvenient proportion of their capital in unsaleable securities; that Russia is in a desperate state from famine, famine-fever, and cholera; and that it is difficult to see how Spain can go on very much longer paying the full interest on her debt. Furthermore, if political troubles should arise out of the Russian advance on the Pamirs, there cannot fail to be a fall upon all the Bourses.

The harvest prospects both at home and abroad are better than seemed at all probable a couple of months ago. Even the unfavourable July has not done as much harm as was believed at the time. In France the yield will be much better than last year, and generally a fair average is expected all over Western Europe. In Spain, however, much damage has been done by the intense heat, and the reports from Russia are still conflicting.

The directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company on Thursday announced a dividend on the Ordinary stock at the rate of $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum, which compares with $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. twelve months ago; the Great Western dividend was announced on the same day, the rate being $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. against 5 per cent. a year ago.

There being no great investment demand at present the highest classes of securities have changed in value very little during the week. Even in home railway stocks the movements are not very considerable, though most of the stocks of the heavy lines have recovered. Great Western closed on Thursday at 167, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{8}$; Midland closed at 156, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$; and North-Eastern closed at $155\frac{1}{4}$, also a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$. In the American department the movements have been more numerous and more decided. Beginning with the speculative securities, which investors should not touch at all, we find that Erie shares closed on Thursday afternoon at $29\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Union Pacific shares closed at $39\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$; and Atchison closed at $40\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{4}$. Coming next to the sound dividend-paying stocks, we find that New York Central shares closed on Thursday at $116\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore closed at $138\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; Illinois Central closed at $105\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and Louisville and Nashville closed at $72\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{4}$. In the Argentine railway market there have been no movements worth notice, but the Government securities are all lower. Argentine Five per Cents of '86 closed at $63\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 1; and the Funding Loan closed at 57, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $62\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. Coming next to inter-Bourse securities, we find little change; the advance of last week, however, has been well maintained. But Spanish is an exception, the price at the closing on Thursday having been $63\frac{7}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Amongst miscellaneous, Guinness Ordinary stock closed at 323–6, a rise of as much as 4, while Allsopp Ordinary closed at 14–16, a fall of 3.

THE THEATRICAL YEAR.

THE dramatic season for the year 1891–1892 came to an end on Saturday night last with Miss Ellen Terry's annual benefit at the Lyceum. If we take a retrospective glance at its successes and failures, we easily realize that it has been, according to all evidence, one of the most unfortunate known to the annals of our stage. Many were the causes which led to so unsatisfactory a state of affairs, not the least of which was the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence, which early in the year shed a gloom over the social life of the country. Yet it was not, we think, entirely to these misfortunes that the tribulations of so many managers are to be attributed. We cannot help thinking that not a few of their troubles were of their own seeking. In the first place, if we except three or four leading theatres, justly renowned for their judicious managements, few theatres produced plays calculated to attract large audiences, especially when we remember the high rate of admission charged. Then, again, the fatal policy of imitating a success at one house by following suit at a score of others was adopted in many instances this year with disastrous results; for surely it does not always follow that because a comic opera or society drama is a "draw" at one well-known theatre an indifferent imitation of it should prove attractive elsewhere.

No question has been more discussed this season than that of reducing the scale of the prices of admission to the more comfortable seats in the theatres. Of course it will be always impossible to charge less than is demanded at present for the best seats at houses, such as the Lyceum, where classical works are produced on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. But is it, we ask, reasonable to expect people to pay the same prices to see plays which have cost little or nothing to "mount," and the acting of which, though fairly good, is not at all exceptional? Under the present system theatres which offer only very ordinary attractions are doomed to find their best seats can only be filled by recourse to the "deadhead" system, one of the very worst imaginable. In no other city are the theatrical entertainments so expensive as in London. The American scale of admission is almost identical with what it was in England five-and-twenty years ago, and yet the performances given are quite as elaborate as they are here. As matters stand, it is undoubtedly a fact that the majority of the metropolitan theatres are getting out of touch with that large and highly-educated section of the public, whose income does not warrant injudicious extravagance in the matter of amusements, and it thus happens that thousands of people only go once or twice in the season to the theatre who would otherwise go, as people do on the Continent, very frequently. Mr. Horace Sedger made an attempt to give a series of *matinées* of *The Mountebanks* at reduced prices, and at each performance the house was crowded to excess, and it was found that even the professional deadhead did not venture to ask for places he could easily afford to purchase. We are fully aware that there are many difficulties in the way of the manager who wishes to reduce his scale of charges, and that among them not the least is the extravagant salaries which have lately been paid to actors and actresses whose qualifications do not warrant the terms they demand. Be this as it may, we feel pretty certain that before long a complete reform will take place in almost every branch of theatrical administration.

During the last season we are surprised to note how few plays of any merit have been produced. The best in every way was undoubtedly Mr. Pinero's well-written domestic comedy, *The Times*, which has met with only moderate success at Terry's Theatre. Mr. Sydney Grundy's drama at the Garrick, *A Fool's Paradise*, was also a fairly interesting piece which served to bring into prominence the remarkable gifts of Miss Olga Nethersole. It was, however, not sufficiently excellent to "draw the town," and was replaced not long since by the ever-popular *A Pair of Spectacles* by the same dramatist. Mr. Oscar Wilde's much-discussed *Lady Windermere's Fan*, at the St. James's, was fortunate enough to please the fashionable world; which also felt much interest in the clever parody of it at the Comedy. Artistically it certainly suffered at first by the absence from the cast of Miss Winifred Emery, whose return to the stage, rather late in the season, gave additional interest to the character of the heroine.

We will simply record Mr. H. A. Jones's brief season at the Avenue. *The Crusaders*, whatever may have been its merits, lacked those which please the public; and *Judah*, without Mr. Willard as its curious hero, failed to revive the drooping fortunes of the author-manager, and this notwithstanding a remarkably strong company. The return to the London stage, after a prolonged absence at the antipodes, of Miss Janet Achurch, was not as great a success as her many friends would have wished it to have been. For our part we rejoice to find that Londoners steadily refuse to have anything to do with the "Master" and his works, and that even *A Doll's House* failed to fill so small a theatre as the Avenue. Nor were the Scandinavian dramatist's works more fortunate when produced, by admirable interpreters, at the Vaudeville, and after a very brief season Miss Elizabeth Robbins and Miss Marion Lea realized to their cost that, however well they might act in *Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm*, the public would have nothing to do with plays of so unpleasant a character. Mr. Thomas Thorne's subsequent season was not much more fortunate, and Mr. Haddon Chambers's unsatisfactory but well-written drama, *The Hon. Herbert*, soon had to yield to *Sophia*, which, in its turn, proved much less successful than was expected.

Niobe at the Strand has filled the theatre better than was at first anticipated. *Cinderella Up Too Late*, a meaningless burlesque at the Gaiety, was on the verge of premature collapse when Miss Lottie Collins was summoned from a suburban Music-hall to take the town by storm with the most exasperating of popular street songs since "Pop goes the Weasel." *The Vicar of Bray* at the Savoy, and *Blue-Eyed Susan* at the Prince of Wales', met only with moderate success. *The Mountebanks*, by Messrs. Gilbert and Cellier, has been by far the most popular of the numerous works of this class produced this season. It still occupies the stage of the Lyric, and is likely to do so until quite late in the autumn. The Shaftesbury Theatre has not witnessed the production of a single piece of the least merit, and Mr. Kyrle Bellew's unfortunate *Hero and Leander* closed a season which has confirmed a popular prejudice against a very handsome theatre, which simply needs good management to render it as fortunate as any other.

The attempt at the Adelphi to replace the time-honoured

kind of popular melodrama with which this theatre is associated by a romantic play dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of the Stuarts did not win much popularity; but we cannot help thinking that this was due rather to the lack of dramatic interest in the plot of *The White Rose*, and to its very stilted and old-fashioned dialogue, rather than to any popular prejudice against historical dramas in general.

The Lyceum has had its usual and well-deserved success. *Henry VIII.* may not be a particularly interesting play—and this notwithstanding its many famous scenes—but as a medium for the display of superb scenery and gorgeous costumes it is, perhaps, the best of Shakspeare's historical dramas. Although the play has always been, even in ancient times, used as a vehicle for the display of stage pageantry, we feel certain it has never previously been seen on so grand a scale as at the Lyceum. We are promised for next year a revival of *King Lear*, with Mr. Irving as the King, Miss Terry as Cordelia, and Miss Genevieve Ward as Goneril. Mr. Irving, moreover, announces his intention of producing Lord Tennyson's *A'Beckett*, with himself as the Archbishop, Miss Ward as Queen Eleanor, and Miss Terry as Fair Rosamond.

We have often recorded with pleasure Mr. Brandon Thomas's most successful "triple bill" at the Court Theatre. We have reason to believe that next season its success will be even greater than this, by the introduction of one or two exceptionally interesting plays by well-known authors.

At the Haymarket Theatre Mr. Beerbohm Tree's attempt to revive *Hamlet* was even more successful than he expected, and proved that there is always in London a very large public eager to see Shakspeare's plays well acted and tastefully produced. *Peril* succeeded, and closed a successful season at a theatre which is among the few remaining to us that boast historical associations, and which is apparently destined under its present management to continue its brilliant traditions.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's season at the National Opera House was phenomenally prosperous. Not so M. Coquelin's brief stay at the Comique, when the production of that fine play *Thermidor* attracted scarcely any attention even from the members of the foreign colony, notwithstanding the excellency of the performance.

CHESS TOURNAMENTS.

DR. TARRASCH, of Nuremberg, who has won the chief prize in the Dresden Chess Tournament with the fine score of twelve out of a possible sixteen, may not at first sight appear to have done so well as he did at Breslau in 1889 and at Manchester in 1890. On these two occasions he faced a somewhat larger number of opponents and did not lose a single game. At Dresden he lost outright to Albin, and had to be content with a draw against six of the strongest players. It must be remembered, however, that the eighteen masters who met to try conclusions last month in the Saxon capital included at least a dozen of the most formidable chess-players in the world. The six with whom Tarrasch drew—not counting Alapin, whose games were wiped out—were Blackburne, Makovetz, Mièses, Mason, Walbrodt, and Bardeleben. Against five, if not all of these, it is an honour even to draw. The champion ought not to have lost to Albin, as may be easily proved on paper; and to this extent he showed himself out of form for the first time in public play during the past four years. He is distinguished, as a rule, by remarkable circumspection, which leads him to decline small advantages arising from apparently weak moves on the part of a strong antagonist, which may be only in the nature of a trap or a feint. He prefers to rely on the soundness of his own advance, and on the steady accumulation of advantage in his general position resulting from superior judgment on each successive move. It is this cumulative gain of a good player playing his best which wins a majority of matches and tournaments. Dr. Tarrasch was once jocularly asked to impart the secret of his success. "Get a won game first," he said, "and then keep it." There is plenty of pith in that casual remark. It is extremely dangerous tc attempt to force a win from an equal player by aggressive tactics; and it is tame work at the best to rely merely on the mistakes of your opponent. But a player who can secure "the better game" in the first fifteen or twenty moves, and who can pretty well answer for himself that an advantage once obtained shall not be thrown away either by rashly pressing it or by relaxing his efforts, stands a better chance in the long run than the most brilliant and dashing of his rivals. As a matter of fact, this style of play characterizes most strong players of the modern school, and Dr. Tarrasch is only *primus inter pares*. The Dresden tournament has raised the reputation of the German masters very considerably. Makovetz of Austria and Porges of Hungary tie for second and third places; Marco of Austria and Walbrodt of Germany tie for fourth and fifth. These four, hitherto known to comparatively few Englishmen, have beaten not only our own representatives, but also compatriots as strong as Winawer, Bardeleben, and Albin. One effect of the contest is to stimulate the desire to see Tarrasch matched against Steinitz and Tchigorin; for there is reason to believe that the Nuremberg doctor would play a series of games with a single opponent as steadily as he plays all comers in a tournament. If he would play Lasker first, so much the better.

RACING.

GOODWOOD ended as it began, in splendid weather, and, though it may seem ancient history now, we must go back to it. Mr. H. Milner's Medora made an example of her opponents in the Rous Memorial, and she is evidently as smart as we wrote she probably would be, after her performance at Leicester; but she is only a small filly, just about fifteen hands we should guess. Mr. Douglas Baird's Martagon, as we anticipated last week, won the Goodwood Cup after a most determined set-to with Blue Green. The latter horse was under a disadvantage in having to make his own running, which he did at a real good pace, but Martagon's speed was just too much for him. "It never rains but it pours" was verified when Mr. D. Baird won the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes with Silene, a filly of his own breeding by St. Simon out of Palmflower. Mr. Abington's Newmarket won the Singleton Stakes from the well-backed Shemer by a head, which perhaps he was lucky to do. On Friday, with a continuance of the charming weather, Lady Bob opened the ball with a very easy win in the Findon Stakes, and Shemer, in the hands of that wonderful little boy Bradford, atoned for his previous defeat. The Rothschild colours have certainly had a very bad time this season, so Lottery's easy win in the Chesterfield Stakes was welcomed, though it was not much to boast of, seeing that the four-year-old winner was only carrying 6 st. 6 lbs. La Flêche made her first appearance since she just struggled home an Oaks winner, and in the Nassau Stakes she gained a ridiculously easy victory over Broad Corrie (to whom she gave 7 lbs.) and three others. We saw Broad Corrie give Kyle 16 lbs. and an easy beating at Liverpool, so that La Flêche's success has merit about it, and after the race there was some heavy speculation over the St. Leger, a prominent owner taking eight thousand to a thousand about Baron Hirsch's mare, whilst twenty-five thousand to one thousand was booked to The Lover, a horse that we wrote last week as perhaps the best outsider in the race.

And now a few words on the St. Leger. It is opening out as its decision gets nearer. Orme has retired to 2 to 1 offered; and though we thought and expressed our opinion, after the Eclipse Stakes, that he would win the St. Leger, yet now we must confess that our faith in his doing so is shaken a little. It seems to us to have been a risk to run him at Goodwood. He was so seriously amiss in the spring that it is almost certain that he cannot be at his best now; and two severe races, to our mind, must be prejudicial to his chance at Doncaster. He is certainly a marvellously game colt, and has a most extraordinary constitution; but we should have preferred his Leger chance if he had not run at Goodwood. La Flêche won like the good honest mare that she has shown herself to be, and if she carries the Baron's first colours in preference to Watercress, she is certain to be prominent at the finish of the Leger. It is the mares' month. It is not often that the winner of the Derby is quoted at 8 to 1 for the Leger, yet Sir Hugo stands at this price, and should have an excellent chance into the bargain. We do not believe that his form at Ascot

was correct, and expect him to run well, if not to win outright, at Doncaster. St. Damien is also well backed, but to our mind he is lacking in length and scope for the St. Leger course, besides there are too many excuses for him in his races this year for us to make him our choice. Watercress is one of the biggest and most massive colts in training, but is a good performer in public. We shall not, however, select him. At the time of writing, Sir Hugo and The Lover take our fancy. Sir Hugo is engaged at York, but we know not if he runs there; but he is so well bred, so well adapted for the course, and a Derby winner, that we shall have him on our side in the Great Northern Race.

There was racing at Portsmouth Park on Saturday, and at Hurst Park and Alexandra Park on Monday, the former noticeable for the three wins of horses belonging to clever Mr. Heasman, and another winning bracket at the last-mentioned place for Cabin Boy is noticeable. Ripon also had its Bank Holiday sport, but suffered from the withdrawal of Mr. R. C. Vyner's horses.

Brighton began on Tuesday in rather dull weather, but the attendance was a very good one. Noverre was quick out of slips in the Marine Plate, and in the hands of Morny Cannon won easily by three lengths from Flyaway, who has not fulfilled her two-year-old promise. That good mare, Lady Rosebery, won the Brighton Stakes with 9 st. on her back, a good performance, as Coromandel and Metallic were in receipt of plenty of weight. Best Man, who was certainly very unlucky to be beaten, succumbed to Lady Candahar by a neck in the Corporation Plate, and Cabin Boy wound up a fair day's racing by beating Opoponax by a neck in the Henfield Stakes. This is Cabin Boy's eleventh consecutive winning race, his only defeat having been when, at Newmarket in April, he ran second to Dunvegan in a large field. As he will probably win many more races before the season is over, his record promises to be an extraordinary one.

On Wednesday the sport was again excellent. Iddesleigh, who was very favourably handicapped, easily secured the High Weight Plate from Flibustier and three others. The Brighton Cup (1 mile) brought out Buccaneer, Lady Rosebery, Mark Price, and Workington—who finished in the order their names are written—Buccaneer, who was an odds-on chance, winning by a neck, after a pretty race, and it was a good performance, as he was conceding Mr. Abington's good mare 3 lbs. Workington was beaten a long way from home, and perhaps has seen his best day, though looking as handsome and neat as ever. Lady Rosebery can give Colonel North and Lord Rosslyn a sort of guide to the match between Buccaneer and Nunthorpe; for her ladyship ran very fairly in the Liverpool Cup won by Nunthorpe when giving 8 lbs. to that good horse, and on this form it should be a near thing between the two. Anyhow it is a sporting match, and should provide a most interesting contest.

Next week we have Redcar, in the North, and Kempton Park, in the South, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Paisley and Windsor following them. Redcar is to us always a pleasant meeting, and the course leaves nothing to be desired, unless heavy rain falls, when it becomes holding. The Fifteenth Kirkleatham Biennial for three-year-olds does not contain the names of any cracks, and Cardrona, Golden Drop, and Carmilhan seem the best of them, unless Backbiter has improved. The Redcar Two-year-old Stakes boasts a large entry, of whom Harbinger has a penalty for his Goodwood win. Mr. Lowther and Sir James Joicey are each certain to run one of their nominations, and a good field may be expected to start. We shall take Ormac as our selection, as we saw him run very creditably at Gosforth Park, where he was third to New Guinea and Allan Ramsay. Fealar's name is in the Sixteenth Kirkleatham Biennial, and he should win on his Ascot form. The Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes is imposing with 99 entries, but they are a moderate lot. Llanthony has a 10 lbs. penalty, but we cannot see what is to beat him if he runs. Inferno, even with 12 lbs. extra, may win the Wilton Plate. At Kempton we have an International Breeders' Two-year-old Stake, wherein Minting Queen must have a chance, if started; and Dunure looks as well as anything in the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes. Not that the breeder must necessarily reside in the City, as, perhaps, may occur to some readers.

A well-known writer in *Baily's Magazine* calls attention to the inconvenience caused to breeders of thoroughbred stock, and the racing world generally, by the delay in publishing the General Stud Book. It certainly would be much more convenient if a volume was published every two years. No doubt the trouble and labour in its publication is arduous and complicated; but we are quite in accord with "Borderer" in *Baily* as to the importance of its more frequent issue.

THE DARING EQUESTRIAN ACT.

ALL in! All in! All in to begin!
Walk up! Walk up from below!
For the cackle is done and the 'osses will run—
Walk up! Walk up for the show!

There is never a one that has seen such fun
As he'll have with our equine pranks,
At the first sharp flip of the Liberal whip
On those hard-mouthed animals' flanks.

Mr. Merriman's there, in your own L-b--ch-re,
And the five wild steeds bare-backed—
Take your seats while you can, for "the Grand Old Man
In his daring equestrian act."

The Absolute King of the sawdust ring
In his octogenarian prime!
He's stripping inside for his farewell ride—
Be in time! Walk up! Be in time!

And O! such a five! such a team to drive!
Such beggars to jib and to shy!
Such muscle and bone! such wills of their own!
Such a devil of vice in the eye!

There's the Irish colt that is longing to bolt,
And to make for his native Green,
And who lays back his ears at the sound of the cheers
When they play "God save the Queen."

There's the shire-horse "Hodge" that we bought by a dodge
From a paddock of acres three;
There's that pony that hails from the valleys of Wales,
A most intractable Gee.

And the artisan's moke that stops at the stroke
Of a specified hour on the clock,
And that brute half blind, with the kettle behind,
The old teetotaller's "crock."

He has got up the steam—see! he bounds on his team,
And off, on his pointed toes,
With a kiss of the hand, at a crash from the band,
The revered Phenomenon goes.

With the airiest spring, as he rounds the ring,
From one to another he'll flit;
From the "Eight-hours job" to the little Welsh cob,
And back to the Irish tit.

They may cannon and swerve, in their crowding curve,
They may jostle and plunge and bite,
But he sticks to their backs as if cobbler his wax
Were the chalk on his soles glued-tight.

Will he manage the trick, or be thrown by a kick?
Or slip from the tails of his nags?
Catch foot in the edge of some paper-hoop pledge?
Or entangle himself with the "flags"?

Walk up, and you'll see; but whichever it be,
It is pluck scarce short of sublime
Such a team to bestride for a farewell ride—
Be in time! Walk up! Be in time!

REVIEWS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.*

ALTHOUGH it has distinct merits as a narrative, a few passages of sound criticism, and at the end a refreshingly vigorous recognition of the great position of Carlyle, Mr. Nichol's volume is disfigured all through by a mistake which at times

* *English Men of Letters—Thomas Carlyle.* By John Nichol, LL.D., M.A. Balliol, Oxon, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

becomes absolutely offensive. This error, to put it in plain language, is his utter misconception of his proper relation to the subject of his memoir. In one of the later chapters of the book Mr. Nichol quotes Carlyle's description of the reviewer who finds it "most convenient to perch himself resolutely, as it were, on the shoulder of his author, and therefrom to show as if he commanded him and looked down upon him by natural superiority of stature." Change the word "reviewer" in this quotation for "biographer," and Mr. Nichol might be told "*de te fabula*" in one of those scraps of Latin of which he is rather fond. It is as neat a statement of his own attitude throughout as could well be wished for. Carlyle's arrogance, ingratitude, unfairness, querulous weakness are all lectured as from a height from which we hope Mr. Nichol will never fall, for he will certainly break his neck. We can conceive of a Carlylean who should accompany his reading of much of this book with a running commentary of quotations from Sir Toby Belch. "O for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye," and "Shall this fellow live?" would come naturally to the lips of such a one as Mr. Nichol lectures with the gravity of Malvolio—"quenching his familiar smile with an austere regard of control." For our part we are content to remember the excuse which Sir Walter found for the didactic condescension of Reuben Butler. Mr. Nichol, though Emeritus, is still much of a professor, and there are times when he seems to be lecturing a clever but not quite satisfactory pupil. This is not the tone which is becoming in any Mr. Nichol to Carlyle.

It is the easy and obvious answer to this complaint that those who make it are determined to find nothing but good in their hero, and will not listen to criticism. Mr. Nichol, who, from a sentence of his here and there, may be judged to have no exalted opinion of reviewers, will possibly make this very reply. Our rejoinder is that his criticism does not hold the balance even. No critical estimate of any subject can be taken except by a man who can estimate the proportions of it, and their relative importance. Mr. Nichol has himself some excellent remarks on the minute critics who condemn the *French Revolution* because of a wrong number given to a regiment, or an error as to the colour of the coach in which the King and Queen endeavoured to escape. Accuracy in these things, he very justly says, is of small importance in comparison with the "dramatic power of making the past present and the distant near," without which—

> "Die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
> Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln."

Very good doctrine; but our complaint is that Mr. Nichol has committed a kindred mistake in his picture of Carlyle. He has insisted at disproportionate length on one side and on certain manifestations of Carlyle's character. Moreover, that side and those manifestations are the least honourable. Now the *lues Boswelliana* may be given up to whomsoever thinks worth while to worry it; but a certain loyalty is required from a biographer. If in his picture he gives prominence to what is worst, insists on it, quotes it at large, calls the reader's attention to it at every turn, while he dismisses what is nobler in vague phrases of general praise, he is guilty of what is not only an artistic fault. The charge against Mr. Froude is not, as Mr. Nichol seems to think, that he was wrong in telling the truth. It is that he told one part of the truth at disproportionate length, and with an excess of colouring, thereby producing what was emphatically a false and not a true account. Men who had known Carlyle only less intimately than Mr. Froude, if at all less intimately, did not recognize their friend in the hero of those famous four volumes. Now we have to object to Mr. Nichol, that what he has done is very largely to give us Mr. Froude's book in little. It is characteristic of his method, that, though he can spare twelve pages of his little book for an introduction, though he gives a quotation nearly a page long from some abusive trash printed in a Glasgow newspaper, though he sacrifices pages further on to a *précis* of Mr. Anstey's version of the *Lectures on Literature*, he makes little use of Charles Gavan Duffy, and even goes somewhat out of his way to append a note, which means that Sir Charles had utterly misunderstood the friend he had known for a lifetime. Since Mr. Froude's book appeared a great mass of Carlyle's correspondence, written at all periods of his life, has been printed. It abounds in passages of admirable criticism or beautiful description, and in evidence that he could be of good aid and good counsel. Nothing can be more beautiful than his friendship for Emerson and his bearing in the estrangement between them. Mr. Nichol notices all this at just sufficient length to defend him against the charge of neglecting it. Now and then he comments on it in passages which may be usefully quoted to prove his impartiality. But he turns from it with a too manifest enjoyment to insist at length and with iteration on whatever gives him a text for descanting on Carlyle's ingratitude, his unfairness, and, what Mr. Nichol, in short, sums up as his "evil behaviour." We believe that the result is something false to fact, and therefore, in the case of a biographer, to art. When the whole mass of evidence, including the recorded opinions of men who knew Carlyle, is properly weighed, an impartial judge will, we are convinced, decide that, though not without human imperfections, he was sound in all "the nobler parts." This is the master fact on which an "honest chronicler" would insist. By making the imperfection his favourite matter of comment and quotation, he produces what is not a portrait, but a caricature.

Vitiated by such a cardinal fault as this, Mr. Nichol's book would be disappointing, even if it were above reproach in technical workmanship. But it bristles with absurdities. There are juxtapositions of names which extort a burst of laughter. "Carlyle's style is not that of Addison, of Berkeley, or of Helps," says Mr. Nichol. What had Sir Arthur Helps done that he should be made ridiculous? Similarity of view on the slavery question, perhaps, accounts for Mr. Nichol's attitude to Sir A. Helps; but, of course, the influence of such considerations in literary criticism is ruinous. Then there are sentences which are nearly equal to these implied judgments as pills to purge melancholy. "Carlyle, never unconscious of his prerogative and apostolic primogeniture, felt like a knight who had performed his vigils, and finding himself still ignored, became a knight of the rueful countenance." What is an "apostolic primogeniture"? The vigils, too, were performed before a man became a knight. Perhaps Mr. Nichol means that Carlyle felt like a bachelor who had performed his vigils, and had been refused the accolade—and who then made himself a "Knight of the rueful countenance." The incongruity of the phrase and the confusion of the metaphor are on a par. Mr. Nichol should learn to see his image clearly before he writes it down. But one would have to quote pages, including the whole introduction, of this book to give an adequate notion of Mr. Nichol's efforts to be eloquent and his success in attaining to confused platitude. Again, there are judgments on questions of conduct which are amazing. Mr. Nichol thinks that Carlyle's lamentations, confined to journals and his most confidential letters, deprived him of all right to blame the whining of Lord Byron. The comparison is highly inappropriate. Byron took all the world into his confidence, and made copy of his sins (absurdly exaggerated), or his sorrows (warmed up for the press). What the world had from Carlyle in his life was a shelf full of noble and inspiring literature. He did consume his own smoke in the sense that he did not clamour to the outer world, while by far the greater number of those to whom he did cry were his debtors for great services lavishly rendered out of his poverty and never boasted of by him. We are told that Carlyle ought not to have been disrespectful to Colenso because they were fighting the same battle. Mr. Nichol apparently sees no difference between the honourable enemy who fires into your water-line and the discontented third lieutenant who is caught trying to scuttle the ship. We are bid to wonder because Carlyle actually liked Landor personally, though he had formally expressed a restricted admiration for his work. But on the question of Carlyle's relations to his contemporaries Mr. Nichol is almost irrational. He would have us believe that Carlyle envied, misjudged, and insulted every man of mark of his time; and yet this book itself shows that he held life-long friendships with Thirlwall, Fitzgerald, Browning, and, we presume we may add without indiscretion, Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Lecky, and Sir James Stephen. But upon the value of his friendship we have the evidence of Sir Charles Duffy and Mr. Venables—neither of them a man to let the greatest of mankind wipe his boots on him.

We should be sorry to sin against our own rule by allowing a disproportionate space to the faults of this book; and will, therefore, give the end of our review to its merits, with no more reservations than are strictly necessary. It gives, then, the facts of Carlyle's life, in good order, and without important omission—though the introduction might well have been spared to make room for more detail. One fact it adds—namely, an abortive attempt made by some admirers to secure the election of Carlyle as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. The lamentable Ashburton episode is told with good sense and good taste. The critical estimate of Carlyle as man of letters, critic, and historian, and the examination of his "political philosophy," err rather by omission than by commission. There is no adequate estimate of Carlyle's place among men of letters, and no approach to a sufficient analysis of his style. It is not an analysis to be told that he did not write like "Addison, Berkeley, and Helps," but with "the eccentricity of an eccentric being." What eccentricity of what eccentric being? The phrase begs the question. The examination of his historical work contributes to our gaiety the delightful remark that the 'Cromwell' is "super-

abounding in extract." What did Mr. Nichol expect from a collection of a man's letters and speeches? Still, he does make it clear that he understands the key to Carlyle's historical method and the explanation of his power—namely, the necessity he was under of getting the true dramatist's grip of a man before he could feel any lasting interest in him, as was shown by his final decision not to write the Life of Montrose, because he could get no clear conception of what the Cavalier hero was really like. Mr. Nichol shakes his head not a little in the "political" chapter over the slavery heresies ("a nadir of nonsense"), and the dreadful treatment given to the "pure patriotism of Mazzini." As for this last, all we can say is that, if a gentleman does not understand what it was that angered Carlyle, and on one occasion his wife, in the pure patriotism of Mazzini, he is beyond the reach of argument. Yet, to put our best praise at the end as well as at the beginning, Mr. Nichol does see that he has had the fortune to deal with a very great writer, who was a very great force, and whose influence will endure. That essential truth he states in terms of no ambiguity, and when we compare his merit in that respect with the priggery of some "brisk little somebody critics and whippersnappers in a rage to set things right" we feel disposed to forgive Mr. Nichol a great deal.

FICTION.*

MISS WENTWORTH'S IDEA fully comes up to the average of Mr. W. E. Norris's works, and that average is far from a low one. Miss Wentworth was young, rich, and fairly good-looking, and she lived with her half-brother and his daughter, who was but a few years younger than herself. Having everything that she could want, she thought herself miserable, and felt inclined to retire from a world which used her so hardly; so when she heard the "Rev. the Hon. Ernest Compton" advocate the claims of his Anglican Brotherhood and Sisterhood, she determined to join it. Her offer of herself and her money was not accepted by the Rev. the Hon. with the effusion which she had expected; on the contrary, he gave her a snubbing, and recommended her to do her duty in her own state of life. That evening she was introduced to a very virtuous cavalry colonel, of whom more presently. While all this was going on, her niece was staying at a country house, where she fell in love with a wicked baronet. On the niece's return to London, the wicked baronet flirted violently with her, and her selfish father, although he knew him to be wicked, tolerated him because he was an amusing companion and of a hospitable disposition. One day the virtuous cavalry colonel and the wicked baronet happened to call at the Wentworths' house at the same time, when it turned out that the latter had lately been divorced from the sister of the former, and a very unpleasant scene was the consequence. After this Miss Wentworth and the colonel did all they could to induce Mr. Wentworth to send the baronet to the right about; but the boxes at the play, the suppers afterwards, and the dinners at Richmond of the wicked one counterbalanced their good advice. Matters were brought to a climax by the baronet and Miss Wentworth's niece engaging themselves to each other; whereupon the baronet was given notice to quit and the niece was taken abroad. Abroad also went the baronet, and when he was discovered there was an uproar. The next thing that happened was the severe illness of the niece; and then Miss Wentworth relented, allowed the baronet to visit her invalided niece in her bedroom, consented to their engagement, and, as the baronet was bankrupt as well as wicked, promised to settle two-thirds of her property upon them when they married. Everything was disarranged by the death of the niece, and the wicked baronet disappeared from the scene. Shortly after these events, Miss Wentworth's brother engaged himself to a rich widow; so, finding herself free, she went once more to the Rev. the Hon., and offered herself and her property to his Brotherhood and Sisterhood. This time he was more civil, and consented to receive her in a week, provided that she got rid of the greater part of her money in the meantime. Fortunately just at this time she happened to hear that the cavalry colonel had lost all his money; so she sent for him, and begged him to relieve her of three-fourths of hers. This he flatly refused to do unless she threw herself into the bargain, and at the very last moment she agreed, and they went together to the Rev. the Hon. and obtained his blessing. So short a summary of the story is necessarily somewhat bald, and it can scarcely be said that the plot itself is very exciting; but, such as it is, it is well worked out, and the characters are ably drawn. The kind and well-meaning, but rather weak, heroine, and her very selfish brother, are the best from a critical point of view; but the wicked baronet runs them very close.

A Merciful Divorce is what it professes to be, "a story of society, its sports, functions, and failings," special prominence being given to the latter. From the beginning to the end the author is exceedingly severe upon the wickedness of "smart people," and who shall say that he has not some cause for being so? He describes a run with hounds admirably, and a race as well or even better. When we say that the hero is in love with another man's wife, while another man is in love with his, it will easily be understood that there is a great deal in this novel about strong passions, temptations, and illicit love. The two best people in the book very nearly break one of the shorter commandments. Fortunately, when the man is inclined to sin the lady is virtuous, and the man is virtuous when the lady is inclined to sin. Nor do they refrain from breaking the commandment because to do so would be wicked, but because *noblesse oblige*. Undoubtedly this French motto is one which cannot be too highly esteemed; whether it is the highest possible standard that human beings can place before them in matters of morality is another question. There are people who may object to the book on the ground that the hero, when he marries at the end of it, has already another wife from whom he has been divorced, and, not only so, for, infamously as she behaved, it turns out that although, technically speaking, the evidence against her was more than ample to secure a decree *nisi*, she had not committed a criminal act before her divorce. Prudish people, again, may say that certain matters are spoken of much too plainly. There is also this fault in the book, that it is almost impossible to avoid saying to oneself, here and there, "This is intended for so and so," or "Such and such an incident is meant by that." In spite of these drawbacks, it must be confessed that, considering the insipid trash of which so-called society novels usually consist, *A Merciful Divorce* can claim a good place in that particular section of fictitious literature. Its conversations, instead of being lamentably weak, are often smart, if not exactly brilliant. The author is economical in local colouring, and what there is of it is good of its kind. The reader may not agree with the opinions expressed in the book, indeed he may very strongly object to them; he may not consider its method all that could be desired from a literary point of view, and he may wish that certain passages had been left out; but he cannot fairly refuse to admit that the matter must have been carefully thought out, or that, if there be weariness in the tone, there is freshness in the style.

If two-thirds, and those the worst thirds, of *Patience Holt* had been omitted, it would have made a clever little sketch. As it stands, it is a big and a laboured one; for a sketch it remains, as it has neither plot nor incident enough to rank as a novel of high finish, although its three volumes are filled after a fashion. The first half of the first volume describes the childhood of the heroine and, except that she is rather a troublesome girl and that her father dies a commonplace death, there is very little to be told about it. Patience and her mother then take a cottage in the country. Their landlord is a widower who lives with his only son in a large country house, and he makes up his mind that Patience shall become his daughter-in-law. His son, a lout of a youth, dutifully falls in love with the girl and, in his own clumsy way, sets up a sort of flirtation with her. Patience is entertained with this, and plays the lad as a fisherman plays a salmon. Presently he saves her life and nearly loses his own. As soon as he is sufficiently recovered to see her, she goes into his bedroom and proposes to him. They are married; she finds him a boor; she has a baby; he dies, and that is all! It is well to be able to make much out of little, and it is also well not to weary the reader by dragging him from place to place and confusing him with numberless characters. There is, however, such a thing as much-ado-about-nothing, and readers can be as much bored by monotony as by too much change of scene and violent incident. In many places the writing in this book is amusing, in some it is pretty, in a few it is forcible. The scene in which Patience proposes to her future husband, as he lies in his bed, is excellent; so also is that which describes the father and grandfather worshipping the baby, with no female priestess to direct their devotions; and, as one goes through the book, one often comes upon a clever bit of description or repartee. The worst of it is that all this leads to nothing; for the ending is miserable and unsatisfactory in the

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* *Miss Wentworth's Idea.* A Novel. By W. E. Norris. London: Ward & Downey.

A Merciful Divorce. By F. W. Maude. London: Trischler & Co.

Patience Holt. By Georgiana M. Craik (Mrs. A. W. May). 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

The Redemption of Edward Strachan. A Social Story. By W. J. Dawson. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Born in the Purple. By Emma Marshall. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Well-Spring of Immortality: a Tale of Indian Life. By S. S. Hewlett. London: Nisbet & Co.

extreme. As we read the drearily reiterated accounts of the impatience of the heroine at the stupidity of her husband, we said to ourselves, "We shall be repaid for all this by-and-bye, when the author shows how an impetuous and sharp-tongued wife may learn to love a dull and heavy husband on discovering his sterling worth"; but she does nothing of the kind, rather the contrary, and the heroine not only turns out a poor wife, but a poor creature, with little character worthy of the name, except a facility for saying rude things at a moment's notice. It may be said that the book is very "natural." This is true enough, upon the whole, and we fully recognize its merits in this respect; but one thing is not at all natural. Patience's mother, a widow with an income of 500*l.* a year, and a son and a daughter to bring up on it, is more anxious that her girl should marry an intelligent young man with next to nothing, than the dull, but virtuous and good-hearted, only child of a wealthy country gentleman. Such is not the "nature" of mothers. There is one small detail of no great importance, which may be worth mentioning. The hero is made to go out fishing in a river in December. This appears to us a little late in the year for that kind of sport.

The author of *The Redemption of Edward Strachan* has written a book of sermons, a book of poems, and also a guide to the poems of other poets. He now tries his hand at a story. His work shows considerable knowledge of the sins and sorrows of great cities, and some acquaintance with human nature. It contains much moralizing and much preaching. His story begins in a little country town, and later on the scene is moved to London. Although Edward Strachan loved the heroine "with an intense passion," he "had established secret relations with a coarse, full-blown young woman, who served behind the bar of the Red Lion Inn," in the country town. This full-blown female was a "flashy young person," to whom, in a moment of "alcoholic joviality," he had written a "mock love-letter." Complications ensued. He fled to London, where he went in for Christian Socialism, and eventually for slumming and self-sacrifice in the East End. There he found the flashy young person on her death-bed, and he married the object of his intense passion. The author does not always take his reader along pleasant paths. He conducts him among "the unexplored backwaters of human life, where the current runs sluggishly and the atmosphere is grey and dull," through "the black ooze of London," into its "hideous festering slime," into "the foul reek of the bar-room," into "a place of pestilence from which the reeking vapour steams," and into the company of "obscene familiars." It is a curious fact that when good people write sermons under the veil of a novel they often approach, if they do not overpass, the verge of indecency, and rarely write grammatical English. It is all very well to talk about stating "plain facts," but if novels are to be filled with plain facts of a disgusting nature, their authors cannot fairly complain if critics call them unreadable—not that we are disposed to pronounce quite so sweeping a verdict upon *The Redemption of Edward Strachan.* The only well-educated character in this book is made to say, "Pray don't you begin to talk that way," and "But the thing is too absurd; it won't bear talking about it." Opposite the title-page we find a remarkably favourable criticism of the author's work as a poet. In a specimen given here he says:—"The two then vanished to the skies."

Born in the Purple is the sort of book that one would expect to find among the sanctified fiction of a lending-library, and, as such, it will probably have its uses. Under the pleasing garb of a novel, the author has endeavoured to elevate the souls of her readers, and to show them that "born in the purple or the homespun, it matters little if the face is set steadily towards the heavenly inheritance," &c. &c. She gives some very fair descriptions of life in a country town some fifty or sixty years ago, which may prove attractive even to the hopelessly wicked. It is refreshing to read of square footstools worked in cross-stitch, of a dining-room table covered with a green-baize cloth, with books and a work-basket at one end of it, of that solemn function "the drawing of the cloth" after dinner, of a tea-party at half-past seven, followed by the appearance of a tray covered with jellies and creams later in the evening, and of post-chaises with dickeys behind them. Of course one feels sad on learning that too often at country towns in those days "the spirit of true religion was dormant"; that a clergyman who was an "enthusiast in his Master's cause" was not regarded in a favourable light, and that young ladies who were "longing for a higher life," and "felt an uplifting" at family prayers, had little scope for their zeal. The story is not altogether without interest; or rather, we should say that it several times promises to be interesting without exactly becoming so. The reasons given for the concealment of the birth of his son by a certain lord are quite inadequate, and give a flabbiness to the plot; one of the characters, who is represented as a model of virtue, behaves abominably in asking his lady-love to consent to marry him as a condition to his promising to give her scapegrace brother a post in his bank, and the odious stepmother gets things too much her own way. It is disheartening that the heroine, who begins by figuring as a baroness in her own right, should end by being only a common "honourable," and marrying a parson.

Happy is the author who can truthfully say of his work of fiction that it is "a tale embodying great principles and teaching great lessons." These solemn and modest words are extracted from the introduction to *The Well-Spring of Immortality*, a tale of Indian life, intended to "afford useful and instructive reading for young Christians." "It is also hoped that at ladies' working-parties this kind of reading may be of use." We have always felt tenderly towards the excellent ladies who attend working-parties; but, now that we have carefully read *The Well-Spring of Immortality*, we shall be able to sympathize with them in a new way. We might say much about both the prose and the rhymes in this book, if we cared to criticize the obviously well-meant efforts of a pious writer; as it is, we will merely observe that the former is rather better than the latter.

ITALIAN PAINTERS.*

THIS English translation of a work long since published by a very brilliant and talented writer on Italian painting should be welcomed by a large number of art-students and picture-buyers in this country. Among all the art-critics of this century, none has aroused such storms of vituperation as Signor Morelli; and, on the other hand, no other writer has been praised and quoted with such fervent belief and admiration. Nothing can be more unjust than many of the attacks that have been made on Morelli, both during his lifetime and since his death, by various writers on art whose theories had been held up to scorn by that eloquent, but not always judicious, writer—attacks which have aimed at belittling Morelli's personal character, and have attempted to stamp his frequently acute criticism and brilliantly suggestive theories as the flashy and shallow productions of a literary and artistic charlatan. It must, however, be admitted that Morelli's admirers have very often erred in the other direction. Every suggestion of the master has been accepted as an indisputably proved fact, and theories which, though they may be suggestive and interesting, rest on the slightest possible grounds have been trumpeted forth as the dogmas of an almost infallible authority. Apart from the nobility and charm of Morelli's personal character, he deserves, as a writer on art, high praise for the unwearying labour and genuine enthusiasm which throughout the greater part of his life were unceasingly devoted to the study of Italian painting. Morelli's trained powers of minute observation, his wonderful artistic memory, and his wide acquaintance with the pictures of Italy, including not only those in all the principal galleries, but embracing countless little known paintings, which still remain in the churches and monasteries of many a remote Italian village—all these qualities enabled him to dispel numerous long-established delusions, and to restore to their right authors many important pictures which for long had passed unchallenged under false names. Unfortunately Morelli could not resist introducing too personal an element into his critical writings; he must attack not only an abstract theory, but a special theorist. He had a rather aggressive style, and a very biting power of sarcasm; and these qualities have led to reprisals on the part of certain of Morelli's artistic enemies, which in some cases have taken the form of very unjust and unworthy attacks.

Sir Henry Layard, who seems rather inclined to accept the dogma of Morelli's infallibility, devotes part of his interesting Introduction to a reply to attacks which were made in a very intemperate and ungenerous spirit on Morelli very soon after his death on February 28, 1891. The brief biography which is given in this introductory chapter shows Morelli to have been a man of exceptionally noble and unselfish character. Though of Italian parentage, his early years, from his birth in 1816, were spent in Switzerland, where German became to him a second native tongue, so that he wrote his principal works in that language with unusual grace and clearness of style. Morelli's reason for writing in German, rather than in Italian, seems to have been simply because he expected to gain in Germany and Austria a larger and more appreciative audience than he could have found in Italy, where the science of art criticism certainly was, twenty or thirty years ago, at a very low ebb. Though trained as a physician, Morelli never practised medicine, and when the revolutionary movement broke out in

* *Italian Painters.* Critical Studies of their Works by Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff). Translated from the German by Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes. With an Introduction by Sir A. H. Layard. London: John Murray. 1892.

Italy in 1848, he hastened to join the patriotic party, and fought bravely in the campaigns which finally led to the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy. In later life, though Morelli was honoured with a seat in the Roman Senate, he rather shrank from the turmoil of a politician's career, and devoted all his energy during his best years to the subject which most aroused his enthusiasm, that of the glories of Italian painting.

Morelli's principal literary work, of which this English translation has been carefully prepared by Miss C. J. Ffoulkes, consists of a discussion of the chief pictures in the two most important private galleries of Rome, those of the Borghese and Doria princes, together with many very valuable remarks on the painters of Italy and their principal works, wherever they may happen to be. The description of these two Roman galleries serves, in fact, as the text for an interesting general work on Italian painting during its culminating period of splendour. In his discussion of the works of Leonardo da Vinci, Morelli does good service in pointing out how many paintings attributed to this greatest of Lombard artists are really the works of Luini, Boltraffio, Gian Pietrino, Solario, Ambrogio de Predis, and other members of Da Vinci's school. And, further than that, Morelli is undoubtedly right in attributing to Flemish copyists and imitators of the Milanese school many meritorious pictures which had hitherto passed muster as genuine productions, if not of Da Vinci himself, at least of his pupils or followers. A striking example of this is the fine portrait of Joanna of Aragon in the Doria Gallery, formerly attributed to Da Vinci, and a very delicately finished picture of Christ bearing his Cross in the Borghese Gallery, which had always been catalogued as a work of Solario. Probably, however, Morelli goes too far when he asserts that there are in Italy only three genuine pictures by Da Vinci—namely, the very unfinished Job in the Vatican, the Adoration of the Magi in the Uffizi, also unfinished, and the famous ruined Cenacolo on the wall of a monastic refectory in Milan. Morelli scorns the notion that the Annunciation to the Virgin in the Uffizi is a genuine work of Da Vinci, though there are many good reasons for believing that it is actually an early and immature production of the master. So, also, Morelli refuses to admit that there is any sign of Da Vinci's hand in "The Virgin of the Rocks" in the English National Gallery; a magnificent painting, which, although not equal in merit as a whole to the *replica* in the Louvre, yet bears the clearest possible signs of having been not only begun, but more than half finished, by Da Vinci, before it was laid aside and handed over for completion by another and weaker painter.

In the main, Morelli's acquaintance with pictures in the National Gallery and elsewhere in England is far less thorough than his knowledge of the galleries of Italy and Germany. Thus, in describing the best pictures of Piero di Cosimo, he does not mention Piero's finest work, the Death of Procris, in the National Gallery. Nor does he allude to the magnificent portrait by Lorenzo Lotto at Hampton Court, and several other pictures in the National Gallery which are the best existing examples of their respective painter's works.

Within the last few months the great Borghese collection of pictures, on account of the financial embarrassments of the family, has been removed from its original home in the great Palazzo Borghese, one of the largest and most magnificent of the Roman palaces. The pictures are now placed in a fine suite of rooms on the upper floor of the Villa Borghese, in the lovely gardens close outside the Porta del Popolo. Though it is to be regretted that this noble gallery now occupies a less central position than it did, yet there has been a considerable gain through the change. On the whole, the lighting is much better, and fewer good pictures are now hung too high for careful study. Only one important picture described by Morelli is now missing from the gallery. This is the noble portrait which was wrongly ascribed to Raphael, and no less wrongly said to represent Cesare Borgia. With the consent of the Government Prince Borghese exchanged this picture for four others of quite equal value, and it has been purchased by one of the wealthiest amateurs in Paris, the Baron A. de Rothschild. The real authorship of this famous painting is a very difficult question to decide. Morelli considers it the work of Bronzino, toned down and softened by a thick coat of yellow varnish.

Learned and acute as Morelli was, yet he did sometimes shoot very wide of the mark—as, for example, when he announced the discovery that Timoteo Viti was Raphael's early teacher, and when he discovered (*see* p. 240) that a very unpleasing and third-rate portrait in the Borghese collection was one of the rare existing paintings by Giorgione. Yet, in spite of an occasional slip, the science of art criticism owes a great debt of gratitude to Morelli, who, with good results, insisted on the necessity of minute observation of the mannerisms of each painter, and the way in which he drew hands, feet, ears, and other portions of the body, instead of trusting solely to general impressions, which are liable to be vague and unsatisfactory in leading to a right decision as to the authorship of works of art.

This English edition contains a number of very interesting and, in most cases, well-executed photographic reproductions of those pictures and drawings which best illustrate the author's theories. The volume is a handsome one, and though its contents are not so absolutely faultless as Sir Henry Layard and some other enthusiastic admirers of Morelli would have us believe, yet it contains a great mass of most valuable and interesting matter, treated with much literary skill, and forming a work which no one who really cares for Italian art should fail to read and to think over. It forms an indispensable companion volume to Morelli's other important work entitled, in the English edition, *Italian Masters in German Galleries.*

THE CUNEIFORM TABLETS FROM EGYPT.*

THIS edition, says Mr. Maunde Thompson, of the Tell el Amarna Cuneiform Tablets in the department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities of the British Museum is the work of Dr. C. Bezold. The introduction and summary have been written jointly by Dr. Bezold and Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, Acting Assistant-Keeper of the department. This is a kind of introduction or preface to the volume. It might have saved time and trouble to put the information on the title-page. But we are glad to have it in any form or shape, and, in truth, it ushers us into one of the most surprising revelations that even Egypt has had in store for us.

Everybody knows now that Egyptian writing consisted of letters like our own, and was not wholly pictorial. Most of us know, too, that a different form of writing was in use in Mesopotamia—namely, the cuneiform—and that it also, having originally been pictorial, had at a very early period become literal and syllabic. We have heard that the oldest hieroglyphic inscriptions are to be seen in the peninsula of Sinai—that is to say, not in Egypt, but in Asia. But the discovery of a store of clay tablets covered with cuneiform writing, not in Mesopotamia, but at Tell el Amarna, a hundred and eighty miles up the Nile from Cairo, is a surprise, and when we read the tale they tell by the interpretation of Dr. Bezold and Dr. Budge, we are still more astonished. We had long known that the mounds of Tell el Amarna contained curious remains, which, in small instalments, found their way to Europe and puzzled the antiquaries. They are very unlike other Egyptian works of art. The so-called "canon" has been abandoned, and a system of proportion more true to nature has been adopted. Magnificent gold ornaments were discovered from time to time, and one collection, now, we believe, in the Science and Art Museum at Edinburgh, contains part of the regalia of a Queen. Very lately the history of these remarkable relics has been pieced together, and we learn that Tell el Amarna represents the ruins of a city built by Amenhetep IV., a king of the eighteenth dynasty, who must have lived at least 1500 years B.C. We are told that he rejected the gods of Egypt, and worshipped the sun only, calling himself "Khu-en-Aten," the slave of the disk, and that with the religion he also abandoned the capital city, and threw down the statues of the gods that were in Thebes. All this, and more, he did at the instigation of his mother, a Syrian, or, at all events, an Asiatic, who may have taught him the worship of the disk. Dr. Budge is of opinion that this queen, Thi, came from north-eastern Syria. She was certainly a personage of great influence, not only during the reign of Amenhetep III., but during that of his successor, the builder of the city of Khu-Aten. Amenhetep III. had a taste for Syrian ladies, and, as we shall see, took care to supply his hareem with a succession of them; but to Thi only was the rank of queen accorded.

There is a small modern town on the banks of the Nile, between the river and the mounds, called Hadji Kandeel. The tomb of the sheykh who bore this singular name, "the candle pilgrim," is pointed out in the centre of the town; but the tourist seldom delays longer than to hire donkeys for a ride across the wide stony plain to visit the so-called grottoes. On the way he passes sundry heaps of sand-covered ruins, and these are all that remain of Khu-Aten. The grottoes, when we reach them, are of the greatest interest, though no more beautiful than anything else of the kind in Egypt; but some who have made the journey have been fascinated by the beauty of the view, which, indeed, is one of the finest in the Nile valley. Khu-en-Aten chose a lovely

* *The Tell el-Amarna Tablets in the British Museum; with Autotype Facsimiles.* Printed by order of the Trustees. 1892.

situation for his city, and one still lovelier for his tomb. In one of those ruinous heaps by the wayside a *fellaha* made a curious discovery. It will be remembered that while the ancient Egyptian carved his inscriptions upon the stone which abounds in his land, the Mesopotamian, living where even a pebble was so to speak an exotic, made his inscriptions on clay tablets with a pointed implement which left an impression of a cuneiform character. Nothing more foreign to Egyptian ideas can be conceived. Yet here, between Hadji Kandeel and Tell el Amarna, did this woman, prospecting for antiquities, find 320 clay tablets, covered with cuneiform inscriptions. Of these a large proportion were purchased by Dr. Wallis Budge, and are now in the British Museum; but others found their way to Berlin, and some are in the Gizeh Museum.

How did clay tablets from Mesopotamy come to be lying in a heap on the banks of the Nile, at a place not less than 300 miles from its mouth? It is to solve this question that the book before us has been produced. And when we reflect that 3,300 years at least have elapsed since the writing was put on the tablets, when, further, we discover how fully the story they tell has been deciphered by Dr. Budge and Dr. Bezold, and when, lastly, we observe that all that long time ago the hearts of kings were very much as they are still, and that nations were governed before the time of Moses on principles which do not materially differ from those which still prevail, we are forced to look upon this book as one of the most interesting additions made to the history of mankind in our time. We must refer the reader to the book itself for the philological notes and full particulars, and merely summarize here a sample from among the strange revelations made by Dr. Budge and his coadjutor. We may take the first series of tablets here arranged, translated and explained. They relate to the loves of the great Amenhetep III., who must by this time have attained to a ripe age. We gather this from several hints, such as that he first took a wife from the family of his correspondent's father before his correspondent had succeeded to the throne of Karaduniyash, or Northern Babylonia. He now asks the King for his daughter. This young lady is called Sukharti—that is, "a little female." The name and some of the other names show that the language of these tablets is closely allied to Arabic and Hebrew. In Arabic Sugheir-t would mean the same. But Kallimma-Sin, the King of Karaduniyash, does not seem to be in a hurry to part with "the little one." In one letter he says she is not pretty. In another he asks what has become of his sister whom Amenhetep had married years ago. To this Amenhetep replies by proposing that trustworthy messengers should be sent to see that she is alive and treated with due respect. But Kallimma-Sin, when his messengers have returned, writes that, though they have seen Pharaoh's wives assembled, and though one was pointed out as Kallimma-Sin's sister, how could they be sure, since they were not old enough even to remember the marriage? The object of all this delay and correspondence comes out shortly after. When Pharaoh has appealed to Amen as to the truth of his words, he makes a proposition which brings things to a crisis. He not only offers for Sukharti as much as any chief of Karaduniyash will give for her, but he even promises a gift in honour of Kallimma-Sin's sister, "who is now living in Egypt with him." After this Kallimma-Sin suddenly discovers that the little princess has attained to a marriageable age; and, as to her beauty, he has also probably changed his mind. He agrees to send her on condition that Amenhetep sends him a quantity of gold to reach him in the months of Tammuz and Ab. This terminated the business, and Sukharti was, no doubt, duly sent to the old King; but a tablet at Berlin throws further light on the family history of the two uxorious monarchs. Kallimma-Sin had already, it would seem, sent a daughter to Amenhetep, an elder sister, it would appear, of Sukharti; but she was childless. When he sent her he had asked for an Egyptian princess in return. To this the proud Pharaoh had replied that "the daughter of the King of the land of Egypt hath never been given to a nobody." This uncivil reply Kallimma-Sin has borne patiently till now; but before he finally despatches Sukharti he informs Amenhetep that, if he will not send him an Egyptian princess, surely there are daughters of Egyptian nobles who are beautiful. "Now, if thou knowest a beautiful lady, I beseech thee to send her unto me; for who here could say that she is not a princess?"

There is a truly Arab tortuousness revealed in the character of Kallimma-Sin that might do credit to any modern desert sheykh. The King of Karaduniyash might be any Bedouin chief bargaining with a Turkish governor for a slave from his hareem. On the whole, Amenhetep, notwithstanding what we consider the baseness of his object, comes out of the negotiations with more credit. He is at least proudly dignified, and speaks plainly, while he akes a statesmanlike advantage of the matrimonial treaty to work in a "favoured nation" clause for the benefit of commerce.

There is much historical material in the other passages here translated, and other episodes relating to the marriages of Amenhetep III., who seems also to have espoused the daughter of Tushratta, King of Mitani, Tatumkhipa by name, and also Gilukhipa, his sister. This last Princess is mentioned on a scarab, her name being rendered into Kilkipa, in hieroglyphics, and Tushratta sends frequent gifts to his sister and his daughter. A large number of the tablets relate to the gradual disintegration of the empire founded by Thothmes and Amenhetep, under their feeble successor Khu-en-Aten, and, as throwing absolutely new light on events of a time so immensely remote, are of the greatest value. The text of each tablet in cuneiforms follows the translations, and the volume ends with a long series of plates of selected tablets.

GREAT EDUCATORS.*

DR. DAVIDSON has begun this series, in which apparently it is intended to set forth the principal systems of education, with a volume bearing as its first title the name of Aristotle, and containing a survey of the whole course of Greek education, with special reference to its connexion with social and political life. It is well written and interesting; and, while making no vain display of learning, shows a thorough acquaintance with its subject. After pointing out the main characteristics common to all systems of Greek education, Dr. Davidson divides his work into two periods—the Hellenic, from the first Olympiad to the battle of Chæronæa; and the Hellenistic, during which Greek influence found a centre first at Alexandria, and then at Rome. The Hellenic period he subdivides at the Persian wars, observing that soon after the battle of Salamis the "Old Education" at Athens, which had aimed at training up good citizens, was confronted by the "New Education" of the Sophists, who "encouraged the individual to seek his end in his own pleasure, and to regard the State as but a means to that end." He gives an account of education as it existed among the Ætolians and the Dorians, as it was modified by the doctrine of Pythagoras, and as it was carried out at Athens before the Persian wars. Perhaps the most noteworthy chapter in his book is that in which he exhibits the character of the conflict between the two rival schools of education at Athens—the one instinct with the old political spirit of the conservative party; the other with a spirit of individualism that found favour with the new democracy. Among those who upheld the old education Pericles, he says, tried to stir up his fellow-citizens to adopt a nobler life, and accept the discipline of earlier days by setting before them the hope of seeing their city the capital of Greece. We are not disposed to admit that Pericles was, as Dr. Davidson believes, in any degree responsible for the Peloponnesian War; he seems to have moderated, rather than excited, the ambition of the Athenians. Socrates sought to regenerate Athenian society by opposing to the self-asserting rationalism of the Sophists new sanctions based on "a comprehensive knowledge of man's entire nature and relations." The different means by which his two followers, Xenophon and Plato, proposed to arrest the social decline, Xenophon's practical and conservative scheme of education, and the progressive theories of the *Republic*, are next sketched in broad outline. Aristotle marked a capital defect in Plato's system, its tendency to increase the very individualism against which it was directed; and, working by induction, arrived at a philosophy which, instead of regarding the contemplative as the noblest kind of life, directed men to find their highest good by means of the State. Dr. Davidson examines Aristotle's "pedagogical State," and the system by which it was to educate its citizens in childhood, boyhood, youth, and manhood to attain to the enjoyment of the contemplation of divine things. After a very brief notice of the schools of Alexandria, he devotes two chapters to the influence of Greece on Roman education, describing the scheme propounded by Quintilian in the first book of the *Institutio Oratorica* and the Neoplatonism of Plotinus.

That the Society of Jesus has produced the most skilful trainers of youth, and the most cunningly devised system of education that the world has ever seen, that it entered on its labours at a critical epoch in the history of Christendom, and performed them so successfully that it may fairly be said to have directed and controlled the intellectual tendencies of a large part of the civilized world for about two centuries, and that its suppression was the necessary prelude to the tremendous changes involved in and consequent on the French Revolution are, we suppose,

* *The Great Educators—Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals.* By Thomas Davidson, M.A., LL.D. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits. By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

matters of common knowledge. Few, however, have any clear idea of the method of education adopted by the Society; for though the literature on the subject is not small, it is for the most part contained in books of a kind that the ordinary reader is not likely to meet with. This volume on St. Ignatius of Loyola and the educational system of the Jesuits, by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, will, therefore, probably be welcomed by others besides those specially interested in the theories and methods of education. Written by a member of the Jesuit Society, it comes to us with authority, and presents a complete and well-arranged survey of the work of educational development carried out by Ignatius and his followers. It is not, however, by any means so readable as we should have expected, considering the intrinsic interest of its matter. Mr. Hughes's work is deficient in life and energy; he is wordy, his sentences are dull and sometimes crabbed, and his narrative is disfigured by the frequent use of the historic present. Though he speaks warmly of the importance of a good literary style, his critical ability is open to doubt, for he lays down as an established axiom that "style itself never appears in a translation." Still his book is full of valuable information, and so far we are thankful for it. The first part is devoted to the educational history of the Jesuits, and, after a short account of the early life of Ignatius, records his studies at the University of Paris, and his determination to commit to his followers the charge of "the secondary and superior education of the Christian world," which he endowed with the self-denying labours and intellectual attainments of his new Order. The Jesuit College, properly so called, was, Mr. Hughes observes, the body of teachers sent to any place; these teachers took no tuition fee from their scholars; they settled in those places in which buildings and means of subsistence were provided for them; and their services were so highly valued that, in a century and a half after the death of their founder, they had 769 collegiate and university houses. Perhaps the most remarkable of all the educational reforms introduced during the lifetime of Ignatius was the systematic distribution of students into graded classes, each with its own authors and studies. The end which the Jesuit teachers set before them was one higher than the mere dissemination of sound learning; they sought to strengthen the moral energies of their pupils. In order to do this more effectually, they submitted to the drudgery implied in the keeping of boarding schools, where the boys were carefully shielded from everything that could defile their minds, were taught obedience, and were brought under the personal influence of their masters. In connexion with this influence, it is worth remarking that a superior was never the confessor of those under his charge unless by special desire. Nor were the Jesuit schools made hotbeds to force on a religious growth inappropriate to the ages and temperaments of the scholars, for the masters were bidden to be content if their pupils' manner of life was "ordinary, virtuous, and pious." How far the extreme care taken by the Jesuits to keep their young scholars from the knowledge of good and evil was the best way to strengthen their moral characters and fit them to meet the temptations of life is a question about which there will be some difference of opinion. There can, however, be no doubt that their seminaries have turned out many men of high character and remarkable attainments, and that they have enormously strengthened the Order to which they belonged.

Having traced the progress of Jesuit education under Ignatius, and very briefly under subsequent generals of the Order, Mr. Hughes enters on a detailed analysis of the *Ratio Studiorum*, the system of studies elaborated during the last years of the sixteenth century, and published by Aquaviva, the fifth General Superior, in 1599. He divides this part of his work into the means adopted, first, for "the formation of the master," and then, for "the formation of the scholar," descanting first on the higher and afterwards on the lower studies. One or two general remarks only can be made here on these chapters on the *Ratio*. One of the most striking characteristics of the Jesuit system is the place assigned to oral instruction. In the higher faculties the teacher lectures, in the lower he explains; the future professor is trained for his work by constant disputations, and all the examinations are conducted as far as possible *viva voce*. Text-books and lectures are held to be unsuitable instruments for the young, and in place of them the Jesuit system substitutes the words of the tutor, whose duty it is to gain such an influence over his pupils as will enable him to direct and stimulate their inquisitive sense. For this reason young masters are appointed for the tutorial teaching of the young; for it is by men who "are scarcely as yet approaching the prime of life" that lads are most powerfully influenced. Over older students the University professor is required to maintain an influence based on mature scholarship. Neither the professor nor the youthful master is allowed to spare himself any pains or inconvenience which may be for the profit of his pupils. Indeed, the rules concerning the resignation and removal of masters, and the duties imposed upon them, are all founded on the principle that the master exists for the scholar, not the scholar for the master. We hear much nowadays about the dignity of the scholastic profession, and that chiefly from schoolmasters. Nor would we grudge to men employed in what should be a noble, and must, if faithfully performed, be a laborious occupation, any considerations that tend to comfort their hearts. If, however, a schoolmaster would learn how the education of the young can be carried on so as to confer real dignity on those engaged in it, we recommend him to read Mr. Hughes's book, and ponder not merely on the wisdom displayed in the *Ratio*, but on the self-sacrifice which it requires from the Jesuit teacher. We are sorry to observe that both these volumes, which bear the name of an English firm of printers, are disfigured by such hideous misspelling as "armor," "succor," and the like.

TWO CLARENDON PRESS BOOKS.*

THE three volumes of copious selections from two very different kinds and periods of French literature which lie before us both proceed from the Oxford University Press, and it would be difficult to conceive better instances of the change which has passed over the management of such institutions during the last half-century or a little more. For reasons equally strong, though different enough in nature, neither Mr. Toynbee's nor Mr. Stephens's volumes would have had any but the slightest chance of being published, let us say, before the accession of her present Majesty; and even if, against the chances, they had "passed the pikes" of the press, they would have had little prospect of sale. Recent changes in education, with others, have altered their prospects very considerably, and either editor may—the Schools assisting—entertain a modest confidence of being able to correct errata in future editions.

But there was another reason which would have at the time referred to prevented the appearance of what we must pronounce by far the more valuable of the two, Mr. Paget Toynbee's *Specimens of Old French*. It was the simple and excellent one that the very existence of the literature here selected from was, for the most part, only beginning to be suspected even in France itself. Froissart and one or two others were, of course, well enough known. Two English scholars, Tyrwhitt and Conybeare, had noticed the existence of the masterpiece of earliest French, the *Chanson de Roland*. But the efforts of M. Paulin Paris, M. Francisque Michel, and others in the publication of Old French texts were only beginning; the formal and regular study of the language was to come even later. For nearly twenty years past, however, though a few isolated discoveries of interest are still made from time to time, the bulk of Old French literature—a huge bulk and a most interesting—has been fairly known. Yet we have had no thoroughgoing chrestomathy of it in English. And such a chrestomathy, with glossary attached, is almost indispensable to the study. The bulk of the literature is, as has been said, very large, and very little of it has been published in cheap forms. The rather provoking fashion in which modern scholars will go on reprinting the same texts, and growling and snarling at each other over the process, instead of taking to fresh ones, has left not a few gaps which can only be filled by going to MSS., which is not in every man's power, or to the old printed editions, which are, in these book-collecting days, out of the reach of modest purses. We can say from experience that to get together even reprinted texts of the matter here laid under contribution by Mr. Toynbee would probably cost little under a hundred pounds. But there are other reasons for such a book as this. Although Old French literature is of very high interest, no intelligent defender of it will deny that it is conspicuous among literatures for repetition, for surplusage, for the interspersing of matter of secondary, or far less than secondary, interest among that of primary. The changes, too, which time and place introduced make it desirable that considerable numbers of examples of different date and dialect should be read. All these things make such a book as Mr. Toynbee's invaluable. He has for the most part strictly confined himself to his strictly proper task. If, as it certainly is, his book is of rather unwieldy bulk, we can hardly point to a page which could fairly be excised, and we have nothing to suggest but a division into two volumes, the actual extracts being given in one and the grammar and glossary in the other. This would have an additional advantage, for at this moment there is neither grammar nor glos-

* *Specimens of Old French.* By Paget Toynbee. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

The Principal Speeches of the Statesmen and Orators of the French Revolution. By H. Morse Stephens. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

sary of a really good kind existing in English. But the book as it is has the compensating advantage of self-containedness. Mr. Toynbee has, indeed, with that rigid minding of his own business to which we have already referred, and which is a great and rare virtue among modern scholars, abstained from literary criticism altogether in his brief introductions to his several authors, and has given but the barest and most necessary outlines of literary history in his general preface. But these things can be found elsewhere; what he has given could not, and was urgently required. Had this book appeared six years ago many of the difficulties under which the only school of the subject in England, the Mediæval and Modern Tripos at Cambridge, has laboured, would have been, if not removed, greatly lessened, and its appearance now would enable the arrangement, if it comes, of an Old French School at Oxford to be conducted on a far more satisfactory plan. This being so, we have no care to indulge in any adverse criticism, for which, indeed, there is little room. Mr. Toynbee's glossary, constructed, we imagine, on the model of those affixed to the publications of the Old French Text Society, is good, and his grammar is quite abreast of the latest theories on the subject. Indeed, our only possible objection would be that he has adopted too obediently, and laid down too positively, the ingenious hypotheses as to accentuation and the like which are the *péché mignon* of the modern German and French schools, and which, after all, are only pretty guesses at their best, and at their worst superfluous and heavy burdens bound on the learner's shoulders. However, Mr. Toynbee had to look to the examinee and his examiners, of whom the former could not safely venture, and the latter would indignantly punish, any such Sadduceeism in scholarship as that which we have just committed to paper.

We are afraid that we can hardly speak with equal enthusiasm of the other book before us. As regards final causes, Mr. Stephens is, according to the philosophy of these days, more than amply justified by the fact that his subject has been "set in the Schools." *Schola poscebat: auctor præbebat* ends the matter in our time. Furthermore, Mr. Stephens has set about and accomplished his task with a knowledge of the subject which is certainly not surpassed in England, with a very great deal of industry, and if not in all respects, as it seems to us, with perfect judgment, in many respects with remarkable aptitude. In particular, he has borrowed that excellent custom of the French historical school which, whenever a person of the slightest importance is mentioned for the first time, appends a sufficiently exhaustive note as to his life and adventures. Perhaps a general reference once for all to the author's own *History* of the events touched on in the speeches might have economized the innumerable and rather superfluous foot-notes of the same tenor; but it would be ungracious to quarrel much with these. The errors of judgment above mentioned (to which we shall return in a moment, and which, after all, are questions of argument) excepted, the book may be pronounced decidedly well done.

But there remains the terrible previous question, "Was it worth doing?" We cannot, we confess, answer this question so decidedly in the affirmative. Mr. Stephens assures us that the Rev. J. Franck Bright, Master of University College, Oxford, thought it was, or at any rate thought that candidates for the schools ought to study something like it. Now Dr. Bright has written a useful school summary of the history of England, and, as Mr. Stephens commends his "power of inspiring enthusiasm for historical research and right methods of study into his pupils," of whom he (Mr. Stephens) is proud to be one, it would evidently be impolite to Mr. Stephens, if not to Dr. Bright, if we were to question this testimonial. Again, Mr. Stephens thinks it is a "truism" that "the knowledge acquired by the reading of secondary histories is only valuable as an introduction to the original authorities." Is that so? Perhaps; we have, we must confess, a nasty habit of inquiring into the truth of truisms. No doubt this is the *Hauptidee*, the *raison d'être*, the sheet-anchor and stock in trade of the school of historians to which Mr. Stephens belongs. Perhaps it was "inspired into" him by Dr. Bright. Such is our own heretical pravity that we should feel rather inclined to plagiarize from Brindley and say that the only use of original authorities is to supply and check great "secondary" historians. If this is too paradoxical, let us at least say that Mr. Stephens seems to us to be making a confusion between the professional historian, who must always, let us hope, be in a vast minority of the human race, and the general reader, or even the ordinary historical student, for whom original authorities are comparatively useless. At any rate, such authorities for such persons require to be divided into two classes—the original authorities that have original value for something more than mere fact, and those that have not. It is in the latter of these two classes that we should place the original authorities published here by Mr. Stephens. He himself has a very high opinion of them. He thinks what he has published here to be not only historical documents of the first importance, but worthy to be compared with the masterpieces of great French preachers. This is the description applied to speeches of Mirabeau, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Gaudet, Louvet, of that "Jacobin Carrion" Barère (Mr. Stephens complains that Macaulay did not understand Barère, we who are no frantic Macaulayites should say that he understood him remarkably well), of Danton, Robespierre, Saint-Just, and Baudin.

When one has matter put before one, some of it new (for Mr. Stephens has undoubtedly extracted from newspapers and other sources much that was hardly accessible before), which is deliberately compared to Bossuet and Fléchier, and spoken of as if it were about on a level with Burke, one naturally gives it a very careful hearing. After that hearing we find nothing so fit to dismiss the whole or almost the whole with, as a phrase of Garat's, which Mr. Stephens himself quotes in reference to Robespierre—*rabâchage éternel*. In that phrase you have it all, or all but a few passages of Mirabeau and Danton, and fewer of Vergniaud (who is more disappointing the more you read him). Mirabeau and Danton were irregular persons of genius; Vergniaud and his friends were eloquent nincompoops; Barère was a loathsome scoundrel; Robespierre and Saint-Just were acrid prigs; Louvet was a not wholly disagreeable Bohemian. But, with the exceptions above referred to, and rare enough, they all produce *rabâchage éternel*. Mr. Stephens, supporting himself by a process of argument which we do not quite follow, has given no Royalist speeches whatever, though he admits that Maury was perhaps the superior, and Cazalès something like the equal, of any debater on the other side. But in the moderate and immoderate Republicans alike it is *rabâchage éternel*—endless twaddling repetition of the same *clichés* and commonplaces, changes rung to deafening and sickening on watering the tree of liberty, and the wicked deeds of the *noblesse*, and the devilish counter-revolutionaries, and the brutal English, and so forth. With Mirabeau we are still in sane company, there is a brain as well as a tongue. We pass to Vergniaud; and "Brutus," "tyrans," "parjure," "dignité"—all the other weary old tagrag, all the other hollow old gabble, reverberates round the tired ears at once. Nor does it ever cease till we come to Danton, whose words, if they are not like swords, are at least like single-sticks. Add to this that the whole is couched—a fact of which Mr. Stephens seems to be quite unaware—in one of the worst dialects of literary French that the whole history of the tongue has seen—a form destitute alike of the poetic grace of the mediæval and Renaissance language, of the rhetorical volume of the seventeenth century, of the neat if colourless perfection of the earlier eighteenth, of the splendid colouring of the time which was to follow. As to historical importance, the verbiage of these speeches at best conceals, and at worst distorts and falsifies, a comparatively small number of facts which have been long since ascertained and put in quite sufficient shorthand order by "secondary" historians, and which surely need not be once more concealed and distorted back again by a sort of reverse process of what shorthand writers call "extension." In writing thus, we are writing with a really noble disinterestedness, for to us Mr. Stephens's book is decidedly welcome for more reasons than one. But, except to a very limited number of historical enquirers, we cannot conceive its being of much use, and we think its matter about as badly suited for undergraduate study as anything can be.

PARKIN'S IMPERIAL FEDERATION.*

THIS book is a welcome contribution to the higher politics, those which concern the nation more than any party, and are in danger of being neglected for the very reason that they do not furnish party topics. It comes at the right time and from the right quarter. When a Canadian pleads for the unity of the British Empire, we must at least give him a hearing. We have not to do with a partisan or theorist who can be dismissed as wanting in knowledge of the working conditions. Also Mr. Parkin's plea is especially well timed. For several years public interest has been growing, quietly but steadily, in the direction of what is conveniently, if loosely, called Imperial Federation. Thirty or even twenty years ago it was an accepted opinion among English political thinkers that our colonies, at any rate the self-governing colonies of English speech and institutions, must become independent States whenever they attained their full growth, and should even be encouraged to look forward to

* *Imperial Federation: the Problem of National Unity.* By George R. Parkin, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

that destiny. Such wise and experienced public servants as Sir Henry Taylor, for example, had no doubt on the point. Nowadays this opinion is exceptional. Not one public man in ten would profess to view with satisfaction or indifference the prospect of Australia or Canada breaking off from the mother-country. For the moment we state this merely as a fact, and, as a fact, we conceive it needs no proof. The old Colonial Office view was not an unenlightened view in its day. On the contrary it represented the best political philosophy of about fifty years ago. What grounds, then, have we for thinking that our fathers were mistaken, or (to put the case more reverently and more justly) that if they could be with us now they might be of another mind? The proper way to satisfy ourselves is to consider the changes in the material conditions of the problem which have taken place and are still in progress. Partly they are of a kind that could be forecast, but are unexpected in magnitude and extent; partly they belong to a turn in the affairs of nations which was no less unforeseen and unsuspected down to the middle of this century than was, down to the middle of the last, the French Revolution with its consequences.

In the first place the internal conditions, by which we mean the relations of the mother-country to the colonies considered apart from any foreign complication, bear a very different aspect now from what they did even a generation ago. While the British Empire has been extending in space and developing its wealth and population, improved means of communication have drawn its parts far closer together in time. For all practical purposes Toronto is nearer to London than was Edinburgh at the date of the Act of Union, or even outlying places in England itself, such as Newcastle or Bodmin. Vancouver is at least as easy of access to the modern traveller as the Hebrides were to Dr. Johnson, and the cities of Australasia are within the compass of a Long Vacation journey. This was more or less to be foreseen in a general way, but such achievements as the Canadian Pacific Railway and the speed of recent ocean steamships have surpassed anything that was expected even twenty years ago. But the knitting up of the bonds of common interest within the Empire is even more important. Oceans no longer divide us; they afford the necessary highways between the producing colonies and the manufacturing mother-country. The Australian wool trade alone, as Mr. Parkin points out, has brought Yorkshire and Scotland into the closest and most practical relation with the antipodes. Great Britain is becoming more and more to the colonies that which London has become to England. Colonial development, so far from weakening the connexion, has strengthened it.

Sometimes one is asked what the parts of the British Empire have to do with one another. Australian affairs, it is said, do not concern Canada, and South Africa is nothing to New Zealand. A moderately careful inspection of the map annexed to Mr. Parkin's book, and the trade routes marked thereon, will show the flimsiness of these assumptions. The old Canada which consisted only of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario may have had very little to do with Australia; the new Canada, which looks out on the Pacific from Vancouver, will soon have, if she has not already, a great deal. Publicists of the older philosophic school would have used these facts as showing that no political measures for securing union are needed. Their ideal was a group of English-speaking commonwealths, either formally independent or retaining the mere symbol of a common allegiance to the Crown, dwelling in a state of amicable intercourse guaranteed by the mutual needs of commerce. We shall not say that this was an unworthy or undesirable ideal in itself. But those who held it supposed expressly or tacitly (as almost every one in 1840 or 1850 did suppose) that the external conditions, towards the end of the century, would be something quite different from what they have turned out to be. National differences, it was then imagined, were tending to lose their importance, and war on a great scale between civilized Powers was no longer to be apprehended. But in truth the events of the last thirty years or so have produced quite other results. Nations have been consolidated, and local and provincial differences have lost much of their importance. But this consolidation from within has brought with it a certain stiffening as against everything outside: the outlines of national character are sharper and harder. England, the earliest consolidated of the nations of Europe, was long singular for the insularity of her children. She is no longer so; indeed an educated Englishman has now every chance of being more a citizen of the world than either a Frenchman or a German. Again, it was supposed that the spread of constitutional government would be an antidote to war. It may be that such institutions make frivolous wars less probable; it is certain that they do not make serious ones impossible. In one word, nations must now, as much as ever, be prepared to defend their integrity by force of arms at need, if they mean to enjoy it in peace, and with that security on which the material and moral value of peace largely depends. There is no reason whatever why the British Empire should be exempt from this general burden. We have no right (as Sir H. Maine pointed out in one of his latest writings) to count on an indefinite continuance of our good fortune. On the contrary, the renewed activity of colonial enterprise points to the renewal, though on a less grand scale, of international competition and conflicts, such as were at the bottom of our eighteenth-century wars. A generation or two hence, it may be said, the mere numbers of the English race will give security. This may be true (though only if they remain in alliance); but the critical time lies immediately before us. We cannot, then, regard the problem of imperial unity as indifferent or merely curious unless we shut our eyes to the whole of recent history. Neither can we expect that a solution will drop into our mouths if we are content to wait for it in a mildly desirous attitude. The difficulties of finding an acceptable solution are great; so far the objectors are quite right. Without doubt there are difficulties both technical and substantial. Not the least of these is due to our gratuitous improvidence in leaving the self-governing colonies free to set up protectionist tariffs; of which, if the last news from Victoria be true, some of them are like to repent even sooner than was expected. Therefore the first thing needful is to make up our minds, both in England at home and in England beyond seas, that it is worth while to face and overcome the obstacles. As Mr. Parkin most justly points out, the difficulty of framing a Federal Constitution for the United States appeared no less great, and was in fact so formidable that for a time the best American statesmen almost despaired of the task. But the Constitution of the United States had to be made, and it was made.

Mr. Parkin does not insist on a written Federal Constitution for the British Empire; indeed he looks with some favour on one or two recent suggestions that the true course may not be in that direction at all. Still less does he advocate the feeble and superficial device of adding a certain number of colonial representatives to Parliament as it exists. The people who invented Parliament for a kingdom may well be still capable of inventing for a world-wide empire something different from an enlarged Parliament, and more effective for purposes of imperial policy. Mr. Parkin brings us as much assurance as one man can do that the time is not far off. Canada, he tells us in effect, is ready. There is no real body of sentiment in favour of annexation to the United States, as was conclusively proved last year. Mr. Goldwin Smith (remaining, strange to say, a vigorous Unionist in home politics) preaches to deaf ears the old Whig philosophy of the ripe fruit falling off. Australia is not quite ready, but moving on the whole in the right direction. The lead of Canada and Australia would be decisive. It is evident that whatever plan is adopted must be one that admits of being gradually brought into operation, as one and another colony or group of colonies is enabled to come in. For example, the West Indies are hardly ripe even for local federation as yet: the people of each island cling fiercely to their local privileges, offices, and pomps of all sorts. Quite lately, in St. Vincent, the cry of "No confederation" (though conveying no meaning, or a ludicrously false one, to most of the shouters) was enough to raise a disturbance which, by the firmness and judgment of the Governor and the Administrator, was happily quieted without more than the show of force. It is probable that the need of judicial reform lately made manifest in more than one of the West Indian colonies may lead to a spontaneous movement for a consolidated system of Courts of Appeal in each group of islands, and thence to the disappearance of the present exaggerated insularity of all things insular in those parts. Improved communications, for which there is plenty of room, and of which there is now a fair prospect, may also do much good in time. However, the United States waited some time for Rhode Island, and the British Empire could afford to wait for the West Indies.

Mr. Parkin's design, let us repeat, is not to advocate any particular scheme for securing the permanent union of the Empire, but to establish and enforce the importance of that object in itself. Ten years ago people said, "This is a dream." Now they say, "This is interesting; it is a fine ideal; but can such a thing be done?" Ten years hence, or less, we trust that they will say, "Give us no more generalities; it is to be done, and we want to see how." And then such a book as Mr. Parkin's may seem out of date and unpractical. But it will be because his work is accomplished.

MERIDIANA.*

THE title chosen by Sir Herbert Maxwell for his essays from *Blackwood* was suggested, we are told, by a monastic rule which permitted the brotherhood of St. Victor of Paris to spend the noontide hour in reading, provided that no crackling noise was made in turning the leaves. "Meridiana" was the slumbrous term given to the restful hours so spent, and the name is aptly expressive of the style of these essays. "Light reading in a cool chamber" is agreeable to think of in the dog-days. But you must have perfect quiet, if you are to follow the Victorian rule, in the dormitory or out of doors, and fulfil "the drowsy purpose of the hour" with this charming volume at hand. Reflective, genial, suave, Sir Herbert Maxwell's essays are of good accord as to theme and treatment. "Manners," "Customs," "Contrasts," "Memory," "Pleasure," "Imagination," and other subjects of common human interest are discussed in a measured, unhurried, meditative fashion. The uncontentious tone of these essays is a soothing grace that pleases as well as propitiates. And if, on the one hand, they offer no violence to the lassitude of the hour, the acquiescent reader—and such he must needs be—runs no risk of realizing the Swinburnian siesta—"I fell on sleep, sleep fell on me"—which, by the way, is not unsuggestive of strife and narcotic conflict. There is nothing narcotic about *Meridiana*. It is a book for the garden and river-side, not less than for the cool chamber. Open-air reading is generally a difficult business with book-lovers, and by no means a favourite pursuit with lovers of nature and the poets. To read Richard Jefferies by the fireside is infinitely more suggestive than to follow him book in hand a-field. It were a torpid soul that should study Hervey or Drelincourt in some Campo Santo, or read Wordsworth on the misty mountain's top, where memory and the scene should be his and the poet's best allies.

The essayist, however, whose light discursive touch is concerned with topics that present the most piquant contrast with the charms of nature, is the most successful minister to the transient demands of the open-air reader. The world of men, old civilization and new, dress, deportment, dining—these, and a dozen other themes of social interest which engage Sir Herbert Maxwell's varied comment and illustration, yield precisely the kind of reading that the holiday-maker, far-flown from town, delights in. They compete in no sense with the new world about him. Familiar, they are yet far-off; for the essayist writes as if he were inditing of a good matter in some serene haven far from the press. He does not vex you with vain questions. Whether Addison, or Mr. Dallas, or another, has the better definition of "imagination," is a subject so indifferently presented to you that you are left in pleased quiescence, or may turn, without losing your hold on the matter, to pore upon the brook that babbles by. The author decidedly objects to assaulting your strong convictions—if such you have. And why should he do so? It is the noontide hour. "Personal Names," indeed, has something in it of stirring promise, and has, we believe, provoked some controversy and much correspondence in the papers. Yet this amusive essay, if read under the spreading beech, is as recreative to the contemplative man as Sir Herbert Maxwell's delightful recollections of Tyne angling between Wark and Bellingham (p. 185). On one matter we are constrained to enter a protest. In his ghostly experience in the picture gallery—"Ancient Lights"—Sir Herbert Maxwell describes, among other eminent Augustan celebrities, the shade of Pope as "an ugly little man in a bright green cloak and scarlet cap." Now this is absolutely a too literal acceptance of a lying canvas. It is not an "animated" picture. Pope was vivacious in conversation, as in letter-writing. He had refined features and brilliant eyes—not "protruding watery eyes." If Sir Herbert Maxwell had really met the shade of the poet in the New Gallery he would have been set right on this point, and the painter had been damned in an epigram.

FRENCH LITERATURE—LA DÉBÂCLE.

WE do not know that M. Zola has anywhere shown his power as a writer better than in *La Débâcle* (1); we are nearly sure that he has nowhere given so clear a proof that he is not a great novelist. Of novel interest the book possesses next to none. The characters are for the most part mere names or labels tied on to figures, so as to assure a certain continuity in apparent action. Some of them are fair, but not very distinct, types; others are not even that. Once only, perhaps—in the episode of the hero's sister Henriette, whose easy-going husband sallies forth in mere *flânerie* to Bazeilles, "goes berserk" there, and is shot by the Bavarians, his wife just arriving in time to see and almost to share his fate—does this action rise to the personality of a dramatic or fictitious interest. Another minor episode, the punishment of the spy Goliath by the *Francs-tireurs*, inevitably recalls and as inevitably falls beneath a famous passage in Balzac's *Chouans*. The only scene that at all approaches the author's most popular manner—the illicit love-passages between Captain Beaudoin and Gilberte Delaherche—is, it would seem, studiously slurred over, and appears to be introduced merely to show how and to what extent French officers in 1870 neglected their duty. Not only has M. Zola not gone out of his way to provide any of this kind of amusement for his "tribe," but he has studiously refrained from giving it to them even *in* his way. It is therefore a considerable testimony, both to the power of his work and to the undying interest of the subject in France, that the copy which lies before us, though the book has been published but a few days, is marked "cent neuvième mille." In a bare week or so it has already beaten that savoury idyl *La Terre*, and lags behind only *Nana* and *L'Assommoir* among M. Zola's books.

And for once it deserves its popularity. We have already said or implied that it is not a great novel—that it is hardly a novel at all. But as a psychological history of the War of 1870, set forth in vivid outline and colour, it is no small thing. Of course a work of this kind has to undergo quite different tests from those appropriate to a work of pure creative art. It does not in the very least matter whether such a work of art is true to fact or not; there is even, perhaps, a very slight advantage in the absence of strict historical truth. But such a thing as M. Zola has undertaken must be accurate or nothing. We are ourselves inclined to regard it as very accurate. On a few points there may be room for doubt. We could not, for instance, without referring to authorities, be certain whether the extreme insubordination and unsoldierliness which M. Zola describes as showing themselves at the very opening of the war reached the pitch of his description so early. But, having read a very great number of books about the war, we are disposed to take his general view as hardly at all over-coloured by his everlasting, and here more than usually tedious and dragged-in, views about the "degradation of a race," and all the rest of it—views which he puts in the mouth of his ostensible hero, Maurice Levasseur. In the main characters of the story he has given us the types of an army which fails. The central figures are those of a corporal's squad in a Line regiment. There is the corporal himself, Jean Macquart, who has re-enlisted after his domestic disasters; an old soldier of the type that Lord Roberts loves and Lord Wolseley hates, and the only thoroughly "sympathetic" figure in the book, except the above-mentioned Henriette and her husband. Below him there are his men—Maurice, an educated but unwholesome youth, plucky enough, but with little physical and less mental stamina, full of book crotchets about evolution and degradation, not ungenerous at times, but unstable and *borné*; Chouteau, the Parisian *voyou*, the worst type of the whole, envious, factious, cowardly, cruel—worthless, in short; Loubet, a less offensive example of the same type, with a redeeming genius for cooking; Lapoulle, a huge brute, not vicious, unless made so by hunger, but barely human; Pache, a simple peasant-boy with actually some notions of religion. Above him we have Lieutenant Rochas, as brave as Ney, but with little education, no scientific knowledge, and a general traditional belief that, in the nature of things, Frenchmen always have conquered, and always will and must conquer everybody else; Captain Beaudoin, modern, dandified, looking down on his men and hated by them, not exactly a bad soldier, but with little of the new knowledge, none of the ancient enthusiasm, and quite capable of neglecting duty for pleasure, even at the most important moments; Colonel de Vineuil, a *preux chevalier*, but somewhat wanting in initiative, and more apt to be aghast at the blunders and *laches* of his superiors than to try to prevent or repair them; General Bourgain-Desfeuilles uniting the defects of Lieutenant and Captain, though like them brave enough, utterly self-indulgent, incapable of studying maps or forming plans, unable or unwilling to comprehend the existence of enemies more dangerous than the Arabs he has fought with in Algeria. And then M. Zola shows us the dismal results of these qualities aggregated by the hundred thousand or so—the aimless marches and counter-marches, the recklessness of the soldier's legs and stomach, the blind helplessness and ignorance not only of what the enemy is going to do to-morrow, but of where he is and what he is doing to-day, the hesitation in punishing mutinous conduct, and, last of all, the miserable hesitation and groping that ended in the butchery and the capitulation of Sedan. How well he has done this in parts any one who read *L'attaque du moulin* years ago

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* *Meridiana: Noontide Essays.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1892.

(1) *La Débâcle.* Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

may guess beforehand, and he will not be disappointed. With what a curious amount of superfluous erudition the work is laden may also be easily imagined. The whole process of fighting a field battery is described with the same conscientious and ruthless care that was spent on the railway affairs in *La bête humaine*. The labours of a surgeon-major during a great fight supply a new, and it must be owned a less disgusting, pendant to a famous passage of *Pot-Bouille*. Never was a more curious or a more undeviating mania than M. Zola's.

Any one who likes novels in series, and fancies a rather different example of them from *Les Rougon-Macquart*, may turn to M. Adrien Chabot. In his last number, *Le Marquis de Saint-Etienne* (2), he has rather ingeniously utilized that odd provision of French law which permits adoption (with inheritance of titles, &c.), in case the adoptee has saved the life of the adopter.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE results of Dr. Klein's inquiries into the cause and nature of the grouse disease—*The Etiology and Pathology of Grouse Disease* (Macmillan & Co.)—fully confirm the views of the numerous opponents of the late Dr. Cobbold's theory of the parasitic origin of the disease. Long before this eminent bacteriologist began the course of investigation described in the present volume the presence of the same parasites in both healthy and diseased birds was detected by many observers. In 1874, for instance, Dr. R. Farquharson was the first to state the opinion that the disease was of the nature of an epidemic and contagious fever. He argued, from the very different condition of birds dead or dying of the disease, some being as plump as in health, others wasted to extreme exhaustion, that the disease was of a specific and constitutional nature. Dr. Klein expresses his agreement with this view, which is supported, moreover, by the experimental evidence his studies of the last five years have produced. No doubt, as is admitted in Dr. Macdonald's work on "Grouse Disease," the death of many birds is caused by parasitic worms; but the parasitic theory does not account for the epidemic nature of the disease, nor its well-marked characteristics, occurring, as they notoriously do, when parasitic manifestations are merely normal. Bad seasons, bad or insufficient food, and overstocking, to all of which the disease has been ascribed, are but secondary causes; or rather, as Dr. Klein puts it, conditions favourable to the spread of the disease; conditions that play an important part when fevers are epidemic among men and animals. The disease, in short, is a highly infectious fever, and its *causa causans* is a bacillus, whose character, both in the original and cultivated state, is described in Dr. Klein's detailed series of very interesting experiments. The lungs and liver are the chief organs affected by the micro-organism, and the phases of change undergone during the progress of disease are explicitly set forth in Dr. Klein's observations on the symptoms and pathology of the disease. Actual inoculation of healthy young grouse Dr. Klein was unable to effect; but his experiments upon small birds, such as buntings and yellow-ammers, clearly show, he thinks, the true cause of the disease. As to the manner of infection, whether by food or through the air, Dr. Klein's experiments are remarkable indeed; for they prove that, however fatal Dr. Cobbold's tape-worm may be, it is an entirely independent agent of fatality. When the bacilli were introduced directly in feeding into the digestive organs of mice, yellow-ammers, and other subjects, in no single instance was any result produced, though the virulence of the "culture" employed had been previously proved by subcutaneous inoculation. But when an inoculated bird was placed in a cage with healthy birds the latter were speedily infected, and all died, showing the typical symptoms. In another experiment, an ammer, inoculated with attenuated culture, was placed near six healthy ammers in an adjoining cage—both cages being covered with one cloth—and within three days all sickened and died. The latter portion of Dr. Klein's book comprises observations on fowl cholera, fowl enteritis, and the singular disease known as pheasant "cramps."

Visitors to Switzerland who require information not found in guide-books, yet truly complementary to the ordinary information of such handbooks, and guidance of the most valuable kind, will find in Mr. Sowerby's volume, *The Forest Cantons of Switzerland* (Percival & Co.), an excellent and stimulative companion. Subjects that are but scantly treated in guide-books, yet are of the highest interest to the intelligent tourist, receive the fulness of treatment at Mr. Sowerby's hands which their importance demands. Portable, as a guide-book should be, it is admirably readable from the first page to the last. The history and people of Uri, Schwyz, Lucerne, and Unterwalden, together with their manners, customs, traditions, art, literature, and the geology and flora of these cantons, are among the chief subjects of exposition in Mr. Sowerby's compact survey. A good map, designed by the author, serves to illustrate some of the special features of the book, such as the battlefields of the historical section.

The fifth and concluding volume of the Talleyrand *Memoirs*, translated by Mrs. Angus Hall (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), differs nowise from the preceding volumes in style and characteristics in being, as most readers have long since found, disappointing and uncharacteristic. The question is not, as the Duc de Broglie puts it, whether it was reasonable to expect anything more than the material of history in the *Memoirs*, but whether in this instance it is not disappointing to find so plentiful a lack of individual qualities. Historical material is not generally tedious and colourless, especially when the author of the material is himself a distinguished maker of history. The note on the Duc de Choiseul appended to the present volume serves, indeed, to accentuate both the truth and the disappointment.

Sudden conversions, or what Mr. J. B. Bailey prefers to call "character transformations," are illustrated in the series of sketches of eminent or notorious persons entitled *From Sinner to Saint* (Chapman & Hall). The saintship of some of these is decidedly dubious. There are, for example, George Psalmanazar, the Reverend Dr. Dodd, Nell Gwynne, the Earl of Rochester, William Huntington, S.S.—very queer saints these. Mr. Bailey's selection is most choicely mixed.

In the "Pseudonym Library" the collection of American short stories by Frank Pope Humphrey—*A New England Cactus* (Fisher Unwin)—comprises seven examples of miniature work in fiction, by no means of equal merit as to execution. Highly finished they are for the most part, though the result in one or two stories shows a somewhat laboured and mannered elaboration. "A Middle-Aged Comedy," however, is excellent, and the quiet, unassertive pathos of "A New England Cactus" is effective. On the other hand, the spookical story, "The Courageous Action of Lucia Richmond," is curiously vapid and unimpressive. Such a ghost as is here entertained should at least raise the wind, as it appears, if not the hair of your head. Miss Lucia's visitor is of the armchair species and fond of high-toned literature.

A like disappointment is caused by the inadequate treatment of a really promising conception in *The Effacement of Oriel Penhaligon*, by Ethel May Hewitt (Sampson Low & Co.). The initial idea of this romance is suggestive of very moving occult manifestations, but the promise is wrecked for lack of art and persuasiveness.

My Geoff, by John Strange Winter (White & Co.), is the story of a "lady help," whose pretty name Etheldreda is abbreviated to "Awty." Her experiences of suburban West-End society are briskly set forth, and her Geoff is quite the gift of fortune the readers of this cheery story would desire for her.

Mr. Edward Waterman Evans junior's Princeton prize essay, *Walter Savage Landor* (Putnam's Sons), though scarcely deserving of being styled "a critical study," shows knowledge and sound judgment in its treatment of the characteristics of Landorian prose and verse.

The Annual Register for 1891 (Longmans & Co.) comprises, as usual, condensed surveys of the course of events in England and foreign parts during the past year, and a useful day-by-day chronicle. The reviews of the year's production in Literature and Art are, also as usual, exceedingly unsatisfactory. Better were mere catalogues than such jejune comments on books and writers as the anonymous registrar gives.

The third volume of the *Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin*, edited by Mr. John T. Gilbert (Dublin: Dollard; London: Quaritch), comprises the Assembly Rolls of the City from 1610 to 1651, and abounds in curious and interesting information relative to the conduct of municipal affairs and the growth and prosperity of Dublin during that period. The publication of such records, hard of access hitherto, and involving those who would consult them in heavy labour, is a great boon to students of history and social science. On such subjects, for example, as the increase of building and population, or the lighting, water-supply, and sanitary state of Dublin, it would be easy to make a most suggestive selection of passages from these Rolls without touching on a number of other matters that are equally well illustrated.

Mr. E. B. Michell has published at Bangkok, by subscription, a *Siamese-English Dictionary* for the use of students in both languages. Mr. Michell's work is not put forth as complete, but as a compact and handy dictionary of words used in ordinary conversation, or in ordinary books. Of the 14,000 words which the Siamese language contains, according to Mr. Michell's estimate,

(2) *Un parvenu—Le Marquis de Saint-Etienne.* Par Adrien Chabot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the present volume gives about 8,000, with their equivalents in English.

Among recent publications in the Clarendon Press series we note *The Contract of Sale in the Civil Law*, by J. B. Moyle, D.C.L., and Professor Weismann's *Essays upon Heredity*, authorized translation by Messrs. E. B. Poulton and Arthur E. Shipley. From the University Press, Cambridge, we have Mr. Arthur Platt's edition of Homer's *Odyssey*, the "Cambridge Homer"; and *A Classified Index to the Roman Sacramentaries*, by H. A. Wilson, M.A., on the text of Muratori's *Liturgia Romana Vetus*.

We have also received *Public Finance*, a text-book and manual, by C. F. Bastable, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.); *Property, its Origin and Development*, by Ch. Letourneau (Scott); M. Alfred Fouillée's *Education, from a National Standpoint*, translated and edited by W. T. Greenstreet, M.A. (Arnold); *English Trade and Finance*, "chiefly in the seventeenth century," by W. A. S. Hewins, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Government*, by J. N. McArthur (Longmans & Co.); *The Gospel of the Future*, being "simple outlines of unfulfilled Prophecy," by a Parish Priest (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Our Foreign Competitors*, by James Baker (Sampson Low & Co.); *Francis Duncan; Soldier and Citizen*, by Henry Birdwood Blogg, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Round the Empire*, by George R. Parkin (Cassell & Co.), an unconventional class-book of geography "for the use of schools," with a preface by Lord Rosebery; *Money, Silver, and Finance*, by J. Howard Cowperthwait (Putnam's Sons); *The Question of Silver*, by Louis R. Ehrich (Putnam's Sons); *The Art of Teaching and Studying Foreign Languages*, translated from the French of M. François Gouin by Messrs. Howard Swan and Victor Bétis (Philip & Son); *The Dawn of Love; and other Poems*, by Colin Rae-Brown, complete edition, with a memoir (Alexander Gardner); *A Cavalier's Ladye*, by Constance MacEwen, a romance of the Isle of Wight, new edition (Methuen & Co.); *A Desperate Dilemma*, by Milton Danvers (Diprose & Bateman); *Midnight Madness*, by Walter Hubbell (Chicago: Bingham Company); *A Tramp to Brighton*, by E. S. Kennedy (Simpkin & Co.); *A Prelude to the Idylls of the Queen*, by W. Alfred Gibbs (Sampson Low & Co.); *England's Greatest National Sin*, being reflections and selections on the opium traffic by H. H. T. Cleife, M.A. (Stock); *La Jeune Sibérienne*, a juxtalinear translation, with notes, by F. E. Darqué (Hughes); and *Kate Nigel*, a story by M. E. B. Isherwood (Digby, Long, & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

The End and the Beginning.

ON Thursday a majority composed of the most heterogeneous and uncertain elements practically, though not technically, put an end to the Government of Lord SALISBURY. That Government has, no doubt, not done all things that it should have done; it has done some things that it should not, and more that it need not have done. But it has for six years governed England at home on the whole much better than most Governments; it has maintained the credit, the honour, and the interests of the country abroad, with hardly surpassed judgment and success; and it has held, if not "in luve "and lee," at any rate in increasing and latterly almost complete peace, quiet, and prosperity, by the means of firm, but just and moderate rule, that part of the kingdom which is the most difficult to govern, by fair means or by foul, of any in Europe. It has committed no positive blunder; it has incurred no serious disaster whatever. And it is succeeded by a Government, the probable proceedings of which, at a modest estimate, three out of every four Scotchmen, Englishmen, and even Irishmen, who are in any way competent to form an opinion, regard with the profoundest distrust and alarm. Meanwhile, perhaps, the best text for Gladstonians to reflect on is the somewhat famous and, for them, ominously double-edged conclusion of an epitaph in Hartington churchyard:—

> His debts are paid; his grave you see;
> *Prepare yourself to follow he.*

In Parliament.

On *Friday* week Mr. PEEL's election as Speaker was confirmed in the House of Lords, and a vast deal of hard and rather disorderly swearing was gone through, more than half the House of Commons taking their seats, and the egregious Mr. KEIR HARDIE appearing, as he had appeared the day before, in the character of chief mountebank.

The objection of legislators to sitting on *Saturday* proved to be constant, for, though the House sat specially for the purpose of swearing in, not quite seventy members cared to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting a troublesome and necessary business over in comparative quiet.

Business proper of the ordinary sort began on *Monday*, when, after a few more members had been sworn, a QUEEN'S Speech of the most strictly colourless kind was laid before both Houses. No adverse motion was attempted in the House of Lords, Lord KIMBERLEY being put forward to make, and Lord HERSCHELL later to cover, the inglorious movement which the members of their party in the Lower House had prescribed to the few and insignificant peers who follow Mr. GLADSTONE through a perpetual Coventry. It was, of course, impossible to make them fight if they would not; one noble Lord can hardly behave to another noble Lord as GARIBALDI'S English officers are said to have behaved to GARIBALDI'S Italian troops; but they were not left to do their skulking quite unpunished. Not to mention other speakers, Lord SALISBURY condoled with them, and applied precious balms to their heads with his usual skill and zest in performing that part of the duty of a Christian, while the Duke of DEVONSHIRE explained to them that the precedent of 1859, in which he won his own political spurs, would not help them one little bit, seeing that the procedure on that occasion was as different as the circumstances. But there was no great amusement in baiting a handful of poor persons who would not have dared to offend their masters elsewhere by fighting even if they had themselves had the pluck to fight. So the Lords agreed to the Address and rose in ample time for even an early dinner. The proceedings in the Commons lasted till close upon midnight; but truth compels the admission that they were not so lively as they were long. The speeches of the mover and seconder of the Address, Mr. DUNBAR BARTON and Mr. CROSS, were well enough; Mr. ASQUITH did his no-confidence motion with quite sufficient smartness, and showed a most praiseworthy acquaintance with the golden rule, "When you have no "case and do not care simply to abuse, say nothing "at all in as many and as good words as you can." Moreover, it must be admitted that there was more truth in his gibes at the Tory attempts at popular legislation than there should have been. Mr. GOSCHEN—who followed Mr. BURT, the inoffensive seconder of the amendment—made, as he was bound to make, the best speech of the evening; Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY was amiably null; Mr. JESSE COLLINGS laid stoutly about him; Mr. REDMOND, kindly promising Mr. ASQUITH his

vote, manifested a tendency in the "wanting-to-know" direction which put to shame even those earlier exploits of Mr. ASQUITH'S own ill-regulated desires—desires now so peacefully lulled by hopes unnecessary to mention; and Lord WOLMER, doubtless to the horror of the *Scottish Leader* (Advt.), wound up the evening with spirit. But, on the whole, the cannonading on both sides suggested the touchhole rather than the muzzle. No doubt, it is not easy to fight a one-sided battle. But a grumbler might have been tempted to say at the close of the first "journey," "Why meet Parlia-"ment at all if it was merely to fire off blank cartridge "like this?"

On *Tuesday* the House of Lords had but a few minutes' sitting. In the House of Commons some more swearing was done, and, the debate being resumed, much more reality was infused into it by a duel between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BALFOUR. The former spoke, it is hardly necessary to say, in "splendid "form," with "thrilling and penetrating tones," &c. (It must be, as we may have observed before, a subject of regret for Gladstonian printers that the elder Mr. WALTER'S "logotype," which would have enabled *clichés* of this kind to be set up whole, has gone out of use.) In other words, he affected to consider the whole thing a foregone conclusion, assured Mr. BALFOUR (which was hardly necessary) that the Opposition were not going to listen to any argument, threatened (himself describing threats as vain breath) the House of Lords, the Irish landlords and others; promised Mr. MCCARTHY and Mr. REDMOND that if they would give him their sweet voices they should see what they should see; endeavoured to propitiate Mr. SAMUEL EVANS and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by frequent references to the four "divisions" ("division" is certainly apt in Mr. GLADSTONE'S mouth) of the country, and without even waiting till Mr. BALFOUR had finished answering him, went off to the last country-seat lent him, a proceeding which, in a Tory leader, would have drawn down from Gladstonians torrents of indignation at the disrespect shown to the House of Commons. It was a pity that he did not wait, for Mr. BALFOUR might have done him some good. The FIRST LORD assured the House that he did not consider the present Government in need of apology, smashed Mr. GLADSTONE'S misrepresentations of the recent and present state of Irish history once more, put some nasty questions as to how order is going to be kept in Ireland, and what is to become of the honest tenants who have been put in if the dishonest ones are put back, and ended with a "much good may it do you!" Then the debate relapsed. Mr. GLADSTONE had cried "mum!" and his chief henchmen obeyed the signal. Mr. O'CONNOR talked about Tories and beer, to which cry we will listen when Mr. O'CONNOR brings forward one-hundredth part of the evidence which exists about Gladstonians and bread; Mr. T. W. RUSSELL showed the uses of adversity by very sensibly admitting that the temperance matter was mere child's play compared to the state of things with which Ireland is threatened; Mr. NAOROJI made hay while yet the sun of Finsbury doth shine; Colonel SAUNDERSON was as amusing as ever; and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY was terribly angry because the Government in its last days is taking care of a Dowb which is not his Dowb. And with reason, for not only are the wrong persons getting things, but there will be fewer things to give away to the right ones—a horrid thought. Then the House adjourned over Wednesday. Gladstonians, as was to be expected, have since made much fuss over the notice taken of Mr. GLADSTONE'S singular disappearance, denouncing it as ungenerous and the like. This is rather absurd. Either Mr. GLADSTONE is physically competent to undertake the government of this country or he is not. If he is, his conduct on Tuesday was, to say the least, peculiar; if he is not, he has obtained his majority on false pretences. It will hardly be contended that even the dubiously wise persons who "went solid for him" would have gone solid for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Mr. MORLEY or Mr. LABOUCHERE.

There was no lack of liveliness in the debate when it reopened on *Thursday* after a rather busy and curiously futile question time. The Gladstonians had used and had unwisely paraded their use of a little stratagem to prevent Mr. CHAMBERLAIN from speaking first; they failed, and he dealt with them after that fashion of uncompromising faithfulness which he is wont to show when people meddle with Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. He began by a neat description of Mr. HEALY as always at hand when a discourteous act was to be performed to any man "or any woman," and he kept it up in the same style during the whole of the most purely fighting speech that the debate produced. But the Gladstonians in the Commons, like their Helots in the Lords, absolutely declined even to be kicked into fighting. They preferred the tactics which Colonel QUAGG'S intended victim did not prefer, and took it lying down. One or two independent members of the party broke from this ignoble *mot d'ordre*; but the rest of the evening was left to the Ministerialists, Sir HENRY JAMES and Mr. CHAPLIN being the chief speakers, the latter much mobbed by the baser sort of the Opposition. The division when it came was the largest on record, and the result, 350 for Mr. ASQUITH'S amendment to 310 against it, exactly corresponded to Mr. GLADSTONE'S expected majority. When the shouting was over Mr. BALFOUR moved an adjournment to next Thursday, and the House dispersed.

Home Politics. On Monday the Greenock seat was formally adjudged to Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND. Contrariwise, The Man-not-in-Black increased his little majority over Captain PENTON from three votes to five on recount, though there are questions yet to be decided. Perhaps this is as well, or Men-Who-are-Black might have suspected foul play.——The Liberation Society met on Tuesday, and was, of course, exceedingly busy and happy. Mr. ILLINGWORTH, indeed, may be said metaphorically to have been "gleaming in purple and "gold"; and Mr. PERK was there, and Mr. SNAPE, and Mr. COBB, and Mr. BYLES, flagrant from the scourge of "Inner Temple," and at the Holborn Restaurant they breakfasted and listened to a speech from Mr. ELLIS.——The Home Rule Union followed on Wednesday, and Mr. BLAKE (who seems to be the chief speaker of the party which has just adopted him) attempted a sneer about having heard nothing of Irish outrages for the last six months. Nothing has been heard, because there have been none—a deficiency which is pretty sure to be made up by Mr. BLAKE'S friends when they have their way, and when Mr. BALFOUR is out of it.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. News came on Friday week of divers British annexations in the Pacific ("Let us be merry before we go"; there will not be much annexation in Mr. GLADSTONE'S time), together with more details of the proposed mission of Lord ROBERTS to Jellalabad, and an interesting contradiction, since complicated by further contradictions, by Sir C. EUAN-SMITH of the conduct attributed to him at Fez by smart correspondents.——The continued fall in silver, the continued evil news from Afghanistan, and the projected mission of Lord ROBERTS formed the Indian news of Monday; and there was much about the French-Belgian dispute on the Oubangi.——Very little foreign news came on Tuesday.——But Wednesday brought more rumours of ill from Afghanistan and the Pamirs. The Republicans had had considerable success in the French elections to the Councils-General, and in Germany Herr HERRFURTH, the Minister of the Interior, had resigned.——There

has been a good deal of fighting in Morocco, not to the advantage of the SULTAN'S troops; and in Dahomey the French have been cannonading the coast towns and districts. But you cannot win a country by cannonading its coast, and though it is not a very far cry to Abomey, such land expeditions as Colonel DODDS has tried do not seem to have as yet met with much success.——Yesterday morning the occupation by France of the Gloriosa Islands, near Madagascar, was announced. This was not unexpected and is not of very great importance, but the rumoured intention to claim St. Paul and Amsterdam is much more serious. Fresh rumours of collision between Russians and Afghans also arrived.

The British Association. Members of the British Association have, no doubt, had an excellent time at Edinburgh; but the actual proceedings of the Association were not of much general interest, the chief exception being Mr. THEODORE BENT'S paper on the antiquities and curiosities of Mashonaland. However, Lord KELVIN expressed himself as more than satisfied with the purely scientific results of the meeting, and these, no doubt, are the most important.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the text of the Report and Resolutions of the Council of Judges was published.——NEILL was in Court again on Monday, and later the LONGMAN *habeas corpus* case was decided against the parents.——On Tuesday the House of Lords agreed with the Court of Appeal, and disagreed with Mr. Justice STIRLING, in sanctioning the sale of Savernake to Lord IVEAGH. We have already discussed this many-sided case so fully that there is no need to say much more about it. Lord IVEAGH will get an almost unique estate, the tribes of Israel will get their money with a considerable consideration for their charity and enterprise in lending it, Lord AILESBURY will lose a possession which he did not appreciate, and obtain an income which he will doubtless administer at his discretion, the tenants and neighbours will gain an excellent landlord and neighbour, and the worthier members of the BRUCE family will, by no fault of their own, and in spite of the intentions of their fathers, lose their right to the ancestral property and their chance of restoring the ancestral name. It is excessively hard on them. And it is not surprising that they should have tried a "nice sharp "quillet of the law" (which has not yet been decided) as a last resort for staying the sale.——Many cases of more importance than general interest were decided on Wednesday, on which day in the police-courts Mr. HADEN CORSER dismissed, but on special not general grounds, a novel and apparently eccentric summons by the Islington Board of Guardians against a person for "neglecting to maintain himself." This is a rather unexpected addition to the whole duty of poor modern man. How about a summons for neglect to attend to one's proper development in the Ibsenite sense?

Yachting. On the last day of the Squadron Regatta at Cowes, the *Meteor* had another disappointment, coming in first in a big handicap of all rigs, but losing the prize by time allowance to Lord DUNRAVEN'S *L'Espérance*. She was luckier in the Southampton Regatta this day week, when, sailing another match with the *Iverna*, she beat her by seven minutes after an unusually good sail; the usual *Queen Mab* winning the forty prize. Mr. JAMESON'S yacht had her due revenge on Tuesday in the Royal Victoria Regatta at Ryde, but nothing was able to touch *Queen Mab* in the lower class. The second day of this regatta was spoilt by an almost total absence of wind; and in uncompleted matches the *Thalia* and the *Maid Marian* drifted rather than sailed home first in their respective classes. In somewhat similar weather the *Queen Mab* was again successful on Thursday.

Cricket. At Canterbury this day week Notts beat Kent, though by no means so hollow as might have been thought likely from recent play; Gloucestershire, playing an exceedingly uphill game against Sussex, drew, owing to an admirable innings of 99—achieved after much ill luck this season—by W. G. GRACE, and to the stout defence of Messrs. RICE and FERRIS; Yorkshire beat Essex after a good and level match; and the strong Harrow team, which has been wandering in the North, drew with an equally strong Manchester eleven.——The rain of the early part of the week interfered very much with all matches. The most remarkable effect was on Tuesday, when the match between Lancashire and Somerset, which had been perforce adjourned, was begun and finished in the day. Mr. PALAIRET, in both innings, and Mr. HEWETT in the first, made good stands against the dangerous bowling of BRIGGS and MOLD on a treacherous wicket, but their companions could do little, and Lancashire won by eight wickets.——Next day Notts beat Middlesex, and Yorkshire Sussex, the best eleven in each case no doubt winning, but having, as in the case of Lancashire, the best of the luck as well as of the play.

Racing. The racing of the week has been fairly plentiful but very unimportant; Mr. HOULDSWORTH'S Dunure, however, won the valuable City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes at Kempton Park on Wednesday well from Broad Corrie and Scarborough.

Correspondence. An epistolary battle between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. O'BRIEN was published on Monday.——The "remains" of Lord SHERBROOKE have been much written about, and at various times the late mission to Fez and the highly "floriated" accounts of it have been the subject of correspondence, official and other.——The much-discussed question of Kanaka traffic has also had its share of attention. But those who longed to hear suave wisdom from Lord GRIMTHORPE on the Lincoln judgment have hitherto been disappointed. Cannot "CLIFFORD spare his friends an oath"?

Miscellaneous. It was announced yesterday week that the Althorp Library had been bought by Mrs. RYLANDS, and was to go to Manchester. Certainly there are few provincial cities which have deserved better of literature; but it is rather a pity that London, Oxford, or Cambridge was not preferred to it. For it is desirable that rare books should be collected as much as possible in a few centres, running about being always inconvenient, and sometimes impossible, to the impecunious race of bookmen. But as we have said, better Manchester than most others.——Mr. FORREST FULTON (who in the last promotion of the blest was also made Q.C., and thereafter Knight) has been appointed to the Common Serjeantcy in Sir W. CHARLEY'S room.

Obituary. Sir DANIEL WILSON, who died at Toronto last Sunday, was a member of a well-known and accomplished Scotch family, a nephew of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, a man of science of considerable eminence, and no mean man of letters, who had distinguished himself particularly by his dealings with the history and antiquities of Edinburgh.——Sir JOHN GORRIE, late Chief Justice of Trinidad, had had a varied and rather eventful, if not at the last wholly fortunate career.——General VAN STRAUBENZEE had seen service for fully half a century, and his name is familiar in the history of Indian, Crimean, and Chinese warfare.

MR. GLADSTONE EXPLAINS.

IN the political, as in many other games, it is generally a sound rule for the player in doubt about his tactics to make the move that his adversary most

dislikes, and for the reason that he most dislikes it. The course taken by Ministers in meeting Parliament instead of resigning immediately after the elections might, no doubt, have been theoretically justified in any case as an application of this rule; but it certainly took more than one night of debate on the Address to demonstrate its practical wisdom. This was not wholly owing to circumstances under the control of the Government, and was due in part to inevitable conditions of procedure. To put up two promising but necessarily inexperienced members of the House of Commons to make speeches which had to preserve their externally formal character, while requiring on this occasion to be unusually full of matter and significance as to their contents, is not in itself a convenient way of opening a party fight; but the difficulties of Mr. DUNBAR BARTON and Mr. CROSS were not a little enhanced by a circumstance for which the Government was responsible—namely, the brevity and vacuity of the QUEEN'S Speech. As regards this point there was more, we must own, than a merely technical force in Mr. GLADSTONE'S objection that a Government which elects to meet Parliament at all ought not to do so without submitting to it some fuller and more definite statement of its policy than Ministers in this instance vouchsafed. We fail to see how the perfectly legitimate assumption that the advisers of the Crown for the time being continue to possess the national confidence until a vote of the House of Commons demonstrates the contrary can be made to consist with the tacit admission that those advisers have not deemed it necessary or desirable to offer any advice to the SOVEREIGN. And the adoption of this attitude gave an air of weakness to the position of the Government which the speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER did not wholly avail to remove.

We may admit, nevertheless, that the tactics of the Government have, on the whole, been justified by events. Even the first night repaid itself in bringing out the demands of the two Irish factions in such distinct and unmistakable terms, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S mode of dealing with them the night after would have given importance and value to a far less satisfactory debate. His whole speech, indeed, in which he said both too much and too little to please all sections of his followers, has distinctly helped the Unionists. His way of treating the curiosity of his friends below the gangway is more dignified than that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT without being any less discreet. Instead of fleeing from his interrogators and going home to dinner, he invites them to his own oratorical table, and handsomely entertains them with a banquet of words. Mr. MCCARTHY and Mr. REDMOND have been informed of Mr. GLADSTONE'S hearty sympathy with their solicitude on behalf of the imprisoned dynamiters and the evicted tenants, and that if something can be done hereafter for these two deserving classes of persons something will be done, and if nothing, nothing; but that further than this, Mr. GLADSTONE will not be able to answer more particularly until he has been put into office. Similarly as to Mr. MCCARTHY'S inquiries with reference to the Home Rule Bill, and his rival's more pointed interrogatories on the same subject. Both were informed with admirable gravity that there is to be a "full transference to Ireland of the management "of her local affairs," *and* an equally complete reservation of Imperial supremacy; but Mr. REDMOND'S curiosity to know what this last phrase imports was, of course, not gratified. Whether the safeguard of Imperial supremacy is to be a real and effective power of controlling the acts of a Dublin Parliament in a Parliament sitting at Westminster (which the Parnellites will not, and the Anti-Parnellites dare not, consent to), or whether it is to be the mere fiction (which even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pronounces inadequate) of a Royal veto exercised by the advice of Irish Ministers—that is to say, of an Irish majority; that is to say, Archbishop WALSH—on Irish legislation, Mr. GLADSTONE did not say. And though Mr. BALFOUR, in his searching analysis of the situation, drew attention to Mr. GLADSTONE'S silence, it is not likely that either Mr. REDMOND or any other member of either section of the Nationalists will trouble himself much about it at present. As we anticipated the other day, the Irish party have not deemed it necessary to exact any express pledges from Mr. GLADSTONE. They are sufficiently conscious of the permanence and completeness of their control over him to perceive that there is no need for any such precautions. Their announcement of the claim which he will hereafter be expected to satisfy was merely in the nature of "notice." The unhappy old statesman, doomed to spend the last years of a long public life in this ignoble servitude, has simply received warning in the face of Parliament and the country that these are the terms to which he will have to conform under penalty of immediate expulsion from office if he should dare to set up any pretensions to a will of his own.

Perhaps the most impressive part of Mr. BALFOUR'S brilliant and powerful reply—a speech well worthy of the occasion—was his description of the personal indignities and public dangers which are involved in Mr. GLADSTONE'S subjection to his Irish masters. But as a piece of debating fence there was nothing better in his speech than his exposure of the argumentative ineptitudes of those sudden sticklers for constitutional etiquette who are now protesting against the Gladstonian majority being referred to the Irish vote. Mr. GLADSTONE knows nothing, it seems, of an Irish vote—since he has taken to buying instead of combating it; and thinks that the preponderance of votes from Ireland is "a reason "why you should approach the question of Home Rule "with favourable predispositions." Yes; but it is a reason which derives its weight, so far as Mr. GLADSTONE is concerned, from precisely the same motive which induced him to approach the question of surrendering the Transvaal with "favourable predisposi-"tions" when he found that the Boers had shot straighter than our own people at Majuba Hill. In other words, Mr. GLADSTONE did not take this view of a preponderance of opinion from Ireland as long as he entertained the hope of overbearing it by brute votes of his own; and, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, again quoting an ever-memorable passage, his constitutionalism was not too high and dry to recognize an Irish vote when in 1885 he entreated the constituencies not to leave the Liberal party dependent upon it at a time when they might "be called upon to "deal with the great constitutional question of the "government of Ireland." But we are left to the *ad hominem* argument furnished to us by Mr. GLADSTONE'S audacious inconsistency in this matter. The whole reasoning of those who object to our protest against the attempt to carry Home Rule by Irish votes alone is founded upon a transparent fallacy—the fallacy, namely, that the Home Rule question is an exclusively Irish affair. It involves the claim of the smaller of two communities—if not of the smaller part of one community—to dispose of the peace, the strength, and the security of the larger; and to pretend that the larger is not entitled to count heads separately on a question of that kind is simply pedantry run mad. Because we have no right to discriminate between the votes of the various constituent countries of the United Kingdom on a question in which all are acting, and desiring to act, together as one nation, it is absurd to argue that no such discrimination is legitimate when the very question in issue is whether they shall remain one nation any longer.

On the main matter of Mr. BALFOUR'S reply it is

not necessary to dwell. It simply took note of and drove home Mr. GLADSTONE'S admissions, and nothing better could have been done. The electors, from the most down to the least intelligent among them, have no excuse now for not knowing what they have to expect. If they want domestic legislation of any other than the Irish variety they will get none. Mr. GLADSTONE has gone through the form of promising any amount of English law-making, in addition to the Irish measure; but the Irish will take care that their measure comes first, and events and its own character will take care that its other competitors are "nowhere." That is the outlook before us; the renewal of weary Parliamentary strife in England, the reappearance of disorder and lawlessness in Ireland, the revival of troubles abroad. How do the GEORGE DANDINS of the constituencies that have gone over to Gladstonianism like the prospect?

A GOOD CHARITABLE GIFT.

"MINION," "Jingo," "Brute" are among the names with which, we fear, Mr. Justice KEKEWICH is likely to be greeted. He considers that to be able to hit the dear gallant oppressed fellow-creatures against whom Mr. GLADSTONE levied war till he was beaten is a good thing, and that whoever teaches us to shoot "moving objects" which are shooting at us does good service to the nation. Now our so-called enemies are very "moving objects" to many persons who keep their hatred for their fellow citizens, and, therefore, Mr. Justice KEKEWICH is likely to be unpopular among these kind souls. The question arose thus:—Mr. STEPHENS was a pianoforte tuner, but music had no charm to soothe his savage breast. Before he died he saw our ill-led or unled little mixed multitude of divers arms well beaten at Majuba. They were beaten, partly because they could not shoot, but more because they were placed as "moving "objects" where they could not see the Boers, and where the Boers could see them. To the last they were ready and eager to try cold steel, but through the singular and fatal blindness of their commander they had no chance, and HELMSLEY and BOYLE, British privates, charged alone and fell. The ferocious Mr. STEPHENS, disliking this state of public business, left money to the National Rifle Association, to be expended in teaching men to shoot at "moving objects" of a hostile nature; "so as to prevent as far as possible "a catastrophe similar to that of Majuba Hill."

To ourselves, of course, Mr. STEPHENS'S conduct seems highly worthy of a good Englishman, nay, we hold that to shoot our foes is a more charitable act than anything that can be done with pianos, the very scourge of humanity. However, an action was brought to decide whether the bequest was valid. On the side of its non-validity, it was argued, for the next of kin, that the bequest was not "a good charitable gift for a "general or universal public purpose." It is, perhaps, more universally charitable to let Boers and others shoot at us without shooting back. But we understand that the very Boers do not take this view. Majuba was mere rabbit-shooting, so they said, not war; and they had come out to shoot warriors, not rabbits. They were disappointed by our failure to keep up our end. The feelings of the member of the Cambridge Eleven who proclaimed his hope that Oxford would "make something of a fight of it" reigned in the chivalrous hearts of the African Dutch. We have nothing to say against them; they took their side, and showed courage and accuracy of aim. We contend that they would have regarded better shooting on the English side as an universal or public benefit. Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, though he did not adduce these arguments, regarded Mr. STEPHENS'S object as "an "excellent object." "Why," he asked, "was it not a "charity?" The Statute of ELIZABETH regarded a charity as "a gift for general public use," not, we presume, for the use of her Majesty Queen ELIZABETH'S enemies. That lady had her faults; among them cosmopolitanism held no place. She was averse to war, like all wise rulers; but she had no idea of yielding to Spain as an act of charity. Mr. STEPHENS'S bequest was "to the advantage of the United Kingdom" (while it lasts), and of all Englishmen, not only of those who were likely to be shot at. These conclusions appear obvious. If you see a man set on by robbers, and hit them on the head, your act is as "charitable" as that of the Good Samaritan, who would doubtless have struck in had he arrived in time. If you see your soldiers massacred, it is charitable to help them; it is not your business to go back, and argue as to whether their quarrel is good. They did not choose their quarrel. We trust that Mr. Justice KEKEWICH'S opinion may encourage patriotic testators, for they need encouragement; and apparently testators had better be as explicit as possible. They should not leave money merely to be spent in shooting at moving objects, but should explain why this art is an art that should be cultivated.

THE FEZ MISSION.

THAT the account of recent diplomatic conflicts at Fez given in Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S despatches is found to differ from the version of the same incidents already published in some newspapers will not, we think, surprise the judicious reader. Neither will the discrepancies between them lead him into uncharitable thoughts towards the correspondents by whose lively narratives he has been amused. It is not only in law courts that witnesses of the most honest intentions unconsciously colour their narrative according to the purpose for which they tell it. The same story will look very different when it is told by a correspondent with a turn for the picturesque, animated by the desire to produce a readable column, and by an official gentleman who knows that his report must meet the approval of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and be fit for publication in Blue-books. In this case a careful sifting of the evidence will probably lead to the conviction that the contradictions discoverable in the official and the unofficial reports are rather in the form and in matters of opinion than in the substance and in matters of fact.

These remarks do not apply to the statements which have appeared in some foreign papers to the effect that Sir C. EUAN-SMITH had endeavoured to extort telegraph and other concessions from the SULTAN. No correspondent had anything to do with these stories, which are to be attributed to the settled belief of Continental journalists in the unscrupulous perfidy of English diplomacy. They are sure that we are very capable of making these demands, and so they simply state as a fact that we have made them. This is a matter of course, and Lord SALISBURY did the foreign papers great honour when he called Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S attention to their wild talk. We did not need the Minister's assurance that these "statements" are "completely and utterly untrue." English Ministers are not sent out to engage in *tripotage* of this kind. But the denial will produce no effect on the sagacious foreign critic, who is no more to be hoodwinked than LEONTES, King of Sicilia—

> *He* "ne'er heard yet
> That any of these bolder vices wanted
> Less impudence to gainsay what they did
> Than to perform it first."

He will remain as sure as before that there has been a wicked plot to filch an advantage in the greedy and perfidious English style. Lord SALISBURY'S emphatic instructions to the Minister to avoid the use of menace, "which would be doubly dangerous, because, if resisted, "it might bring about a serious crisis, and, if suc-"cessful, would place HER MAJESTY'S Government in "the position of having undertaken the protection of "Morocco," express for us exactly the view which an English Secretary of State might be expected to take. But we shall be very candid if we trust critics abroad to treat his words as other than a blind.

Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S despatches contain what may be called the prose of the story with which we are already acquainted. Some of the incidents reported in the papers are not mentioned, while others are reduced to much more modest proportions. The incident of the flag and of the tearing up of the treaty will illustrate the process of reduction. It seems that Sir C. EUAN-SMITH did not hoist the flag. On the contrary, he promised the SULTAN not to do so—but when BUSHTA'S soldiers began to riot in front of the Mission, Sir CHARLES did threaten to show the flag, and to leave the SULTAN responsible for seeing that it was treated with proper respect. MULEY HASSAN then exerted himself to damp down the zeal of the PASHA, and made it a matter of personal favour that the flag should not be hoisted, on the intelligible ground, no doubt, that the sight of it would have an exasperating effect on the Senoussi fanatics who are known to have influence in Fez. From the official report, then, it appears that Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S carriage at this crisis, though firm, was not so melodramatically heroic as it appeared to the rapid journalistic mind, jumping from what it knew had happened to what it concluded must have happened. As regards the famous tearing up incident recorded, not only in narrative but in pictorial art, with much circumstantial detail, this also was not quite so large as it was painted. Sir C. EUAN-SMITH did not tear up a draft treaty sent by the SULTAN, "but a document which the MINISTER for FOREIGN "AFFAIRS had placed in the hands of one of my staff "in an improper and irregular manner, in order that "it might reach me indirectly, and entail no responsi-"bility on the Minister himself." This act appeared to Sir C. EUAN-SMITH to require emphatic rebuke, and so came the tearing up. The Moorish Minister apologized, but excused himself on the ground that he had acted by the SULTAN'S orders. Still, the difference between the two stories seems to us to be very much one of degree.

When one turns to what is a much more important matter than the malignant misstatements of foreign or the hasty misstatements of native journalists—namely, the actual history of the Mission—it becomes clear that it has been of a kind to prove that a crisis is approaching in Morocco. The SULTAN has long ceased to be strong enough to exclude foreign trade and traders from his dominions. Under the influence of personal feelings of his own or of the fear inspired by the more fanatical portion of his subjects, MULEY HASSAN has continued to impose the utmost possible restrictions on an intercourse which he cannot wholly prevent. The object of the Mission was to arrange a treaty by which all foreigners would benefit. Sir C. EUAN-SMITH was instructed to obtain reductions in import and export duties, and the removal of merely vexatious restrictions. He was also instructed to persuade the SULTAN to put a stop to the Slave-trade in his dominions. It was an inevitable result of our whole policy in Africa that this should have been made one of the objects of the mission. We have undertaken the suppression of the Slave-trade in Central Africa, and we could not pass over an opportunity of depriving it of one of its remaining markets. It may very well be the case that this part of our proposals prejudiced the SULTAN against the rest. The rulers of Morocco can not only neither understand, nor sympathize with, our attitude towards slavery; but they may not quite unreasonably look upon our interference as a barely disguised attempt to assume rule in the country. But, even if the slavery question had not been touched on at all, it is certain, judging by the SULTAN'S action throughout, that every obstacle would have been put in the way of signing a satisfactory treaty. Though the incidents were apparently less violent than we had been told they were, Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S story agrees in the main with that told by the agents of the Central News Agency. The SULTAN behaved after the fashion of weak Oriental rulers when they are asked to do something they do not wish to do, but are not strong enough to meet the demand by a direct refusal. He made profuse promises and then endeavoured to escape complying with them by dilatory delays or weakly dishonest manœuvres. Whatever may be the proper equivalent for that useful Spanish word mañana, which is commonly translated to-morrow, but which really means "at some unspecified "future time when I cannot help it," was freely used. Delays were combined with an attempt to bribe the English Minister, and with vague warnings of danger to him personally if he persisted, followed in their turn by carefully-arranged riots. When brought to book the SULTAN was profuse in apologies. He punished, or pretended to punish, the Ministers who had, doubtless with his consent, endeavoured to terrify the Mission by a show of violence. Down to the last he made a pretence of negotiating, while, with the helpless cunning of the weak Oriental, he was endeavouring to steal a march by falsifying clauses in the treaty to which he had apparently consented. As the English Minister was strictly forbidden to use menace, there could be but one end to all this—the withdrawal of the Mission, and the suspension, for the time being at least, of negotiations.

It is easy to say that this cannot be the end; but it is very difficult to go further and decide what is the next step to be taken. If we had to consider ourselves only, it would be easy enough to do nothing, since we do not wish to employ force. But it is notorious that we are not alone. France has been disturbed by the Mission, and has been seriously maligned if it has not had a share in bringing about a failure of the negotiations. And then, it is further very doubtful whether MULEY HASSAN is, in more than a very formal sense, the ruler of Morocco. Two thirds of the country is said to be in a state of anarchy, and the SULTAN'S authority in the remainder is understood to be greatly shaken. Whatever merit he may have acquired with his more fanatical subjects by allowing the Mission to retire without concluding a treaty, and by avoiding the appointment of English vice-consuls in his cities, must be considerably diminished by the fine he imposed on the Governor of Fez and the public apology he compelled him to make to the English Minister. The SULTAN is not secure against a revolt in his capital if the Senoussi and any one of his generals combine to upset him. In such a case anarchy would be the immediate result, and it would become impossible for the European Powers interested to stand aside any longer. That may be considered as certain; but what course the Powers could take, and how they could arrange their conflicting claims with one another—those are questions which the various foreign Ministers concerned must find exceedingly obscure. It is not sure that, if the SULTAN had concluded the treaty, he would have warded off trouble for long; but by not completing it (whether freely or through fear does not matter) it is highly probable that he has precipitated the long-threatened crisis.

THE JUDGES' REPORT.

AFTER a considerable amount of semi-official and official deliberation, by no means more than was fitting for matter of such weight, the Council of Judges have framed a series of resolutions on the improvement of procedure and expediting of judicial business, and have summed up their main points in an introductory statement. The report was made public last Saturday. We may say at once that the proposed amendments appear to be generally in the right direction, though on some points it is at least open to doubt whether the means indicated by the Judges would be found adequate to carry out the intention. For the present we leave aside various matters which are by no means trifling or merely technical, but which can hardly be discussed with profit except among practical lawyers: for example, the possible rearrangements and economy of labour in the vast mass of administrative work done behind the public scene by the Judges of the Chancery Division and their staff. Apart from such matters, the report deals mainly with the following topics: The circuit system and its relations to town business; the regulation of interlocutory proceedings in civil actions; the recovery of costs; and the establishment of a court of criminal appeal.

As to circuits, the object proposed is "to arrange "for the constant presence of a sufficient number of "judges in London to provide for the continuous "administration of justice, and at the same time for "a sufficient attendance of judges in the country to "satisfy all reasonable local requirements." This is to be done by "the grouping on centres of county "civil causes." In the Resolutions the Council give a list of 38 minor assize towns where an average of the last four years shows half-a-dozen causes or less to each assize. Maidstone stands highest with seven. A considerable number show only one or two. Such are Bedford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Oxford, Reading, Dorchester, Worcester, Lancaster. Mold and Presteign have had only one cause apiece in four years, and Oakham absolutely none. Having regard to the speed and cheapness of travelling nowadays, we agree that there can be no adequate reason for keeping up separate civil assizes at all these places. Take Oxford for example, a county town lying on the very border-line of its county. Probably a large proportion of Oxfordshire suitors and witnesses would find it positively more convenient to go to Birmingham. In like manner much of the Surrey business can be dealt with as well in London as at Guildford, if not better. Again the civil business of Lancaster is already to all practical intents absorbed by Manchester and Liverpool. On these principles the Council have worked out a scheme of circuits of which every one would last about a month, and occupy from four to seven judges at a time. Six judges would go on a winter circuit, both civil and criminal, to the principal centres, from the second week in January to the middle of February. Immediately after this a criminal circuit would be held for the minor centres, with civil business also at Norwich, Lincoln, and Bodmin, which are excepted from the grouping system by reason of their geographical isolation. This would occupy six other judges till March 25, and one other, on a short Northern circuit, till February 27. In May three judges would be told off for Manchester, Liverpool, and the criminal business of Leeds. It is an unenviable distinction for Leeds to be expected to produce criminal trials in an abnormally large ratio, but no doubt the judges have had unmistakable statistics before them. In June and the first week of July there would be a summer circuit of six judges answering to the winter circuit first mentioned; in July and August another criminal circuit for the minor assize towns; and through the Michaelmas sittings (October 24 to December 21) a series of general circuits for which a time-table is carefully laid out in such wise that not more than six judges would be away at any one time. These changes would operate, we think, wholly to the ease and convenience of suitors. As regards the profession their natural effect would be to strengthen the local Bar at the principal centres, and perhaps to form a local Bar at some places, such as Durham, Winchester, and Exeter, where it can hardly be said that there is one at present. At the same time the unity of professional habits and tradition which has been produced by the circuit system would not be in danger. It appears to be the opinion of the Judges that in order to preserve this it is worth while to take a good deal of trouble in arranging the sittings, and to renounce a few plausible economies of time and expense. In that opinion we wholly concur. Local solicitors and tradesmen at the smaller assize towns would naturally dislike any change whatever; but they cannot claim any vested rights in the accidental benefits they have so long enjoyed.

In the matter of civil procedure the Judicature Acts, while introducing many real improvements, have also led to abuses that call for remedy. Broadly speaking, the elaborate procedure and inquisitorial powers of the old Court of Chancery have been made largely applicable to every kind of litigation. When exercised by trained hands and on appropriate matter, they formed and still form perhaps the most nearly perfect instrument of civil justice that the world has ever seen. But when they are indiscriminately used in such common and plain matters of dispute as the majority of civil actions are founded on, they are easily turned, with or without actual wrongful purpose, into an instrument of delay, vexation, and multiplication of proceedings which do not advance substantial justice, and bear a crop of costs none the less substantial for being useless. It has already been more than once proposed, for the remedy of these evils, that the Court should have much greater powers of control over both pleadings and interlocutory proceedings of all kinds. The Council of Judges now repeats, in effect, the recommendation made in 1881 by a very strong Committee, but not acted upon save in an illusory fashion. What is proposed is that at an early stage in every action it must be referred to a Master to give general directions as to the conduct of the action, including the question whether there should be any pleadings or not. The present "Statement of Claim" is really the old Chancery "Bill of Complaint" in a simplified form, and in the common run of actions for goods sold and the like it is of no use whatever either to the parties or to the Court. Interrogatories and inspection of documents have been notoriously used to excess; the resolutions of the Judges propose to allow them not as of right, but only when they are shown to be really necessary. We cannot absolutely approve the proposed dealing with interlocutory appeals in the Queen's Bench Division; namely, that they should go to a specially appointed Divisional Court of three judges as a final tribunal. This would indeed be better than the present inordinate facilities for repeated and protracted appeals. But we should have liked the judges to go further in the direction of the bold but practical suggestions lately put forward by Mr. THOMAS SNOW in the *Law Quarterly Review*. A Divisional Court is really a thing of naught, which pretends to be what the old Courts in Banc were, but which under the new system is and must be hopelessly overshadowed by the Court of Appeal. We think that Divisional Courts ought to be abolished, and that there should be nothing between the judgment or order of a single judge (made after taking time to consider, if he thinks fit) and the decision of the Court of Appeal. The removal of motions

for new trials from the Divisional Court to the Court of Appeal has worked well, and the principle should be made universal. If the Court of Appeal as at present constituted is not strong enough to cope with the work, it would be good economy in the long run to strengthen it.

Exactly the same criticism occurs to us upon the proposal of the Council for constituting a Court of Criminal Appeal. It is to "consist of the Lord Chief "Justice of England for the time being, and six other "Judges of the Queen's Bench Division to be selected "by the Judges of that Division," and is to take over the jurisdiction of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and also to have certain new powers of revising sentences, except in cases of murder, on application. We do not doubt that six judges might be selected from the Queen's Bench Division as it now stands who would be competent to establish something like a standard of judicial discretion in the matter of sentences, and whose decisions on points of pure criminal law would be fully as good as we get now from the fortuitous concourse of five or six judges tempered by an occasional solemn meeting of the whole fifteen. But unsettled questions of criminal law, though now infrequent, are apt to be difficult when they do arise; and we do not see why the Council of Judges should be content to perpetuate the exclusion of the Lords Justices from giving us the benefit of their learning on such questions.

There are two resolutions on civil procedure so important that we shall give them in full.

"The costs allowed in litigious matters shall be all "those which have been reasonably incurred by the "client.

"No further costs shall be payable by the party to "his own solicitor, unless after full explanation he has "chosen to incur them, and has agreed to do so in "writing to his solicitor."

The adoption of these rules would be a great boon to just suitors, and a great discouragement to the vexatious actions and flimsy defences of unjust ones. Only the baser sort of solicitors would have cause to complain.

Some of the Judges' recommendations, it is not quite certain how many, can be carried out only by an Act of Parliament. It is unfortunate that in the present Parliament Irish Home Rule and other ambitious projects are not likely to leave much time for rational improvement and reform.

THE MONEY OF JUDAS.

THE money in question was not given to JUDAS, but by him to Mr. KEIR HARDIE, and it was not thirty pieces of silver, but one hundred pieces of gold. Neither did we compare the open-handed gentleman who befriended the Labour leader to JUDAS. We should have been content to call him Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Homestead, Pittsburg, Penn., and of other places—which is a quite sufficiently speaking description for those who know. The comparison was made by certain persons belonging to the great democracy which Mr. CARNEGIE caresses in Europe with free libraries, magazine articles on the duties of wealth, and subscriptions to electioneering expenses, while he chastises it in America with boiling water and machine-guns. It was, in fact, the Glasgow Trades Council which, with rather lumbering sarcasm, "while deploring and sincerely sympathizing "with the workmen at Pittsburg," felt also constrained "to tender their thanks to Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, and "while enrolling his name on the roll of fame, along "with the names of JUDAS ISCARIOT and JAMES CAREY, "believe that he has been the means of providing the "world with the most powerful object-lesson on the "relations of capital and labour which could possibly "be given, and which should tend to make workmen "talk and act for themselves in the future."

The Glasgow Trades Council was so moved by emotion that it could not stop to disentangle its style. But we know what it means when, with only one dissentient voice, it enrolls Mr. CARNEGIE'S name on the list of ill fame of which it claims to have the keeping. It plainly means that Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE is not the sort of person from whom a high-minded Labour candidate would like to take tips. The Trades Council did not, it seems, pass a vote to enforce so obvious a truth; but we hear that "It was suggested "that Mr. KEIR HARDIE should use every means in his "power to return the 100*l.* which he received from Mr. "CARNEGIE to pay his election expenses in West Ham." This is the magnanimous course which it is equally creditable and easy for the Trades Council to recommend. Clearly the most honourable line for Mr. KEIR HARDIE is to collect that hundred pounds, and, seeking out the place where Mr. CARNEGIE sits more or less attentive to reports of scalding and shooting at Pittsburg, to throw his dirty money at his feet. That Mr. KEIR HARDIE will do any such thing is extremely doubtful, though it would become him far better than driving down to the House of Commons behind a brass band. Our doubts are due first to the entire absence of any sign that the Glasgow Trades Council proposes to contribute itself towards making up the purse—and then to the language used by Mr. KEIR HARDIE at the Democratic Club in Essex Street.

That speech is interesting if only because it rather goes to show that the speaker is to be the "statesman" of the Labour party. There is more practical faculty in it, and much less ranting than is common with agitators of this order. But the best passage in it—the part which throws most light on the morality of the Labour party—is precisely one devoted to this very question of the subscriptions of "the natural enemy" of the worker, the rich idler to wit. Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S line is quite intelligible. He does not see why there should be an outcry about accepting a subscription of 50*l.* from an employer "at whose works a "strike was going on—an ugly event." "With the "motives of those who subscribed such funds, the "Labour party could have no concern. What they had "concern with, was the motives with which they in-"tended to spend the funds." Just so. There was a highly distinguished countryman of Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S who would have said much the same thing. What concern had the Red Gregarach with the motives which induced this or the other great lord to give him refuge or persuaded the Lowland landlord to pay him blackmail? It was all one to ROB provided he got the refuge or the money. The member for West Ham is not quite so picturesque a figure as the Cateran, in spite of that "now famous rough tweed suit in which he made his "*début* as a representative of Labour"; but his morality is not so different. The Labour party is to fight for its own hand and to think of its own interest only. It is to be always in opposition, and is to vote for any one, provided he pays most. There are to be no binding contracts to prevent its heroes from changing sides before or after every fight. In the meantime it is to pocket all the tips and *pourboires* it can get from "peers of the realm," who are "holders of a dominating "amount of shares in probably the worst sweated con-"cern of Scotland," or from employers of labour who have become tired of paying 3*s.* 9*d.* per hour, which the Midland News Association is authorized to inform us was the average rate given at Homestead in May. What a high-minded party the Labour party is to be!

THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF COMMITTEES.

MUCH anxiety has been shown in certain quarters as to the appointment of the Chairman of Committees in the new House of Commons. A Speaker may be elected, a Ministry may go out and a Ministry may come in; Mr. GLADSTONE may succeed Lord SALISBURY; a Government in which the House of Commons has not directly declared its confidence may conduct the affairs of the country for five or six months without Parliamentary control or public information as to what it is doing or leaving undone. All this seems to excite less interest in some minds than the question whether Mr. COURTNEY shall succeed Mr. COURTNEY, or whether some other politician shall sit at the table, in the chair which Mr. PALGRAVE quits when the Speaker disappears. Until January or February of next year—that is, for five or six months—this great problem must remain unsolved. The Chairman is named when Committee is first formed, by the proposal of the leader of the House that Mr. So-and-So do take the chair on that particular occasion. By custom and general acquiescence this designation is understood to be a nomination for the whole of the Parliament. A contention, however, has lately been raised that practically the nomination holds good not merely for the Parliament in which it is made, but for succeeding Parliaments. The Chairman, it is contended, really holds his office during good behaviour, from Parliament to Parliament, subject only to his willingness to retain it. It would be a slight, we are told, upon Mr. COURTNEY, and a departure from precedent, to set him aside for any one else. The fact that this proposition can be asserted shows how little lookers-on may see of the game which passes under their eyes, and how dense may be the ignorance of professional commentators on the affairs of the day with respect to events going back more than half a dozen years.

The tenure of the Chair by the Speaker, and the tenure of the minor chair, which at the close of the last century, and perhaps later — witness the *Rolliad*—was simply a stool without a back, by the Chairman of Committees, are now absolutely different. Both officials are chosen, in the first instance, out of the ranks of the party which happens to be in power. But the Speaker, once elected, is renominated in Parliament after Parliament without reference to the political character of the Ministry of the day. The Chairman of Committees is chosen in each Parliament from the ranks of the party from which the Administration of the day is derived. The office is considered as a portion of the spoils which belong to the victor. There have been two exceptions only to the rule since the Reform Act of 1832 in respect to either post, both occurring in the same Parliament and in the same Session. In 1835, when Sir ROBERT PEEL was in office, though in a minority in the House of Commons, Lord JOHN RUSSELL carried against him the nomination of Mr. ABERCROMBIE as Speaker, instead of the previous Speaker, Sir C. MANNERS SUTTON. Lord JOHN admitted that he was departing from precedent, but justified himself by the plea of exceptional circumstances. The ex-Speaker, he contended, by taking part during the crisis of the Reform controversy, in the negotiations for the formation of a Conservative Ministry of which there was some idea of making him the chief, had departed from the neutrality essential to his office. Sir ROBERT PEEL having been defeated on the question of the Speakership, did not invite another defeat on the selection of the Chairman of Committees. He, therefore, proposed Mr. BERNAL—the father of the afterwards better known BERNAL OSBORNE—who had been Chairman under the Administrations of Lord GREY, both before and since the Reform Act, and of Lord MELBOURNE. He scarcely concealed the fact that to have nominated any one else would have been to incur defeat, but protested that he was mainly actuated by Mr. BERNAL'S unapproachable merits. These merits, however, did not prevent Sir ROBERT PEEL, in his second Administration, when he had an assured majority, from setting Mr. BERNAL aside for Mr. GREENE, a member of his own party. A Liberal Chairman of Committees has always been nominated by a Liberal Administration; and, with this solitary and enforced exception, a Conservative (or Unionist) Chairman has been invariably nominated by a Conservative (or Unionist) Administration. When there has been a change of Ministry in the same Parliament, the Chairman, being nominated for the whole of the Parliament, has retained office. Colonel WILSON PATTEN, nominated by the DERBY Administration, remained Chairman for a short space under the ABERDEEN Administration, and Mr. DODSON, nominated under the second RUSSELL Government, continued in the chair under the third DERBY Administration. But, with the exception of Mr. BERNAL in 1835, the original nomination has always been that of a member of his own party by the Minister of the day. The office is often a sort of consolation stakes, offered to a politician aggrieved by being left out of the regular Ministerial arrangements. It is a bit of patronage which the head of the Government can scarcely be expected to throw away. If Mr. GLADSTONE thinks of Mr. COURTNEY as Sir ROBERT PEEL thought in 1835, but not in 1842, of Mr. BERNAL, he might justifiably nominate him. The appointment would disarm a pertinacious and minute critic in Committee, and impose certain restraints upon him in second-reading debates. But it would be a departure from precedent, and would be regarded in the hungry Gladstonian ranks as a wanton giving of the children's bread to the dogs.

CENTRAL ASIAN TROUBLES.

WHEN the disciples of Mr. GLADSTONE have drifted a little further in association with their Irish masters and in study of their French friends, they will, no doubt, in circumstances such as the present, openly declare that the Tories have bribed the Russians to advance on the Pamir, and the tribes to revolt in Afghanistan. Even as it is, hints to something like the same effect have been heard. On the other hand, there cannot be the slightest doubt—and it is already the opinion of well-informed and impartial judges on the Continent—that the Pamir difficulties are directly due to the calculation of Russia, that greater activity would be safe under a Gladstonian Administration or in a state of evenly balanced party-strife in England than was possible, or at least prudent, while the Government of Lord SALISBURY held its position undisturbed. This, indeed, does not apply to the Afghan troubles, which it is proposed to meet by the very strong step of sending the Indian Commander-in-Chief on a personal embassy to the AMEER. It is, indeed, not improbable that there is some Russian intrigue there also; but it would be "seeing "ghosts by daylight" to assign to this the sole or even the main influence in the matter.

The truth is—and it is a truth perfectly well known and never lost sight of by those who do know the subject—that the throne of an Ameer of Afghanistan is always in a state of unstable equilibrium. He rules, even in that part of his dominions where his rule is least disputed, over a considerable number of different tribes, most of them warlike, few of them on good terms with each other, and all of them exceedingly unapt to bear any regular domination. Other parts of the dominions which he rules, or claims to rule, do not

admit his authority at all, and there is a fringe of debatable land in which it would be hard to say whether that authority ought to be admitted or not. Add to this that he is placed between two powerful and not too friendly Christian empires, and the conditions which make Afghan disturbance chronic are sufficiently, though not exhaustively, enumerated. The experiment of meeting this state of things by breaking up Afghanistan into provincial governments has been tried, every one knows with what success. The experiment of annexing the country is now regarded by almost all Indian politicians and soldiers with equal dislike; and there only remains the system of backing up a selected ruler as well as may be, and as he will let himself be backed up. It is but of late that this system has been disturbed by the affair, trumpery in itself, but not trumpery in the questions involved, of Bajaur. There is no more fruitful ground of discontent in the relations between a State which is half-independent and half-protected and its half-protector, half-ally than this question of third parties with whom the one wishes to meddle, and whom the other desires to keep unmeddled with. But this would probably have been a small matter if it had not coincided with divers formidable tribal insurrections, especially that of the great Hazara tribes, and with the Pamir encroachments of the Russians. And the total result is an imbroglio which, if it had less serious possibilities, would be worthy of the burlesque stage. The AMEER wishes England to help him against his rebels; he does not wish the Russians to advance; he wishes England not to help the independent tribes against him; he does not wish any closer relations with England in other ways. England wishes that things should stay as they are, and is anxious that the AMEER should neither advance in one direction nor recede in another. Russia wishes to advance, if not at all hazards, at any decent and tolerable hazard.

This latter point, if not the most important, is the most pressing. Although reports from places with which there is so little easy and direct communication are always to be received with suspicion, there is no doubt whatever that the Russians are once more out on the Pamirs in force, and are operating in more directions than one. They have made Colonel or General GROMBTSCHEFSKY—the MIZON of the Pamirs and the Hindu Koosh—Governor, or sub-Governor, of an "Oxus" district, the very title of which might in quarrelsome times have been taken as a *casus belli*. They have put Colonel YANOFF, who, after being disavowed, was praised and promoted for his high-handed conduct towards English officers, in command of the actual exploring expedition. They have certainly come into contact, whether hostile or not, at the appropriately-named village of Shindi, with the Chinese, and it would seem that they have come in contact—rumour asserts of a very hostile kind—with the Afghans. Russian newspapers talk of British, Chinese, and Afghan "encroachment" on the Pamirs. Meanwhile the old delusions as to the natural obstacles which are in their way seem to die hard in England. It is in vain for the most recent travellers to assure the sceptical that, despite the enormous altitude of the Pamir, it is, especially on the Russian side, by no means very difficult of access, and very far from difficult to traverse, that its supposed inaccessibility to wheeled vehicles is, like that of Liddesdale and other "fell" districts in this very island, mainly a matter of tradition likely to be dispelled by the first attempt. There is probably no very large number of Russian troops on the Pamirs; it may, indeed, be reasonably doubted whether there is any very large number within easy distance of them. But that is not the point. The Russian outposts and exploring parties are quite strong enough to annex thinly populated districts, and, if not strong enough to cope with the Afghans actually on the spot, quite strong enough to make a fight which shall give the CZAR if he wants it an excuse for quarrelling with Afghanistan. The YANOFFS and the GROMBTSCHEFSKYS know that active resistance by British troops was always likely to be delayed as long as possible and is now excessively improbable. The extent of their designs on the Northern leaves of the Afghan artichoke may be uncertain, but it is quite safe to translate it by "as much as we can get." They may be ready to be contented with parts of Shignan and Roshan, the northernmost districts to which Afghanistan lays claim, and part of which at least there is some plausible reason for including as "Russian sphere" under the vague and imprudent understanding which is the only thing governing the relations of Great Britain and Russia in this quarter. They would like, no doubt, to annex the whole of these districts, part of which runs up nearly, and in some maps quite, to the Alichur Pamir, while other parts are well to the south of that branch of the head waters of the Oxus, which is supposed to be the dividing line. If they could, they would extend their operations into Badakhshan and Wakhan, territories which are undoubtedly Afghan, and the latter of which stretches in a long thin tongue from Afghanistan proper to Chinese Tartary, serving as a glacis to the line of the Hindu Koosh and the region, British or semi-independent, to the south thereof. And they would further, if they dared, cross for good, as they have before now crossed tentatively, the Passes of the Great Range itself, and gain a footing in other regions which would give them an outwork and barbican planted in British Asia. Lastly, they are doing all this at the moment when Afghanistan itself is, by their influence or not, more than usually divided against itself, and when it is, rightly or wrongly, supposed that more timid counsels are about to govern British foreign policy.

On this latter point it is not necessary to say very much here. The sanguine may hope that, the anti-Jingo potion for disordering the brains of the people having been exchanged for others, there may be Gladstonians enough of influence to save their party from doing wanton damage to the Empire. The unsanguine may laugh a sardonic and rueful laugh at the idea of Gladstonians caring anything about the matter. But it will be obvious to everyone that much will turn on the watch kept by the Indian Government on the outlying districts, such as Kunjut at one end and Chitral at the other, of the threatened frontier, and more on the results, if it comes off, of Lord ROBERTS's interview with the AMEER. If the latter presents an undoubting front to the Russians, it will be easy for us to support him in a manner which all but the positive enemies of their own country at home must approve; but in order that he may present such a front, he must get the interior portions of his dominions into better order than at present, and he must content himself with reducing actual rebels and facing foreign aggression. No man living is likely to suggest all this with such force to the AMEER as Lord ROBERTS; and there is certainly no man living who is likely to secure so much attention from an Afghan prince. But all depends upon the home backing. If that does not fail, there is not much more reason why there should be war than at any time for years past. But if the keepers of "the keys of India, which are in London," act as Mr. GLADSTONE has too often acted, it is not difficult to predict the result. Either the Russians will unchallenged obtain ruinous points of vantage against us, or (which might be the least evil of the two) they will be tempted by Mr. GLADSTONE's concessions into some intolerable audacity, and what will not improbably be the Battle of Armageddon of the last half of the century will begin.

THE ALTHORP LIBRARY.

RUMOUR, full of tongues as usual, had been very busy concerning the purchaser and destiny of the Althorp Library, since the sale of that splendid collection by private contract was announced. There was much natural anxiety among lovers of books as to the fate of the library. The annals of recent library sales comprise too many instances of rare or unique volumes violently severed from some famous and historic collection of which they were the chief ornaments. Sad stories could be told of scattered libraries and of precious single volumes, exiled from august abodes to enter upon a dubious course of chance and change. Into many hands in many lands they are sold. Whole libraries have been carried off, to America and other foreign parts, possibly into bondage, or, if still free in some sort to scholars, placed so inconveniently remote from the haunts of scholars, as to be practically inaccessible. The Althorp Library, it is extremely satisfactory to know, has been spared these injuries and indignities by the public spirit and munificence of Mrs. RYLANDS.

The Althorp collection has been acquired by Mrs. RYLANDS in fulfilment of a scheme which had engaged her energies for some three years past. The late Mr. RYLANDS had been greatly interested in forming a high-class library that should be accessible to the public. He thought there was room for the higher literature in such libraries. Mrs. RYLANDS had naturally determined that the memorial to her husband which she desired to erect should take the form of a library. Certainly there could have been no hope, at the outset, that the scheme would attain to anything beyond a new library in a new building. The purchase of Lord SPENCER'S collection was, of course, something beyond the dreams of Mrs. RYLANDS. But, it seems, everything was being done to make the projected memorial worthy of the objects in view. A site was purchased in Deansgate, Manchester. Mr. BASIL CHAMPNEYS was instructed to provide plans for the new building. Assisted by the advice of experts, Mrs. RYLANDS proceeded to form the nucleus of the "John Rylands Library." In the last two years and a half, we are told, a very considerable collection of books and manuscripts has resulted from Mrs. RYLANDS'S energetic prosecution of her scheme. Among the books thus collected are many rare and valuable examples both of books and manuscripts, the *Biblia Pauperum*, from the Borghese Library, being one of the most notable of recent additions. Thus, it appears, the projected memorial library which Mrs. RYLANDS had designed for the people of Manchester was already in existence when it was announced that the Althorp Library was to be offered for sale. But Mrs. RYLANDS immediately recognized the opportunity for crowning her scheme with a glory that was as complete as it was unexpected. The Althorp Library was bought *en bloc*, and is to be transferred to the new library in Manchester, where its treasures are to be as accessible as if they were a national collection.

As to the administrative scheme of the John Rylands Library, no particulars have been announced. No statement has been published of the precise relations the Althorp collection is to hold, with regard to the remaining sections of the library, in the scheme of management. All we are assured of is that the government of the library will be based on liberal principles. Just now, these matters, though interesting in many respects, are less absorbing than the profound and general gratification caused by the purchase of the Althorp Library by Mrs. RYLANDS. Everybody had hoped—although experience forbade this expectation—that this noble collection would be kept in the country, and kept intact. Thanks to the wise and liberal action of Mrs. RYLANDS, this excellent object has been realized, and the RYLANDS Memorial has immeasurably transcended the hopes and desires of its originator.

THE END OF THE DEBATE.

THE debate on the No Confidence Amendment, which began somewhat feebly, had acquired sufficient animation before Mr. CHAMBERLAIN took part in it, and the approach of the division would not improbably have maintained it, as usually happens in such cases, at that level. But the interposition in it of the member for West Birmingham contributed largely, of course, to its interest for the newspaper-reader, and, though in some cases painfully as well as largely, for his hearers. It seems a pity that some of them should have allowed their uneasy anticipations of this to impel them to a quite unusual and a not very becoming course of action. The dead set made at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Tuesday night by Lord COMPTON and those about him, and their desperate efforts to prevent his acquiring the right to resume the debate on the following Thursday, indicate a nervous shrinking from suffering which is unworthy of adult legislators. A schoolboy in the waiting-room of a dentist would be ashamed to show so little fortitude. One felt inclined to remind them that all tortures, even that of the scourge in the hands of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, are worse in anticipation than in reality, and that in any case their agony would soon be over. If even the wretched DAMIENS could brace himself by the thought that there comes an end to the longest day, it surely might have been possible for Lord COMPTON to summon courage for an ordeal which could not last more than an hour or an hour and a half at the outside. As a matter of fact, it lasted but just over an hour, and so general and, as far as the subject allowed, so impersonal was its polemic, that no individual member of the House, with the signal exception of Mr. HEALY, need have smarted under his attack. Nevertheless, it was one of the greatest speeches that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has ever delivered, and the most destructive. That so raking a fire could have been poured upon the Front Opposition Bench, and not draw a single shot in return from a great gun or small, was a circumstance almost as eloquent as the speech itself.

The cynical poltroonery of this conspiracy of silence on the part of the leaders was, however, matched by the brazen demand for an immediate division which made itself heard among the ranks of their followers, at the close of this unanswered speech. For our own part we are disposed to regret that the demand was not acceded to, and that any effort was made on the Unionist side of the House to prolong the debate. For Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech, with its merciless review of the position and composition of the Gladstonian party, and its exhaustive comparison of the Nationalist definitions of Home Rule with the platform limitations of it by their English allies, was, in fact, a statement of the Unionist case by which no Unionist could object to stand or fall. Not a word requires to be added to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S account of the political passage which closed with the division of last Thursday night. The majority by which the vote of no confidence was carried stand convicted before the world not only as a factious league of mutually jealous political groups united only by a common desire for power, but as actually too indifferent to appearance to care to hide the flagrant profligacy of the combination. The debate ended as it began, and the eminently cautious reserve which was maintained, and was excusable in the speech of the mover of the amendment, was kept up till the end. Mr. GLADSTONE gave his reasons such as they were, when distinguished

from his forty votes, for contending that the Government had lost the confidence of Parliament; but he did not venture to respond to Mr. BALFOUR'S pertinent invitation and say who had won it. The only possible way of concealing the fact that no other party in the House has won it would have been the way of judicious silence on the part of all the sections of which the mixed majority is composed. This course was, in fact, followed by all the British section of the party; but the Irish—who had their reasons—unfortunately spoilt all.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

THE subject of military education came up for discussion early in this summer at the United Service Institution, and with it the old controversy as to whether a special or general education was most desirable for boys intended to be soldiers was revived. It was here, rather than in the question how knowledge is to be imparted when men are actually in the service, that the main interest centred, and the "Crammers," or "army tutors," as we believe they prefer to be styled, took care that their views should be well ventilated, and a golden opportunity for advertisement not let slip. Few will deny the ability displayed by the hardworking class that has been called into existence by the mania for competitive examinations, which is one of the products of the tendencies of our times, and no one will gainsay their claim to successful results, even if they are inclined to insist on them with an unnecessary amount of self-assertion. A man who devotes his whole time and best energies to the study of a small number of subjects, and confines himself within the limits that bound the portions demanded from candidates, who from constant practice is familiar with the exact number of questions that can possibly be asked in each subject, and takes care that his pupils shall be trained to answer a large proportion of them, if he is active and energetic can hardly fail to command success. Whether, however, a youth, nourished throughout the period when his mind and character are being formed on the highly concentrated mental food thus supplied, is likely in the long run to make the most efficient officer is a more debatable question, and one on which the views of those who come in contact with officers when they have attained maturer age are apt to differ considerably from the opinions of the men who train them simply with a view to their passing a certain examination. Sir Robert Biddulph and General Clive lent the power of their authority to show that the public schoolboy is incomparably the best raw material from which to make our future generals, and their ideas are endorsed by every parent who has not had the misfortune to possess a boy who either from lack of industry or of brains has been a failure.

The argument which has been put forward that, because in the beginning of the century officers were to be found in the Peninsula in charge of men at fifteen and sixteen years of age, boys should be trained from their earliest youth in special establishments for the army, and should then enter it earlier than they do now, is scarcely an unanswerable one. In the first place, Wellington's opinion of the regimental officers in the Peninsula was by no means favourable. With certain brilliant exceptions, they neglected their duty, and their work was done by the non-commissioned officers, perhaps because of the very youth of the officers which is now quoted in their favour. Further, if Wellington and the Napiers entered the army early, there were other fine soldiers who did not; notably Lord Lynedoch, who did not become a soldier until past forty, or at about the same age that Cromwell, another brilliant leader of men, took to soldiering. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, perhaps as brilliant a cavalry leader as England ever produced, was, to quote an instance from later times, at Rugby and Cambridge, and could turn a couplet as neatly as he handled his squadron; while during the American War Stonewall Jackson and his chief of the staff, to mention only solitary instances, may show how military success is not incompatible with an early education devoted to general ends. Nor will the other contention put forward —that the navy is more efficient than the army, and is so because men join it in early life—carry conviction home, not even if it is pushed to its extremest limits. The late Sir Provo Wallis was rated as an able seaman at the age of four; but it was scarcely for that reason that he died the fine old sailor he did, and we can even cap this instance by going a couple of centuries back to find babes in arms presented with a pair of colours, yet hardly developing into Marlboroughs on that account. The naval officer usually knows his work well, because he is always at it, and may be said to be always in the presence of the enemy. His seamanship and knowledge of navigation are continually being tested by practical application, and his responsibilities are brought home to him by the feeling that his own life and those of his shipmates are frequently dependent on his readiness and aptitude. Finally, he is encouraged to work by the fact that he may score more rapid promotion if he can display marked proficiency in the examinations at Greenwich. An officer, no matter where he were trained, if he passed his time under the same conditions on shore, would attain equal efficiency, and would no doubt be more capable when called upon in an emergency than he is at present. But even our vast empire cannot ensure a war training for every officer even once in his lifetime, far less a continued course of it.

Nor, on other grounds, is it in the interests of the army that a clever officer's education should be limited in the manner suggested. The life at a public school, where a boy who is to enter the army meets the future barrister, or clergyman, or the embryo physician, or engineer, tends to prevent the formation of social cliques or jealousies, allows a man's ideas to range beyond the narrow sphere of his own interests, and tends to make him more liberal-minded and more far-seeing. Nor will the contact into which he is brought in early life with general history and the authors of antiquity be otherwise than beneficial to even "the hottest soldier." A man in the army does not always wear uniform nor live continuously in camps and casemates, and when he mixes with his social equals in ordinary life is expected to be able to hold his own in general conversation, to have ideas on political matters, and in short to be equal to something more than the everlasting talking of shop. He is, in fact, expected to have, not alone the manners, but the education and general knowledge of a gentleman; and we fear that the old-fashioned prejudice that a boy stands the best chance of acquiring these not unimportant credentials to success in life at one of the great public schools which have in the past given some of our best officers, and all of which have now made arrangements in the shape of army classes for keeping up a supply in the future, is not likely just yet to die out. And even if the social polish and physical development conferred by the great schools be despised, it is surely scarcely in the interests of the youth most eager to make the army a profession that he should have been brought up from the first in too limited a course of study. A successful general has frequently to prove himself a good administrator, and has to lay the foundations of order and prosperity in the territories which he may have conquered. The history of our great Indian Empire is closely bound up with the careers of brilliant soldiers whose best and most enduring work has been accomplished rather in the office than on the battlefield, and the great proconsuls and ambassadors which the army has produced in the past could scarcely have been so successful as they were had their ideas been confined to such details of elementary military science as form the test-subjects for entrance to and promotion in the army. The broad and liberal views which have as yet happily been associated with the policy of this country in her treatment of the races which have from time to time come under her sway are due not a little to the generous and manly instincts which are more readily cultivated in the atmosphere and associations of our playing-fields and closes than in foreign towns, or small establishments devoted to one side of education alone. Neither will the inevitable arguments drawn from the practice abroad reassure us. We want our young officers to be English gentlemen first, with the instincts and prejudices, if they cannot be avoided, of the class to which they belong; and we are sufficiently conservative to maintain that such men are better officers than those to be found in any army in the world. Moreover, if it were decided to render a special education necessary for would-be officers, the army would be a great loser, because where, as at present, many go up, and the best alone enter the service, the remainder trying their fortune in some other walk in life, the result of a different system would be

that fewer would compete. If you educate a boy simply to make him a soldier, and he fails in his efforts to become one, he is fitted for nothing else; but if, as at present, the army requirements differ not too widely from those of our Universities, a man may fail in one direction, and yet not be debarred from competing in another.

So much we have to say as regards the methods of training boys before entrance into the service. As regards their education when they have gained the Queen's commission, there is considerably less diversity of opinion; and, indeed, it can scarcely be disputed that there can be no better way than to teach men what they should know in the course of their daily duty. Let all drills and exercises have a meaning and object underlying the mere practice in evolutions they may afford, and let the senior officers of a battalion, or regiment, or battery, be responsible for their subalterns knowing their work, not merely in the routine of the barrack square, but in those branches of military science which are necessary on active service. In other words, let commanding officers take care, not only that their men can obey, but that their officers can lead. That it is possible for education to be thus imparted, as it were, at home, without the intervention of any expert in the shape of a garrison instructor or civilian coach, would appear to the ordinary lay mind tolerably obvious. A man who has passed all his examinations, and is entrusted with the command of several hundred men, should know enough of war to explain the elements of the science on which successful warfare is founded to his young apprentices. And in his lecture Colonel Graves admirably demonstrated how much could be effected by very simple and impromptu methods. Daily lessons directed towards the same end imbue the mind with principles which are not laid aside and forgotten when the ordeal is over, and exercises which appear unmeaning and tiresome become interesting both to officers and men when flavoured with even a very small "idea" in the minds of those who are carrying them out. The difficulty has hitherto been that the officers who should thus be able to instruct entered the service before examinations were thought of, and were therefore in many cases prejudiced against innovations smacking too strongly of the new school to please them. But as time goes on this difficulty must disappear, and as the junior officers of the army become highly educated it will not be considered irrational to ask those who command them to show that they are well educated too. Then we may hope to see garrison classes abolished and every officer and non-commissioned officer at his place on parade, in place of being reported as absent attending some course of instruction elsewhere which does not pretend to make him more knowledgable than are his seniors. And even if it involved a little extra trouble to themselves we imagine few commanding officers are to be found who would not hail such a state of things with enthusiasm.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE dividends announced by the great railway companies which derive the larger part of their income from the carriage of goods are fairly satisfactory considering all the circumstances, and go to prove, as we have frequently pointed out in these columns, that, while the foreign trade of the country has been very seriously falling off, the home trade has been wonderfully well maintained. There has been one exception, and that was the result of special causes. The North-Eastern pays for the first half of this year only 3 per cent. per annum, against 6 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year, a reduction of fully 50 per cent. It is to be recollected, however, that the great coal strike lasted for about twelve weeks, or very nearly half of the six months, and that it utterly paralysed business in the districts served by the North-Eastern. It was hoped that, as business was so much paralysed, the North-Eastern Company would be able to make great savings in working expenses, especially in coal and wages. In some way or other it failed to do so. The falling off in gross receipts was about half a million in round figures, and the saving in working expenses only about 150,000*l.*; showing a net decline of about 350,000*l.* At least two-thirds of this decline may be attributed to the great strike. It is quite true that the iron trade was bad before the strike, and that the receipts of the Company were declining. But, making full allowance for that, it seems safe to conclude that the Company lost 2 per cent. dividend through the strike. If so, the new half-year will enable it to make up much of the lost ground. The London and North-Western pays a dividend of $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. against $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. twelve months ago, being a decline of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Midland pays a dividend of $5\frac{1}{4}$ against $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. a year ago, also a decline of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Great Western pays a dividend of $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. against 5 per cent., a reduction of only $\frac{1}{4}$. The Great Northern pays 3 per cent. against $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. at this time last year, also a reduction of $\frac{1}{4}$, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire pays $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. against $3\frac{3}{4}$, likewise a reduction of $\frac{1}{4}$. It will be seen that of the seven Companies which derive the larger part of their incomes from the carriage of goods one has had to reduce its dividend 50 per cent., compared with the corresponding period of last year; but that the reduction is due to special and temporary causes for the most part. Two other Companies have had to reduce their dividends only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which in the case of the North-Western is less than one-twelfth of last year's dividend, and in the case of the Midland is not very much more than one-twelfth, while three other Companies —the Great Western, the Great Northern, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire—have had to reduce their dividends only $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Considering the gravity of the crisis through which the world is passing, the undoubted depression in our foreign trade, the utter stoppage of all speculation, and the fall in prices, this is not an unsatisfactory result. Fixed charges are growing, wages are high, the hours of labour have been reduced, and the accommodation given to the public is better than it used to be. That the Companies have been able to meet all these charges, and yet not reduce their dividends more than has been the case, proves beyond question—firstly, that the home trade continues good; and, secondly, that passenger traffic is constantly growing. Shareholders, we fear, will have to put up with reduced dividends for some time, but after a while trade will again improve and dividends will then increase.

The price of silver fell on Thursday to $38\frac{1}{8}$*d.* per oz., the lowest quotation ever yet recorded. It is nearly 7*d.* per oz. below the average of last year, and exactly $3\frac{1}{2}$*d.* per oz. lower than the lowest point touched before the last American Silver Act was passed. Unfortunately it is only too likely to fall further. Every one is now compelled to admit that the American attempt to keep up the value of the metal has utterly failed, and although our own Government has appointed three delegates to attend the proposed International Monetary Conference, and doubtless other Governments will also send delegates, nobody now believes that anything will come of the Conference. That being so, it is reasonably certain that the American Government before very long will stop the purchases of silver, and then it seems inevitable that there must be a ruinous fall. On Wednesday the India Council was compelled to sell its bills at 1*s.* $2\frac{3}{4}$*d.* per rupee. The apprehensions respecting silver are keeping the money market inactive. Every one is afraid to incur new risks, and all bankers and capitalists are strengthening themselves against contingencies. Unless some entirely unforeseen accident happens, it is probable that nothing will be done in the United States until the Presidential election is over. It is hardly likely that even then a Bill to stop silver purchases can be carried through the existing Congress; but when the new Congress meets on the 4th of March we may look for decisive action.

Owing mainly to the uneasiness respecting silver, the stock markets continue stagnant. The approaching change of Government and the holiday season likewise have their influence. At the fortnightly settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, the account open for the rise was found to be even smaller than before. The banks lent to Stock Exchange borrowers at from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.; but even at those rates there was very little demand for new money. In the International department stocks were more plentiful, which means that speculators who had sold what they did not possess during the elections in this country have since been buying back. Their purchases have for some weeks past been keeping up quotations; but the market is now decidedly weaker than it was, since "bear" repurchases cannot be counted upon. The negotiations for a loan of two millions sterling from the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas to the Bank of Spain are not yet completed; but probably they will be carried through before long, for a refusal of the loan would have very serious consequences in Spain. Indeed, it is said that the Spanish Government is reckoning upon the loan to enable it to pay the next coupon on

the debt. And the great banks and capitalists in Paris are too much interested in Spanish finance to allow of a collapse if they can prevent it. In Italy there is no improvement, and the reports from Russia are exceedingly gloomy. On the other hand, the settlement this week shows a "bear" account in Home railway stocks. In our opinion, the speculators are wrong. As we point out above, the Home railway dividends, considering all the circumstances, are fairly satisfactory, and the prospects for the future are by no means bad. Furthermore, the more international and American securities fall into discredit, and the greater apprehension grows respecting silver, the more completely will investors at home confine their purchases to really sound securities. We think, therefore, that no serious fall in the Home railway market is to be looked for. In the American market, on the other hand, the prospect is less satisfactory. It is quite true that the crops in the United States are again good, and that consequently the railway earnings will be large during the next twelve months. But, on the other hand, the distrust that undoubtedly exists because of the silver purchases, is only too likely to lead to trouble. Investors, therefore, will be well advised to let American railway shares alone, for the present at all events. If investments are sought, they should be confined to Gold bonds.

It is announced that a pooling arrangement has been arrived at between the Mexican Railway Company, the Mexican Central Railway Company, the Mexican National Railway Company, and the Interoceanic Railway Company, and that it is decided to raise all rates uniformly on the four lines. We doubt very much whether the expected advantages will be derived from this arrangement, for Mexico is not only a silver-using country, but a great producer of silver, and will suffer from the heavy fall in the metal.

According to the crop reports for the 1st of this month, published this week by the *Times*, there was an improvement during July in all the cereal crops. The greatest improvement is in barley. The yield of wheat and oats will be decidedly less than last year, even if this month is favourable, and the harvest will be late.

Rupee paper closed on Thursday afternoon at $63\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{2}$, due, of course, to the heavy fall in silver. India Sterling Three per Cents closed at $96\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{8}$; New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at $94\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Queensland Three and a Halfs closed at 92, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. In Home Railway stocks there has generally been a recovery. Great Western closed on Thursday at $168\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{8}$; London and North-Western closed on Thursday at $175\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{7}{8}$; and North-Eastern closed at $156\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{8}$. In the American market, on the other hand, the movements have been generally downward, the silver difficulty being more clearly recognized by the public. Illinois Central closed on Thursday afternoon at $104\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; the Company intends to issue five million dollars more capital. New York Central closed at $115\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Louisville and Nashville closed at $71\frac{7}{8}$, also a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. On the other hand, Mexican Railway First Preference stocks closed at $87\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and the Second Preferences closed $44\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 2, a very favourable view being taken of the pooling arrangement with the other Mexican Companies. At one time First Preference rose to $89\frac{3}{4}$ buyers. The International market has been firm, and most quotations are somewhat higher. French Rentes closed at $98\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. Hungarian closed at 94, a rise of 1; Russian Fours closed at $96\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; but Egyptian Unified closed at $97\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Greeks of 1884 closed at 69, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS A UNIONIST.

THE Pope has very strongly urged the study of the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. "See to it," says he, in his encyclical on Scholastic Philosophy, "that the wisdom of Thomas be drunk in from his own streams." We, therefore, have been availing ourselves of his wisdom *ex ipsis ejus fontibus*. Most excellent, solid, and unemotional reading do his works afford, especially at the time of an election, and it has occurred to us that many Irishmen who are so busily engaged in politics as to have no leisure for the study of the Angelic Doctor may be glad to avail themselves of the result of our own quiet reading; for this reason we venture to offer them a few quotations from St. Thomas's remarks upon sedition.

"Is sedition always a mortal sin?" he asks, and his reply is as follows:—"Sedition is opposed to the unity of a multitude, that is, of a people, city, or kingdom." Efforts opposed to the unity of a kingdom have certainly been made within recent memory; therefore, according to one of the very greatest Roman Catholic theologians, a theologian, moreover, specially held up for honour and veneration by the present Pope, those efforts are seditious. We will now see what his opinion was concerning unity and sedition:—"The unity to which sedition is opposed is a unity of law and public utility. Therefore sedition is a mortal sin of its kind, and all the more grievous inasmuch as the public good that is assailed by sedition is greater than private good that suffers in assault and battery." St. Thomas had just been proving that the latter offence was a mortal sin. A mortal sin, according to Catholic theology, "damns the soul," whether it be sedition or adultery; but, if anything, it would follow from St. Thomas's words—"the more grievous, inasmuch as the public good that is assailed by sedition is greater than private good, &c."—that sedition, which assails the public good, is more grievous than adultery, which assails private good; since, however, the loss of a soul is the loss of a soul, and nothing can be worse than the worst, it is not for us to attempt to distinguish between the condition of damnation for adultery and damnation for sedition; nor, on the other hand, can even "their Riverences"

> Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to.

If we owe an apology for these expletives, it must be that the language of theology is necessarily strong. But to continue. St. Thomas goes on to say:—"The sin of sedition attaches primarily and principally to those who bring about the sedition, and they sin most grievously." Now, it will be in everybody's memory that the judges in the Parnell Commission—one of whom was himself a most devout Roman Catholic—found that forty-one Irishmen had been guilty of bringing about sedition. Therefore, if this finding were correct, according to St. Thomas, the forty-one sinned most grievously. Therefore, further, when a number of their fellow-countrymen refused to acknowledge Mr. Parnell any longer as their leader, on the ground that he was a grievous sinner against private good, they logically obliged themselves to abjure also the forty-one grievous sinners condemned as assailers of public good by the Royal Commission. Under such conditions it would obviously be impossible that they should give them their support in any way, least of all as candidates for Parliamentary constituencies, unless, indeed, they were assured that the grievous sinners had sincerely repented of their sin; more especially as St. Thomas adds that, while "the sin of sedition attaches primarily to those who bring about the sedition," it attaches, "secondarily, to those who abet them," and if helping such men to get into Parliament is not abetting them, we should like to know what is. It would appear, therefore, that St. Thomas implies that those who vote for seditious persons are guilty of mortal sin. In particular cases there may, of course, be attendant circumstances which render the sin not mortal, or the action not a sin at all, such as ignorance—and it is possible that even certain Irish ecclesiastics may not have had sufficient leisure to study St. Thomas, although, be it remembered, there may be cases in which ignorance in a priest might itself be a mortal sin. But it is a well-known Catholic doctrine that he who has committed a mortal sin, and is not sorry for it, nor earnestly purposes amendment, will without doubt perish everlastingly, unless he repents before he dies. As to individuals, let us

> Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

The forty-one may have repented and amended, and their free and independent supporters at the late election may be steeped in invincible ignorance, or they may have confessed their sins with true contrition since the election and determined never to commit them again, for anything that we know. But, as to ourselves, we were thankful, on reading the sentences of St. Thomas which we have quoted, that we had not been tempted to abet seditious candidates "opposed to the unity of" "a kingdom"; and it seems to us that,

between a certain Papal rescript and the plainly expressed opinion of St. Thomas Aquinas, who, as a celebrated man of science has recently written, is one of the two "greatest representatives of Catholic theology"—the other being St. Augustin—some English-speaking Roman Catholics (English-speaking, but for the most part, although we grieve to say not invariably, with a strong Irish accent), both lay and clerical, must have a good deal to make them feel exceedingly uncomfortable. In saying this we are making no aspersions upon Roman Catholics as a body; on the contrary, we are upholding the authority of the head of their own Church and inculcating the teaching of one of their most illustrious doctors; and we suppose that no member of that Church would deny that, since its foundation, it has contained not only many saints and martyrs, but also a certain proportion of bad laymen, bad priests, bad bishops, and, for that matter, even, perhaps, of bad popes, to say nothing of a very much larger proportion of bishops, priests, and laymen whose actions have not invariably been in strict accordance with its principles, its doctrines, or its dogmas.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

BOOKS on cookery we have in abundance; but the monumental work on the cookery of all the nations through all the ages remains to be written. The most vaulting ambition may well have recoiled from a task which would monopolize the industry of a long lifetime and yet might very probably be brought to a standstill before getting above the ground-floor of a colossal edifice. And that task would demand the rarest versatility of gifts and genius. The subject must run into an infinity of minute sub-divisions, to be treated systematically, scientifically, exactly, dramatically, historically, and humorously. If the work were decently done it would be even more entertaining than instructive. No doubt the new fashion of literary collaboration might be adopted with advantage. On the other hand, in that case, there could hardly fail to be some lack of the needful harmony and unity. Be that as it may, we believe it would be found that the stomach had more to do than the head in influencing the history of the world and the destiny of nations. We should be told how hunger or short commons had given the impulse to great surges of migration and devastation; how luxury led to the wreck of civilizations and the collapse of Empires; how religious systems that have enlisted their myriads of proselytes originated in the diet of their ascetic founders; how generals lost decisive battles from attacks of gout or fits of indigestion. The romance of gastronomy with all its incalculable consequences would be carried back to Eden and Eve, or to Esau and his memorable mess of red pottage. We know next to nothing on direct evidence of how Noah victualled the ark; for the essential conditions of the cruise forebade his tampering with the live-stock. But we can merely indicate a few of the leading lines which must be necessarily followed in that cosmopolitan *magnum opus* which would dwarf Austin Caxton's *History of Human Error* to Lilliputian proportions. Undoubtedly the most piquant chapters would commence somewhere about the thousandth volume, when the author was getting down to the dieting of our own days. He would have to show that, in popular gastronomy, tastes and opinions differ far more widely than in any other department of experimental science. We only venture to throw out some desultory suggestions, in careless defiance of chronology and topography, in which we claim no sort of copyright, and which are at the service of any one who cares to use them.

In cookery as in charity, one naturally begins at home. There, as elsewhere, we are face to face with prejudices and with the preferences which are more or less inexplicable. There is a strange confusion between clean and unclean beasts, and their use and abuse. Pork in its various forms is patronized by all but the stricter Jews, and ducklings with early peas are among the choicest of the delicacies of the dinners of the season. Yet, possibly, with the exception of the suburban pig—and he, poor beast, is a captive and cannot help himself—the duck, or the duckling, is the foulest of feeders. For ourselves, we are indifferent to causes so long as we are content with results. We would ask no impertinent questions as to the antecedents of every dish, and have no desire that our blissful ignorance should be enlightened. We should be sorry to be told all about the training of the turtle, which fattens mysteriously; still less should we inquire into the carnivorous habits of the conger eel, which is said to do duty for him. The rats that run loose about the sewers are decidedly to be avoided. But we have tasted the rats that have run riot in isolated wheat-ricks, and we can conscientiously aver that they are both sweet and succulent. Their flesh is white as that of a sweetbread, and has unquestionably more flavour. We understand that field-mice are still more delicate, and, considering the simple and wholesome habits of their virtuous lives, we can well believe it. The "Englishman in Paris" speaks of a *salmi* served soon after the beginning of the siege of the Commune, and the very memory of it seems to have made his mouth water. Yet the town-mice scarcely gave the experiment a fair trial, for they had been snared on the bastions between the outer Boulevards and the fortifications. There is no reason why squirrel should not be excellent; for the squirrel would hop into the saucepan, ready flavoured, after having fattened on nuts and fragrant foliage. Squirrels are small and shy and difficult to catch, so that we do not hear much of them even in gipsy cuisine. But the hedgehog figures frequently at those sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a *pièce de résistance*. The primitive manner of cooking him supersedes the most costly refinements of elaborate *batteries de cuisine*. The elephant's foot, or rather the slice below the pastern, which is a famous dainty in Eastern hunting-camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore. Shakspeare's British hedge-pig, like its cousin the porcupine, by the way, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smouldering cinders. When supposed to be done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous juices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transfused. We need not say that the frog is more than palatable, although we do not think that in England we have the small green kind of the southern French swamps and the sedgy lakelets of Calabria. After all, these foreigners are only to our domestic friends as the oysters of Ostend or Marennes to the coarser of the British qualities. Toads are not to be tackled with impunity; the toad, like the skunk, is overcharged with venom, and he keeps the troops of his natural enemies at bay by the instinctive knowledge that he is an animated poison-catapult. Nor is snake often eaten in England. Yet we dare to say that snake meat might be preferable to starvation, or, possibly, to the stone-breaking yard of a workhouse. We know at least that the iguana or great tree lizard of the tropics—and he claims very close kindred with the deadly serpents—is habitually served at the most sumptuous tables. As Tom Cringle says, when breakfasting off iguana among the Cuban pirates, he should never have distinguished the creature from chicken had it not been that the bones are a trifle big. Messrs. Edwards and Bates and Wallace inform us that the canoe-men on the upper tributaries of the Amazon can always make themselves happy with alligator, although they only have recourse to it as a last resort. Their chief objection is that the meat tastes musky. Even hardened alligator-eaters, however, have qualms with regard to the cayman caught near their villages. For there is generally more than one notorious man-eater, although identification is difficult, who has his haunt among the tree-roots near some favourite bathing-place, and, on principles of reciprocity, has a weakness for human beings.

To come back to the simpler possibilities of English sylvan cookery. There are whole flocks of the smaller migratory birds which ought to be grateful to our prejudices and ignorance for the blissfully gratuitous immunities they enjoy. There is much in luck and more in names. All sorts of ducks are supposed to be edible. Yet not a few of them taste far too fishy; many are only fit to eat if the backs be cut away immediately after they are slaughtered. Plovers, and golden plovers especially, command high prices. Yet there are few more savoury birds than the fieldfares, which are seldom seen in the markets. In autumn and open winter weather they are invariably in fine condition, and they fatten themselves on the hips and haws and notably the pungent berries of the mountain ash. Were an epicure to prescribe their diet, he could not improve upon it. Larks, of course, are

consumed by the dozen, and in great numbers, and, luckily for the lovers of aerial melody, it is the vast flocks of migrants from the north that are chiefly laid under contribution. The thrushes and the blackbirds mostly go free, and we are not sorry for it. But, though the poet Rogers speaks somewhat contemptuously of the "lean thrushes" at Terracina, how many a man has dined or supped luxuriously on "grives" in the dim-lighted *salle-à-manger* of some southern posting-house, or in the *salon* of a well-found Italian steamer! Finally, in this connexion, there is a word to be said on the wild vegetables or "weeds" that may be had for the gathering. Every one ought to know that many of the funguses which go to waste are superior to what we call our edible mushrooms, and far more succulent and sustaining. Not that we should recommend every frugal housewife to pursue her researches among tempting-looking "toadstools" by her own unaided lights. Nettle-tops are at least as good as spinach; and hop-tendrils, in the opinion of many connoisseurs, will rank with the most delicate home-grown asparagus.

INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

THE Independent Theatre, which has just completed its first season, has much to recommend it to lovers of the drama. We have but one fault to find with Mr. J. T. Grein's enterprise, and it is that hitherto its chief object for existence has not been kept steadily in view. Native talent has not been represented with sufficient prominence; and, whereas we have had translations from the Danish, the Dutch, the Swedish, and the French, we have had only one new English piece, *The Minister's Call*, by Messrs. Frank Harris and Arthur Symons. The foreign pieces, too, have been of a morbid character, and at least one, *Ghosts*, wholly objectionable.

Still, the performances have never been on any occasion dull, and the acting has sometimes revealed excellence in unexpected quarters. Mr. Grein's programme for the ensuing season is very encouraging. We are to have two new plays. One is by Mr. George Moore, who has challenged Mr. George R. Sims in a duel to death on a matter of dramatic interest too lengthy to detail here, but which has at least the merit of a practical result, since Mr. Sims has promised to contribute 100*l.* towards the cost of production. The other is an original piece, in one act, by Messrs. Walter Besant and Walter H. Pollock. Many lovers of the Elizabethan drama will be interested in a promised representation of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*. But Mr. Grein is sanguine enough to hint at a possible performance of Marlowe's *Faust*.

A rather lengthy list of Dutch and Swedish plays closes the catalogue of good things which the manager of the Independent Theatre has in store for the ensuing season. We should prefer more original English work, and less translated; but, if native talent is not forthcoming, why, of course, Mr. Grein is right in netting his fish where best he can. We sincerely trust that he will meet with even warmer support than heretofore. He is earnest, energetic, and, above all, businesslike, and deserves the confidence of those who love the drama for its own sake, and not merely on account of the glamour of popular names associated, more often than not, only too prominently in this country with unworthy dramatic literature.

In our recent account of the last season's dramatic record we omitted, by an accident which must have made it appear that we were paying a compliment in a way we did not intend, Mr. Toole's theatre as well as the Criterion. *Walker, London*, a very well-written play, had a most remarkable and well-deserved success, principally on account of Mr. Toole's inimitable impersonation of the luckless but comical hero. It has attracted large audiences to the popular little theatre in King William Street, and will be Mr. Toole's principal piece in his forthcoming provincial tour.

Mr. C. Wyndham beat the critics with *The Fringe of Society*. It was universally condemned, and yet it pleased the general public immensely, and filled the theatre for many weeks with exceptionally large audiences. We expressed our opinion on the play freely when it was first performed. We cannot alter that verdict; but "for a' that and a' that" the public liked it.

THE VOICE OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

[The following telegrams and messages of congratulation from abroad have been received by Mr. Gladstone since the General Election:—

The Central Syllogos of the Oriental Confederation, Athens; the Bosno-Herzegovinian Committee; from certain farmers in Bohemia; the New Zealand Ministry; the Gibraltar Exchange Committee; the Auckland (New Zealand) Irish Federation; the Victoria (Australia) Home Rulers; the Victoria (Australia) Scottish Home Rulers; the New South Wales Home Rulers; the Catalonian Society; Servian schoolmasters; Croatian Academy at Vienna; Bohemian Club in the Parliament of Vienna; Croatian Academy of Agram; the Wanganui (New Zealand) Liberals; a public meeting at Belgrade; Liberals at Johannesburg; from Albury (Australia); and Young Armenians of Constantinople.—*Daily Paper.*]

TAKE heart, ye timid Unionists! Away with hesitation!
The bonds that bind our empire we may confidently loose
Now the "Oriental" (Athens), that renowned Confederation,
Has congratulated Gl–dst–ne through its Central Syllygoos.

O variously designate Home Rulers of Australia!
Victorian Scottish, New South Welsh—howe'er yourselves ye dub—
O Disunited Separatists of North-South-East Westphalia!
O Pædagogues of Servia, and O Catalonian Club!

O Wagga-Wagga Liberal! O Academic Croät!
O all other sympathizers with the Irish Nationalist!
He knows how much he owes to you, "he ought (he says) to know ut,"
When thus the cause of Ireland you so potently assist.

Bohemian reassurances, conveyed by "certain farmers,"
Of more than half its burden have relieved the English breast;
And under the mesmeric spell of these Bohemian charmers,
Uncertain Irish landlords their misgivings lay to rest.

Secure may dwell the Englishman unvexed by dread of Fenians,
Secure the Irish loyalist, none making him afraid,
Since Mr. Gl–dst–ne's policy arrides the "Young Armenians,"
And earns the high approval of a "meeting at Belgrade."

Overawed by this consensus among aliens and colonials,
We may welcome Mr. Gl–dst–ne's Bill, and gladly let it pass;
There is no one who could set at naught this batch of testimonials
Save incurable alarmist or incorrigible ass.

For these are not mere nobodies who ignorantly flatter
An aged statesman's vanity to facts and dangers blind;
No! in weight and in importance, and in knowledge of the matter,
To match this list of witnesses one might defy mankind.

It is not as though their history and notorious antecedents,
Their persons, nationalities, beliefs, acknowledged aims,
Commended Home Rule doctrine to their ill-considered credence,
Or unfitted them to weigh aright its adversaries' claims.

Not so; the humblest among those who thus take up their parable,
The least efficient usher in the smallest Servian school,
The poorest of the farmers of the worst Bohemian arable,
The youngest Young Armenian who chatters in Stamboul,—

They are one and all exempt from—nay, are quite above suspicion
Of the prejudice of politics, of calling, or of race,
And without exception occupy the very best position
For disinterested judgment on the merits of the case.

So, courage! timid Unionists, and on! to Separation;
Haul down your flag of Empire, to be permanently furled:
For these impressive utterances, beyond all disputation,
Are "the voice"—so often mentioned—"of the Civilized World."

REVIEWS.

LEADING WOMEN OF THE RESTORATION.*

THIS pleasantly-written book was suggested, we learn, by a perusal of the late Dean Plumptre's *Life and Letters of Thomas Ken.* "The names of the famous women whose lives are here sketched are mentioned in juxtaposition in Dr. Plumptre's book, and he eagerly welcomed the offer of the present writer to take up his suggestion of publishing a study of their lives, their influence, and their surroundings." We fear that the title bestowed upon this "study" may cause disappointment. "Leading Women of the Restoration"—of course one knows them. Barbara Palmer, Louise de Kéroualle, Hortensia Mancini, the trio "whose charms," to quote Macaulay's stately phrase, "were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations"—Nell Gwynn, Moll Davis, Beck Marshall—all the fascinating sinners of high and low degree. Nothing of the sort. If it is in the hope of meeting these and such as these that the reader takes up Mrs. (or Miss) Johnstone's work, most assuredly he will be disappointed. Her "Leading Women of the Restoration" are Rachel, Lady Russell; Mary, Countess of Warwick; Margaret, Lady Maynard; Mrs. Hutchinson; Mrs. Godolphin—examples for good, and not for evil, to their sex. Criticism may, perhaps, fairly take exception to the title. The author herself admits that Lucy Hutchinson "can scarcely be said to have belonged in any sense to the court of Charles II." Certainly not, we should say; nor, though she lived till after 1675, can she be classified as a woman of the Restoration. Her first mental training was received before the Civil Wars began, and her character was formed under their influence. She was forty when the King came to enjoy his own again, she was the wife, and soon became the widow, of a man deeply committed on the wrong side, and in her later days of poverty and obscurity it would appear that she was not even "leading" in her own family, for she sadly wrote, "My infirmities and imperfections, joined to my outward ill-successes, have much weakened my authority and made it of no force with all persons."

Indeed, it may be questioned whether the term "leading" is applicable to any of the good women here commemorated. They were of that salt of the earth which happily is to be found in all times, even in the worst; but their influence was exerted rather to check than to lead. They were not, in short, typical of what is commonly understood by "the Restoration." At the same time, it is well to be reminded of the existence of an undercurrent of purity and devotion beneath the flowing tide of frivolity and vice. It is well, too, in consideration of the loud-voiced claims of Puritanism and Nonconformity to a monopoly of the religion of the seventeenth century, to be reminded that the Anglican Church could train such saintly women as Mrs. Godolphin, *née* Margaret Blagge, Maid of Honour first to the Duchess of York and then to Queen Catharine of Braganza. Her fame has been kept alive by the accident of her finding a confidant and director in the person of the diarist John Evelyn, her senior by some thirty years. Their acquaintance, which was entered into almost reluctantly on his side—for it was with difficulty that he could bring himself to believe in the virtue and piety of a young Court lady—ripened into a warm and steadfast friendship. He managed her fortune for her, and, as he says, "did, to the utmost of my poor ability, advise and serve her in all her secular, and no few spiritual affairs and concerns." To him she confided the early and constant attachment to Sidney Godolphin which conflicted in her mind with aspirations towards a life of celibate devotion. Evelyn judiciously counselled her to set aside her ascetic ideal, and to make herself and her lover happy, which she eventually consented to do. The marriage was private, and was for some time kept a secret even from Evelyn, who was naturally hurt by this unexpected withholding of her confidence; but her subsequent contrition soothed his wounded feelings, and he readily found excuses for her, "considering the empire of a passionate love, the singular and silent way of the lover, whose gravity and temper you know so well, and with whom I had nothing of that intimacy and endear'd friendship, which might entitle me to the confidence he has since not thought me unworthy of." How close, indeed, the friendship between the two men became is sufficiently attested by the terms in which Godolphin, when agonized by the dangerous, and, as it proved, mortal illness of his wife, after two years of happy marriage, wrote to Evelyn, begging "your charitable prayers for this poor creature and your distracted servant." The brief letter, coming from a man of Godolphin's reserved disposition, is one of remarkable pathos. Very touching, too, is the paper written by Mrs. Godolphin in anticipation of her death, and conveying her last requests to her husband. She accuses herself of many imperfections, specifying "want of judgment in the management of my family and household affairs, which I own myself to be very defective in," and "being often more melancholy and splenetic than I had cause to be." Godolphin's profound sorrow at her loss—it is recorded that he "fell down as dead" when she passed away—would seem to show that, as indeed Evelyn intimates, she was too severe in her judgment of herself. In truth, setting aside her prevarication with Evelyn in the matter of her marriage, her character was so admirable that some readers may find more human interest in the less perfect Mary Boyle, afterwards Countess of Warwick. Under the influence of a Court-bred sister-in-law, Mary Boyle in her early years spent her time "in seeing and reading plays, and in exquisite and curious dressing." Under the same influence, she allowed herself to fall in love with Mr. Charles Rich, second son of the Earl of Warwick, and though her father at first strongly opposed the match, she carried her point, and at the age of sixteen married the man upon whom she had set her heart. This alliance brought her into a family of religious tendencies, and being more especially moved by devout gratitude for the recovery of her only son from a dangerous illness, she became what in later days would have been described as "serious," and did her best for the spiritual improvement of her less exemplary husband. She records in her diary how, on returning to him after a short absence, she spoke to him on the subject of swearing, "which I with great plainness told him I observed he did more than when I left him." On this occasion "God was pleased not only to give him patience to hear me, but he seemed also to be affected at what I said." But Lord Warwick (as Mr. Rich had now become) was, in some measure by his own self-indulgences, a martyr to gout—which probably accounts for his swearing more than he had done—and his stock of patience was not large. The result was, that on November 26, 1667:—

> 'My lord, without any occasion given by me, fell into a great passion with me, which troubled me so much that I fell into a dispute with him, wherein I was very passionately affected, and spoke unadvisedly with my lips, telling him that I was so much troubled with his unkindness to me, that I was weary of my life. After I came from him, too, I wept much; but afterwards I went to prayer, and therein did beg God's pardon for my shedding so many tears for anything but my sins and for not being content with what His providence was pleased to order for me.'

Evidently, even after her conversion, Lady Warwick had a temper of her own. She had difficulties, too, with her husband's nieces, young ladies of apparently somewhat headstrong disposition, whose education she superintended; and we are told that "she reproaches herself many times for having fallen into disputes with them, and for having let her temper get the better of her." But, despite her temper and his temper, Lord Warwick highly valued and trusted her. At the time of the death of their only son, the chief fear the Earl expressed was lest the loss should kill his wife, who was, he said, more to him than a hundred sons, and he showed his confidence in her by leaving her sole executrix of his will, with a life-interest in all his property. Lady Maynard, whose biography follows, is a more shadowy figure, as, beyond the references to her in her friend Lady Warwick's diary, "almost all our knowledge" of her life "is derived from the funeral sermon preached by Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, on her death in 1682." Upon the lives of Lady Russell and Lucy Hutchinson, who are comparatively well-known figures, we need not here dwell.

The strictness of the religious observances of those days is noticeable, and it will, perhaps, surprise some readers to find that practices which in the popular mind are attributed to modern "High Church" or "Ritualist" views are revivals, and not novelties. Lady Warwick, though she seems to have had Puritanic leanings, and though, according to the preacher of her funeral sermon, "she was very far from placing religion in ritual observances," yet "failed not to attend twice a day with exemplary reverence" the public service of the Church, and on one Good Friday at least, as she herself records, she observed a strict fast, "abstaining from all sustenance till night." Nor

* *Leading Women of the Restoration.* By Grace Johnstone. With Portraits. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

was private devotion neglected, as is amply shown in Evelyn's account of Margaret Godolphin's religious observances, even while she was still a Maid of Honour, or when she was staying in Paris with the ambassadress, Lady Berkeley, in whose house cards were played four hours a day, to Margaret's great affliction. The extensive and unostentatious charities of the devout ladies of those times should also be noticed. Putting poor children to school was a favourite form of benevolence, practised alike by the Whig Lady Russell and the Cavalier and Court-bred Margaret Godolphin. Among the multifarious charities of the latter is specially mentioned the setting free of indigent debtors from prison. Lady Warwick, who "expended a third part of her income in charitable uses," also "educated numbers of young children at schools in neighbouring towns," besides providing "wholly or in part for many hopeful scholars at the Universities," and impartially assisting ejected Nonconformist ministers and conforming clergymen whose livings were too small to afford them a proper subsistence. In short, a perusal of this book may correct the idea which at present pervades much popular religious literature—that "personal religion" and active philanthropy were hardly developed in England before our own pretentious and fussy age, or, at earliest, before the rise of Evangelicalism in the last century.

NOT UP TO SAMPLE.*

SOME of our readers there may be to whom the names of Krashibashi and Captain Bumpkins are not unfamiliar, who have bewailed the dishonesty of Mme. Corneille and the sad fate of the blue paper elephants, who respect the mystery of the Talking Image, and who do not consider devilled ham proper food for Chelas. These samples of Flap-Chela were, with others, extracted at the time—more or less—of their serial appearance in a periodical called *Lucifer*, through divers numbers of which the romance entitled *The Talking Image of Urur* gradually developed itself. The entire work is now before us, being published as part of an "American Authors' Series." The author avows himself to be Franz Hartmann, M.D., and he "respectfully" dedicates his story "to my personal friends and teachers, Helene Petrowna Blavatsky and Colonel Henry S. Olcott." It is more sad than surprising that the bulk is nothing like so attractive as the sample. When we do not know who any of the people were, "or why they were there, or what it is all about," there is a certain pleasure in reading of their fantastic proceedings, and being suddenly informed that Krashibashi said it in fun or that it came out of his own head. But when the same statements are mere episodes in an ordered and rather long tale of uniform absurdity, they are foolish without being in the least entertaining. We read at the last how the Talking Image lay on a table jabbering sham philosophy until it faded away into pink light, without even finding it at all ludicrous. The abruptness of Dr. Hartmann's style, which has a pleasing novelty in a single chapter taken at random, becomes depressing when you read three or four together. Then the volume contains an intolerable quantity of hopeless moralizing.

Dr. Hartmann asserts that "the events described" in his story "or their equivalents have actually taken place." He is also extremely indignant because nearly all his last chapter was omitted by the publishers of *Lucifer*. The consequence is that "in this emasculated shape the story, instead of being what it otherwise would have been, namely a forcible illustration of well-known and undeniable truths, is made to appear as if it were merely an uncalled-for satire or burlesque upon a certain so-called 'Theosophical' Society; a performance which would be perfectly useless, and which was never intended; as the affairs of that Society do not interest me in the least." The Society in question appears to be that of which Dr. Hartmann's personal friends and teachers, the lamented Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, were—for aught we know are—respectively President and Secretary. We are disposed to agree with Dr. Hartmann's estimate of his own work as "made to appear," with the qualification that the nonsense which the publishers of *Lucifer* omitted from the last chapter does not affect its nature or quality in the least.

A HALF-CENTURY OF CONFLICT.†

WITH these two volumes Mr. Parkman fills up the one remaining gap in his History of the French in America. *A Half-Century of Conflict* is the name he gives to the struggle between French and English during the fifty years or so which extended from the beginning of the century to the eve of the Seven Years' War. The object of the book, and, we may add, its necessary defects, are sufficiently indicated in Mr. Parkman's own preface. He says:—

> 'This book, forming Part VI. of the series called France and England in North America, fills the gap between Part V., "Count Frontenac," and Part VII., "Montcalm and Wolfe," so that the series now forms a continuous history of the efforts of France to occupy and control this continent. In the present volume the nature of the subject does not permit an unbroken thread of narrative, and the unity of the book lies in its being throughout, in one form or another, an illustration of the singularly contrasted characters and methods of the rival claimants to North America.'

The want of unity which Mr. Parkman candidly confesses is, indeed, conspicuous enough in his two volumes. They are filled with incidents which have not always, nor even often, any obvious connexion with one another. To us the events in themselves hardly seem to deserve the lengthy treatment they receive from Mr. Parkman. It is true that his two volumes only contain a little over six hundred moderate-sized pages of narrative, and might be compressed by the printer into one volume of no great bulk, and of reasonable-sized type. But the matter of the book might well have been subjected to a process of compression by the author. Even Americans must get a little tired after a time of so much repetition of the same story. There is a sentence on the last page of Mr. Parkman's second volume which is really a not inapt summing up of a great deal of his work. "For two years," so it runs, "after the incursion of Rigaud the New England borders were scourged with partisan warfare, bloody, monotonous, and futile, with no event that needs recording, and no result beyond a momentary check to the progress of settlement." This sentence might, with little or no exaggeration, be applied to the whole half-century of conflict. Raids of Indians, or of Indians and Canadians combined, revenged by counter raids of the English borderers, make up the staple of the story. It is a wearisome one relieved by very few deeds of intrinsic interest, and by hardly a single character which we care to remember. On the whole, our enemy was more clever at the game than we were. The French Canadians, as Mr. Parkman has shown in earlier works, were really very good at guerrillero fighting. Our colonists, on the other hand, though it was most unfair to call them cowards, as impatient King's officers were apt to do, were much better at working. Mr. Parkman, who claims not unfairly to be impartial, gives many examples of their inefficiency and incapacity for discipline. He also confirms what is indeed said by most other authorities of the impracticable character of the colonial assemblies—their miserable jealousies of one another or of the Crown, and the contemptible selfishness they habitually displayed in times of danger. Mr. Parkman makes the usual, and for an American obligatory, complaints of the neglect of the colonies by the mother-country. But his own narrative proves abundantly that any action of the Crown was sure to be regarded with jealousy, and that any attempt to maintain an efficient military force would have been obstinately resisted by the very colonists who clamoured about neglect. The only instance in which they behaved with real spirit was the expedition to Louisbourg in 1745. It is told at length by Mr. Parkman, and is undoubtedly to the honour of the New Englanders, who showed really considerable enterprise and courage as well as resource in difficulties. Even in this case, however, it is clear that the colonists would have been cut to pieces if the French Governor had possessed even commonplace spirit and capacity, or if they had not had the support of a naval force under Warren.

The contrast between French and English colonization, which Mr. Parkman describes as giving its unity to his book, is also by far the most interesting feature in it. The chapters on the settlement of Louisiana, which have more novelty than the others, are even very amusing. It is more than amusing—it is encouraging—to notice the unchanging character of French colonial adventures. By altering a few proper names and putting Senegal, say, in place of Louisiana, Mr. Parkman's narrative might almost be applied unchanged to contemporary events. We hear of the same stamp of explorers ranging far and wide among the savages, distributing flags, making treaties and setting up claims to whole continents. One delightful person, Father Bobé, priest of the Congregation of Missions, argued gravely, in what may be called the Brazza or Mizon style, that the whole continent belonged to the King of France on the strength of these voyages. In the meantime what the French had to show in the way of actual colonization was a fort or two, and inhabitants who were dying of hunger except "certain thrifty colonists from Rochelle, who,

* *The Talking Image of Urur.* By Franz Hartmann, M.D. London: Gay & Bird.

† *A Half-Century of Conflict.* By F. Parkman. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

says Bienville, have grown rich by dram-shops, and now want to go back to France, but he has set a watch over them, thinking it just that they should be forced to stay in the colony." Government officials and offices, and for population the café-keeper—such, on the greater scale or the less, has been the usual achievement of France in the way of colonies. The personal jealousies and mutual intrigues of the officials make a large part of the administrative history of these establishments. Mr. Parkman gives one delightful instance of the feuds of governing persons. A certain lady who was directress of the "King's girls" in Louisiana wrote to Ponchartrain to complain that the governor had dissuaded a Major Boisbriant from marrying her, which he had at one time been well disposed to do, and so comments the angry lady :—"Il est clair que M. de Bienville n'a pas les qualités nécessaires pour bien gouverner la colonie." She was only putting the common French view of colonial governors with more than the usual candour.

THE MEMBER FOR WROTTENBOROUGH.*

IT is left undecided by the genial editor of these papers of the member for Wrottenborough whether they are to be regarded as the remains of a defeated candidate or contributions to be continued. At the close of these sketches the member plays another part. He ceases to represent his ancient borough, and assumes the white robes of candidature. The book leaves us, in fact, on the eve of the General Election. But he makes so brave a show of promise in his first report of progress that it may, at least, be said that he deserves success. It is scarcely the fault of the member for Wrottenborough that his experiences, varied and peculiar though they are, should in part relate to matters—such as the debates on the Enfranchisement of Women, the Eight Hours Bill, and so forth—that have now lost the novelty and interest they once possessed. Such sketches deal with real business in the late Parliament, and they introduce prominent politicians by name. They served the journalistic hour. But it is natural to find, at the present hour, that their magic has evaporated. Within the House the experiences of the member for Wrottenborough are far less instructive and delightful than the story of his relations to the world outside. As the devoted representative of an enlightened constituency he is an engaging person. He is the type of the conscientious average member, who questions not, neither does he speak. If he cannot, by speaking, provide his constituents with entertainment within the House, he is not sparing of purse and ingenuity in amusing them at home. Like good Captain Reece, in Mr. Gilbert's ballad, he is assiduous in promoting the comfort of the borough. Nor is he content to gratify his sense of duty merely by such ordinary measures as the gift of public gardens, ruinous and ridiculous indulgence to his tenants, and an obsequious deference to all the host of plagues and bores that commonly beset members of Parliament who are candidates for popularity. As if to compensate for his silent seat in the House of Commons, he displays a prodigal activity of word and deed among his constituents, always in the direction of entertainment, though in varied lines.

For example, he runs a circus and menagerie, on a magnificent scale and at vast expense. This, like the rest of the member's notions, was by no means a bad idea. Among the zoological performers there was a learned pig trained to give a correct answer to the question "Who is the greatest statesman of the day?" Unhappily, at the opening, on the gala night, this educated but treacherous beast chose to piece together the letters that form the name of the Opposition leader. Yet worse disasters than this failed to daunt the courageous member for Wrottenborough. Everybody knows how highly esteemed is the annual pantomime in a country town. It is anticipated with a fervour, and enjoyed with a zest, that are inconceivable to the pampered Londoner. From pure zeal for the cause, and possibly inspired by memories of *The Happy Land*, the member attempted to improve the occasion by transforming the Christmas entertainment of the borough into a political pantomime. The reception of this transformation scene was extremely hearty. There was no question about it and no division of the house. The great originator was compelled to fly as if for his life from the insulted audience. But the episodes of Mr. A'Beckett's pleasing burlesque are not all of this high colour of extravaganza. The patriotism and intelligence of the electorate are scarcely libelled in these sketches of the member's experiences. The extremely local and low character of the average voter's interest in politics is, indeed, scarcely burlesqued at all. Wrottenborough did "not care a brass farthing for Home Rule," and was keenly sensible of the national importance of its local interests. The candidate's address is framed on true local principles, and is really less profuse in promises than many electioneering documents that are more authentic.

* *The Member for Wrottenborough.* Edited by his "Alter Ego," Arthur A'Beckett. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

WESTMORLAND CHURCHES.*

MR. BELLASIS has collected in these two volumes the "heraldry, epitaphs, and other inscriptions in the thirty-two ancient churches and churchyards" of Westmorland. This is a most laudable achievement. In these days of "restoration" such a record is most valuable. Any one of the thirty-two churches may, sooner or later, be afflicted with a parson who will call in an architect to take down the hatchments, to remove the tablets to a porch or other outbuilding, to pave the paths with the gravestones, to fill the windows with gaudy glass, to take away every vestige of antiquity, and to substitute modern mock-Gothic; and then such a book as this will become the only memorial of a state of things which has passed away. Many of the thirty-two churches have already undergone the drastic process just mentioned, and others are ruined in their turn year by year. The hatred of the so-called "Gothic" architect to hatchments is difficult to explain. At one church in Wiltshire, Street sacrificed a round dozen of the highest interest. The actual hatchment of the son of Lord Chesterfield, to whom he wrote the famous letters, was hanging above his grave quite lately in a Surrey church, until it was "restored." In the Isle of Wight, Brading similarly lost all these memorials of the now extinct Oglander family. At Barton, as Mr. Bellasis remarks, there were over the communion table five rows of shields, seven in a row, of the families of Arundel, Percy, Lucy, Dacre, Lowther, Lancaster, Threlkeld, and others, all of which have been destroyed. In the same church the brass of Richard Wordsworth, the poet's grandfather, has been covered over by a "restorer" who laid a new floor in 1860. Since these notes were begun, many monuments have disappeared; others again rest behind organs, or in any dark corner, and the churches in which they had been set up have suffered proportionably. At Kendal, many stones with inscriptions were recently buried, "following upon a call to owners (partially responded to) to help in the task of putting the churchyard in order." But the Kendal people have not suffered so much in this way as the people of St. Margaret, Westminster, where, under the fostering care of Archdeacon Farrar, all the churchyard memorials have been destroyed, the powerful influence of the Duke of Westminster having barely sufficed to save the tomb of his ancestor, Alexander Davis. Even the celebrated grave of "Mr. John Gilpin" is gone.

The memorials enumerated by Mr. Bellasis are seldom of much interest except to members of the families whose names occur upon them. Some of the seventeenth-century epitaphs are of the usual seventeenth-century character, but they are few in number. Of William Guy, who died in 1683, we read :—

> Had loyalty been life, brave Guy, thou'dst than
> Stood Kendall's everlasting alderman.

Sir Augustine Nicholls, a judge of assize, died at Kendal on circuit :—"Comming to give judgment upon others by his comfortable and Christian departure receaved (wee assuredly beleeve) his judgment with mercye in the yeare of our Lord 1616." On a vicar of Kendal who died in 1627 there is a curious epitaph commencing :—

> London bredd me, Westminster fedd me,
> Cambridge sped me, my Sister wed me.

Meaning, of course, that his sister found him a wife.

The Wordsworth and Quillinan memorials at Grasmere Church are interesting. The earliest in date is that of the poet's son, who died young in 1812. The first wife of Edward Quillinan was burnt to death accidentally in 1822. Some curious lines are on her monument :—

> These vales were saddened with no common gloom
> When good Jemima perished in her bloom,
> When, such the awful will of heaven, she died
> By flames breathed on her from her own fireside.

The art of sinking in poetry is well exemplified here, for the first line is most promising. That Wordsworth's own epitaph is in prose may be cause for thankfulness after this. There is a rare unselfishness expressed in the inscription on William Richardson, though the metre halts :—

> Go home, dear wife, and do not troubled be,
> Since Death has parted you and me.
> Grieve not for me nor trouble take,
> But love my friends for my sake.

* *Westmorland Church Notes.* Collected and Arranged by Edward Bellasis. Kendal: Wilson.

Rasselas Belfield, who died in 1822, is made thus to describe himself:—

A slave by birth, I left my native land,
And found my freedom on Britannia's strand.
Blest isle! thou glory of the wise and free,
Thy touch alone unbinds the chains of slavery.

This memorial, which is in Windermere Church, is probably unique. On the whole, a very large proportion of the epitaphs on which Mr. Bellasis has spent so much time and trouble are, it must be confessed, of a very uninteresting character. The same, or similar, expressions are repeated without end. One lady was "an easy and agreeable acquaintance." Another was "an amiable woman." The eulogies are extravagant, and remind the reader of what Oliver Goldsmith's Chinaman thought of epitaphs, when he suggested that a man should be compelled to compose his own, and then to live up to it. But the truth is evidently told of one man. His name was Arthur Smith, and he died in 1709, and is commemorated on the south wall of the tower of Morland Church in unflattering terms. He was, it seems, well known in Westmorland as a teacher of psalmody. "He had naturally good endowments for this profession, sufficient to have procured him a decent maintenance and rank in society; but inexperience, thoughtless and intemperate disposition, brought him into the want of all the comforts, and very frequently the common necessaries of life. In this condition he lived to the age of eighty." We cannot but wish Mr. Bellasis had chosen a county abounding in more interesting inscriptions; but these two plump volumes are a monument at least of his industry and accuracy.

BOMBAY, 1885–1890.*

THE Presidency of Bombay is an especially inviting topic to a writer who aims, as does Sir William Hunter in the present volume, at giving "a general view of how a great Presidency of British India is governed in our own day." Such views are hardly to be obtained except by concrete instances, and no Indian province is better qualified than Bombay to serve for the purposes of illustration. Though comparatively small in area and population, it presents a remarkable variety alike in physical aspect and national characteristics. The blazing sand-wastes of Sindh, the Western Ghats deluged by the full burst of the monsoon, the black-soil plateaux of the Deccan, and the fluvial tracts of Guzerat do not present more striking contrasts than are afforded by the temperaments of the different classes of the inhabitants. In Sindh the official finds a race which, ever since the invasion of the Arabian fleets in the eighth century, has been essentially Muhammadan; and the problem here is to adapt the administration to an "old-fashioned, unenergetic, declining class," once the rulers of the province, so that the more vigorous Hindu may not enjoy a monopoly of public employment, nor a Muhammadan population be ruled by Mahratta Brahmans. In the adjoining province of Guzerat, on the other hand, the population has, despite a long series of Muhammadan invasions, remained essentially Hindu, and the object here is to stimulate a local Hindu population—long accustomed to the alien rule of Muhammadans, Mahrattas, or English—to hold its own in the struggle of life against the keener energy and self-assertion of more vigorous neighbours. Southward lies the true Mahratta country, and the administrative problem here is to manage an able and excitable Hindu population, not, like the Sindhian or Guzeratee, accustomed to foreign subjection, but inheriting the instincts of a conquering and predatory race, and still cherishing traditions of the time when their forefathers shattered the Mogul's tottering throne, and made the Mahratta name a terror from the Khyber defiles to the lowlands of Orissa. The extraordinarily rapid development of the Mahratta Confederacy, its torrential system of invasion, the splendid dreams of universal empire which fired its leaders, the military prowess of its ill-ordered hordes, its prolonged and stubborn resistance to its European rival, which added so graphic a chapter to the history of British ascendency in India, are circumstances which, Sir W. Hunter reminds us, were likely to bequeath some difficulties to the present rulers of the country.

In the case of the Mahratta landholder the difficulty was the greater because the transition from the epoch of organized plunder to the precise legality of the English *régime* involved him in grievous hardship. His land-tax, under his native rulers, was high. It was not, however, rigidly exacted; for the Mahratta chiefs, returning laden with the booty of ravaged provinces, were not inclined to enforce their local imposts with exactness. They "had elaborated armed aggression into a lucrative revenue system." On the other hand, the soldier came back from the campaign a wealthy man, and found no difficulty in meeting a higher revenue demand than the yield of his holding would justify. As the growth of British rule gradually curtailed the area and opportunities of plunder, the position of the Mahratta landowner suffered a twofold deterioration. The Government became more exacting; his means of complying with those exactions were cut away. The result was that the first British administrators of the Mahratta country found the landed class broken by a crushing land-tax, and had in every instance to commence operations by a material diminution of the State demand.

The consequence has been that nowhere in India have the problems connected with the State ownership of the land presented themselves in a more direct and interesting form. In Bengal the creation of a class of great proprietors removed the English revenue officer from immediate intercourse with the people. In the North-Western Provinces the taxpayer is represented by the head of the village community. In Bombay the revenue system is based on a precise, scientific examination of the capacities of every holding, in the way of soil, aspect, climate, irrigational facilities, and the neighbourhood of roads or markets. This sort of scrutiny could be carried out only by a highly efficient staff, and several vigorous administrators in Bombay have insisted on an exceptionally high standard of efficiency. Nowhere is the district officer constrained to devote so large a portion of his time to personal intercourse with the people. He lives under canvas, travelling about his district for some hundred and eighty or two hundred days, as compared with the sixty or ninety days devoted to this class of duties in other provinces. To an officer from Bengal, says Sir W. Hunter, "the Bombay Civil Service seemed a small but exceedingly active body with a very big head."

Provided with this excellent material for an object-lesson in the mechanism of a provincial government, Sir W. Hunter has given an elaborate account of each branch of the Administration. He begins with the Governor's Council, and, having selected the five years of Lord Reay's Administration as the period to be illustrated, he gives biographical sketches of Lord Reay and his colleagues in the Council, which consists, for all executive purposes, of the Governor, two civilian officers, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army. The personality of these officials is of greater importance than the superficial observer is apt to imagine. The relations of the Local Councils to the Central Government are not precisely demarcated by law or precedent. At certain points—some questions of finance and legislation, for instance—the boundary lines are perfectly distinct; but elsewhere there is sufficient confusion to allow of controversy, if an aggressive or self-assertive spirit got the better of good sense and tact. Nothing is more conspicuous in the history of Indian administration than the necessity—which has again and again made itself felt—of placing the supremacy of the Governor-General beyond dispute. Nor does the decentralization policy of recent years in any way derogate from that supremacy, though it leaves a wider area open for the discretionary action of the officials who, in subordination to the Viceroy, represent the Queen's Government in the various provinces of the Empire. Lord Reay, we learn, was in favour of still further decentralization, and regarded a cautious extension of the powers of the Local Governments as a wholesome corrective to the benumbing influences which the routine of a huge bureaucracy is so apt to engender. As regards the practical working of his Government Lord Reay appears to have departed in two somewhat serious particulars from the prevailing tradition. In the first place, he rebelled in somewhat trenchant fashion against secretariat domination. The Indian Secretary is apt to dominate. He is, presumably, of exceptional ability; he is bound to know his subject thoroughly; he is able to colour each topic of discussion with his own idiosyncrasies or convictions. His influence with the responsible authorities is, and ought to be, great. In the case of a feeble or indolent superior and a powerful Secretary it may easily become excessive. Lord Reay took effectual precautions against being himself the victim of Secretariat despotism. "He departed from the system of receiving regular weekly visits from his Chief Secretaries, and of transacting work with them in person. . . . He preferred reading what the Secretaries had to say, and then talking over their opinions with the members of Council when a difference of opinion arose." This departure from the system which prolonged experience has introduced in every other province was, at any rate, courageous. We are not told anything as to the success of the experiment. It, no doubt, secured independence for the Governor; on the other hand, it deprived him of assistance

* *Bombay, 1885–1890: a Study in Indian Administration.* By Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I. London. 1892.

which, newly arrived from England as he was, and inexpert in Indian topics, would have been of exceptional value. Sir W. Hunter hints that it was more approved by the outside public than in official circles. "It was," he says, "sometimes not altogether agreeable to the immediate entourage of the Governor, and perhaps tended to temper the enthusiasm with which some Governors have been regarded by their Secretaries."

Another innovation introduced by Lord Reay in the procedure of administration was, we think, of still more questionable expediency. "He preferred," we are told, "to discuss questions with his Council individually, to the more formal meetings of the Council itself." His principal colleagues took the same view, and the result was that "Councils were only held when the collective decision of the Government was required," the rest of the work of the Administration being carried on by an interchange of official minutes. Lord Reay's opinion was that, "by steady individual discussions with his colleagues," a question was more likely to be thoroughly threshed out than at formal meetings, at which it might be difficult for a member to recall an opinion once delivered. Parliament having decreed a system of government "in Council," it is, we should have thought, open to doubt whether the substitution for it of government "by interchange of office-boxes" was strictly legal. In any case, such an arrangement would be out of the question in any case in which the topic was such as to call for promptitude in decision, and it is easy to see how soon it might lend itself to irregularities in the case of a domineering Governor or an indolent and unconscientious colleague. A member of Council composing minutes at his leisure in the solitude of his study is a very different and, we incline to think, a far less valuable factor in an Administration than the same man confronted with his colleagues, influencing them, and being himself influenced in the sturdy conflict of personal discussion.

We must not attempt to follow Sir W. Hunter in his minute and detailed account of the several branches of the Bombay Government. The relations of the Government with Native States, the large number and close proximity of which are leading characteristics of this Presidency; Public Education; the Management of Forests, a topic which in Lord Reay's time had given rise to somewhat acute controversies between the official custodians of the forests, bent on developing them, and their aboriginal inhabitants, whose habits involved their destruction; the administration of the Land Revenue, with its curious history and special difficulties; the Public Works, nowhere more conspicuous for their importance and success than in Bombay—are each described with a fulness and exactitude which, if they make unwelcome demands on the attention of the casual reader, have the result of rendering the subject really intelligible to the serious student. In the chapter on Finance Sir W. Hunter gives an admirably lucid account of the system of "financial provincialization," which of late years has undergone such rapid development, and has worked such wonders in the rehabilitation of the Indian Exchequer. The subject of Excise and General Taxation naturally introduces the vexed question of the morality of a revenue derived from alcoholic drinks, and shows in a striking manner how the best efforts of the Government to solve a difficult problem in the way most conducive to the public welfare are impeded by the ignorant and reckless criticism which it seems to be the unhappy destiny of Indian topics to provoke in Parliament and other influential quarters. Sir W. Hunter's survey is completed by a sketch of the Judicial, Magisterial, and Police systems, and of the District Boards, Municipalities, and other forms of local self-government, which, during the last decade, have assumed such important dimensions in this portion of the Empire. Nothing is more remarkable throughout than the impression of rapid development and healthy automatic growth which the history of each branch of the public service leaves on the mind. The Presidency of Bombay, in its present phase, displays but few traits of that immovable conservatism which used to be regarded as the traditional attribute of an Eastern community. All is life, change, new industries, fresh opportunities of wealth, the courageous advance of a prosperous and enterprising community to a higher level of domestic and social well being. The growth of Bombay and Kurrachee into ports and commercial emporia of first-class importance sounds more like that of some new American capital than the development of long-existing and established communities. It is almost startling to learn, amidst the rush of statistics, that some old-world ways are still uneffaced, and that "at this day the bankers' guild in Surat devotes a part of the fees, which it levies on bills of exchange, to animal hospitals, true survivals of King Asoka's Second Edict, which provided a system of medical aid for beasts, 250 years before Christ." Such a collision of ancient and modern—such putting of old wine into new bottles—is not likely to be unattended with some rude shocks, some injury to the interests of individuals or classes, some friction of which the careless observer may easily mistake the real cause and significance. Such compilations as the present enable the reader to realize the true import of the phenomenon of modern Indian society. To the student of Indian administration, seriously desirous to master its problems and understand its technical machinery, they are invaluable. But their principal importance lies in the enormous economy of time and labour which they afford to those who are engaged in the practical administration of the country. We are confident that a young Bombay official who devoted some weeks to the perusal of this volume and the thorough mastery of the various topics with which it deals, would start upon the discharge of his duties with a fuller insight into the nature of those duties, and of the probable effects of his action on the communities concerned, than without such assistance he would have been able to obtain by years of unenlightened experience. Lord Reay is to be congratulated on the good fortune which has committed the history of his term of office—which was not without its official anxieties—to the judicious handling of so competent and accomplished a chronicler.

SELECTIONS FROM SWIFT.*

ALTHOUGH the objections to selections are numerous and often strong, there is in certain cases at the present day a *force majeure* which ought to overcome them. Very few voluminous "Works," other than those of novelists, is it possible to induce the British book-buyer nowadays to purchase in a handsomely printed and complete library edition, unless it is produced in limited numbers, so as to pay its expenses without the danger and (to the purchaser) the disgust of "remainder" copies. Even cheap popular editions of such works, if they run to more than two or three volumes, have little chance of sale. Now Swift is a writer who ought to be read, and who, even if the works of others who have squatted on his demesnes are evicted, fills no small space; while, for this reason or that, large parts of him can hardly hope now to find a public. Accordingly more than one attempt has been made of late years to present him in more or less copious excerpt. But nobody has undertaken the task with such qualifications for it as Mr. Craik, whose Life of the Dean long ago showed his attitude towards the subject to be a model of combined sobriety and scholarship. From the first volume of these Selections, the preface of which contains a sketch of the proposed contents of the second, we can pronounce without much doubt that it will be the most useful form in which Swift has yet been presented to ordinary readers and book-buyers, whose shelves are not very capacious, and whose desires, perhaps, are not omnivorous. It will not—no selection will—replace the complete "Works" to the real student; but even he will lose less than in some other cases. For, of those complete editions which occur to our memory, the little duodecimos or 18mos which were issued in the middle of the last century are incomplete, confused, and very difficult to orientate oneself in; Nichols's is inaccurate and cumbrous; Scott's, which was executed with much less knowledge, and at a much busier period of the editor's life than his *Dryden*, stands as an edition a good deal below that excellent work of English scholarship; and the only other known to us is awkward in shape and unpleasant to read. Mr. Craik, if he goes on as he has begun, will leave hardly any part of the great Dean's work unrepresented, and will present it in a more carefully cared-for shape than any previous editor. For it is generally known that Swift took little trouble about his published works—in some cases, indeed, abandoned them to others to bring out, with an equal indifference to pecuniary gain and self-conceit—and it is not so generally known that his editors have not always been careful to set the results of this paternal indifference right. Mr. Craik's notes are not extremely voluminous, and he never indulges in that indiscriminate gaol-delivery of miscellaneous, and often irrelevant, reading which seems to some persons the appropriate honour to pay to a great classic. But in this volume alone they amount to something like a hundred close-printed pages, and we have seldom noted in them either a real difficulty passed over or a sham one unnecessarily raised. That the *Life* is excellent need hardly be said. We did justice long ago to Mr. Craik's larger work on the subject, and, though the dictum that a short *Life* should always be subsequent, not preliminary, to a long one is rather a counsel of critical perfection than a practical maxim of literary work, it is here carried out.

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* *Selections from Swift.* Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

The contents of the present volume begin with the early serious poems. We can hardly agree with Mr. Craik that these poems "give proofs that Swift might have achieved success in other than humorous or sarcastic verse." Dryden was the least jealous of men, and Dryden's verdict on cousin Swift's Pindaricks seems to us irreversible. To take comparisons with his own contemporaries only, they are a little better than the worst of Young's similar work, a good deal worse than the best of the similar work of Dr. Watts. But they are extremely interesting, for the estimate of his genius and its development; and we suspect that most of those who have hithero condemned them have condemned them unheard. It was, therefore, distinctly desirable that they should appear here. Of the prose, the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, and part of the *Journal to Stella*, with selections from the *Examiner*, will find no objectors; and we, at least, approve of Mr. Craik's inclusion of the *Dissensions of Athens and Rome*; wherein, it need hardly be said, the dissensions of Athens and Rome contribute little more than the names. The piece, though stiff, and a little smacking of the novice, is an excellent example of that application of literary faculty and literary knowledge to politics which has been more than justified by results. It is possible that Swift, if he could have entered Parliament, would have been a not much better member than Mr. Mill, and not nearly so good a member as Mr. Burke, who, after all, was, as a Parliament man only, no very striking success. But, to those who wish to understand politics, whether as a qualification for Parliament or not, he is more valuable than Mr. Mill, and not much less valuable than Mr. Burke. The other extracts it is superfluous to praise. We shall only say that Mr. Craik's observations on some popular fallacies as to Swift's religious and other sentiments are excellent. We shall look forward to his second volume, where he will have, if not a greater, a still more varied and more generally interesting material to draw upon. As it is, if we could hope that any considerable number of Englishmen will in this volume read, mark, and digest the *Tale of a Tub*, we should sleep sound for the future of Britain. The *Tale of a Tub* does not teach all truth, for, though Mr. Craik justly defends the author from the charge of irreligion, the "heroic furies" in religion, in poetry, in love, in other things, were always denied him. But we had almost said that it contains the antidote and sterilizing influence to all the worst and most poisonous germs of error.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

MR. PRATT'S volume contrasts very favourably with the sketches of hurried tours which egotism foists on the public. He writes so well that we could wish he had dwelt in greater detail on his adventures and trying experiences. He is a daring traveller and an enthusiastic exploring naturalist of the school of the Wallaces, the Bates, and the Hudsons, who is prepared to submit to hardships and not to be daunted by difficulties. He has all the tact and the indomitable patience which are essential to making his way among races that are savage or but half-civilized. He has collected much valuable information as to a wild country very little known, and the strange manners and customs of its inhabitants, who are rather feudatories than subjects of the Chinese Emperor. Nor can we doubt that his contributions to zoology, entomology, and botany are at least as important. Modesty is his most conspicuous quality, and in his anxiety to avoid the suspicion of bookmaking. he has passed over with merely casual notice the scenes and places that have been previously visited by Europeans. But his expedition would scarcely have been so successful had it not been for the friendly assistance of the French missionaries, who have formed settlements and been diffusing their faith in the remotest districts of China. Mr. Pratt, who seems to be blessed with ample means, engaged a numerous staff of attendants and collectors, detaching parties under the charge of headmen. He was bold enough to take his wife and children with him, although after a time he was compelled to send them home. Travelling up the Yang-tze to Ichang was comparatively easy, and as Ichang is the last of the treaty ports, he decided to make it his residence for a year. The Consul helped him to rent a Chinese house, but it was by no means a luxurious abode for a lady. It had mud walls and a timber roof; there was an earthen floor, and there were neither ceilings nor partitions. Under the windows was a great cesspool, daily replenished from the city, and drawn upon by the surrounding gardeners. No wonder the author was glad to charter a house-boat, in which he proposed to pass the summer months. Thanks to the precipitous gorges and frequent rapids, there were great difficulties in the navigation of the Upper Yang-tze, and immediately above Ichang the scenery is extremely savage. He describes a day's stalking in the Goat Glen, which is situated on one of the tributary streams. Beneath impracticable precipices rivulets trickle down through huge piles of boulders, and the plants that grow in profusion on each patch of irrigated soil make the secluded glen a natural garden. As for the goats, there is no getting at them, except by hurling stones over the brink of the opposite precipice. The stones, descending by leaps of several hundred feet, startle the animals from their shelter in the thick copse-wood. Notwithstanding the perils of shipwreck on the rapids, a flourishing trade goes forward on the river, to the great benefit of the Chinese revenue. The chief exports are rhubarb, which is sent to Europe, with the queer simples, vegetable and animal, which are in general use in the Chinese pharmacopœia. Among sovereign specifics are powdered elk-horn and dried centipedes. Silk and musk make up the cargoes; and there is a large import business done in Manchester goods. Ascending the river, Mr. Pratt was struck by the gigantic creeping plants, each of them covering an area of about half an acre and sheltering numerous colonies of pigeons and thrushes. The sheer cliffs which narrowed the river-bed at the rapids were scored by the bamboo ropes of generations of boatmen, and there were deep cavities worn by the steel-shod poles used in fending off. Some of the large junks had crews of eighty men, and they engaged besides the services of gangs of trackers. Everything depends on the strength of the rope, and it is in the contract for the crews to be supplied with their coffins.

When Mr. Pratt was preparing for a trip to the wild district of Chang-Yang the great embarrassment was ready money. Not that his credit was not good, but he had to provide himself with thousands of bulky copper cash, for silver was too valuable for common use. Though he confined his equipment to what was strictly necessary, he loaded fifteen coolies. He employed local labour and paid his people well; yet after a two months' sojourn he found himself an object of suspicion. It was believed that he brought ill luck to the district; he was boycotted and mobbed, and went in terror of his life. But he had the pluck to hold on, till a message to the distant authorities brought relief, with dire retribution on his persecutors, who were mercilessly "squeezed" by the officials of the law. Pushing onwards to the frontier of Tibet, some of the travelling was decidedly dangerous, though the natives take it as a matter of course. There was one *mauvais pas*, overhanging an abyss, where the foot-track is simply scraped in the shale and is washed away by each successive shower. Yet even in these almost inaccessible wilds there were French missionaries, who gave him hospitality and generous assistance. In the semi-Tibetan town of Tu-tsien-lu he met the American traveller, Mr. Rockhill. It was occasionally enlivened by the passage of one of the Government couriers who regularly carry despatches between Lhassa and Pekin. One man does the entire distance. He is tied to his saddle; he never stops except to shift horses; and at each relay where he changes his guard of soldiers he makes a light repast on a raw egg. Mr. Pratt was informed that the hard work often proved fatal, and we can only wonder that any human being survives through a single journey. The book concludes with the account of his camping out in the Tibetan snows, at an altitude of about 15,000 feet above the sea-level. Though there were heavy storms in the middle of June, it was not the snow that scared him away. But there, again, he was the victim of superstitious prejudice. The medicine collectors, who at first had been inclined to be friendly, associated him with the severity of the season; they stirred up the inhabitants to sign a petition, and as the Mandarin detested foreigners, there was nothing for it but to leave. On the return journey he picked up his detached parties of collectors, and was satisfied with the results of their labours. He seems to have felt amply rewarded for dangers and hardships by the valuable contents of the cases he brought to England.

Mr. Price's journey was also an adventurous one, and his narrative is nearly as exciting. As travelling artist for the *Illustrated London News*, he obtained a berth on board a steamer chartered by the enterprising syndicate which hopes to open a trade route with Northern Siberia by way of the Arctic Sea. We fear the speculation must always be precarious, if we may judge by the difficulties the *Biscaya* experienced before she cast anchor in the estuary of the Yenisei. The troubles among the ice-floes and the drifting pack must be serious even in an open season, and when the season is exceptionally severe the passages are hermetically sealed. The navigation of the mighty Yenisei, which takes its

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* *To the Snows of Tibet through China.* By A. E. Pratt, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea. By Julius M. Price, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

A Scamper through Spain and Tangier. By Margaret Thomas. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

rise in the confines of China, is by no means safe or easy; the current is tremendously strong, and the sand-banks are constantly shifting. Storms blow up suddenly from the ocean or the boundless tundras, and as the river is sixty miles in width for more than a hundred miles there is often a heavy sea running. Mr. Price's nerves, as well as his patience, were sorely tried before he reached the city of Yeniseik. To this point the journey had been dreary enough; there were low banks which at first were bare and then covered with stunted forest, with here and there a village, consisting of a few sheds and hovels clustering round a wooden church. It was an agreeable change to Yeniseik, which is a fair specimen of a flourishing Siberian city. Being the centre of gold-fields, there are many capitalists among the citizens. There are three handsome churches, with a club and a theatre; but there is no sort of hotel. Considering what Siberian hotels are elsewhere, that is perhaps not to be regretted, for there is no lack of hospitality, and there are good lodgings. The stranger is struck by the sumptuous palaces of the millionaires, and the native Siberians of the lower orders ought to be kept in clover. For be it charity, or be it ostentation, when a millionaire is embarrassed with the balance at his banker's, he forthwith builds and endows some public institution. Yet he makes his fortune under severe restrictions. He can only sell the gold to the Government; he has to pay at a high rate, on a fixed scale, for smelting, assaying, transport, &c., nor can he retain even a small nugget for himself without receiving special permission. At Krasnoiarsk, which is a somewhat bigger and more pretentious Yeniseik, and at Irkutsk, Mr. Price saw a good deal of the prisoners and the convict system. On the whole, his report is distinctly favourable. He thinks that the ordinary criminals, who for the most part look unmitigated villains, may congratulate themselves on being Russian subjects. Capital punishment is practically unknown, so that they may accumulate murder on murder without fear of ulterior consequences. Labour being in demand, if they behave decently, they soon obtain tickets-of-leave; and in the prisons, though the outer gates are locked, otherwise there is scarcely an appearance of restraint. He saw little of the overcrowding which shocked Mr. Kennan; but he admits that the atmosphere is often intolerably foul. At Irkutsk there were workshops of all sorts in full swing; there were jewellers, engravers, and even artists, for many clever forgers were "doing their time," and were much looked up to by their fellow-culprits and the officials. Driving southwards, first in sledges, and afterwards in cumbrous tarantasses, Mr. Price had many troubles and not a few narrow escapes before he reached the southern slopes of the mountains of Mongolia. The winter was breaking; the ice on Lake Baikal was fissured, the roads were threatened with snowslips, and the rivers were in flood. He had exchanged a superabundance of moisture for drought when he was crossing the dismal Gobi Desert; but he was very fortunate in being attached to the Russian Parcel Post, which is in charge of two experienced Cossacks, who saw him safe to Pekin.

Miss Thomas, we are told, is a promising Australian artist, and a passionate admirer of the modern French masters. That, from the artistic point of view, she should have greatly enjoyed her scamper through Spain was very natural, but we cannot discover any special reason why she should have given us her fugitive impressions in a rather bulky volume; though, indeed, she candidly says as to one chapter that it was written simply to relieve the tedium of a dull day within doors. We knew before that Velasquez and Murillo were meritorious painters; we had heard something of the architectural glories of Burgos and Seville; nor is there much of the sensation of novelty in the elaborate description of a bull-fight. Still, there is pleasant enough skimming in the book, especially where Miss Thomas finds similarities between the scenery of tawny Spain and the waterless plains of her native Australia.

THE FRENCH NAVY, 1639-1792.*

IF an inquirer were to ask for a good account of the administration of the Royal Navy we are afraid that it would be necessary to refer him to the original authorities scattered up and down between the Record Office, Acts of Parliament, Blue Books, and papers buried in Service Journals. How many students in modern English history could say offhand what was the difference—if any—between the Board of Admiralty and the Navy Board? A man with leisure and a taste for the subject can find it out, but the reader who hopes to find it in one manageable book will be most cruelly disappointed. Not so the Frenchman bitten with a desire to know something of the history of his navy. He will find plenty of information about it, arranged for him with a fair share of that neatness and lucidity of exposition which make both the charm and the value of French text-books or historical monographs. M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix has now added to the list a useful account of the organization of the French navy, and the various changes made in it, from the days of Colbert down to the great revolutionary convulsion. The volume is more useful than entertaining, except where the amusement is given quite unconsciously. It is to us, at least, very pleasant to find a brief reference to the battle of La Hogue, in which the burning of the ships is called "an accident," and not a word is said of Sir George Rooke, or the boats of the English fleet. Again, M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix is not to his own knowledge making a joke when he says, "La presse avait lieu en Angleterre; étant donné que l'Angleterre était une île, il était permis de penser que tous les citoyens étaient en état de naviguer"—yet it is a really funny observation. One touch of humour (unconscious) in M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix will, of course, remain hidden to the most acute French eye to the end of time. It is to be found in the contrast between passages in which we are told how noble it was in Choiseul and Louis XVI. to hate England, with other passages noting how deplorable it was that there were wicked foreigners who actually hated France.

What we are afraid must be called the slight dulness of this book is, to a considerable extent, the fault of the subject. The author has not undertaken to write about the fighting of the French navy, but to describe its administration. This might be made entertaining enough, but it necessarily wants the colour and movement of the military side of the history. After reading our author, we understand better why no such work as his has been produced here. The English navy has grown gradually, here a little and there a little, from the necessity of the case, out of the life of the nation. Its organization has come from innumerable orders and regulations, many of them being little more than official recognitions of what the navy has done for itself. The French navy has been made by nice well-drawn-up coherent *ordonnances*. We shall not make invidious observations about the oak and the clipped yew-tree. Still it is a fact that the French navy is much more a specimen of the topiarian art than the English. Now, it is much easier to tell how the yew was cut into a fighting cock than how the oak grew, trunk, branch, and leaf. M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix gives an account of the successive clippings and trimmings. First, the French navy was forced up by Louis XIV., and then it was cut into mould by the great *ordonnance* drafted by Colbert, though not actually published till after his death. Then the tree grew dreadfully ragged and unhealthy during the last days of Louis XIV., and so remained till Choiseul took it in hand towards the end of the Seven Years' War. He made strenuous effort to pull it straight, and something was done. Upon his fall there was a relapse till Turgot became secretary. He did something to revive the force, but he, too, was able to effect little that was permanent. The great revival of the French navy before the American War was mainly the work of Louis XVI., and of his Minister, the Maréchal de Castries. All these administrators, and the many transient and embarrassed phantoms who came between them, published *ordonnances*. This book gives summaries of all these official documents, and illustrates them by some account of the circumstances which caused them to be made.

It will be obvious that a work of this order is largely, indeed almost wholly, made up of details, of which no approach to a full account can be given in a review. Those who wish to consult it for the exact provisions of Colbert's *ordonnance*, the modifications of Choiseul, and the reorganization of Maréchal de Castries, must go to the book itself. We can only point out one of the general features of the history of that navy which was for so long our natural enemy. It is, then, curious to see how entirely the French Marine was the work of the Central Government at Paris. When the impulse from headquarters was vigorous and intelligent the force was strong after a fashion. When that impulse was wanting it withered. We cannot see from this book that the navy itself originated anything. It may be safely asserted that the very reverse is true of the English navy. That is the work of the admirals and captains, and has grown with a life of its own, in spite of the Admiralty, or at least with very little help from it. How far this difference is due to that very completeness of organization which gave the French navy its apparent vigour at certain periods is a question worth asking in these days of elaborate regulation. Certainly the minute provisions of the various French *ordonnances*, with their rigid limitations of power

* *Essai sur l'histoire de l'administration de la Marine de France*, 1689-1792. Par Lambert de Sainte-Croix. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Editeur. 1892.

and responsibility, appear to have made all personal independence impossible. There was no room for the elder Byng or Hawke, for Rodney or Sir Charles Douglas, for Howe and Nelson. Suffren alone has the stamp of these men, and he only by accident and partially. Which was cause here and which effect would be perhaps difficult to decide. Did the *ordonnances* shrivel the men? or is there something in the nature of the Frenchman which makes it natural to him to go according to a routine and in a rut? It is the everlasting question of the Sufi pipkin. We can at least be satisfied that our navy was spared the beautiful paper completeness of the French, and then as a check reflect with some uneasiness on the modern tendency to approximate to the ideal of Colbert, Choiseul, and Castries.

TWO SAXON CHRONICLES PARALLEL.*

WHEN in 1865 Professor Earle published his *Two Saxon Chronicles Parallel*, the value of his work was universally acknowledged, and it has ever since been held in high esteem by all engaged on early English history. Excellent as it is, however, it is easy to perceive that the volume before us is, as far as it goes, a decided improvement upon it. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* is at present known to exist in six manuscripts; a seventh, which was almost wholly destroyed by fire in 1731, is represented in the first edition of the Chronicle published by Abraham Wheloc in 1644, and not long ago a single folio of an independent Chronicle was discovered and published by Professor Julius Zupitza. Each of these manuscripts contains a distinct version of the Chronicle, and presents special points of interest. Mr. Earle chose as his two main texts, the one called the "Winchester Chronicle," because, as Mr. Plummer says, "it is believed to be based upon a chronicle, now lost, which had its origin at Winchester," and the version which from its many notices of local history is universally held to have been written at Peterborough. The Winchester book given by Archbishop Parker to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, ends as far as the Chronicle is concerned at 1070, though for some seventy years and more before that date its annals are few and scanty, while the Peterborough Chronicle, by far the longest of all the versions, is carried down to 1154. Along with these two texts, Mr. Earle printed supplementary selections from the other versions, wrote, as an Introduction to his work, a critical disquisition of much learning and ingenuity on the characters and values of the different versions and their relations to each other, printed some interesting addenda to the chronicles, and completed his volume with a glossary for the two main texts.

Mr. Plummer, who has worked on his predecessor's lines, is too conscientious an editor to accept anything as satisfactorily established that he has not himself tested, and has for the present book collated all the texts afresh—a work, we need scarcely say, entailing immense labour, which has been rewarded by the discovery of several inaccuracies, hitherto undetected in earlier editions, and will be gratefully appreciated by all scholars. Letters left out in the text and supplied by the editor are marked, as in "cyn[g]," and letters or words left out by the scribe as he wrote, and afterwards written in above the line, are marked by converging strokes, as "for'ð'ferde" and "'to'." In some cases the omission of a letter, and the subsequent correction, are a matter of real importance; for, as we are reminded here, the scribe's first spelling of a word sometimes tells us how he pronounced it. The footnotes contain the various readings and matters of a like kind, and the printed texts, while preserving the peculiarities of punctuation in the MSS., are rendered easier to read by a sparing, though sufficient, use of commas and semicolons. In the selection of passages supplementary to the main texts Mr. Plummer has exercised his own discretion, adding some passages to those in Mr. Earle's book, and leaving out a few that appeared to him to be superfluous. Among those added we specially welcome the scrap discovered by Professor Zupitza, which relates to the years 1113–1114. Mr. Plummer's glossary contains not merely every word, but every form in the two main texts, and every word in the supplementary passages from the other versions. A glance at Mr. Earle's glossary will suffice to show how great an advance has been made in this respect in the volume before us. The Preface merely gives a succinct account of the different versions of the Chronicle now known to be extant, and of the methods adopted by the present editor; the interesting Menologium or Metrical Calendar and the Gnomic verses printed in Mr. Earle's Preface being here placed in an Appendix, to which there is added another Appendix of insertions from the bilingual Canterbury book and the Acts of Lanfranc in Latin written at the end of the Winchester Chronicle. A second volume will be devoted to an Introduction and critical notes. The reason of the delay in the completion of the work is satisfactory. Mr. Plummer is, we are happy to hear, engaged in editing the text of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica* for the Clarendon Press (to which, we trust, he will add the *Vitæ Abbatum* and the anonymous *Historia Abbatum*), and it would, as he remarks, be preposterous, in the strictest sense of the word, to deal with the Chronicle before dealing with the Ecclesiastical History. We shall look forward with much interest both to his edition of Bede and to the completion of his present work; for the instalment now before us is as thorough and scholarly a piece of work as could possibly be done; it reflects the highest credit on the editor, and is in every respect a volume on which Oxford men may rejoice to see the name of the Clarendon Press.

* *Two of the Saxon Chronicles Parallel; with Supplementary Extracts from the others.* A Revised Text, edited, with Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and Glossary, by Charles Plummer, M.A., Fellow and Chaplain of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on the basis of an edition of John Earle, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, and sometime Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College. Vol. I. Text, Appendices, and Glossary. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.*

MISS BLANCHE ROOSEVELT'S monograph on M. Victorien Sardou, introduced by a preface from Mr. Beatty-Kingston's practised pen in order "to set forth the author's qualifications for fulfilling the task she has undertaken," has very many merits and very few faults. Indeed, the only fault we are disposed to cavil at lies in the vast number of misprints in the French quotations and expressions. This is particularly hard upon Miss Roosevelt in her quality of "officier de l'Académie Française," as it also is that by one of these blunders she is made to describe Versailles as a suburb of Rio, of all places in the world.

To turn to the more welcome task of discussing the book apart from its printing. The author is, to begin with, to be congratulated on having written what is in name and intention a *personal* study in so tactful and graceful a way that no living, no nor even dead soul could take a grain of offence at any line in it. In this connexion the author has shown a perfect taste in giving no clue to the identity of a brilliant writer now deceased, and once the idol of Sardou, who was cruelly disillusioned on meeting him by chance. The few who know the story, or can read between the lines, will be grateful to Miss Roosevelt for her reticence.

For the rest, nobody could possibly be better informed on her subject than the author, or write of it more pleasantly and unaffectedly; and when she diverges into critical paths her criticism, whether one fully agrees with it or not, is invariably keen and logical. Personally we do not at all agree with what she says of the torture scene in *La Tosca*, yet one sees reasons for her view, which is excellently expressed. Just before this, by-the-bye, is a sentence concerning Court etiquette in Italy in which the very odd use of the word *unauthentic* makes either nonsense or a contradiction in terms. We must not quote too much from a book which is short, and which everyone interested in dramatic authorship should read, but we may quote what Miss Roosevelt fully and tersely says of Sardou in his capacity as writer:—

> 'Putting aside all natural qualities, I should unhesitatingly style Sardou the greatest dramatic artisan of the epoch. I use the word in the proper sense, meaning a labourer or builder; a man who makes form out of matter, who mosaics the tiniest bits into that which becomes a great whole. Who but he can find those ingenious situations, those startling attitudes and audacious chimeras, which abound in his works? For the mind is not merely ingenious, but the workman is such a master of his craft that he begins by knowing his own weaknesses, and ends naturally by playing upon the weaknesses of others. In dramatic scenes he seems to delight in urging his *dramatis personæ* to the very verge of the possible—a hair more and they would reel into the gulf of the bathetic and impossible.'

This is true, and "all this is very feelingly expressed." The instances adduced are apt, and Miss Roosevelt is right in calling *La Haine* a "so-called failure." Elsewhere the author gives a practical illustration of the master's method. She herself took him a play or part of a play, and he immediately fell foul of the treatment of one character who came on and went off the stage without sufficient explanation. She might come, he said, from the Arc or the Tour Eiffel. "Elle déroute tout le monde—and your play is well-nigh damned long before it has been either heard or played." The same chapter contains a very interesting

* *Victorien Sardou: a Personal Study.* By Blanche Roosevelt, Officer of the Academy of France. Preface by W. Beatty-Kingston. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892.

account of M. Sardou's "mise-en-scène book." Perhaps, apart from this, the most interesting conversation is that on Shakspeare. From this it would seem that M. Sardou is in no way of the opinion of Voltaire—as was once supposed—but that he properly enough reserves a right to criticize even Shakspeare.

For the rest Miss Roosevelt knows her Paris and its literary and artistic world as well as the "Englishman in Paris" knew his, and the book, short as it is, is full of anecdotes and allusions which are amusing, and have no touch of anything that is not pleasant.

MORE GUIDE-BOOKS.

MR. JOHN LEYLAND'S *The Yorkshire Coast and the Cleveland Hills and Dales* (Seeley) is not exactly a guide-book, but it is of the nature of one, and is well suited to come into the hands either of a pedestrian along the coast, or of a visitor at Saltburn, Whitby, Scarborough, Filey, or Bridlington. Mr. Leyland takes his walks in the reverse direction to that adopted by Mr. Walter White in a delightful book which since its appearance five-and-thirty years ago has sent many a walker to the Ridings. Mr. White walked up, Mr. Leyland down, the coast. The former is, we think, the better way; for you begin with the less interesting scenery and come to the more interesting; but either way is good. Mr. Leyland diverges now and then, especially, as his title tells, in Cleveland and the neighbouring dales as far as Rievaulx; and he devotes a good deal of attention to the history and archæology of the district. Despite a little tendency now to carelessness, now to floridness, of style, he will be found a very agreeable guide to a very delightful country. A good deal has been done of late years to open it up, but, as we gather, it still, except in a few well-known resorts, remains tolerably unsophisticated, and nothing can spoil the coast from Flamborough Head to Huntcliff Nab. Drawings by Mr. Alfred Dawson and Mr. Lancelot Speed increase the attraction of the volume.

The eighth edition of Murray's *Handbook for Norway* has been thoroughly revised, and, we should imagine, in the main rewritten, by Mr. Consul-General Michell, and now appears as a very thoroughly edited and business-like book. Besides the advantages of the index arrangement, common to all the new "Murrays," it has plenty of maps and plans, a detachable road-book in a pocket, which will be very useful to pedestrians and the persons who call themselves cyclists, a very well-arranged and full selection of routes, and the usual hints to travellers, which are, we think, as well done as in any guide-book we have ever seen, if not better than in any.

Mr. J. R. Boyle's *Guide to Durham* (London: Walter Scott) is a very elaborate volume. Durham, though an exceedingly interesting county, is not large; and it has here seven hundred and fifty pages closely printed in square crown octavo. The author, however, who is an F.S.A. and enthusiastic in his fellowship, finds this space none too much for his descriptions of Durham, Bishop Auckland, Barnard Castle, Raby, Brancepeth, and the other architectural and historical localities of the Palatinate. Indeed, he devotes two hundred and fifty of his pages, or a third of his book, to the City of Durham itself. On scenery, on the other hand, and similar subjects, though he does not neglect them, he is not very copious, and he is apt to borrow in the first-named respect from others. This, however, is much better than "panning out" in fine pseudo-Jefferies style on scenery. There is a long and business-like introduction on the flora of the county, its principal industries—including, of course, mining—its legends, folklore, customs, and so forth. Altogether, it may be commended as a thoroughly workmanlike book of its kind, especially from the antiquarian point of view. We are not prepared to say that some of the matter which it contains might not with advantage have been omitted or compressed, reference being if necessary made to places where the specialist could find it. But it is a good fault to give too much rather than too little, and, on the whole, we know no county which can boast of a guide at once so handy and so exhaustive as this. It is true that, as has been said, Durham is a comparatively small county; but its historical, architectural, and archæological interest is not in proportion to its size, and in its mineral wealth it has a subject which is altogether lacking in some more extensive shires. It is a pity that no thoroughly good series of handbooks of English counties has yet appeared, though more than one such has, we believe, at different times been planned, and at least one such is actually in progress now. The revised Murrays will, no doubt, shortly put into the traveller's hands something much more like what is wanted than has yet been given. But the simple fact is that in hardly any case is one man likely to be competent to do the antiquarian, the perambulatory, the scientific, the anecdotic, the historical, the picturesque, and all the other sides of the matter; while few men who are not competent to write these various parts themselves are competent to edit the writing of them by others.

The rather costly, but singularly handy and thorough, series called "Conway and Coolidge's Climbers' Guides" (London: Fisher Unwin) has been enriched by a volume translated by Mr. Coolidge from the original of M. Louis Kurz, and exclusively devoted to the chain of Mont Blanc. It has the same characteristics as the earlier volumes of the series—reduction of space to the lowest terms, clothing in a stout garb that will stand more than one bad five minutes in the Alps, pregnant, and at the same time exact, hints, a careful bibliography, and so forth. To the idle turner-over, perhaps the most remarkable thing is the frequency of the phrase "no information" about peaks, passes, and glaciers (but chiefly, we must own, peaks), in a district which one had fancied to have been, in the last forty years, if not earlier, quartered and requartered by climbers, till not a square inch of traversable snow or ice or rock remained untraversed. It is true that "no information" does not necessarily imply that the ground is virgin; but, as Alpine climbers are not usually too shy to talk of their conquests, it creates a presumption that way.

The twelfth edition of Messrs. A. & C. Black's *Where Shall We Go?* edited and much rewritten by Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff, has been made a far more useful book than it was—and yet its eleven previous editions are at least a considerable testimonial to its earlier usefulness. There is no reason why general handbooks of this kind should be superseded by particular guides. They have, if anything, the advantage of the latter in point of age, for we remember a very business-like fat little volume, bound in black leather, and dating from the very earliest years of the present century, if not the latest of the eighteenth, which in its way and day was as encyclopædic as this. The editor probably had—indeed, he admits as much—a good deal of trouble with the book. Even as it is, he has not quite purged it of the astonishing guide-book English which used to disfigure it, and which, no doubt, was not so much the fault of any actual compiler as of the local geniuses, who, in their turn, compiled the originals on which he drew. Such a sentence as "Seaview is the first of Ryde's neighbours, which will some day, perhaps, stand in rank with the older town, already throwing out outposts towards each other along the three miles that separate them," is certainly not from the same hand that wrote the very neat and workmanlike preface to the present edition. But these things die hard. They matter the less, because nobody goes to a book of this kind for literature. It is gone to for rough preliminary information; and it gives this, and a good deal more than this, in respect of all the watering-places of England that are of the slightest importance, most of those of Scotland, and not a few of those in Ireland. One may differ a little from the views expressed here and there. For instance, when we read "if tastes did not differ, what a run there might be on Ilfracombe," some recent visitors to that once unsurpassed place may shake their mournful heads and remark that the run is a fact, a fatal fact. But this also is no matter.

Three revised volumes of "Baedeker," *London, and its Environs, Northern Italy*, and a twelfth edition of *The Rhine* (Dulau & Co.), well maintain the reputation of their series. The former is in its eighth, the latter in its ninth edition. The twentieth edition of the *Tourists' Church Guide* for this year and next has appeared (London: English Church Union). It is not now limited to England, but extends to the Continent, and even to the United States. The services of more than five thousand churches are here arranged and calendared with a system of information which makes it easy for any traveller to discover the functions which are likely to suit him, and to avoid those that are not.

Mr. Deverell's *The Valley of Andorra* (Bristol: Arrowsmith) is a translation from a French tale of Elie Berthet's, not a guide; but we take the liberty of mentioning it here, because it contains in an appendix an account of a pretty recent visit to the quaint little community, and because Mr. Deverell has sent to us with it a really excellent map of the State—a map on the scale of three-quarters of an inch to the mile, and, therefore, a great deal more minute than many with which the traveller has to work in far better-known parts of the earth. Now, to a real traveller a map is a more precious and blessed thing than a guide itself—is, indeed, the very best and most sufficient kind of guide. Here shall you see clearly depicted the exceedingly few roads and towns which exist in Andorra, and the extremely abundant woods, valleys, streams, *puigs* (hills), *estanys* (*étangs*, lakes), and so forth, which make up for their absence. There seems to be, by the way, in the parish of Encamp, just on the eastern frontier, and under the knot of high hills which separate the French from the Spanish

Cerdagne, a horseshoe-shaped group of tarns, over a dozen in number, called the Estanys des Pessons, which ought to be worth seeing, and which is at least very unlike anything we ever saw.

Three more new editions of Mr. Stanford's Tourists' Guides are before us. Two of them—Mr. Jenkinson's *Lakes* and Mr. Rye's *Norfolk*—are among the best and best-known of the series, the former having deservedly reached its seventh edition, and the latter as deservedly its fifth. Some very formidable competition has not wrested from Mr. Jenkinson his right to be described as a most careful, faithful, and trustworthy guide to a district where an untrustworthy guide is not only, as usual, a great nuisance, but, much more than usual, something of a positive danger; and the increasing popularity of the Broads cannot fail to introduce more and more tourists every year to Mr. Rye. The Rev. Edward Conybeare has had more to do in arranging a second edition of the guide to Cambridgeshire which was written ten years ago by Mr. Hill. There is—a subject not always for rejoicing—always something going on in the building way in a University town; and with Ely Cathedral as well as Cambridge to draw upon, Mr. Conybeare had no lack of matter of interest, which he has duly contrasted with particulars of smaller places. He justly praises the view eastwards from the door of Ely to the east window; but the same view is far finer taken the reverse way from the little gallery which crosses the east window, and is masked from below by its transoms.

The indefatigable Mr. Percy Lindley, who has taken all countries and districts served by the Great Eastern Railway to be his province, and is gradually mapping them out with guide-books, remarkably cheap, very thorough, and by no means badly illustrated, now appears with a new sixpennyworth, cheaper, if possible, than his former efforts. He shows how, going down to Harwich by train, you may sail thence direct to Hamburg, and how you may not merely make Hamburg a centre for explorations of itself and the other Hanse towns, but do a Harzreise on your own account, explore Berlin and Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland, coast the shores of the Baltic, and even take a further trip to Denmark and across to Norway and Sweden. And he does all in less than a hundred pages, with a good map and many pretty pictures, and some useful hints for travelling. But he is too peremptory as to lace-up boots. They are good, but the trouble of them is an abomination to some persons, and there are those who have walked five hundred miles through rough country in a single pair of spring-side boots without their requiring to be mended.

Of guides published in English but of foreign origin, we have several to notice. Two new numbers, or groups of numbers, have appeared of the now very extensive *Illustrated Europe*, published by Herren Orell Füssli at Zurich. The smaller deals with Maloja; but somehow tales of "a dining-room finished in Renaissance style and accommodating 300 guests" attract us not.

> Inside Renaissance dining-rooms 'tis hot,
> Right little peace one hath thereof, God wot;
> The scented dinnery odours burn the air,
> And the guests jabber till we bear them not,

as the bard sings rudely. The larger, by Fritz Ehrenberg, tackles the German Vosges, and to a certain extent Alsace generally. Some of the prettiest parts of the Vosges country lie over the French frontier, and into these, of course, Herr Ehrenberg trespasses not. We have also a special guide to Lucerne, published by the "Official Traffic Commission" of that city.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

WE have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons a facsimile of the Queen's Letter to the Nation on occasion of the death of the Duke of Clarence, set in a border etched by Mr. Leopold Lowenstam after a design by Mr. E. J. Poynter. This is an elaborate piece of symbolic ornament, dignified and accomplished, if a little heavy in line. Thirteen allegorical figures support the architectural framework, and several of these figures could only have been designed by Mr. Poynter. We cannot praise unreservedly Mr. Lowenstam's part of the work, which is marked by coarse and yet feeble drawing in some places; the right hand and arm of Fame, in particular, with which she points to the winged Genius above, are deplorably imperfect. On the whole, however, the etching is not unworthy of the very interesting and pathetic incident of which it forms a record. The group of Britannia, draped in the flag of England, supported by the Watts-like figure of shadowy Grief, is particularly graceful and dignified; and the symbolic ornament of rose, thistle, and shamrock at the base of the design is agreeably arranged.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LE ROY'S *History of the Bull Unigenitus* (1) (for that is what it comes to, and is, indeed, its sub-title), is, he informs us, the first volume of a complete history of the relations of the Church and State of France with the Papal See during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—in other words, a history of Gallicanism and Ultramontanism. Such a thing was extremely well worth doing, and M. Le Roy has in this volume shown how well qualified he himself was to do it. If only he had not succumbed to that *lues* of the modern historian, the tendency to inordinate length! This history of fifteen years fills, all told, more than eight hundred pages, many of them packed with notes in small type. No doubt there is no other period of equal length in the two centuries with which M. Le Roy proposes to deal that would, on his own scheme, require quite such elaborate treatment; but, even after making the handsomest and most sanguine allowances, in how few volumes can we expect it to be finished? We have not the slightest wish to reduce all the serious part of literature to two-hundred-page "series books"; but there surely should be some mean between this and the frightful longwindedness which seems to have taken possession of our historians. M. Le Roy is full of matter, and he writes by no means ill. But the pages of him!

The earlier volumes—at least the first—of the Memoirs of Hyde de Neuville (2) contained some interesting matter; there is not much of such matter in the third. The participation of the hero in the rather tea-cuppy revolutions of Portugal in and about 1824, when he was French Ambassador there, are recounted at inordinate length. But his deeds seem to have amounted to little more than attempts to supplant Marshal Beresford in Court favour, and to impress on the Portuguese that France-Codlin and not England-Short was the friend. Indeed, this part of the book, only that it is tedious instead of amusing, reminds us of some well-known skits of Thackeray's on diplomatic ways. The Revolution of July put an end to Hyde de Neuville's political career, and Louis Philippe's people gave a certain *éclat* to that end by arresting him, with Chateaubriand and FitzJames, though he had already given evidence of anything but harebrained Royalism, as far as the La Vendée business was concerned. He survived the new monarchy for nearly thirty years, dying at a great age in 1857. Latterly he had lived the life of a country gentleman, occasionally writing long letters of advice to the Comte de Chambord and other people—letters whereof, as well as of his earlier despatches, election addresses, speeches, and the like, the editors of this book have been almost inconsiderately liberal.

If "Féline" is a feminine name, as seems probable, we cannot compliment Mme. de Comberousse on her *monde*. Mr. Matthew Arnold might well have cried, "What a society!" over *La dragée haute* (3). It will be remembered that Dr. Johnson very unjustly accused Chesterfield of inculcating the manners of a dancing-master and the morals of somebody else. Imagine the morals of the somebody else entirely unaccompanied by any manners at all, and you will have an idea of the state of society depicted here. The author, it is fair to say, does not approve of it, but his or her good characters are not much more attractive than the bad ones.

M. Gustave Genevoix's (4) history of a "ladies' battle" has amusing elements, and in its later scenes, which are laid in London, the author does not describe a man-and-dog fight as forming part of the proceedings of the House of Commons, or represent the members of the Reform Club as carousing with *belles petites* in that establishment. But his speeches are rather too long, and he talks rather too much about his characters.

In *A l'entrée de la vie* (5) M. Ernest Daudet has started with a striking contrast between a convent and the coulisses of a theatre, and has ended by devising and defeating the machinations of an extremely villanous aristocrat who wishes to jilt the heroine's stepmother, and "make an angel of" her brother in order to obtain herself and her fortune, after having been earlier the cause directly of the domestic misfortune, and indirectly of the death, of her father. If these ingredients are not thick and slab enough for readers, they must, indeed, be fanatics of thickness and slabness.

We did justice to the ingenuity, though we did not wholly like the taste, of M. Dick May's *Cas de Georges d'Arrell*. His

(1) *La France et Rome de* 1700 *à* 1715. Par Albert Le Roy. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Mémoires et souvenirs du Baron Hyde de Neuville.* Tome III. Paris: Plon.

(3) *La dragée haute.* Par Féline de Comberousse. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Duel féminin.* Par Gustave Genevoix. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *A l'entrée de la vie.* Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

stories in *L'affaire Allard* (6) are also very ingenious. The first introduces a delusion of double personality, and the second shows how a blind girl "suggested" to some one to marry her. The rest are shorter, but all have a touch of ironic pessimism in them which is none the worse for not being heavily "underlined."

We think we liked M. Théodore Cahu (7) best when he was Théo-Critt (or was it only Théo, and not Critt?) and described his farces at Saumur. But he is seldom a dull writer. His present book describes how a male person was fought for by his wife and his mistress, the former of whom was decidedly and the latter somewhat too good for him.

M. Spoll's (8) volume of tales is light (if not always comic) and readable. The first and longest, *La Chloe*, tells of the devotion of a little Romany girl to a sculptor, and how she supplied him with the model he could find nowhere else, and afterwards lost her life in a manner for him. The second shows cheerfully how a doctor laid down *his* life for a child who turned out to be his own. The third, "Calibre 7," is a crime story, which is not so dull—but good Heavens! what blasphemy had nearly escaped the door of our lips!—and the others are pleasant enough. They have somewhat fairy-tale-like happy endings for the most part. And what for no? It is not in walking about the streets that you find the happy endings; therefore, it is all the more pleasant to meet them in books.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE reproduction in facsimile of old manuscripts and early printed books, useful as it must needs be, is especially commendable when the work reproduced is unique, and in itself notable, as holds true of *The Dialogue or Communing between the wise King Salomon and Marcolphus*, edited by E. Gordon Duff (Lawrence & Bullen). This very interesting version of one of the most popular stories of the middle ages is copied from the unique English translation of one of the first printed Latin editions, and was printed at Antwerp by Gerard Leeu about the year 1492. With the original black letter, the text is also given in Roman type, though the old imprint is of so beautiful and clear a character that the repetition was scarcely needed. As is pointed out in the editor's excellent introduction on the history and traditional sources of the story, the types of Leeu were especially cut for printing in English, and copy the characteristic features of early English printing. A bibliography of fifteenth-century Latin editions is appended.

Professor Skeat's *Twelve Facsimiles of Old English Manuscripts* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press) is a choice collection, with transcriptions, of specimens of MSS. ranging from the tenth, or the latter portion of the ninth, to the fifteenth centuries, and arranged in the chronological order of the *handwriting*, irrespective of the date of composition. The series, in short, concludes with a page from Chaucer's "Balade to Rosemounde" (Rawlinson MS.), to which Mr. Skeat assigns a date but little earlier than the introduction of printing. The three extracts representing the thirteenth century are included in Part I. of Morris's "Specimens of English," and it is with the remaining examples that Mr. Skeat's exposition of letter-forms, abbreviations, accents, symbols, and so forth, is concerned. The series is admirably representative, and must prove of great service to students of Early and Middle English MSS. if only they observe Mr. Skeat's injunction—"With each new MS. one always has *to learn its alphabet*."

Of American fiction—in its short story form—we have sundry volumes in varied style, and all in some degree characteristic. One, at least, of the three stories in Mr. Wolcott Balestier's *The Average Woman* (Heinemann) has not a little of the "vividness" of presentation of which Mr. Henry James speaks in his biographical note on the author. "Reffey," indeed, is a picturesque sketch. But there is little in these "slender relics" of the late Mr. Balestier that suggests the prejudice in favour of American humour, the purely American imagination, the intense relish for Mr. Howells's novels, and other signs of promise and possession to which Mr. James testifies. In "Captain, my Captain!" there is a clever sketch of a young woman who conducts a provincial newspaper victoriously, for all her "graduating essay view of life, and her knotted pink ribbon manner of expression," and her talent for writing articles, advocating a new railway, as if by "a kind of trance horse-sense." But clever as the sketch is, and Howellsian the style, the story in effect is far from interesting.

A Woman of Shawmut, by Edmund Janes Carpenter (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is a story of New England, a romance of old Boston—Shawmut, Trimontaine, or Tremount, Boston—in the seventeenth century. Mr. Carpenter's story is carefully based upon authentic historical material, such as the Boston "Town Records," Winthrop's "History," and other annals supply. Yet a genuine and pleasant flavour of romance is artistically blended with a somewhat antiquarian study of history. The dry bones, in fact, live. The story tells of Bellingham's intriguing for the governorship of Boston, and how he robbed his secretary of his affianced bride, and how he lived down that scandal. Bellingham's conduct in this matter shows his masterful and arrogant character admirably. His wooing and winning of Penelope Pelham and the *naïf* behaviour of that smart and faithless young hussy are delightfully set forth in Mr. Carpenter's story. The illustrations by Mr. Frank Merrill are very pretty and spirited.

The romance of history is also the staple of *The Lady of Fort Saint John*, by Mary H. Catherwood (Sampson Low & Co.), which deals with the early days of French settlement in Acadia, and will certainly please readers who love romance, however slight their interest in the records of the "Massachusetts Historical Collection" may be.

Van Bibber and Others, by Richard Harding Davis (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is a collection of stories and sketches, illustrative chiefly of New York life and society. Though well written, they are somewhat flimsy in texture, and by no means so lively as the "Stories for Boys" by the same writer.

Frankly American is the sentiment that dominates *Timothy's Quest*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Gay & Bird). Timothy is a very small boy, who has imbibed American humour since his birth, and, like all the amazing sharers of his adventures, is riotous in his command of it. He begins his career by flying from a kind of baby-farm in a New York slum in the company of a babe, for whom he is desirous of finding a charitable adopter. Such is Timothy's quest, and it is gratified when chance leads him to the hospitable door of Miss Avilda Cummins, who is a lorn spinster "by every implication of her being, as Henry James would say," living at a pleasant farm-house with Samantha Ann Ripley, her eccentric handmaid. From this point in the story there is not a little diversion for readers who are not too affrighted by a "dialect" story of uncompromising fidelity.

There is no lack of incident, though it is by no means plausibly invented, in Mr. W. Carlton Dawe's Australian romance, *Mount Desolation* (Cassell & Co.) The final scene—the capture of two bushrangers after a prolonged struggle—is well imagined. But the chief event and turning-point of the story is altogether inconceivable. It is simply incredible that Tom Sandford should re-enact, literally, one of the most audacious exploits of the experienced Kelly gang, without any previous training. Then, apart from this objection, the feat itself, supposing it possible, is inconsistent with the bungling and stupidity he subsequently shows.

Choice and luxuriant quotation is the mark of *The Classic Birthday Book*, by F. W. Aveling, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Each day in the Calendar of this attractive volume has its quartet of quotations in French, German, Latin, and Greek, translations of which are given for the instruction of the "English reader" in an appendix. The extracts show discrimination and taste, such as seldom characterize compilations of this kind.

The County Council Year Book for 1892, edited by T. B. Browne, is a portly volume, containing lists of the new councils of England, Wales, and Scotland, with summaries of their respective labours, a brief general review of three years of County Council administration, and papers on Tramways and the Water Supply of London. Portraits of officials, chiefly of clerks to councils, adorn the book. Perhaps more interesting than these are the prefatory notes on the extremely diverse applications of "excise" money to educational schemes throughout the counties, though these items of a three years' survey might with advantage have been much more extended and more explicit.

Reprinted from the *Times* we have *The New House of Commons* (Macmillan & Co.), a compilation which gives in convenient and compact form a complete list and biographical notices of the new members, with records of polling, comparisons with the elections of 1885 and 1886, with the by-elections during the last Parliament, and some very useful analytical statistics by way of appendix.

The late Mr. Herbert Fry's ingenious handbook appears revised and corrected to date as *London in* 1892 (Allen & Co.), with the capital "bird's-eye" views of streets, and excellent maps. Both as guidance and information the descriptive text is exceedingly good. It combines the merits of a sound and complete topographical guide with the best features of such handbooks as Cunningham's.

Locke's Annual Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths

(6) *L'affaire Allard.* Par Dick May. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(7) *Combat d'amours.* Par Théodore Cahu. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(8) *Les Parisiennes.* Par E. A. Spoll. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(Charles Dickens & Evans) is a novel venture in books for general reference, with certain popular elements and a distinctly useful aim that should command success. The record deals with the year 1891, and is compiled from the advertisements of births, marriages, and deaths in the chief London and country papers. The plan is a good one, and the system of indexing excellent. For example, there are indexes to the day-by-day chronicle of marriages, the one giving the bridegroom's name precedence, the other the bride's.

In the new edition of the Aldine Poets we have *Shelley's Poetical Works*, edited by H. Buxton Forman (Bell & Sons), in five volumes, the most handy of existing complete editions of the poet.

Re-issues we have to note of *Poetry by Byron*, edited by Matthew Arnold; *Religio Medici, &c.*, edited by Dr. Greenhill; and *Tales from Shakspeare*, edited by Canon Ainger; in Messrs. Macmillan's "G. T." series.

Among new editions we have *The Witch of Prague*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan & Co.); *Three Feathers*, by William Black (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Merchants' Handbook*, a practical treatise, by Dr. W. A. Browne (Stanford); *The New Antigone*, a Romance (Macmillan & Co.); *Nevermore*, by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillan & Co.); *The Fair Maid of Taunton*, by Elizabeth M. Alford (Seeley & Co.); *Up Stream and About Town* (Digby, Long, & Co.); and sixpenny "copyright" editions of *Woodstock* and *The Fair Maid of Perth* (A. & C. Black).

We have also received *Low's Handbook to the Charities of London* for 1892, a very useful guide to over one thousand charitable institutions (Sampson Low & Co.); Andrew Thomson's *Yachting Guide and Time-Tables* for 1892 (Thames Yacht Agency); the *Calendar* for 1892–3 of University College, Bristol (Arrowsmith); *Stonyhurst and its Tercentenary*, "St. Omer's, 1592—Stonyhurst, 1892," a retrospect, with illustrations (Clitheroe: Parkinson); *The Scottish Poor Laws*, by Robert Peel Lamond, new edition, revised and enlarged (Glasgow: Hodge & Co.); *The Soteriology of the New Testament*, by William Porcher du Bose, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Applications of Elliptic Functions*, by Professor A. G. Greenhill (Macmillan & Co.); *Theory of Numbers*, Part I., by G. B. Mathews, M.A. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); *The Monetary Question in* 1892, by Ottomar Haupt (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *Elementary Plane Trigonometry*, by R. C. J. Nixon, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Grammar and Logic*, by J. W. F. Rogers, second edition (Simpkin & Co., Ltd.); *Lessons in Light and Heat*, by D. E. Jones, with illustrations (Macmillan & Co.); *The Early History of Trinity College, Dublin*, by William Urwick, M.A., a tercentenary record (Fisher Unwin); *Sermons from Browning*, by the Rev. F. Ealand, M.A. (Elliot Stock); *Dark Africa and the Way Out*, by the Rev. W. Hughes (Sampson Low & Co.); a popular edition of *The Lazy Minstrel*, by J. Ashby Sterry, with a drawing by E. A. Abbey (Fisher Unwin); *Sardonicus and Pandemus*, a political satire, with other poems, by G. R. Hedley (Scott); *Sea Foam*, by Lizzie Joyce Tomlinson (Sutton & Co.); and *Petronella*, by Mary C. Rowsell, second edition (Digby, Long, & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

In and out of Parliament.

IN consequence of the division on *Thursday* night previous, a Cabinet Council was held yesterday week, and Lord SALISBURY proceeded to Osborne to tender his resignation to the QUEEN—not, it need hardly be said, though persistent ignorance, perhaps, warrants the saying, to "recommend HER MAJESTY to send for" Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. Anybody. The usual goings and comings followed. Sir CHARLES HALL was elected unopposed for Holborn that day.

On *Saturday* accordingly, Lord SALISBURY having visited Osborne, and his resignation having been accepted "with great regret," Mr. GLADSTONE was technically "sent for"—or, to speak with extreme accuracy, the usual first sending for was dispensed with, and he was commissioned by messenger to form a Ministry in the first place.

The House of Lords met on *Monday*, and received from Lord SALISBURY the formal notification of his resignation and its acceptance. To this notification, which, as usual, was unaccompanied by any comment, Lord SALISBURY pleasantly and characteristically added the remark, that it had not been unusual for incoming Ministers to make some statement, and that if Lord KIMBERLEY would oblige, he was sure that the House would be delighted. Lord KIMBERLEY, of course, knowing that he would be promptly laid across the knees of some stout commoner of his party and slippered if he dared to say a word, hastily disclaimed any such intention, and the scene ended. On the same day Mr. GLADSTONE ("whose valet," an awe-struck world had been informed, "appeared with three "bags, a large square satchel in brown cloth, a rug, "and two overcoats") went to Osborne, and the Cabinet makers plied their dreadful trade with insatiate energy.

He returned on *Tuesday*, and expectations were gratified, disappointed, or simply allayed by the announcement next morning of a nearly full list of Ministerial appointments, including a Cabinet of the practically unworkable number of seventeen, few of whom, however, are likely to give much trouble. But these things will come in for fuller notice elsewhere. In expectation of the new writs electioneering was going on very briskly at Newcastle. Most of the incoming Ministers, perhaps mistakenly, were to be allowed a walk over. Lord CHELSEA had issued an address to the electors of Bury St. Edmunds for the seat vacated by Lord FRANCIS HERVEY'S below-noted appointment.

On the evening of *Wednesday* Sir CHARLES RUSSELL spoke rather vapouringly at Swindon about the House of Lords (are the grapes of Lord Chief Justiceships so very sour?), and assured his hearers that, with anybody else in Mr. GLADSTONE'S place, he would not be Attorney-General, a statement which may or may not have reference to Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter addressed to Mr. PICKERSGILL, *vide infra*. Mr. MATTHEWS and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with some of their colleagues, were entertained by the Midland Conservative Club at Birmingham, and showed an unshaken front.

Some, but not many, additions to the probable list of Ministers were made on *Thursday* morning, and it was painful to learn that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and Sir EDWARD REED had found it due to themselves to refuse the utterly ridiculous offers made by Mr. GLADSTONE of the Judge-Advocate-Generalship to the one and a Junior Lordship of the Treasury to the other. In the course of that day the outgoing Ministry went down, in accordance with custom, to Osborne, and, being joined by Lord SALISBURY, who had been invited over-night, resigned their offices, and were followed in audience by their successors. These, however, were headless, Mr. GLADSTONE not finding it convenient to repeat his journey. In the morning of the same day both Houses of Parliament had met, but the sitting of the Upper was merely formal, and was adjourned at once to nine o'clock; as was that of the Lower, but after some business. Independently of the change of sides—a process wherein the House of Commons, which, in many ways singularly like a great school, always takes a delightfully schoolboy interest—there were great batches of new writs to be moved, consequent upon Ministerial appointments. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, too, was accorded an opportunity, not of moving for, his autumn session (which he might have moved for, and carried his motion for it, and yet not got it), but of asking the SPEAKER whether, having mistaken procedure among the "beastly bellowings" of his Irish friends on Thursday week, he might not have a chance now. The SPEAKER was gracious, and in a popular style, which even Mr. KEIR HARDIE must have

well understood, explained to him that this luxury was unattainable. At nine o'clock the formal notice of prorogation was delivered in the House of Lords by the new LORD CHANCELLOR.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. This day week a good deal of news, or at least of rumour, on which we comment more fully elsewhere, was published about the trouble in different parts of the Congo Free State. But the papers were chiefly full of foreign views of the downfall of Lord SALISBURY'S Ministry—views of which it is about enough to say that, whether the critics rejoiced or mourned, their rejoicing and their mourning pretty equally confirmed the estimate of Mr. GLADSTONE'S English unfriends. For all the nations friendly to England were more or less grieved, and all the nations unfriendly to her were more or less rejoiced.——On Monday morning news came that the AMEER had returned a suitable, though somewhat procrastinating, reply to the suggestion of a meeting with Lord ROBERTS, and that his troubles with rebels, though as bad as ever with the Hazaras, were in other respects a little mitigated. The Pamir was represented by abundant rumour, but no fact. The continued fall in the rupee was causing greater and greater alarm and confusion among Europeans in India. Bad, though not certain, news came from the Congo, it being reported not only that the forces of M. HODISTER, a well-known Belgian official, had been defeated, but that he himself had been tortured and killed, by the Arabs. The delimitation between English and Portuguese territory in the Manica district was going on well, and there was the usual confused fighting in Morocco and Venezuela, though in the former country the Shereef of Wazan was said to have thrown his influence with effect on the SULTAN'S side. M. STAMBULOFF had been well received by another SULTAN—the real one, as we may call him; English teams had shown well in an International Firemen's Congress at Havre; and the Germans had very sensibly given up the notion of holding the costly and now hackneyed nuisance called an International Exhibition at Berlin.——The fifth anniversary of the accession of Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria has been celebrated with much heartiness at Sofia.——There were more labour disturbances in America reported on Tuesday; and (besides some news about the mountaineering party in the Himalayas) it was announced from India that the Government had replied to the AMEER'S politeness by requesting him to be a little more explicit, inasmuch as Lord ROBERTS would have to meet him in October, or not at all.——Some more details of Pamir affairs arrived on Wednesday morning; and it now seems pretty certain that an actual collision has taken place between Russians and Afghans, and that the Chinese have retired before the invaders. Some change of opinion seems to have occurred in Germany as to English responsibility for the Uganda troubles, and the labour quarrels in the United States were going from bad to worse.——On Thursday morning these came to fighting on quite the great scale, but the other news of the day was comparatively unimportant, as was that of yesterday.

Ireland. Lord and Lady ZETLAND left Dublin last Tuesday, much cheered by the spectators, and having deserved this by a very successful Viceroyalty.——Moonlighting and cattle-maiming began, with remarkable punctuality, on the very day when Mr. GLADSTONE kissed hands.——The charges against Father HUMPHREYS for the Tipperary riots in July were part heard on Wednesday.

Honours and Appointments. The honours and places given away at the close of a Ministry are not, perhaps, twice blessed, for, though they undoubtedly bless those who take, they are believed to be a source rather of worry than of blessing to those who give. Some of them, however, in the present case are noticeable. Lord FRANCIS HERVEY, who succeeds Sir GEORGE DASENT as Civil Service Commissioner, is a good scholar, and has been a useful member of Parliament for years. Mr. MILVAIN, late M.P. for Durham, who receives the Recordership of Bradford, has been a very "straight "running" politician, and lost his seat recently owing to the dead set made on him by the Labour party for the part he had taken in the affair of HOOD, the Cambrian stationmaster. Of the minor honours reported on Thursday and Friday the knighthoods of Mr. PALGRAVE, the Clerk of the House of Commons, of Mr. HERTSLET, the author of the invaluable *Map of Europe by Treaty*, and of Dr. WILLIAM SMITH, of the thousand dictionaries, were, perhaps, the most interesting. Of the Privy Councillorships, that bestowed upon Professor HUXLEY will doubtless receive, as it doubtless deserves, most popular attention; but Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY'S is also a most well-merited honour. Of the peerages Lord ZETLAND'S marquisate has been won by a very patriotic piece of public service excellently performed; and Sir RAINALD KNIGHTLEY and Mr. LEGH of Lyme are of the right material for making peers of, if they care to be made. We mention these of many without prejudice to others.

Naval Manœuvres. Nothing probably can be said better of the Naval Manœuvres than was said with a somewhat different intention by a correspondent of the *Times* in regard to the *Royal Sovereign*. That gallant ship fired all her quarter's allowance of ammunition because it is so very inconvenient to fire at all that it was better to get it over. She only fired her barbette guns to starboard because, though "it is "*believed* that the ship was strong enough" to bear stern fire, it would have played Old Harry with the deck and the fittings and the cabin furniture. One of her quick-firing guns was so very quick-firing that it went off entirely unassisted and unprovoked; but this "very dangerous" result was due to an "experimental "fitting," which will now be altered. And there are writers who actually go out of their way to invent burlesque. However, it would be unfair to say that the manœuvres have been productive of nothing but comedy. The condition of the torpedo gunboat *Sharpshooter*, returning after a short cruise in very ordinary weather with her sides like a basket and her boiler tubes in a state of dissolution, is scarcely comic when we remember what happened off Finisterre not so very long ago.

Mr. Gladstone's Promissory Notes. Mr. GLADSTONE has replied to a knot of M.P. and L.C.C. busybodies who had addressed him on the subject of the Law Officers' private practice, that it would give him great pleasure to make, and he was not without hope of making, arrangements for doing away with it.

The Law Courts. The last hope of the BRUCE family for saving Savernake may be said to have disappeared on this day week, Mr. Justice STIRLING declaring (though he reserved formal judgment) that the "plaintiffs" (*i.e.* Lord IVEAGH and Lord AILESBURY, an odd pair to run in a curricle) had a right to have the motions stayed.——The fine inflicted on the London Road Car Company on Wednesday for working two horses afflicted respectively with glanders and farcy is important, in view of the great prevalence of these dreaded complaints.

Disasters. This has been a week of evil among those that go down to the sea, and also on land. An accident at Helsingfors was fatal to many lives; H.M.S. *Warspite* struck a rock on the coast of British Columbia, and damaged herself severely; while in Sunday's gale a new four-masted collier, the *Thracian*, of large tonnage, capsized as she was being towed round from Greenock to Liverpool, and all on board, in-

cluding the captain's wife, perished.——Eleven lives were lost on Wednesday in a fire at a model lodging-house in Tredegar.

Racing. There has been a fair amount of fairly good racing, chiefly at Stockton, during the week, but nothing that calls for much detailed notice.

Cricket. Yesterday week Middlesex made a very bad fight with Surrey and were beaten by an innings and runs to spare. On the other hand, fortune made amends to Somerset for their bad luck in the Lancashire match earlier in the week; and they beat Yorkshire by 87, thanks chiefly to a capital second innings of 76 from Mr. WOODS. Lancashire and Gloucestershire drew on this day week, the match (which had gone very much in favour of Lancashire) being saved by the steady play of Mr. RADCLIFFE and Dr. W. G. GRACE. This week opened with the prospect of excellent cricket and great run-making, but Tuesday's rain altered affairs in many instances. On Monday Somerset had made a good start against Surrey, the 253 of the latter county being compensated by 97 for two Somerset wickets. The sun and rain on Tuesday caused a "rot" among the Somerset batsmen; but Mr. PALAIRET held up his wicket, hit 79 with equal luck and judgment, saved the follow-on, and at the same time completed his thousand for the season. Lancashire beat Sussex easily by an innings and 125 on Tuesday. On Wednesday the second innings of Surrey left Somerset the hard, but not impossible, task of getting 236. But the batsmen were even less able to face LOHMANN and LOCKWOOD than they had been the day before, and were all out before they had scored the first fifty. Mr. HEWETT, however, obtained double figures and his thousand, being the fourth batsman this year to do so. There were draws between Gloucester and Notts, and between Middlesex and Kent.

Yachting. On the last day of the Ryde Regatta, in the match for the Commodore's Cup, the *Meteor* was successful, beating the *Iverna* by some five minutes; but the inevitable *Queen Mab*, thanks to her centreboard, and to that time allowance which the German EMPEROR does not like, crept between the two and gained the second prize, though she was outsailed in actual time both by the *Iverna* and the *Maid Marion*. In the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Regatta, the match this day week round "the Island" was not much patronized by the racing machines, but was very well fought out in a stiff breeze and heavy sea by five yachts, Mr. PAGET'S yawl *Columbine* being the winner. The Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta provided on Monday one of the best races of the year—a race of plain sailing with plenty of wind. The *Iverna* had on this occasion much the better of the *Meteor*, which also lost the second prize (though she took the third) to the *Queen Mab* by time allowance. The *Hyacinth* won the first and the *Columbine* the second prize among the cruisers, the larger *Lorna* coming in first. The second day of this regatta also produced very good racing, among the forties the *Thalia* and the *Queen Mab* fighting a very close match, which terminated in favour of the former, while in a handicap race for undoubted cruisers, not of recent build and not carrying anything but strictly sea-going canvas, the yawl *Dolphin* won easily. In the Royal Dorset Regatta on Thursday the *Meteor* and *Queen Mab* were winners, but the weather was so peculiar as to make the racing very much of a fluke.

Correspondence. A rather angry correspondence between Mr. T. W. RUSSELL and Mr. KNOX, in respect of a rather heedlessly worded disclaimer by the former and a very "chicanous" and unfair advantage taken of it by the latter, was published on Monday, as well as an interesting letter from Sir CHARLES BRUCE on the jubilee of the Bishop of GUIANA, a prelate against whom the common gibe at colonial bishops certainly falls harmless.

Miscellaneous. The grouse season opened fairly, if not with extraordinary success, yesterday week.——Some interest has been shown in the so-called "investiture" of Archbishop VAUGHAN, a ceremony of dignity and antiquity, but, in the peculiar relations of the Roman Catholic community in England towards the State, entirely lacking the historical importance which attaches to the name.——The Vicar's-rate dispute at Coventry appears to have been compromised—let us hope by some means which will prevent a most inconvenient scandal from recurring; and a dust has been raised about clerical fees by a self-constituted society for the reform of these charges.——Wednesday was a day of remarkable and excessive heat both at home and abroad; the thermometer touching eighty in London and ninety-five in Vienna, while in Spain the shade temperatures reached 120.——This weather led up in England to earthquake shocks and a thunderstorm on Thursday, while it may have had something to do with the reported burning of Grindelwald. "Treasure" of some interest, in the form of seventeenth-century silver plate, has been "trove" at Hampstead during the week, and has been duly awarded to the Crown by a coroner's jury.

Obituary. Chief Justice or rather ex-Chief Justice MAY was an Irish lawyer and loyalist of merit and honour, and as such had in his day due abuse from disloyalists.——With Mme. TREBELLI-BETTINI has died one of the most sweet voices of this generation—a voice of marvellous quality used with marvellous art.

Books, &c. The last volume (containing some interesting new or practically new matter) of Messrs. DENT'S edition of PEACOCK has appeared, as well as a reprint of *Pride and Prejudice* in the almost more dainty issue of Miss AUSTEN by the same publishers.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

"IS this the mighty ocean; is this all?" is a terribly hackneyed quotation. But hardly any other words than GEBIR'S will fitly describe the contrast between the anticipations which had been ventured by some—not, perhaps, by very well informed—persons respecting Mr. GLADSTONE'S new Ministry and the list published on Wednesday morning. To listen to the gossips, this list was to present a new Heaven and a new Earth. They did not exactly say, but it was hardly outrageous to expect from their hints, that Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY would be Indian Secretary, that Mr. LABOUCHERE would take the Foreign and Dr. CLARK the Colonial Office, that Mr. JOHN BURNS would succeed Mr. MATTHEWS in directing internal affairs, and that something like a "Ministry of Cults" would be created for Mr. SAMUEL EVANS or Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. These quidnuncs had at least in their favour the fact that without the irreconcilables and the irreclaimables of this kind Mr. GLADSTONE would have had no majority at all, and the other fact, that, as almost all the first-rate talent of the Liberal party remained behind when he led the deserters into the Separatist camp, those who marched with him were not only eligible but in a manner necessary. Not only could they claim the solace of their sin, but he had few to solace himself with but second-rate sinners.

Yet there could hardly be a Ministry more of the "old guard" type—to substitute for a phrase more usual just now than "guard" in political mouths, one which sounds more polite in English, and has in another language even greater pertinence. Of the whole seventeen Ministers proper, Mr. ASQUITH, Mr.

ARNOLD MORLEY, and Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND alone represent novelty, and so far is any one of the three from being novel in kind that they simply exemplify three most ordinary varieties of Cabinet Minister-stuff, the pushing and successful lawyer, the *nouveau riche*, and the man of good county family who has been busy with social and political questions. They are all rather middle-aged than young, and if they are all "progressive" they are not at all the kind of person that is grateful to the politician of the future. Only one of the three, Mr. ASQUITH, has any great reputation for brains, and that reputation is in his case vouched for chiefly by private friends. Let us hope he will justify it. As for the rest, there is a little promotion, a good deal of permutation, and a very great deal indeed of *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*. Lord ROSEBERY, disappointing gossip, amiable and otherwise, has returned to the Foreign Office, where he will have his work cut out for him. A notorious and flagrant job has been, if not defeated, postponed, by the return of Lord HERSCHELL to the Woolsack. Lord RIPON will probably do some mischief at the Colonies, and the Indian authorities will have to prevent Lord KIMBERLEY from doing much at the India Office if they can, while he is not in the way of doing good or harm as President of the Council. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who is fond of cumulating offices, has this time united those which are the nearest to sinecures as regards actual departmental work—the Treasury and the Privy Seal. Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN at the War Office will probably be a better Minister than most of his colleagues; and Lord SPENCER will doubtless continue to exhibit at the Admiralty the heavy-laden consciousness of something wrong somewhere with which he has travelled through six years of Opposition. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had not been made Chancellor of the Exchequer a shock might have been given to the confidence of the one person who thinks him fit for the office. Scotland may be wished joy of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, the proper means of dealing with whom Scotchmen are not now wont to practise; and Mr. MORLEY may be wished joy of Ireland. His nominal chief but real subordinate, Lord HOUGHTON, is the clever son of a cleverer father, and has written some sprightly verses. This would once have been a recommendation to the Castle. He can still cap them with Mr. SULLIVAN, and his Chief Secretary can give him the soundest critical, if not so sound political, hints. The other minor political appointments have been distributed somewhat more on the "spoils to the victors" principle, but Mr. RIGBY is an unexceptionable Solicitor-General, and if Sir EDWARD GREY goes to the Foreign Office as Under-Secretary, a good name, good abilities, and a very remarkable skill at tennis will adorn the post. Almost the only appointment which is of the character assumed in the anticipations referred to above is that of Mr. T. E. ELLIS. It is, of course, a tub to Wales, which certainly deserves something from Mr. GLADSTONE, and it must be confessed that Mr. ELLIS has displayed some ability, and has, on the whole, abstained from the clumsy indecency affected by two of his colleagues whom we have already named. Whether his generally supposed objects and theories should permit the Prime Minister of an English Queen to offer him office, or himself to accept it, is a question chiefly for the two persons concerned. That the proposed Irish Law officers will have no seats, and little chance of any in Parliament, is unusual, but, in the circumstances, very convenient and very suitable. An Irish "Law" officer under the present Government may have a very awkward part to play, and the more he is kept in the background the better. There is nothing against Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL except his politics, and little in favour of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE except his paternity. As for Sir BALTHAZAR FOSTER we must borrow an excellent though unkind epigram from the *Daily News*, which says that "he is the sort of politician Mr. JESSE COLLINGS has ceased to be." Mr. BURT will play even more respectably the part played by Mr. BROADHURST seven years ago. But we perceive that we have omitted two of the *dî majorum*. Mr. BRYCE will have Access to Mountains (not very lofty ones) in the Duchy of Lancaster, and it will go down to posterity in the history of the Commissionership of Works that it was filled in 1892 by a Cabinet Minister, and that the Cabinet Minister's name was Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE.

We suppose that not the most fervent Gladstonian, speaking with hand on heart, would call this a very strong Ministry. Indeed, the excessive and rather petulant protestations, which, not with hand on heart, some of them have made as to its strength and its intellectual brilliancy, would of themselves go far to confirm this suspicion. There were not the materials for making it very strong; and Mr. GLADSTONE has, on the whole, done the best he could, which was to manufacture something probably subservient and passably makeshift. The chances are at present so vague that prophecy is impossible, and even guessing a somewhat wild exercise. The two main things that lie in the lap of the gods are the degree of independence which may be exerted by any Ministers, and the degree of cohesion which may be manifested by what is in courtesy called the Gladstonian party. That even a very slight breach in the latter would make the position untenable is, of course, a simple arithmetical fact. But it is not much less certain that Mr. GLADSTONE could not stand another secession of any important group of his own official comrades, even if they did not formally desert his party. The Gladstonians have indeed shown little queasiness of stomach hitherto, but they have been in Opposition, and have not been much tried. Still, to credit them with any is perhaps too great a compliment. We shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile, the feelings with which patriotic Englishmen must regard the next few months cannot be very cheerful. There are those who seem to rely for comfort on the presence in the Ministry of one person in particular, and to think that "If ROSEBERY, only ROSEBERY, will be true" (as with the name altered the political satirist wrote long ago), things may not be so very bad. It would certainly have been an additional reason for disquiet if this pledge of comparative sanity in foreign affairs had been refused. But even in home affairs a very great deal of harm may be done without doing anything that need come directly under Parliamentary control; and of all Ministers since the seventeenth century Mr. GLADSTONE has shown himself most contemptuous of that control when he can show his contempt without fear of an actual revolt on the part of his followers. When once Parliament meets, the Opposition is too strong and the majority too brittle for there to be very much danger, with good management on our side. But, meanwhile, we must chiefly trust to that long-suffering goddess the Fortune of England, and hope that she is not tired of saving us from the consequences of our follies.

M. STAMBULOFF'S VISIT.

M. STAMBULOFF'S visit to Constantinople is undoubtedly an incident of some significance. The time and the circumstances are both sufficiently exceptional to almost excuse the considerable crop of rumours and guesses to which the Bulgarian PREMIER'S reception by the SULTAN has given rise. It does not, indeed, require much to set European newspapers speculating more or less wildly as to the meaning and consequences of events in the Balkan Peninsula. Quite as much or more stir has been made on a

smaller occasion. This time there is substantial reason to believe that something has happened. A ruler in the very trying position of the SULTAN would not let it be understood that he was prepared to receive a politician in the position of M. STAMBULOFF, immediately after recent notorious events at Sofia, unless he meant his invitation to be taken as in some degree a manifesto. Even if ABDUL HAMID is only anxious to wipe off the rather unfavourable impression produced by the weakness shown by his Government after the murder of Dr. VULKOVITCH, that is in itself a not unimportant sign. Something will be gained for the maintenance of peace in the Balkan peninsula if the SULTAN understands that he has nothing to gain, and may lose much, by tolerating the excesses of the irregular agents of Russia. The fact that the invitation and the reception were given at a time when the Bulgarians were celebrating the fifth anniversary of Prince FERDINAND'S arrival in Sofia makes them a species of informal recognition of the PRINCE'S government. Whether the SULTAN did or did not wish it to be understood that he was prepared to receive Prince FERDINAND himself at no distant date, he must have foreseen that the Bulgarians would interpret his words and acts in that sense. As he did nothing to discourage the belief, it may be presumed that he is not unwilling that it should be entertained.

The French papers, with that indiscretion which their Russian friends find so trying, have done their best to give importance to M. STAMBULOFF'S visit. The ally who loves is never tired of calling attention to the rebuffs of the ally who lets himself be loved, to a certain extent. The story that M. CAMBON was asked by the Russian Minister to advise the SULTAN not to receive M. STAMBULOFF, and that he exerted himself to no purpose, may possibly be the chatter of the bazaar. But it is characteristic of that officious zeal for the supposed interests of Russia which the French parade on every excuse. We do not understand how the course taken by either of these strange allies in the east of Europe is to be explained on grounds creditable to their dignity and good sense. Since France and Russia are not prepared to use force, regard for their dignity ought to make them abstain from outcries and protests which are idle unless it is understood that they are to be supported by action. Yet Russia allows herself to be discredited by agents of the lowest class, and France goes out of her way to incur snubs as she did in the absurd case of M. CHADOURNE. This time, however, Russia has shown self-control, though the late audacity of M. STAMBULOFF in publishing the notorious JACOBSOHN documents must have caused her acute exasperation. It is the French who have been indiscreet, in the abundance of their comment, and not less in the absurdity of some of their attempts to belittle the incident. One of these is entitled to be considered as quite the silliest explanation given of any event in our time. It has actually been discovered that M. STAMBULOFF has been summoned to Constantinople to explain the late atrocities in Bulgaria. If the SULTAN has turned his attention to these outrages on humanity it has certainly been with feelings more akin to envy than reprobation and if he *was* asked to hang two prisoners of his own accused of complicity in the murder of Dr. VULKOVITCH, we may be sure that his morality was not severely shocked. The Russians are probably better aware than their pushing friends that the SULTAN and the Bulgarian Minister have a common subject of interest in the Greek intrigues in Macedonia. It concerns the Bulgarians as nearly as it does the SULTAN to resist the Pan-Hellenic propaganda. If they discussed business at all, they had certainly as much to say to one another about this as about the enmity of Russia, which is a fixed quantity, or the disposition of France to help the Russians, which can be taken for granted. Both are comparatively harmless as long as these two Powers cannot summon up courage to incur the very serious risks of action. But the Greek intrigues form a present difficulty in which it is for the time being the interest of the Bulgarians and the SULTAN to act together. It is natural that an informal alliance of a more effective kind than the Franco-Russian should exist between parties who have so many reasons to wish for and to be opposed to the same things.

PRIZE BOYS.

AMONG other objects of interest at the Chicago Exhibition we are promised, perhaps not officially, a show of Prize Boys. The pupils who have won medals and books are to be personally conducted, we presume, by prize schoolmasters. The BARLOWS of modern education will lead the MERTONS and SANDFORDS among the machines, the works of art, the fabrics and food stuffs of the world. This may be regarded by some Prize Boys as a treat; but the majority of them, perhaps, would rather be camping out with Huckleberry Finn. If the boys really visit the Exhibition in their capacity as Prize Boys, and if they enjoy seeing and being seen, it is natural to regard their future with apprehension and dismay. They will acquire a taste for publicly producing themselves, and will certainly swell the tide of orators, preachers, and other conspicuous beings of whom the world already possesses an extravagant supply. It is hardly in nature but that they should give themselves airs. When they return to school their young friends will, possibly, "lam it into them with slippers," and take "the cheek out of them" with stumps, or such other surgical implements as come handy. In England, at least, this is the usual course of treatment. But will even this cure lads who have been publicly exhibited, and have, perhaps, enjoyed the intoxicating glory of being "interviewed"? In American papers we shall read, in huge capitals:—

THE PRIZE BOYS.
Interview with Master BULTITUDE.
How He Got His Prizes.
His Views on the Silver Question.
His Theory of Tips.
Master BULTITUDE on His Headmaster.
Fracas between British and American Prize Boys.
Spirited Rally.
The Police Interfere.

This kind of notoriety cannot but "pompey" boys. At the same time the well-worn old topic of Prize Boys will be revived. What becomes of the Prize Boys? Do they do as well in life as the prizeless, or do they do better? This is ancient matter, and the problem can only be solved by aid of statistics which are not attainable.

We must not condemn all Prize Boys, nor look on them as all of one kind or class. Some very honest boys have prizes thrust upon them. They are so clever that they could not help getting prizes if they would. Others, less brilliant, are born with a capacity for getting on in the world; this capacity exhibits itself in prize winning. Others, again, are urged on by conscience, and by ambitious parents. This is, perhaps, the largest class. It is well known that boys of this kind are often intellectually exhausted at school, and do not even distinguish themselves at the Universities. A sense of failure and the escape from discipline may drive them into drink and dissipation. This is the most unlucky sort of Prize Boy, and parents of any common sense will reflect seriously on the dangers which he illustrates.

The present frantic life of competition drags even very young boys into serious struggles for scholarships and appointments. The anxieties of later life are anticipated, and if worry, far more than work, be bad for men, how much worse it is for poor Prize Boys. Let us hope that if any of these children are really carried to Chicago, some note of their physical health, weight, and muscular development will be taken. In this country Prize Boys are often enough prize athletes also, distinguished at cricket and football. In some cases the change of interests and variety of exertion are salutary; in others the candle is merely burned at both ends. Indeed, no general rule about Prize Boys can possibly be laid down. To some prize getting is a matter of course, to others a matter of hard work; in some cases the work may stimulate industrious habits for life, in others it may mean premature exhaustion. A dull boy may get prizes, a brilliant and *pococurante* boy may fail. The idler at school may be educating himself in his own way, and may acquire a knowledge of literature, though he never masters the theory and practice of Greek accents. Of only one thing can we be pretty sure, in this matter: the right sort of Prize Boy will decline to let himself be exhibited at Chicago, even if he is actually invited to be what is called "an "Exhibit." He will rather run away to sea, or to Texas, than follow the lead of Mr. BARLOW and other "educationists." If there is to be an exhibition, let the Birch and the Block be on view, and let us have a show of the frequently flogged, as well as of the lavishly laurelled. But American delicacy might be revolted by some of our insular educational methods.

OF UNCOMELY NAKEDNESS.

THE busy man does not read Lord BACON'S Essays, and he is wrong, for he will nowhere else find so much of the wisdom of life put so well in so small a space. Particularly in these latter days he appears at times to neglect the Essay "of Simulation and Dissimu-"lation"; but it is one of the "some few" studies "to be chewed and digested . . . read wholly, and "with diligence and attention." There are who have (there certainly is who has) the faculty of dissimulation or closeness, and the habit of arts or policy. But there are also many who forget, if they ever knew, that secrecy is "the virtue of a confessor," and that "nakedness is uncomely as well in Mind as Body." These do what Lord BACON, speaking interrogatively, cited as an impossible thing. They open themselves to the "Blab or Babbler," and even to a person not known in the philosopher's time, at least not yet known in his modern perfection—namely, the professional Blab or Babbler, he whose bread and butter is made by blabbing and babbling, *videlicet* the Interviewer. Therefore, it occasionally happens to them to illustrate the severe Baconian judgment that "As for Talkers "and Futile Persons, they are commonly vain and "credulous withal. For he that talketh what he "knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not." Even when he does not fall into this last excess, he who talketh what he knoweth to an interviewer is subject to find his words in print against his wish.

Mr. W. H. GROOM, for many years Speaker of the Queensland Legislative Assembly, is a case in point. On the 16th August DALZIEL'S agency published an "interview" in which Mr. GROOM was heard to express very candid opinions of Sir SAMUEL GRIFFITH and of Sir THOMAS MCILWRAITH, and of Kanaka legislation and of Queensland affairs in general. Then on the 17th came a letter to the editor of the *Times* from Mr. GROOM with a story to the effect that he had been victimized. His case, as he represents it, was harder than WASHINGTON IRVING'S. That eminent man was visited by two newspaper gentlemen, of whom one held him in talk while the other took his portrait. But Mr. W. H. GROOM was captured by a single sportsman, "a young gentleman in the Strand, who had "formerly been connected with the leading journal of "Queensland." This sportsman, so to speak, took his portrait at a snap shot with a detective camera. There was between the two cases something like the interval which separated the first arrest of Sir ARTHUR WARDOUR as a Jacobite from his second arrest as a debtor. WASHINGTON IRVING at least succumbed to numbers. Mr. GROOM was turned into copy by "a young gentle-"man" single-handed. We sympathize with Mr. GROOM. It must be disagreeable for him to find that words used in "a purely private conversation" have been published by an agency in a way which makes it certain that they will reach the politicians of whom he spoke with so much candour. But would it not have been well for Mr. GROOM if he had read, or having read had remembered, the Essay of "Simulation "and Dissimulation," and had had it present in his mind that "it addeth no small reverence to men's "manners and actions if they be not altogether open"? This is particularly the case when they meet "young "gentlemen once connected with leading Queens-"land journals" in the Strand. It is the function of these young gentlemen to make copy—therefore those whose words are liable to be regarded as raw material for that class of industrial product do well to be on their guard with young gentlemen in that line of business when they meet them in the Strand.

This fable is also narrated, with trifling differences, of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH, H.M. Minister in Morocco. We do not feel in the slightest degree moved to enter into the merits of the dispute in which liberties have been taken with the reputation of intelligent journalists. To disentangle this story would impose a burden upon us (whose reputation is not concerned) which we are not disposed to assume. But we do see that stories have been told of the doings of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S mission by newspaper agencies, and denied, as is alleged, on his authority, and that the denials have been denied, and then that the denial of the denial has been modified on the same authority. From all this, it appears to us that Sir C. EUAN-SMITH has been more concerned with newspaper correspondents and their letters than would have been thought becoming by the old-fashioned "political" or diplomatist. It was no part of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S duty to correct the reports of the Central News, or to enter into conversations with English barristers in Morocco about his "master's "business." Perhaps he has begun to suspect as much himself, since he has been subjected to a cross-fire of telegrams from agencies and editors, who have no more right to call upon him for explanations than the fortunate owners of COLMAN'S mustard.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

FOR some time past, readers of their newspapers must have noticed that difficulties of various kinds have been telegraphed as occurring in the Congo Free State. These difficulties have been of two kinds. There has been a quarrel with France over the delimitation on the Oubangi, and there have been, more recently, insurrections of a very serious character in the interior of the State, both on the Upper Congo at Nyangwe, Riba Riba, and other places which became only too famous in connexion with the STANLEY Expedition, in the newly conquered, or at any rate attempted, country of Katanga—far to the south, and belonging geographically rather to the sphere of the British South Africa Company than to the Congo State at all—and even nearer to Stanley Pool. It is, perhaps,

futile to attempt to draw English attention to such subjects at a time when the constituencies have committed the care of affairs to a party which is at once pledged to the patronage of British labour and to the discouragement of all schemes which make British labour pay; but these things come within the duty of the publicist.

Probably not many Englishmen remember, or ever knew, what the history of the Free State is. Its present territory covers, roughly speaking, the whole of the interior of strictly Central Africa. It has no coast line, the access to the sea at the Congo mouth, secured to it by treaty, being strictly limited to that mouth. It is faced towards the coast on the west by the French territories of the Gaboon and by Portuguese Lower Guinea; on the east by the spheres of England, Germany, England again, and Portugal. This is sufficiently inconvenient; but the inconvenience was complicated by the combined ignorance and indifference of England, and, indeed, of European Powers generally, at the time of the State's formation. A very little earlier, twelve or fifteen years ago at most, it would have been possible, without cavil or protest, to have secured the whole bowels of Central Africa for England alone. Even after the formation of the International Association, which has ceased in such a remarkable manner to be international, it would have been enough for the British Foreign Office to have consulted an expert to avoid those disadvantages of delimitation which have now become obvious since the International Association has become a Congo Free State, and the Congo Free State a sort of Belgian preserve, which is not even free to all Belgians.

The mistakes as to delimitation were on the whole pardonable, though very unfortunate for us. There were not half a dozen men of influence then living—and the Foreign Office does not seem to have consulted any one of them—who could have warned us that the hard and fast parallel accorded to the new State included on the north much territory which had been very recently under Egyptian occupation, and that the extension into Katanga to the south was soon likely to be grossly prejudicial to British interests. There was nobody then, except, perhaps, Dr. JUNKER, and he was out of reach and not likely to trouble himself about British interests, who could have told us that we were making over the head waters of a river which approached nearer to the Nile, *mutatis mutandis*, than the Thames does to the Severn, to a rather weak State, which on the lower waters of the same river was to march with France. Yet from what was actually known, there were several persons in England who would have told the Foreign Office to hold its hand, and they were not applied to or not listened to. The result is that at the present moment any tolerably enterprising French officer, with a launch and a sufficient escort, could make his way to places actually under the power, within ten years past, of the Egyptian authorities of the Bahr el Ghazal. For the present he has not got the launch, and his neighbours on the opposite bank of the Oubangi are not likely to lend him one. But that is comparatively unimportant.

The other difficulties of the Free State on the Upper Congo, in Katanga, and elsewhere, which are said to have been so fatal to M. HODISTER, are of a different nature. But they are even less surprising to any one who knows the facts and the history of the case. They were indicated when, after the Arab capture of Stanley Falls station, despite Mr. DEANE'S gallant defence, Mr. STANLEY induced the State to put itself in the hands of TIPPOO TIB; they were foreshadowed long before to any one who had considered the conditions of the tenure of an enormous State by a small Company, subventioned indeed, but not on a scale that would permit the carrying on of military operations on the great scale in a country where no definite and immediate spoils awaited the victors. After that ill-omened proceeding an outbreak on the part of the Arabs could be pretty easily predicted. It may have been precipitated by the action of anti-Slavery organizations, by the new rules of ivory-buying, by the operations of the Katanga Company or what not; but it was quite certain to come.

It is no use crying over spilt milk; and, after all, the number of persons who know that scarcely more than a decade ago it was perfectly possible to secure the whole interior of Africa from the Zambesi to the Nile is so small that the amount of tears would not be great. But there is one thing of great importance, and that is that the disturbances which are sure to happen within the different "spheres" should not be allowed to interfere with the delimitation of those spheres to the disadvantage of England. If France or Germany is permitted to encroach on the Congo State under the pretence that that State is unequal to its duties, real harm may be done. And, if there is any member of the new Government who cares or knows anything about these matters, he should see to it.

AMERICAN RIOTS.

MR. ANDREW D. WHITE, U.S. Minister at Brussels, has chosen a good time for the lecture which he has lately delivered at Chautauqua, in the State of New York. It was on the subject of murder, and Mr. WHITE was able to inform his hearers that in this matter, as well as in the slaughter of pigs, statistics proved the United States to be ahead of the world. They produce more murders in proportion to population than even Italy or Corsica. Not only so, but figures show that murders increase with a hitherto unparalleled rapidity. The number in 1890 was 4,000; while for 1891 it was 6,000, or an increase of fifty per cent. The great majority of the murderers are still at large, "and statistics showed that only one "murderer in fifty received capital punishment." At this rate of progress, by about the year 1900 the odds that any given citizen will be murdered and that his murderer will get off will be about the same. Thoughtful persons on both sides of the Atlantic are in the habit of reflecting on the wonderful destiny to which the great States of the New World are advancing. To judge by Mr. WHITE'S figures, one of them is well on the road back to that state of nature which has been said to be a state of war.

This impression is considerably strengthened by the telegrams which accompany the report of Mr. WHITE'S lectures. The State of Pennsylvania had a little civil war of its own only the other day, and is perhaps not quite out of the wood yet; while at this moment the States of New York and Tennessee are the scenes of what in the Old World would be thought particularly savage riot, and, in the case of the last-named, something not very remote from armed rebellion. The New York riots have arisen out of an ordinary strike. Unlike the Pittsburg disturbance, it was not caused by resistance to a reduction of wages. The Buffalo Railway men have struck for more pay and less work in a quite ordinary way. What would not be considered quite ordinary in this country, and hardly even in Spain or Bohemia, is the promptitude with which the strikers have had recourse to the use of extreme violence. The disposition of strikers in Europe to behave quite as badly has been shown often enough; but in no Old World State that we know of are the public authorities so helpless as they appear to be in America. The course of a strike in that country seems to be pretty regular. The strikers take possession of

the town and destroy life or property at discretion. In Buffalo the switchmen—whom we call pointsmen—have thrown trains off the line, have started incendiary fires, and have taken the extreme union course with blacklegs. When this has lasted for a time the Sheriff is despatched with a posse. When it arrives on the spot it is warned off by the strikers. Then the Sheriff complains that he is "deforced," or whatever the proper term may be, and the Governor, after proper delay, calls out the Militia. As these soldiers are called from their ordinary occupations, the suppression of a strike must be an undertaking which entails a greater interruption to business in the United States than elsewhere. Things have followed their common course in the State of New York, and order will, no doubt, shortly reign in Buffalo as in Pittsburg, and erst in Warsaw.

The rioting in Tennessee is due to other and less common causes. By way, perhaps, of showing that a young country is full of instructive new ideas, the State of Tennessee has taken to the old practice of employing its convicts in industrial penal colonies. It has its Botany Bay at home. Convicts are sent to work in mines as in Siberia. But Tennessee is not Siberia, and its free miners find convict competition intolerable, for which we really cannot blame them with any severity. The form their opposition has taken is not new—no newer, in fact, than armed insurrection. They have stormed the convict settlements, torn down the buildings, and let out the prisoners, except when they have shot them. At Oliver Springs they came back after a first repulse 1,700 strong, and took the place at a second try. Meanwhile they had cut the telegraph wires, and produced a very fair imitation of a state of war. Here, also, the Governor had finally to come to the decision that "this foolishness" must not go on, and has called out the Militia, concerning which there appears to be some doubt whether it will come. In three different States within three months the model new Republic has had to put portions of its territory under martial law, which may be a sign that Democracy is advancing to the millennium, but looks uncommonly like a merely barbarous and disorderly condition of things.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

According to the reports to hand, the earthquake of Thursday in South Wales and the West of England must be accounted the most remarkable visitation of the kind since the memorable example some ten years since in Essex. The area affected seems, indeed, to have been far greater. From distant Dewisland—from the little England in Wales—eastward as far as Gloucester, the shaking earth aroused the comfortable sleeper. Across the Irish Sea, Dublin was seriously disturbed, while from Plymouth to the northern coasts of Devon and Cornwall there come many testimonies to the vigour of the shock. The stories told by excited witnesses are, as usual, extremely variegated and picturesque. In Wales, at least, they all agree in one or two particulars. Early on Thursday morning, between half-past twelve and two o'clock, two distinct shocks occurred. The accounts naturally differ somewhat as to the severity of the earthquake; though, when we hear of persons being thrown out of bed, windows breaking, crockery smashing, and furniture possessed as with the spirit of families removing, there can be no doubt the occasion was alarming enough. It is unreasonable to expect of persons suddenly awakened from sleep lucid and unanimous descriptions of such strange and wayward phenomena as earthquakes yield. But it is different with persons wide awake with cool heads at the cool hour of one in the morning. It is surprising how many there were who were awake at that hour in Wales on Thursday. There is the lamplighter who was about to extinguish a street-lamp, when it seemed, as he said, about to fall upon him, and he fled for safety. The police superintendent was scarcely more surprised when he was sent rolling on the floor just as he was about to take off his boots. Another policeman deposes to a more fantastic experience. He happened to be stationed opposite a Liberal Club, and "distinctly saw the building move "out of the perpendicular," while the windows of the adjacent market-place gave forth a ghostly rattle. A wobbling Liberal Club is perhaps no very strange sight. The strangeness, in this instance, lies in its having instantly righted itself. With all these moving phenomena abounding through all South Wales it is pleasant to read of many instances of early morning or earthquake courage. Panic, indeed, is spoken of as pretty general; but it was confined chiefly to awakened sleepers. The ancient courage of gallant little Wales was not found wanting.

Among these examples of courage, that of the gallant Town Councillor of Carmarthen is most impressive. He was so convinced that burglars were busy on the premises that he armed himself with a revolver and "ran up and down the house" searching for them. It is a pity that so resolute a search should prove fruitless. At the same time and place report speaks of a lady, oddly described as "an ironmonger," who "showed similar courage, though without firearms," in searching for thieves. This kind of evidence is somewhat disrespectful to the skill of Welsh burglars, if all that is reported of the noise and alarm caused by the earthquake be true. But allowance must be made for the various susceptibilities of the perturbed reporters. One person records the falling to the ground of "a suspended birdcage," as if it were as impressive as the tossing of a sleeper out of bed. There seems to have been no lack of picturesque incidents in Pembrokeshire. Houses were "lighted up," we are told, in all directions. Families camped out in their gardens, "with lights around them," as if it were a festive occasion. The bolder spirits banded themselves in companies, and "walked the streets for "several hours," diffusing, we may hope, the courage of their example through all spectators. The most singular point about these strange matters is that there is nothing to show for it. The Essex earthquake left ruined houses and damaged church towers in its track, though its devastations were confined to a small area in the eastern part of the county. Apparently, also, it caused far less consternation, and was not accompanied by an oppressive atmosphere, "full of sulphur," as is reported of the earthquake this week. The popular fallacy that the heat of the weather is connected with the earthquake is of course once more put forward, as if this additional mystery were not entirely superfluous. The speculative reporter forgets that the Essex earthquake occurred in April, and the "oppressive heat" of this week was far less oppressive in Wales than in London.

IRISH EXPECTATIONS.

In the course of his inconvenient and, by Mr. Gladstone, unnoticed speech on the Amendment to the Address, Mr. Redmond lamented that Home Rulers had neglected to follow the advice given them so far back as June by Sir C. Gavan Duffy. Sir Charles had urged with no small force that, since all Irish members were agreed that they would accept no Bill which was not satisfactory to the Irish people, and since their English allies had undertaken to

satisfy them, it would be wise in all parties to come to a preliminary understanding as to what kind and degree of Home Rule would be entitled to be considered satisfactory. He went further, and made it quite clear that, in his opinion, no other course would be honest. Last week we were told somewhat tardily that Mr. REDMOND is in full agreement with Sir CHARLES. And now at last are the Parnellites seriously engaged in drafting the kind of Bill which will alone prove acceptable to themselves? Obviously this is what they ought to do, since they are so deeply concerned to obtain the mature opinion of the Irish people, and to avoid the risk on which Sir C. GAVAN DUFFY insisted, that Ireland may, after all, be supplied with a badly-fitting "slop Constitution," constructed for it by an ill-informed Parliament sitting at Westminster. This would be a misfortune by which the sorrows of Ireland would only be prolonged and perhaps increased. It is, then, manifestly the duty of her patriot sons, and of their disinterested allies in England, to avoid so great a danger by careful previous deliberation and inquiry.

And so the Parnellites are setting the example, whatever Anti-Parnellite and Gladstonian may do? There is no obvious reason why they should not. They have not the same reason as the Anti-Parnellites for consulting the convenience of Mr. GLADSTONE; and there is much in the subject which might tempt them. The academic inquiry whether the Irish Parliament ought to consist of one or two Chambers, with which Sir C. GAVAN DUFFY begins, might prove uninteresting in itself, but then this head of discussion leads to this other and most attractive query —who ought to sit in the Upper Chamber if there is to be one? Sir C. GAVAN DUFFY thinks that the first senators should be nominated in the Constitution Statute. Now, one cannot conceive of anything more accurately calculated to make an Irish Nationalist happy than a discussion of the claims of his fellow patriots to fill these places of dignity if not of emolument. Mr. REDMOND on the fitness of Messrs. HEALY, DILLON, and O'BRIEN, or any of these three on the qualifications of Mr. REDMOND, would be amusing reading. Then there is the financial question. Sir CHARLES is very anxious that Ireland should start at least fair. The inquiry what would be a fair start for Ireland in financial matters would surely have charms for a party which has no motive to conceal the fact that not the least dear wish of the patriot is to obtain the right to protect Irish industry. Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY guesses that there will be a provision in the Constitutional Statute "forbidding the endow-"ment of denominational education," and he thinks that "nothing could be more just or reasonable, provided "the Churches start fair." Here, again, comes the question, What would be a fair start? Mr. REDMOND and his friends are accused of wanting affection for one Church, but that would only be a reason why they should show the more readiness to plunder what remains to the other, to say nothing of Trinity. In truth, the whole subject is full of attractive matter to a party whose cue it is to embarrass both Mr. GLADSTONE and the Anti-Parnellites. Neither need they confine themselves to the syllabus drawn up by Sir C. GAVAN DUFFY. Mr. J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., has provided them with an excellent text, which need not be rejected because it appeared in the captured *Freeman*. Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has pointed out a defect in the Irish Constitution of 1782. From the true Nationalist point of view it is a very serious deficiency indeed. The Constitution of 1782 did not give the Irish Parliament the power to reject a Lord-Lieutenant and his Secretary on a vote of want of confidence. Here is an admirable test by which to try the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. This same supremacy is to be exercised through the Lord-Lieutenant and his Secretary. Now, it stands to reason that, if they are to be removable on a vote of want of confidence at Dublin, supremacy will be reduced to exactly those proportions which Mr. REDMOND approves. Of course it does not follow that only he and his friends have formed this estimate of the strength to be given to the link which is to guarantee us against separation and abuse of power by an Irish Parliament. On the contrary, there is no difference in this respect between Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite. The Gladstonian who has doubts on the point may remove them by reading the *Freeman*. Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL is not a politician of much importance; but that is why he is useful when a pretension of this kind has to be advanced. He can the more conveniently be employed to send up the pilot balloon. It was, perhaps, a weakness in Mr. REDMOND to let the balloon go up first from the other camp. Now that it is up, there is nothing to prevent him from making the most of the defect in the Constitution of 1782. It is his cue to worry Mr. GLADSTONE, and to appear in the commanding part of the patriot who is forcing more tepid patriots along the straight path.

But Mr. REDMOND has found a more congenial occupation than gravely discussing the nature of a working Irish Constitution. He is "trading in amnesty," to use the definition favoured by the *Freeman*. As a mere party move there is much to be said for the course which he has preferred to the more austere occupation recommended by Sir C. GAVAN DUFFY. It combines the triple advantage of exasperating the Anti-Parnellites, embarrassing Mr. GLADSTONE, and saving himself from some trouble. The extent to which he has succeeded in effecting the first of these three objects may be estimated by the complaint of the *Freeman* that, though it was their men who really invented amnesty, the Parnellites have made it their own now, just when it would be so much more convenient to wait a little. The *Freeman* quotes Mr. PARNELL'S opinion that, as amnesty would follow on Home Rule, the manifestly practical course is to postpone all else to the work of securing the measure from which every other good will flow. The Parnellites might reply that this is very well for those who may cherish the hope of succeeding by the help of Mr. GLADSTONE, but that this is not exactly their position at the present moment. It is their game to appear as the force which drives Mr. GLADSTONE on, and, therefore, they steal the thunder of Mr. SEXTON. As with the "political prisoners," who are the objects of the commercial rivalry between the Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite, so with the evicted tenants. The majority of Nationalists would probably prefer to leave their wrongs also to be redressed after a Constitutional Statute has set up Home Rule. But neither is that the game of the Parnellites, and so we hear of meetings to recommend a re-establishment Act for the evicted tenants held simultaneously with meetings in favour of the political prisoners, both under the irritatingly officious patronage of the Parnellites. The will of the clerical majority is excellent, and they show it by articles on the happy times coming when the police will be under a Home Rule Government, and promotion "will no longer be made the reward of "pimping and spying or of ostentatious insult and "violence to the opponents of the Government." There is nothing in this language to encourage Mr. MORLEY in the hope that he will have help from this quarter in the coming winter if the Parnellites decide, on mature consideration, that the chapel bell can be, and ought to be, emphatically rung. But it is as much the cue of the Anti-Parnellites not to embarrass Mr. GLADSTONE at once in the House as of the Parnellites to take that very course, and so the struggle just now is

likely to be rather between Irishman and Irishman than between the Nationalist party and the Government.

In the meantime is there any Gladstonian who, looking at Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S letter, and remembering what his claims on the respect of Irishmen are, and then considering the amount of attention actually paid to him, has said to himself something like this :—Here is a people which clamours for what it calls Home Rule, but whose leaders have never taken the trouble, nor been seriously expected to take the trouble, to work out a scheme for the government they profess to wish to see established. They are content to call on "an alien statesman" to give them a form of government, and at most declare that if it does not satisfy them they will have none of it. All their energies are consumed in assailing and abusing one another, and they are never really zealous at any work which does not contain a promise of riot and of collision with the police. What could Home Rule mean with such a people? But any man who had once attained to the state of mind in which the putting of such a question to himself was possible would then and there cease to be a Gladstonian.

SKETCHES OF STUDENT-LIFE IN MILAN.

THE GALLERIA VITTORIO EMMANUELE.

"A GRANDIOSE idea rather prosaically executed," says the polite Florentine; "una gabbia" (a cage), snubs it the Venetian; "the ninth marvel of the world" (the Duomo being the eighth), exclaims, enthusiastically, the Milanese, when discussing his beloved Galleria; and when you are shown the Duomo and the Galleria there is little to see besides in Milan, unless it be the Galleria and the Duomo. Jewellers, painters, fan-makers, fancy goods manufacturers, and even the postal authorities when in doubt, play the Galleria or the Duomo; hence, brooches, spoons, fans, purses, post-cards, and what not, perpetuating the octagon of the one and the *facciata* of the other, *jusqu'à extinction de chaleur naturelle*. The fact is that, whatever Milan might have been in pre-galleryic times, it is unimaginable without the Galleria now, and, a marvel or a cage, the place supplies a real want. Here is a nice refuge before the eccentricities of the Milanese clerk of the weather (first cousin to our own) in the winter; here is the coolest spot in the summer—a grand place for draughts the whole year round—and, above all, an incomparable site for the airing of grievances, the abusing of comrades, and the heralding of more or less (rather less than more) real triumphs by some 8,000 artists, *a spasso* or otherwise. For such is the formidable number of sons and daughters of Euterpe who, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December of every year, wear out the soles of their boots in the Galleria.

Of course there is the usual yarn of the "grand old times" attached to the place, and the newcomer is informed at once that it is no more what it used to be—that there is nobody in it now, and that, in fact, it is quite empty. Well, dead composers and maestri, or singers on a tour in South America, do not promenade about there, to be sure; but of sights there is enough and to spare in those who still remain with us.

Right at the entrance from the Piazza del Duomo is a caffè affected by the famous "farabutti"; here they sit year in year out and watch attentively every new face. With unerring instinct they spot a prey and never mistake a tourist for a singer that is to be; and before a student has been a week in Milan one of their *camorra* knows who he is, where he lives, with whom he studies, how much he has got, &c. The operations begin soon, with what result in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will be seen later. Observe well the Caffè dei Farabutti (Caffè Campari) and beware of its *clientèle*.

Further on, in the octagon, is the Caffè Biffi, the favourite resort of everybody who is anybody; here you can see Masini, Stagno, and Aramburo surrounded by a crowd of worshippers and hangers-on; here you see the elegant silhouette of Verga, or the tall figure of Boïto, or the boyish countenance of Mascagni; here opens at midnight the jolly and very exclusive "Club de' Rovinati," founded by an English journalist; here you meet the delightful Neapolitan prince who lacks always two sous to make up ten centimes; and from here you have a first-rate observatory of the promenaders. With a little practice you can classify them as they pass: that man with curly hair, walking as though on eggs but with chest well forward, a conquering air, and an incredible scarf-pin, is a tenor; that other, of gloomy countenance, with a tragic gait and despair in every fold of his cloak, is a baritone; that rather seedy and decidedly curious-looking, very stout, very black and very tall man—that is a bass. Hear them talk; the tenor will tell you of a certain singer whose voice goes up to the stars, down into Hades, and whose medium opens like the Gulf of Naples—that is *he*. The baritone is fond of narrating how he puts the prima donna into his pocket with a top A flat in *Rigoletto*; the bass speaks three octaves below anybody else, considers all tenors a consumptive lot, and baritones neither fish nor fowl.

On the whole, however, the singers form a happy family; they do not hate one another more than is customary in other professions, and are not more pleased with the failure of a comrade than eminent Q.C.'s, M.D.'s, and others when they see a friend in a mess. They have even a special and non-suggestive terminology when discussing such unpleasant subjects as failures or the demerits of their colleagues; the terms used convey nothing to the uninitiated—for instance, *capitombolo*, *tonfo*, *forno*, instead of *fiasco*; *can-cantante* instead of *cantante*, and so on. Thus are appearances saved.

Berlioz used to divide singers into three categories—those who have voices and cannot sing, those who can sing but have no voices, and those who cannot sing and have no voices. Here, a less casuistic view is taken of the matter; in the opinion of every individual singer all other singers are *cani*, and every single one *un cane*. Why, out of all animals, the dog should have been selected in Italy as synonymous with a vile singer, is one of those mysteries which one tries in vain to unravel; in France, the same opprobrium is attached to the comparison of a singer's performance with that of the friend of St. Antoine; they say there, *chanter comme un cochon*. Just to exhaust the subject, we may mention, that the German for the same is *singen wie ein Schweinhund*, a most interesting combination of the two. But to come back to our muttons; the term of *cane* applies only to artists of first rank, *di cartello*, varying in the case of ladies into *cagna*, or more politely *mezzo-cataplasma*; the tenors enjoy yet the special privilege of being described as *salami*; the second parts, the *comprimarii*, are usually called *assassini* or *accidenti*. Chorus singers enjoy yet the most immunities, and they hardly appear in their official capacity outside the theatre. As a rule, they carry on some sort of a trade, always happily, if not very truthfully, described on gorgeous visiting-cards. Beppo, for instance, known as the *basso canone*, has always a few francs' worth of corals in his pockets—*negoziante in brillanti*, says his card; that other, Paolino, carries to the post the enthusiastic telegrams which singers send to theatrical newspapers about their own successes—*corrispondente teatrale* shines on his pasteboard; another has a speciality for running errands, making small purchases, keeps his pocket full of stamps, small change, addresses, &c.—he is described as *agente d'affari*, and so on. Delightful results of Southern imagination; that wonderful faculty for magnifying, overrating, exaggerating, and even lying, which constitutes half of the happiness of the Latin race, and with which it is difficult to get impatient—once you are used to it. Did not we see a singer listen from the wings to the unearthly din which hissed him off the stage, and observe quite sincerely: "*Mi pare di aver sentito* UN *bis!*" Chorus singers patronize generally the porticos of the Galleria, which are also a place of predilection of retired artists. Here one can see, every day nearly, Pandolfini, who has grown a beautiful white beard; Storti, who dyes his hair still, the last of the Ronconi brothers; Mme. Barretta, hurrying to her ballet school; Mme. Stoltz, Mme. Cucchi, &c.

At Biffi's, at Savini's, at the Fiaschetteria, and other caffès you see at certain hours various *maestri di canto*, and, if you like, you may hear how they expound their theories. One is all for *filare*, and gives lessons holding all the while an umbrella in his hands; the pupil attacks a note *pianissimo*, and swells it gradually as the maestro opens slowly the brollie; *fortissimo* is reached when that is quite opened, and as it is being gradually closed the voice follows it *diminuendo*. Another explains his system, which consists

in teaching everybody the dodge of singing without fatigue, by using *one vocal cord only whilst the other rests!* That one is for extension, that other for intensity, that one tells you the voice is in the top of your head, another that it is in the stomach; the system of old Lamperti was so complicated that nobody could understand it, nor could he explain it himself; it seems, though, that there is an American tenor who, by dint of perseverance and the aid of a marvellous intuition, *did* make out the mystery after ten years' of lessons at ten francs an hour; only he has not an atom of voice left now, even to speak with. All the professors agree, however, on one point—namely, that they are each individually the best and only teacher, and that all others are perfect asses.

The above list does not exhaust the curiosities of the Galleria in the least, for the place swarms with celebrities local or otherwise, retired or on active service, and the sight of the crowd in which esteemed artists elbow the *salami* and the *farabutti* is a quaint one. Then there is the tourist—the unspeakable one of the circular ticket—who goes to see Petrella's *Ione* "because it is so much like *Jones*" (*sic*); there is the suspicious insular spinster, frightened out of her wits and keeping her purse in the most unusual hiding-places; there is the German *Gaudissart* picking out 4*d.* dishes in the menu; and the fine shops, and the Milanese "mashers," and the lucky hunchbacks, and the pedlars, and the traditional rows during the Carnival, and what not.

In one word, the Galleria *is* a marvel, and without it, as the Americans say, Milan might just as well "dry up."

MONEY MATTERS.

AT the beginning of harvest the prospects were decidedly better than any one ventured to look for at midsummer. July, though the weather was very variable, had made a great improvement in all the crops; barley, more particularly, has benefited. It will be, according to present appearances, the best crop of the year; and as the quality is good it is to be hoped that farmers will get a fair price for it. Wheat differs very much in condition from district to district, and even from farm to farm and field to field; in some places it is excellent, in others very bad. It is difficult, therefore, to speak with any accuracy of its general condition. The straw is short, however; and, consequently, there has not been much injury done by high winds. Oats are a bad crop, although they also have improved during July. Potatoes promise very well. Roots, also, are good; but hay, pease, and beans are very deficient. According to reports from a number of correspondents for the 1st of this month, published by the *Times* last week, the condition of wheat was represented by 91·3, against 97·6 on August 3rd of last year. As 100 represents an average crop, it will be seen that, according to this account, wheat is very decidedly below the average, and is even seriously below the condition of twelve months ago. But it is to be recollected that August was very unfavourable last year, and that the wheat crop, therefore, did not turn out as good as it promised to be on the 3rd of that month. On the other hand, August, up to a few days ago, had been favourable this year, and if the weather again becomes good we may hope that the final result will be better than now seems probable. Another point to bear in mind is that the harvest is decidedly late, later than it was last year, and that consequently the comparison is not quite to be depended upon. If we should now have very hot dry weather the wheat would come on well, and harvesting might be done both quickly and under the most favourable conditions. Barley, as already said, is the best crop this year. According to the *Times* report, its condition was 97·4, compared with 97·6 on the 3rd of August last year; practically, that is to say, the condition is the same. But, as already pointed out, August was more unfavourable last year than this, and we may hope, therefore, that the crop will be gathered in this year in a much better state. The condition of oats is represented as 92·4, against 91·9 last year. The crop, therefore, is a trifle better, and possibly may be considerably better if the weather continues favourable. Potatoes are represented as 96·9 against 99·1. A further improvement has since been reported, and, if disease does not break out, the crop promises exceedingly well. Beans are represented by 88·4 against 85·1, and roots by 89·7 against 94·6. It will be seen that barley is the only really good crop according to these figures, although potatoes are promising well. With regard to wheat, the farmers have to contend against not only a short return and deficient straw, but exceptionally low prices. The *Gazette* average price last week in the principal markets of England and Wales was only 29*s.* 11*d.*, compared with 39*s.* 8*d.* in the corresponding week of last year, a fall of 9*s.* 9*d.* per quarter, or nearly 33 per cent. It is true that at this time last year the utter failure of the crop in Russia led to a very general belief that the supplies for the coming twelve months would be deficient, and there was a good deal of speculation in consequence. Very soon, however, the speculation broke down and prices gave way. At present the probability seems to be that no recovery is to be looked for, for some time at all events. It is quite possible, of course, that the world has been drawing much more largely than is generally supposed upon the old stocks. For instance, it is by no means improbable that India and other countries sent forward last year, when prices were high, almost the whole of the old stocks they had to dispose of. If so, it may turn out that the surplus this year will be smaller than is now anticipated, and there may be a very considerable rise in price by-and-bye. But for some time to come a recovery is certainly not probable. The wheat market is decidedly weak, and traders generally are unwilling to lay in large stocks. At the same time it is gratifying that the home crop has so much improved since midsummer, and it is to be hoped that the rains of this week will not do serious damage. At that time the general estimate was that the home yield would not much exceed $7\frac{3}{4}$ millions of quarters; now the estimate is that it will reach $8\frac{1}{4}$ million quarters, an increase of about half a million quarters. Thus, though the farmers cannot look for a remunerative price, it is something to have an increased yield. But the yield is decidedly under the average, and therefore there will be a very large demand during the next twelve months for foreign supplies.

There was some recovery at the beginning of this week in the silver market. At the end of last week the price fell to $37\frac{7}{8}$*d.* per oz., the lowest by far ever yet recorded. On Tuesday, however, it recovered to $38\frac{5}{16}$*d.*, but on Wednesday there was another decline to $38\frac{3}{16}$*d.* per oz., and on Thursday it fell again to $37\frac{7}{8}$*d.* per oz. The recovery on Monday and Tuesday was partly due to repurchases by speculators who had sold what they did not possess, and partly to a hope that the fall had been carried too far. On Wednesday the new decline was brought about by alarmist rumours and the very small applications for India Council bills and telegraphic transfers. While 35 lakhs were offered for tender, the applications were only for $29\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs, and the prices offered were exceedingly low. There is naturally much apprehension, and on Wednesday there were several alarmist rumours respecting houses and institutions doing business with the East. Most of those rumours, we believe, were exaggerated; but there was truth in some of them, and, indeed, it is inevitable that perturbations so great and affecting so many important countries must cause very serious losses, and probably may bring down some houses. The whole trade of the silver-using countries is disorganized for the moment. Nobody can foresee what is likely to happen, and business to a large extent has been reduced to the condition of speculation.

Naturally under these circumstances bill-brokers and discount-houses are trying to raise the value of money. The discount rate in the open market has risen to one per cent. and in some cases as much as $1\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. has been obtained. But it is very difficult to maintain such rates, for the supply of loanable capital is greatly in excess of the demand; therefore loans are being made from day to day at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Still, while the silver prospects are so uncertain, it is to be hoped the market will work with great caution.

On the Stock Exchange an attempt was made to put up prices early in the week; but, though quotations were marked up, there was very little real business, and on Wednesday afternoon the American market in particular gave way. It is evident that apprehension in the United States is increasing, because of the continued fall in silver and the large exports of gold; while numerous strikes on various important railways are adding to the general difficulties. We would repeat, then, the advice we have frequently given of late to investors, to keep aloof altogether from the American market. It is possible even yet that a crisis may be averted if the Govern-

ment acts promptly and with decision. But if it allows matters to drift there is almost sure to be trouble, and there may be a severe crisis. Uruguayan securities fell heavily early in the week, but recovered on Wednesday. There have been rumours that the Government is about to negotiate a new loan; and, further, that a revolutionary outbreak is prevented only by the loyalty of the army. At the same time very little intelligence is received from Montevideo, and the City therefore is dependent almost altogether upon private telegrams for its information. On the other hand, the foreign market has been wonderfully steady. The appointment of Lord Rosebery as Foreign Secretary has given general satisfaction; and the great cheapness of money of course helps the leading capitalists on the Continent to support quotations. But the foreign Bourses are in a critical state for all that, and any accident may bring about a sharp fall.

The report presented by the Committee of Investigation to the shareholders of the Mercantile Bank of Australia this week makes very serious disclosures. It says that the bank was insolvent since 1889, that undue advances had been made to the directors and to land and finance companies promoted by one of them, and it expresses the opinion that nearly half a million sterling will have to be called up from the shareholders. All this is not calculated to restore confidence in Australasian banking.

All silver securities have fallen during the week, as was to have been expected. Rupee paper closed on Thursday afternoon at $62\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{8}$. Even Indian Sterling Threes closed at $95\frac{3}{8}$, a fall also of $1\frac{1}{8}$. Mexican Internal bonds closed at $24\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 2, and Mexican Sixes closed at $82\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. Amongst Eastern banks, the shares of the Chartered Mercantile closed on Thursday at 4, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; those of the Agra Bank closed at $4\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and those of the Bank of China closed with a fall of $\frac{1}{8}$. American railway securities have also all given way. Atchison shares closed on Thursday afternoon at $39\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{5}{8}$ compared with the preceding Thursday, and Erie closed at $27\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$. These are purely speculative shares, and have no intrinsic value. Coming to the dividend-paying, Louisville and Nashville closed at $70\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; Lake Shore closed at $137\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; and New York Central closed at $115\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. There was also a fall in South American securities. The Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at $61\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; and the Funding Loan closed at $55\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; while Uruguayan Three and a Halfs closed at 30, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Generally speaking, however, inter-Bourse securities improved. Greek bonds are an exception; those of 1884 closed at $65\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the Home Railway market, on the other hand, there is an almost general advance. To begin with the more speculative, Great Northern Deferred closed at $61\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and Brighton "A" closed at $160\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. Coming next to the investment stocks, we find, for example, that Great Western closed at $165\frac{7}{8}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{4}$.

THE MINISTER OF CURSING AND SWEARING.

IT is a consolation to reflect that the Prime Minister's heavy burden of forming a Government has been lightened by the absence of a certain office which at one time required an able occupant. To fill every post from even the brilliant and very varied array of statesmen from which Mr. Gladstone has had the privilege of choosing was no sinecure, and to have selected a thoroughly efficient Minister of Cursing and Swearing would have entailed a responsibility from which the Popular Idol, who has himself been the cause of some little swearing and cursing, might well have shrunk.

A statute was passed in the twenty-first year of King James I. for the suppression of blasphemous oaths, with a penalty of one shilling for each offence, the fines to be distributed among the poor. We can easily understand that fully to satisfy for what servants call "language" by the payment of a shilling, knowing that one thereby performed an act of charity to the poor, would appear a highly satisfactory arrangement to many people in these days; but in those of King James the shilling, of course, represented a very much higher value than it does at present, and hot and strong must have been the oath that was worth swearing at such a price. It was not King James I., however, but King Charles I. who, "considering the great increase of that sin," "thought proper to erect an office and appoint an officer to see that" the statute was put into execution. One of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber was to be appointed, with power to authorize deputies in every parish—what an opportunity this would have been for the proposed parish councils were the office still in existence!—to enforce the penalty and to receive it, and to pay the fines so received to the bishop of the diocese half-yearly; and the latter official was to see that each fine was given to the poor of the parish in which its own particular oath had been sworn. "For his pains" the Minister of Cursing and Swearing was "to deduct twelve pence in the pound"; in other words, he was to farm the bad language of his nation; therefore, the more his fellow-countrymen cursed and swore, and the greater "the increase of that sin," the better for him. Very valuable indeed must have been the blasphemous oaths of Great Britain; for we read that their first farmer actually bound himself to pay the Secretary of State who appointed him to the office a thousand pounds down, and two hundred a year so long as he should hold it. A valuable piece of evidence in favour of the value of a shilling in the pound for swearings is afforded in an account of the death of Pennington, some three or four years before the institution of the office, wherein his extraordinary virtue is boasted of because, during the last three days of his life, "he was very patient, and did scarce swear one oath in all that time." Swearers, however, were not always let off with "a shilling a swear." About the date of the appointment of the new Minister "a gentleman" was condemned by the Court of High Commission to pay a fine of 500*l.* and costs, and to "make acknowledgment at his parish church in certain words to be set down by the commissioners," for "desperate oaths" combined with "excessive drinking." A desperate oath, therefore, was quite distinct from an ordinary shilling oath, especially when stimulated by good liquor, and the whole of the fine, in its case, went to the King—not to the poor; nor does it appear that the Minister of Cursing and Swearing got his usual shilling in the pound on this handsome fine, which seems very hard, as it would have come to five and twenty pounds.

Why should not the office be revived? and what a pity it is that it was not in existence during the reign of the late Government, for we fancy that if the Minister of Cursing and Swearing had concealed himself, note-book in hand, in No. 15 Committee-room when it was occupied by certain Irish members on a notorious occasion, he could scarcely have written fast enough, and that the poor of the parish of Westminster would have been greatly benefited. For anything that we know to the contrary, the renewal of the office may form a portion of the programme of the Prime Minister, in which case the problem would present itself whether the place should be filled by a member of the Gladstonian party, or of the Parnellite party, or of the Anti-Parnellite party, or of the Welsh Disestablishment party, or of the Labour party, and for the latter there is at least this to be said, that a "Working-man" member would probably be familiar with the subject which would come under the control of the department.

THE THEATRICAL OUTLOOK.

IT cannot have escaped the notice of the playgoer, least of all of the playgoer who has travelled, that nowhere within recent years, at any rate, have theatrical prices ruled so high as in London; for the ten-shilling stall is quite a modern institution—modern, too, in a double sense; since, while it is only well within the last quarter of a century that that price has been charged for it, the stall itself has only been poached from the domain of the pit within the memory of man. Now first let us note that the upward tendency in theatrical prices is confined mainly, if not entirely, to the stalls and similar parts of the house; if we go back to an event, which not even the *doyen* of living playgoers, whoever he may be, could remember, the O.P. riots of 1809, we find they were occasioned by John Philip Kemble raising the prices at the then New Covent Garden Theatre from 6*s.* to 7*s.* in the boxes, and from 3*s.* to 4*s.* in the pit.

During Macready's celebrated managements at Covent Garden in 1837–9, and at Drury Lane in 1841–3, the prices of admission were as follows:—Boxes (the tier now called dress circle), 5*s.*; pit, 2*s.* 6*d.*; lower gallery, 1*s.* 6*d.*; upper gallery, 1*s.* Nowadays at the Lyceum and similar theatres the prices are:—Stalls, 10*s.* 6*d.*; dress circle, 7*s.*; upper circle, 4*s.*; amphitheatre, 2*s.* 6*d.*; pit, 2*s.* 6*d.*; gallery, 1*s.*

From a comparison of these figures we may observe that it is, to make a rough division, the occupants of our stalls and dress circle, not of our pits and galleries, who, as compared with their fathers and grandfathers, pay a fancy price for their evening's amusement; and why? Because a quarter of a century ago, or thereabouts, there took place (or rather began to take place, for the process was a gradual one) a marked change in the composition of theatrical audiences, and in the attitude assumed by an important and influential section of society towards the stage and its professors. The steadiest patrons of the "boxes" during the forties and the fifties were the middle and upper middle classes, for notwithstanding the excellent playgoing example set by the Sovereign and her husband, the fashionable world at that date accorded a scarcely half-hearted encouragement to native dramatic art, preferring to seek its amusement in that kind, at largely enhanced prices by the way, mainly at the Italian Opera, especially when the ballet was on, and at the French Plays. When the fifties had given place to the sixties, the extreme vogue of the ballet waned, and one Italian Opera House began to find a difficulty in maintaining itself in London, where two had not long before experienced no lack of support; the French Plays (we are speaking of times when Rachel was dead, and when the Comédie Française had not yet paid its memorable first visit to us in the war year) were expiring of their own inanition; society required a fresh toy, and in this conjunction of circumstances, served partly by its own deserts, and partly by rare good luck, came the chance for the vernacular drama. It became the *mode* to patronize plays and players of native growth, and of this mode the first fruits fell, as they deserved to fall, to the little playhouse in Tottenham Street, which, leading its rivals from the start, both in point of time and of merit, rapidly became, and for many years remained, our most fashionable theatre. When all London was struggling to find room in one of the smallest of its places of entertainment, it is not surprising that an astute management should enhance the financial value of so highly prized a privilege; and it is accordingly at the Prince of Wales's Theatre that we find many of the upward moves in theatrical prices to have been first made. Here certainly were stalls first raised to ten shillings, an advance excused at the time by the management on the plea of the heavy expense attending their revival of *The School for Scandal.* As long as the advanced prices were confined to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, catered for as it was by the Bancrofts in the year 1874, there was no cause for grumbling, but the playgoer soon found himself called upon to reckon, not only with the Bancrofts themselves, but with their imitators. To the jealousy with which other London managers had long regarded the continuous prosperity of the Prince of Wales's Theatre there was now added a more legitimate and business-like principle of rivalry. "If," in effect, said the directors of other houses, "the Bancrofts can get ten shillings for their stalls, while I am only charging six or seven, the public will not be long in coming to the conclusion that their entertainment is better than mine; and by neglecting to follow their lead, I shall be tacitly acknowledging my own inferiority." Whereupon, with very slight delay, up went the prices all round, and every playhouse, whether its staple commodity were good, bad, or indifferent, stood, and still stands, self-assessed at the Tottenham Street valuation.

The dictates of Fashion are all-powerful, and in the piping times which immediately succeeded these changes the existing theatres were enlarged, and new ones were built, until the number of those places of amusement was more than doubled; while theatrical salaries sharing in the upward tendency of prices of admission, rewarded the leading performers with incomes little less than those of a Cabinet Minister or a bishop, while the earnings of the rank and file were bettered some cent. per cent.

But what fashion has made, it can unmake, and there are not wanting signs that the extreme vogue of the theatre is on the wane; for so far from possessing nowadays any monopoly of the popular taste, it is positively beset by rivals both old and new. Italian opera, but a few years ago accounted defunct, has been triumphantly resuscitated by the energy of Sir Augustus Harris, who has this year given us operatic performances in French, German, and (occasionally) in English as well as in the more accustomed Italian. The French plays are still risky speculations, but Mme. Bernhardt can always be relied on for full treasuries; while the "Fisheries" and "Healtheries" exhibitions, with their successors on the same grounds and on the neighbouring sites at Earl's Court and Olympia, have proved that it is not impossible to popularize among us a charming and innocent form of *al fresco* entertainment, free from the objectionable qualities which within recent memory signed the death warrant of Cremorne. The music-hall, moreover, has in its latest development risen into formidable competition with the theatre; besides the Alhambra, which was for many years the only large building devoted to what, for want of a better name, is termed the "variety stage," we have now such palatial structures as the Empire, the Pavilion, and the Tivoli; while in this connexion comes news that in Mr. D'Oyley Carte's magnificent new opera-house in Shaftesbury Avenue the music-hall will soon be able to boast the possession of, perhaps, the most ornate and the most perfectly appointed place of entertainment in London. It is legitimate ground for congratulation that the advance of the music-hall is not confined to its housing, but extends also to the respectability of its *clientèle* and of its programme. Certain it is that theatrical managers fully recognize how serious is its rivalry becoming, if we may judge by the jealous persistency with which before the late Parliamentary Commission they opposed as far as in them lay the music-halls' petition to be allowed to play short dramatic sketches.

There is small wonder, then, that in the theatrical market of to-day, stocked as it is, so far as quantity is concerned, in accordance with the requirements of twenty years ago, supply sadly exceeds demand. Many theatres are closed; some, it would seem, permanently so, others for unusually protracted vacations; while nearly half the *personnel* of the stage appears to be out of employment. In such theatres as remain open the success of the ten-shilling stalls is by no means universal. Numerous and well occupied in one house, they present in another a beggarly array of seats unoccupied, or at least unpaid for, as dead-heads alternate with antimacassars. Bad as this outlook is, it is made yet worse by the apparent inability of those who are, or should be, interested rightly to read the signs of the times; stage aspirants still come, "in battalions," and, more astonishing still, capitalists are actually forthcoming to build fresh theatres—a proof, if proof were needed, that theatrical speculators hold themselves bound by none of the laws which govern ordinary commercial enterprise. So far from increasing the already overgrown numbers of our players and playhouses, it would be desirable if a benevolent despotism could decree their diminution; but Britons, as is well known, never, never will be slaves, and benevolent despotisms are not much in our national way. We commented last week on Mr. Sedger's experiment. It seems very likely that save in the case of a few exceptionally favoured houses there must soon be a fall in theatrical prices, and this must involve hard times for such as live by the theatres, as it will involve a return to the old-fashioned salary without the certainty of the old-fashioned engagement, when actors were engaged, not for the run of a piece, which may be less than a week, but rarely for a less period than a season of some ten months, and not unfrequently remained at the same theatre for year after year.

DISCONTENTED INDIAN OFFICIALS.

SYDNEY SMITH scoffed at the privilege, accorded to subordinates, to submit memorials to official superiors, who can control professional advancement. He thought that "it would be just as rational to give to a frog or a rabbit, upon which the physician is about to experiment, an appeal to the Zoological Society, as to give to a country curate an appeal to the Archbishop against his purple oppressor." The members of the Covenanted Indian Civil Service appear to think the same. That service has won the sincere admiration of competent judges of many nationalities, and Viceroy after Viceroy has lavished praise

upon it. Lord Dufferin took occasion to describe its members as "the most remarkable body of men that have ever laboured for the good of their country in that part of the world."

There must be something radically wrong when members of a service thus extolled become goaded into using the press as a vehicle for giving expression to a general grievance instead of forwarding their representations through official channels, and accompany their public lamentation with a profession of profound distrust of the authorities in India. We will quote from a few of the letters which have appeared in one of the leading Indian journals. "A Covenanted Civilian" writes of the "base advantage" taken by a Government which is "acting dishonourably," and says, "A bargain is a bargain, and that is precisely what it does not suit the limping apologists of a dishonest Government to see." "Another Discontented Civilian" refers to just claims ignored, and workmen realizing their being "done"; and adds:—"Even a cabman does not expect his horse to do double work on half rations. If he does he is a fool, and deserves all he gets. In short, Government should understand—and the sooner the better—that no civilian is satisfied with his present prospects. Instead of being able to save, he will probably have to leave the service in debt." Another civilian writes:—"Every single member of the service appointed prior to the year when the fall commenced, 1873 or so, ought to represent his grievance, but as a matter of fact they will do nothing of the kind; and this silence is precisely what the Government uses, and will use, to justify one of the meanest and most cruel abuses on record." "Sweated" declares his conviction that it is only waste of paper sending memorials to the Government of India. His advice is:—"Advertise and write in the English press, and circulate the truth in every school and college. Amuse yourselves, if you will, by memorials to the Indian Government and Parliament; but let your real business be an effective organization and agitation for currency reform, not any petty concession for this or that service. If you are too faint-hearted or too slothful to do this, you deserve to be, and you most assuredly will be, sweated." "Civis" may or may not be a covenanted civilian, but he writes with passionate vehemence of unjust treatment, and a wrong done and a wrong to be righted. "Good sense and moderation are giving way to violence of feeling and a sense of injustice." Is it prudent, he asks, "to rouse a sense of unjust treatment in an entire community, such as is likely to provoke a popular outcry, and bring about what, in other countries, would be called a trades-union and a strike? It is a foolish thing for any Government to rely too long on the patience of a body of men sweating under a sense of injustice."

We express no opinion on the assertion of one of these correspondents of the *Pioneer* that the storm is coming, and it will not be a case of covenanted or uncovenanted, civil or military, but a universal protest by the entire official community against the apathetic attitude of a Government careless alike of its own responsibilities and the interests of its employés. Enough has been quoted to show that the silver salary question is causing a good deal of discussion in India, and is likely to attract more attention here. The universal interest displayed in the Simla Currency Association proves how widespread is the dissatisfaction in all grades of the European section of the public service in India with the present situation. The position appears to be this. A wish has fathered the hope that the rupee would rise again in exchange value, and occasional spurts have deluded European officials into cherishing vain expectations for many years. The highest officials could hardly take the initiative in suggesting a reconsideration of the adequacy, under changed conditions, of silver incomes fixed when the rupee was worth more than two shillings. For they would themselves gain by a revision of the scale of salaries. The rank and file have made no general protest, because they have been beguiled by false hopes, or they are a busy race absorbed in official work; or else the system of individual memorials is faulty, and the silence has been due to subserviency or distrust. But now there are many who realize that an Indian career has brought no profit or advantage to them; that they have been inadequately remunerated for many years in a land of exile; and that, if they do not bestir themselves, they will retire, not only disappointed and impecunious, but keenly reproaching themselves for having made no effort to obtain the redress which their successors are certain to receive, in one shape or another. They begin to see that, when they retire, the evils of poverty will be aggravated by poignant regret that they were so little mindful of their own personal interest, and allowed zeal in the discharge of public duties to divert attention from their duty to themselves and their families. At the present moment, however, they are being enticed away from their true remedy by the will-o'-the-wisp of currency reform. That is a matter to be dealt with by the Government which they serve. It does not rest upon subordinates in the public administration to discover a solution of the currency problem before they ask the Government, which employs them, to consider the salary question. That question is whether, with the rupee at one shilling and threepence, the silver incomes of European officials fixed when the rupee was worth more than two shillings afford adequate remuneration for the services rendered, or the remuneration they were led to expect. Another question is whether the Government is not taking undue advantage of Europeans, who are paid in the Government's own depreciated currency. It is conceivable that a scrutiny of the public expenditure may prove that, by postponing undertakings for which there is no immediate necessity, enough can be spared from current revenue for revising the salaries of European officials, and maintaining the efficiency of the public administration.

The declaration of the Government of India, that it cannot assign any limit either in time or in amount to the further depreciation of its silver currency, has probably had something to do with this outburst of indignation at the supineness which forces Europeans to accept salaries fixed when the rupee was worth more than two shillings, and when both the Government and those who entered its service understood that the rupee was a coin which would retain at least the value of two shillings. In trade a fall in the value of the medium of exchange is spread over a series of transactions, and with due warning when the fall is gradual. But if the fall is sudden, and as disastrously great as to come near 40 per cent., commercial obligations are not fulfilled. They are liberally revised, or are cancelled, or lead to bankruptcy with freedom to make a fresh start. On the other hand, a man who elects to accept service under a Government enters into one single transaction which is intended to regulate his whole professional career. If the medium of exchange—that is, the Government currency, in which the bargain is struck between the State and its employés—falls in value or purchasing power, the public servant is at the mercy of the State. If the pound of flesh can be exacted by his employer, and equitable considerations have no weight, he is as much in danger of being "sweated" as a sempstress in the East End of London. A European official serving Her Majesty in India may be taken to spend at least three-fourths of his silver salary upon commodities and educational and other expenses of which the cost to him depends upon their gold price. When he is on furlough, his half-pay is again reduced by one-third by the loss in exchange. The rupee for all practical purposes is worth to him only its weight in silver. It has no enhanced value as a coin in respect of at least three-fourths of his ordinary expenditure. From that point of view it is only a commodity. That one commodity in which he is paid has fallen in value (measured in all other commodities) about thirty-five per cent. during the last twenty-one years. To maintain the present high standard of efficiency in the civil branch of Indian administration it is necessary to attract young men of more than average promise to the ranks of the Indian Covenanted Civil Service. High pay in a few exceptional appointments will not do this. Nor will young men who have distinguished themselves at school or college be allured to a life of exile by descriptions, in the leading columns of Indian newspapers, of a ripening crop of soured and dissatisfied officials whose hopeful patience has been mocked for many years. Judges and heads of districts in India are not usually men with private means. But their position entails obligations as expensive as many which fall upon members of the English diplomatic service. A few petty concessions as to furlough pay and remittance privileges will not do much to lighten these burdens. Even a general revision of salaries cannot compensate the numerous officers in Her Majesty's Indian Service who have been forced to resort to every sort of self-denial, whilst their incomes have been diminishing in purchasing power for about twenty years past. Something is due to those who have been fed by vain hopes and have suffered in silence

for those years. The Indian Government may be unable to solve the currency problem; or it may be able to wait indefinitely before it attempts to deal with that difficulty. Viewed as a perpetual corporation, it may be soulless, but it need not be heartless. It is well able to deal with the silver salary question; and it is now clear that European officials in India cannot afford to wait any longer for the question of revision of salaries to be taken up and settled.

OMAR (AL)KHAYYÂM(Î).

THE wise and excellent Giyâth ed Dîn Abûl Fath Omar ben Ibrâhîm Alkhayyâmî of Naishâpûr was unequally treated by his prophet Fitzgerald. While he made of the rapt and soaring *Rubâiyât* a possession for ever, the notice of Omar which he prefixed thereto is scant both of material and of workmanship. For example—a minor example—he flings aside one of Omar's (unpoetical) works in this clause of a sentence:—"and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic treatise of his on Algebra."

This was F. Woepcke's production, which was assisted into the book-world by Prince Friedrich of Anhalt-Dessau in 1851. But the scientific world had been advertised of the "discovery" of Omar's Algebra nine years and a hundred years previously, by Gerard Meerman in his (Latin) Specimen of the Fluxions-Calculus, wherein he mentioned an Arabic manuscript of Omar's treatise which had been left to the Leiden Library by Warner. Natheless Colebrooke, in writing of the Algebra of the Hindûs, did not know of Omar, or he would never have asserted that algebra had remained almost stationary among the Mussulmans from Mahomet ben Moussa to Behâ ed Dîn.

Compared with Hafiz and Sâdi, Omar's poetical writings are, of course, little read and less understood in Persia, and in his science he was also an eclectic. "The greater part of those," he wrote in introducing his Algebra, "who in the time that now passeth have the air of savants, disguise the truth in the lie, and never step outside the limits of imposture and learned ostentation; making their little stock of learning the sordid slave of vile and material ends. If they see a man making efforts to cast away disguises and deceits, him they take for the butt of their despisal and their railleries." His great request to the Vizier Nizâm-ul-Mulk, once his schoolfellow, was for "a corner under the shadow of your fulness, that I may spread wide the boons of Science." For the world had become narrow unto him, Omar, and he learned what it was to strike the hollow breast of disappointment with the weighty hand of affliction. As he said of himself, and as Fitzgerald rendered it:—"Khayyâm, who stitched the tents of Science, has fallen in Grief's furnace, and been suddenly burned. The shears of Fate have cut the tent-ropes of his life; and the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing." This was the poet's way of putting it; but in his Al-jebr (as we may surely call it here for once) he said:—"I could not always apply myself in a continuous fashion to the composition of such a treatise, nor devote a persevering meditation thereunto, hindered as I have been by the disasters that have downfallen upon me." But "his excellency our glorious and incomparable lord, the great judge, the imâm, the lord Abû Tâhir (whose elevation may Allah prolong, and confound the nourishers of envy)" came to the rescue "when I had despaired, and enabled me to re-knot the thread of research which I had been forced to loose in vicissitude."

This benefactor was unknown to Fitzgerald, and Nizâm-ul-Mulk merely said that Omar lived and died at Naishâpûr on his pension, "busied in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy." And every one knows that Omar was one of the Eight who settled the Jalâli era in 1079.

The peculiarities of his Algebra were that he dealt with four media—the line, surface, solid, and time (which last had, he said, not theretofore been touched), and that in the solving of every equation he gave both the arithmetical and the geometrical demonstrations. These last, too, were all written out laboriously in the interminable Arabic, without any diagrams. His equations of the third degree were best, and Woepcke said positively that Diophantus had been indebted to Omar. Another peculiarity that differentiates his treatise from those now generally published "for the use of schools" is the incessant way in which he rounds off a solution with a *laus Deo* instead of some barren *Q.E.D.* He begins like a pious Moslem (Atheist and libertine though he was proclaimed):—"In the name of Allah the Clement and the Merciful; praise be to Allah, lord of the worlds, and a happy end to those who fear him." And then, as he warms to his work, you read:—"I lay hold of the rope of divine assistance, and with the precious help of Allah I declare that Algebra is a scientific art!" "Now," he goes on elsewhere, "am I about to discuss and demonstrate one by one all the twenty-five kinds of equations; and I implore the aid of Allah. Whosoever faithfully relieth upon him, Allah directs him, and it sufficeth." And he winds up at the very end by acknowledging with simple humility that "it is Allah who has made plain the solution of these difficulties by his benefits and his generosity." These phrases can scarcely have been due to scribes or transcribes, but they may of course have been used as mere common forms, like the notorious "In the name of the Prophet, Figs!" of the pseudo-Johnson; and even that might easily be outdone with the cry of the Cairene hawker of parched melon-seeds, "O consoler of the embarrassed, Pips!" Such clichés of the Arabic treatises must have been caught up long ago in a Moorish University by the thirteenth-century physician Gilbert the Englishman, who, in his *Compendium Medicinæ*, describing his marvellous treatment of one of the eyes of one Bertrand de Giblet, wrote down, "By the mercy of the Lord, I squeezed a turnip." It is on folio cxxxvii of his book (Lugduni, 1510).

The termination of Omar's name—like that of Diophantus, oddly enough—is uncertain. It is found both as Alkhayyâm and Alkhayyâmî on the first leaf of the best manuscript of his Algebra. Of course we all know that Alkhayyâm means the tent-maker; but if he were not actually exercising the trade, and merely belonged to a family of hereditary tent-makers—as our Bowyers and Fletchers—Alkhayyâmî would then be the better reading. Fitzgerald always called him briefly Omar Khayyâm. By whatever name we know him, so long as his Algebra remains, and the Diophantine analysis is worked, and Fitzgerald's music is left us, we can receive with "loud cries of no! no!" his (or their) quatrain:—

> Indeed, the Idols I have loved so long
> Have done my credit in this world much wrong;
> Have drowned my glory in a shallow Cup,
> And sold my reputation for a song.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

DISCUSSING the delights and eccentricities of gastronomy, the scenes that most pleasantly suggest themselves to the imagination are the Highland shooting lodge and the hunter's camp. Healthy digestion waits upon hungry appetite, and the only general objection in the latter case is that the sportsman must lower himself to the level of the brutes, and wash down his meals with unqualified water. It is all very well for poets and total abstinence lecturers to talk of the fresh charm of the limpid spring; but too often the hunter is forced to content himself with odoriferous and pestiferous *eau ordinaire*. As for the shooting-box, it should have a well-selected cellar, but at worst you can fall back on the mountain dew, which is wonderfully well adapted to the country and the climate. The *menu* might be monotonous, if one lived all the year in the North, but for a month or two it may be agreeably varied. We are never reduced to trying reckless experiments. Tickler, in his *Recreations of Christopher North*, declares that eagle's thigh is capital devilled; but the golden eagle has unhappily become so scarce of late years that it would be hard to find a bird to be spread-eagled and spatchcocked. We are quite satisfied for a few weeks with the ordinary Highland bill of fare—for, of course, you have the mutton that feeds on your own moors—without troubling the distant butcher or drawing supplies of sea-fish from the coast. The grouse come up in every shape—roast, broiled, and cold—in soups, in pies, and in *salmis*. There is nothing half so good at Greenwich as the grilse from the neighbouring stream, snatched from the hook, hurried up by a fleet-footed gillie, crimped, and cast straightway into the bubbling kettle, to be served with the water in which it was boiled. Except, perhaps, a sea-trout, sent up *à la Suisse* in swathings

of anchovy, with Mayonnaise sauce, and seeming to blush a delicate carmine at the sudden notoriety and the lavish praise. Mountain hares are unmitigated nuisances when you are shooting over dogs, nor *au naturel* are they worth much gastronomically. But there is this to be said for them, that they make excellent soup, and do admirable service as stock with varieties of game for the flavouring. The Ettrick Shepherd, who flourished on the Borders long before Sir William Harcourt or exterminating Acts had been thought of, recommends four hares as the minimum for one tureen. You might throw forty into the cauldron on a mountain shooting and never miss them; and each *cordon bleu* knows the value of *carte blanche* in the stock-pot. In a forest, of course, you have red-deer venison. We think the game flavour far superior to that of the park-fed fallow variety; and, indeed, the fawn of a fallow doe is, perhaps, the most insipid flesh in the whole animal world. The red-deer, thanks to his restless habits, generally shows some deficiency in fat, though that can always be supplied from the superfluity of the hill-fed sheep, when it is a question of a hash or a pasty. But there is nothing comparable in the way of venison to the haunch or the neck of a Yeld hind when in prime condition. There is sure to be a fair sprinkling of roe in your feathering birch covers, and the roe as a rule is rather despised. But even southern prejudice must retract hasty opinions if the roe be properly treated. Roe makes about the best haricot in the world, and *selle de chevreuil* stewed with carrots &c. tastes better in the Scotch Highlands than at Fontainebleau or Baden. We can say little in favour of ptarmigan, as a rule, except as a *pis aller*, though very rarely, by a happy accident, they are among the best of game. Were it not for the fun of the scramble, neither for the sport nor the table would they be worth the trouble of fetching from the mountain tops. But there are always a few ducks or snipe to be picked up; towards the second week in September you begin to stumble upon stray woodcocks that are dropping among the heather; and as for the Celtic golden plover who gorges himself to obesity he is ideal. The difficulty and the drawbacks are as to the time and the seasons of eating him. If the trail is to be in perfection he cannot be too fresh, but then you miss the exquisite delicacy of the tender thigh and breast. The solution is to treat him by stuffing like the *faisan à la sainte alliance* of the old *Frères Provençaux*, and fill a well-hung bird with the trail of a victim of the morning.

It is hard to tear oneself away from Highland fare, and yet, if we shift the scene to the skirts of the jungles of Hindustan, Indian sybarites will assure us that their sylvan banquets are unrivalled. Certainly the joint-stock camps of wealthy civilians or planters contain all the luxuries money can procure. The tents are pitched near a lily-fringed tank under the shade of impenetrable foliage. There are cool folding chairs of cane, and troops of well-trained servants. The sybarites, in friendly rivalry, have brought their own pet cooks. The *chefs* work wonders with the birds and the venison, ringing the changes on savoury soups and piquant curries. The champagne and beer have been subjected to scientific cooling processes, and it is said that even the clarets are chilled. One dish of which Indian sportsmen are specially proud is an improvement on the *olla podrida*, which is common to many nations. It is called, familiarly, "hunters' pot." Inglis describes it sympathetically in his delightful *Tent-life in Tigerland*. There it contained choice morsels of the deer, breasts of florican, duck, snipe, &c., plovers' eggs, mushrooms, truffles, olives, &c. No doubt all that brings the water into one's mouth, like the historical stew offered by Meg Merrilies to the Dominie; but we should say that in the first place it is best suited to the cool latitudes of Galloway; and, in the second, that for Indian gourmands, with livers and a long evening to kill, it is sinning their mercies to immerse their appetites in so satisfying a compound. Indeed, the system of Indian luxury is essentially artificial and vicious, and must be overshadowed by the suspicions of subsequent Nemesis. No man can have got up a healthy hunger who has been sitting in a howdah under a blazing sun. No man can sit down to table with a clear conscience who has preluded with a "peg" and probably a couple of cheroots.

South Africa may sometimes be nearly as hot as India, but there the hunter, though a sybarite by temperament, must be a Spartan by training, and almost necessarily he must be in tip-top condition. He does his severe exercise in the saddle or on his own shoe leather; he cuts his communications with the camping-place for the day and knows nothing of soda-water or sandwiches. The air may be hot and the work has been hard, but he seeks the waggons at sundown, empty and ravening. If the locks of his liquor-case have not been tampered with; if he has been in fair sporting luck, and if he be happy in a tolerably thoughtful Hottentot cook, all is well. The supper is ready to be served, in response to a warning shot from his rifle; and he sits down to his haunch of koodoo or his sirloin of eland; or to his fricasseed slice of elephant-trunk with sand grouse to follow. Harris and Gordon Cumming dwell rather on the killing of the game than on the eating it. Yet they sometimes record wonderful performances after prolonged fasts; and, like Livingstone or Moffat, and other illustrious missionaries, they own to the feeling of inexpressible *bien être* which stole over them when nature had been soothed and satisfied with some plentiful but simple meal. The worst was, that sometimes when the sport had been exceptionally gratifying there would be what were comparatively banyan days. Eland is as good as beef, and more is the pity, since the ox-like antelope is disappearing. But the noble camelopard, though he fetched high prices on the Boulevard Haussmann during the siege of Paris, loses caste sadly when he is stripped of his giant's robe; the beautiful water-buck tastes fishy, like most amphibious or water-haunting beasts; and the still rarer roan antelope has worse faults still.

Wild sports in Western and Northern America, even in the intervals of serious business, are rather associated with hardships than with any ideas of sensuous pleasure. At best, the mountain men, the trappers, and the sporting adventurers among the buffaloes of the prairies and the bighorns of the "Rockies," were their own cooks; and it is not pleasant to have to kindle a fire, to skin your game, and to scorch it hurriedly, before you blunt the keen edge of a razor-like appetite. Often they were reduced to great straits; though of men in straits we may have something more to say. The mountain-men found that the grizzly bears, which passed their whole lives between hybernations and athletic pursuits, were more hard to grapple with when dead than when alive, and that was saying a good deal. Moreover, the butchered bear is more human than the chimpanzee, and even the trappers, though far from sentimental, could not tackle him without some afterthought of cannibalism. They found the marten fishy, and the skunk more pungently unsavoury than the strongly-scented musk-rat; but, of all the food on which they fell back in times of famine, they pronounced the rattle-snake meat to be the meanest. And they ought to have been good judges, for they had tried most things on occasion, from carnivora and big carrion fowls down to the small creepers and crawlers.

REVIEWS.

THE PARADISE OF DANTE.*

TO say that a translation of Dante ought to be tested by the *Paradiso* may seem not so much a hard saying as a foolish one—one savouring of Browning societies, and of those who prefer, or say they prefer, *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*. Let us distinguish. The Dante-lover who says that he prefers the *Paradiso* to the earlier *Cantiche* must speak out of a certain perversity. The very best passages of the third part are, indeed, at least the equals of the very best passages of the others, and there is an unquestionable grandeur in the "stage management" (if we may speak profanely) of the flickering soul-lights which lead up in various combination to the mystic rose—an unquestionable reality of passion joined to an incomparable supremacy of art in the way in which the charm of the "eyes of Beatrice" pervades, unites, and vivifies the whole. But if we leave the last point out of question, there was some reason in that *naïf* critic of the *Paradiso* who said "it was so beastly inhuman." Neither Cunizza nor Cacciaguida, not St. Peter himself, though he is very human indeed, thoroughly and successfully relieves the elaborate unearthliness of the scheme. In fact, the most conclusive and unanswerable charge against this division of the *Commedia* is supplied by the words of the Scriptures, "Eye hath not seen," and so forth. The whole *cantica* is an attempt to outwit this dictum, and, though Dante is a great person, he has tried conclusions with a greater.

* *The Divine Comedy of Dante.* Translated by C. E. Norton. *Paradise.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

The parallel which is often drawn between the *Paradiso* and the Second Part of *Faust* does not, indeed, we think, hold. There are those who, without in the least admitting the weakness of the mere scholar for the *difficilius*, prefer the Second Part of *Faust* to the First, because, though its human interest is less concentrated, less obvious, less simple, and less passionate, it is also wider and more various. It is impossible to say this of the *Paradiso*. Not only are all the personages secure in their heavens; but we feel that from the time he has been admitted as visitor Dante is secure also. It would be too indecent to relegate to the *Inferno* one who has actually enjoyed the beatific vision. The interest of adventure is over; whereas the most poignant part of that of *Faust* remains to the very latest.

But this drawback, which is a real one, has nothing to do, one way or the other, with the position from which we started, that the goodness of a translation of the *Commedia* is chiefly to be judged from the *Paradiso*. For here the test of difficulty, which is illegitimate as a standard of liking, becomes wholly legitimate as a standard of competence in the translator. If he can in any way reproduce the austere beauty of the original, if he can make its rough places reasonably smooth, or, at any rate, not roughen them further, then he has proved himself a past master in his art or craft.

It is, therefore, in Mr. Norton's favour that the result of reading his *Paradise* through is a better impression than in the case of the two earlier parts. The American Professor's forte lies not in what may be called poetical rendering, and the fewer passages in the *Paradiso* where the ordinary beauties of poetry are attempted give him a certain advantage. He is good at a "tough bit," and there are plenty of tough bits in the *Paradiso*. On the other hand, he has too frequently gone out of his way to be austere where the austerity of the original was at least sufficient to begin with; and he has too often not gone out of his way when a very slight and pardonable excursion or deviation would have enabled him to be at once faithful and clear. And in once more comparing him with his latest English predecessor, Mr. Butler, we once more feel surprise at the complaint with which Mr. Norton started, the complaint of Mr. Butler's too great faithfulness to the original. For in very many places we find the English translator with a distinct advantage over the American by virtue of his greater faithfulness, while he still oftener exceeds Mr. Norton in clearness. Mr. Norton's original objection to Mr. Butler was that he was "crabbed." So let us pass a few minutes in examining the Harvard Professor for "crabbedness." As he does not accompany his version with the text, there may sometimes be a possibility of small injustice, owing to various readings; but that we can probably reduce to a minimum. Take, for instance, Cant. II. l. 118–120:—

> Gli altri giron per varie differenze
> Le distinzion, che dentro da sè hanno,
> Dispongono a lor fini, e lor semenze.

This is, of course, a difficult and a disputed passage. Mr. Norton takes it straight, and renders:—

> 'The other spheres by various differences dispose the distinctions which they have within themselves unto their ends and their seeds.'

Mr. Butler, fortifying himself with a quotation from the *Purgatory*, translates:—

> 'The other whorls through various differences dispose to their ends the distinctions which they have within themselves and the germs thereof.'

Now, we are not passionately enamoured of "whorls," which is a term of art, and not exact, though it is much more exact than "spheres," which is capable of conveying a false impression. We do not understand how either translator failed to take for *giron* "gyres"—a word which has excellent authority, and is exact. But that is a small matter; the construction of *e lor semenze* is a great one. As it is rendered in Professor Norton's version it is next door to, if it does not keep house with, nonsense. Taken with *distinzion* it makes perfect sense.

Now to a greater *crux*. Cant. IV. l. 37–39 runs:—

> Qui si mostraro, non perchè sortita
> Sia questa spera lor, ma per far segno
> Della celestial, ch' han men salita.

The v. l. of *spiritual* for *celestial* does not matter here. Professor Norton renders:—

> 'They showed themselves here not because this sphere is allotted to them, but to give sign of the celestial condition which has least height.'

"Igsplain this, men and hangels!" a man, if not an angel, may well say. But not to consider the Italian, let us turn to Mr. Butler's:—

> 'They show themselves here not because this sphere is allotted to them, but to give a sign of their heavenliness that it has a less ascent.'

Now, looking at the two versions from the point of view of the unlearned and ignorant man, we cannot but think that Mr. Norton's admits of an absolutely mistaken construction which Mr. Butler's does not. Beatrice is arguing with Dante to the effect that the greatest saints—Moses, St. John, Mary herself—become omnipresent in heaven, that though they have, so to speak, in all reverence, reserved seats, they can range throughout the whole theatre. Accordingly, the lesser spirits, if less there were, have appeared first, not because they are inferior, but because the qualities which have gained them the equal bliss of all have *men salita*, less exalted celestiality. The difference, like many differences in this part of the poem, may seem thin and scholastic, but it is real, and ought to be reproduced.

We do not know what reading (for there is more than one) Mr. Norton adopted in Cant. IX. l. 116–17. But here, again, Mr. Butler's version makes sense and his does not. Folco is made to say:—

> 'Now know that there within Rahab is at rest, and being joined with our order it is sealed by her in the supreme degree.'

Rahab, we know, was a clever and obliging person; but how could she or any one else seal an order in this sense? Mr. Butler renders "Has its seal set upon her in the highest degree," which is clearly right, whatever the MS. authority between *lei* and *lui* may be.

Our last sample shall be taken from the words of St. Thomas Aquinas himself (xiii. 37–39) as given by Mr. Norton. The English reader might be excused for applying to that great doctor other epithets than those which are his by tradition:—

> 'Thou believest that in the breast from which the rib was drawn to form the beautiful cheek whose taste costs dear to all the world.'

We will give moderate odds that anybody who did not know the story would suppose that somebody kissed Eve, thereby giving the sanction of Dante to most unjustifiable scandals on our first mother. It is true that Dante, urged by rhyme and rhythm, has used *guancia* and *palato* where other words would be simpler. But he cannot be charged with Professor Norton's unlucky ambiguity of "taste," and Mr. Butler, who has written "face" for *guancia*, and "appetite" for *palato*, has at least made the meaning clear, which Mr. Norton certainly has not.

We have, however, entered into these details less with the idea of engaging a cock fight between the American and the English translator than of showing that in these ventures it is well not to accuse our predecessors of "crabbedness," or of any other evil thing. Practically there is room for all. And there are places—though, we think, not so many—in which Mr. Norton has had the better of Mr. Butler. The fact is that the perfect translation, especially in the case of an author of such pregnancy as Dante, scarcely lets itself be made. One may be happier in one place, another in another, and it will go hard but any conscientious scholar who attempts the adventure will add something to the achievements of those who have gone before him, though he may fall short of them elsewhere. What we rather doubt is whether it is possible to make the *Paradiso* intelligible to any one with so little annotation as Mr. Norton's plan requires. Every other sentence in this extraordinary poem requires commentary of one kind or another, and often it is commentary which the most ingenious mother-wit could not supply for itself. We are far from claiming it as a merit for Dante that he is here in this state. Generally speaking, the greatest poets are those who are least in need of editing, and we take it to have been his littleness not his greatness that gave him this character here. He has led others, Milton to some extent, Mr. Browning to a much greater, into corrupt following of him, and, if there is a black note against him in the comparison with the other two greatest poets of the world, Homer and Shakspeare, it is this; though he has, of course, the excuse that his time permitted, if it did not even require, the handling of any subject whatever in verse. But we must take him as we find him, and as we may be only too happy to find him; and, that being so, rather extensive annotation is, we think, a necessity. Even Mr. Butler has not given this to quite the necessary extent, though he has done much towards it. It is curious that, though in him, in Dr. Moore, in the late Dean Church, and in others, we have had a band of English Dantists who may hold up their heads with any

foreigners, we have not yet got a text of Dante thoroughly edited with full English notes by an English scholar—a thing which is infinitely to be desired, and the absence of which is not to be made up by any number of English translations.

THE NAULAHKA.*

IT is an amusing but usually an unprofitable task to find out the exact division of labour between two literary collaborateurs. Many acute critics have been much perplexed in their endeavours to discover where Beaumont ends and Fletcher comes in. The same may be said of the works of Erckmann-Chatrian. Of the work before us, it would be, perhaps, not very rash to assert that the American part of the story comes from the pen of Mr. Balestier, and the larger remainder from that of Mr. Kipling. Or possibly Mr. Kipling may be indebted to his partner for the Americanisms which characterize the conversation of Tarvin, the principal character not only at Topaz, a progressive city in the Far West, but at the capital of an old Rajput State.

Some critics, with good reason, refrain from giving any analysis of the plot of a romance or novel, lest by anticipation they should spoil the pleasure of the reader. It is for him, they say, to find out why the heroine dies or disappears at a particular crisis, or how it is that the hero turns out to be the particular child who was kidnapped by the gipsies, like Bertram of Ellangowan, at an early age. In the striking work before us, though the plot is clever and ingenious, the main interest lies in still cleverer delineation of character. To give an outline of the plot may, we think, serve to whet the reader's appetite, and make him long to see how a citizen of the Great Republic demeans himself in his dealings with a blue-blooded Maharaja and his gipsy Queen.

Kate Sheriff is the daughter of a gentleman, who, having bought several acres of land on which a real and not a sham Eden had rapidly sprung up, became too rich to move on elsewhere, though he and his family lived in a structure with projecting eaves, windows that "could be raised or lowered, and a verandah." Tarvin, the hero of the story, brings her pails of water when the river freezes, hangs his hat in her father's hall, and, of course, wants her to become his wife. Kate, having enrolled herself as a student at a training school for nurses in New York, is fired with the notion of going out to India on a Zenana mission. Tarvin naturally wishes to follow her there, with some vague notion of becoming a Raja himself or "running" one of the tribe. An additional motive for his expedition is supplied, owing to the visit paid to the thriving town of Topaz by the President of what is repeatedly alluded to as "the three C's—" that is, of the nascent Colorado and California and Central Railway. All thriving towns have their rivals and enemies; and a burning question arises as to whether a certain new line of railway shall run to Topaz or find its terminus at Rustler, "fifteen miles off, right up in the mountains, and by that much nearer the mines." Tarvin's very pardonable ambition is to exalt Topaz and to degrade Rustler, and luckily Mrs. Mutrie, the wife of the President, or as we should say the Chairman, of the new Railway Company, has a weakness for big diamonds. Tarvin has somehow heard of a necklace to be found hanging round the neck of some idol somewhere in Rajputana, with rubies as big as your fist and diamonds as large as the Koh-i-nur. So, in order to win the support of the Chairman, Tarvin promises to lay this wonderful necklace, worth, as its mere name implies, nine lakhs of rupees, at the feet of Mrs. Mutrie, and so off he sails for Bombay at the same time, but not in the same steamer, as Kate. This excellent young lady, having taken the precaution to study the Hindustani language, will not hear of marriage, but is determined to devote herself to the improvement of her dusky and secluded Aryan sisters. She joins the American missionary and his wife at Rhatore. This word, we may explain, properly signifies not a place or capital, but a living Rajput tribe with a pedigree that would amaze a Welsh squire.

While Kate is domesticated at the Mission, becomes a proficient in the vernacular, opens a hospital, renounces marriage and the world, and finds for the time an attractive sphere of employment, the difficulty is for Tarvin to get a footing in the Palace of the Maharaja. Of what use in Rajputana is an adventurer who is not backed by the Political Agent, who represents no form of officialdom, and who talks wildly about opening up mines, turning the course of rivers and finding gold in their deserted beds? But the Maharaja has, with other wives, two chief consorts. One is the mother of the Kunwar or recognized heir-apparent. The other is Sitabhai, of gipsy blood, from the hills of Kulu a thousand miles off, handsome, intelligent, ambitious, and a perfect fiend. Her main object in life is to get rid of the heir-apparent and to substitute her own son in his place as the future Maharaja. The little Kunwar talks to his father about a wonderful stranger who tells him amazing stories, speaks strange English, and has a clean heart. This at once wins the Maharaja, and the conquest is completed when the American subdues a fiery horse that no Syce could tame, flings a coin in the air and hits it with his revolver, plays pachisi at night, employs the Raja's convicts in damming up the River Amet, and promises to triple the revenue of the State. Meanwhile Sitabhai, the vindictive one, tries her utmost to "remove" the Kunwar and the audacious American. Tarvin just escapes from the fall of some scaffolding, nearly sinks in a quicksand with his Kathiawar horse, is compelled to shoot an aggressive ape with his revolver, and barely escapes from other snares woven for him by the gipsy Rani. Then our little heir falls sick, poisoned by Sitabhai, but is brought round by the skill of Kate Sheriff. The interest of all these intrigues culminates in a midnight ride, when Tarvin meets the Gipsy Queen on the borders of a huge reservoir a few miles out of the city. How the Rani lets Tarvin know that she has dogged his footsteps wherever he has been, that she is coolly bent on sending her son's rival "back to the gods"; how she makes a sort of tigress's love to the American, and tells him that between them they could govern the State as in the old régime before the arrival of the English dogs; how Tarvin compels her to hand him over the Naulahka, under threat of making known her villany to the English Resident; how she tries to slay him with her dagger; and how she has to confess herself beaten and to ride back in haste to the palace as the grey dawn is breaking—all these incidents fill a lively, not to say startling, chapter. Yet strange things have always happened in India; plots, assassinations, palace intrigues, and the ascendency and devilry of an Asiatic Catherine de Medicis or Messalina.

The subordinate characters are hit off very happily, and illustrate Mr. Kipling's familiarity with odd Oriental habits as well as with English official precision and form. The native station-master, fat, brown, with his white dress and his black velvet cap; the native doctor in charge of the hospital, Licentiate of Medicine from the Duff College, who cups and bleeds his patients liberally, and does not forbid them to eat opium; the telegraph clerk who has converted an old Muhammadan mosque into his office; the Rani's confidential servant, Jagat Sing, who thinks nothing of taking a shot (and missing) at the American at the bidding of his mistress; the Raja himself, with his debts, his rooms filled with mirrors, dressing-cases, saddlery, scent-bottles, guns, and other appendages of English civilization; afraid of the Resident, not at all in love with the Pax Britannica, and very impatient of lectures by erratic philanthropists and M.P.'s who talk about progress and good government when his Highness wants to go to bed—all these personages, high and low, think, speak, and move exactly as they do in real life, or at least as they will be found to do by the Englishman whose knowledge is not bounded by the walls of the collectorate and the magistrate's office. At the head of each chapter Mr. Kipling falls back on his poetical resources, and gives us a dozen or more lines from what we take to be incomplete or imaginary ballads. Scott, we need hardly say, often sketched the outline of a new chapter by some lines to which he affixed the title of "Old Play." Of these headings, the Lie which is impeccable, fireproof, waterproof, and other things besides, is a specimen of Mr. Kipling's peculiar powers of exaggeration—at their best, or, as some critics might say, at their worst.

The sequel to the midnight love-making and to the Rani's attempts at poison and assassination can be briefly told. Kate and Tarvin have to be got away from a native State where no one can guarantee their safety any longer. In the case of Kate this end is brought about by the total collapse of the hospital. A wicked rumour is spread abroad that the patients are being converted to Christianity by charms and devil-marks concealed in plasters and drugs. A malicious priest, envious of the white lady, harangues the inmates; the wards are speedily emptied, and the native doctor is left with no one to blister or cup, but with the hope of still drawing his "offeeshal income," as his "appointment is State appointment." Tarvin takes leave of the Maharaja after blowing up the half-made dam with gunpowder and generously offering to pay for all this needless expense and labour. This, of course, would not suit the Raja's notions of noblesse. The Kunwar, we should add, is got out of harm's way by removal to Lord Mayo's Raj Kumar College, a sort of Oriental Eton, where young Indian princes are taught to read, ride, and shoot. The Naulahka, the central point in the tale, is sent back to the Gipsy Queen by the hands of Kate; who, of course, marries Tarvin and returns to the old country. It would not do for even a smart

* *The Naulahka: a Story of West and East.* By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

American to carry off a priceless necklace from the treasury of a Rajput. We have said that one or two passages may be liable to the charge of exaggeration. But several of the incidents can be easily capped by facts in Oriental history. Rajas have spent lakhs on the marriage of two monkeys. Arches have been known to fall just when an obnoxious rival was passing under them. And a certain Rani of Lahore, after the Sikh campaigns, wrote in a style not unworthy of Sitabhai. The passionate deliveries of this lady would be admirably suited to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. In one point only the conclusion of the story is disappointing. We are not told how Mrs. Mutrie could have been consoled for the failure to produce the Naulahka.

WILKINS'S DE ORATORE.*

WITHOUT any kind of reserve, we may congratulate Professor Wilkins, and the world of Latin scholarship, on the completion of his learned edition of Cicero's *De Oratore*. The task has been long in doing, but it has been done thoroughly. The first part was published thirteen years ago, the second in 1881, and we are now presented with a full text and commentary, embodying not only the new work on the Third Book, but also the revisions and expansions, made in 1888 and 1890, of the two previous parts. We are glad to notice, however, that the three volumes can be purchased separately. There is no need on the present occasion to recur to Books One and Two, which have already been noticed in these columns. Our remarks may be confined to what is novel, except to say that the sterling qualities which were praised in the earlier instalments have been maintained throughout the last. It must be confessed that the editor does not labour to be attractive either in style or illustration. He knows that what serious students want they will find—each item put as briefly as may be, and put in its proper place. In fairness to Professor Wilkins, we should quote what he says about his own indebtedness, which he very handsomely acknowledges, to Sorof, as well as to Ellendt and Piderit. This commentary, he reminds us, was in course of preparation some years before the appearance of Sorof's edition, and was directed mainly to the illustration of Cicero's diction. This being a distinctive object of Sorof's, the extent of agreement is admitted to be considerable, but "much common matter which might appear borrowed is really due to coincidence of purpose."

We must not forget to call attention to the very beautiful reproduction, on the frontispiece, of the opening passage in Book Three from the *Codex Harleianus* (H), No. 2736, in the British Museum. This MS. belongs to the ninth or tenth century, and that it is not without a certain value is shown by the use to which it has been put by distinguished scholars. It was first collated by F. Rühl, and the results were placed at the disposal of Stangl. It was afterwards used by Sorof (second edition), and a second collation was made by Luchs, and used by both Stroebel and Friedrich, and it has since been collated by Professor Wilkins himself. The original copyist (who has been corrected by a not much later hand), we are told, "seems to have faithfully reproduced, so far as he could, what he had before him, without troubling himself about the sense." It is of about the same age as the *Abrincensis* (A) and *Erlangensis* (E); but frequently, while these two agree in error, *Harleianus* has preserved the true reading, and it has this advantage over the former, that it reproduces a larger part of the work. Professor Wilkins has tabulated the comparative contents of these three MSS., with regard to Book Three, as below:—

§§ 1–17	Instituenti—inclinato jam in	AEH
§§ 110–148	Non ut jure—revertendum	AEH
§§ 149–171	Omnis igitur—rhetoricoterustus est	AH
§§ 171–230	Quid ergo—curamque laxemus	AEH

The parts which are preserved in H alone amongst the oldest authorities occur in Books One and Two—in Book One, §§ 123–128, and in Book Two, §§ 13–18 and §§ 245–288. The importance of the *Codices Mutili* depends partly on the fact that all the MSS. known before 1422 were more or less derived from one that was deficient in many sections of each Book. But at this date Gasparino da Barziza, a celebrated teacher at Milan, who was engaged in filling up the *lacunæ*, received from Gherardo Landriani, Bishop of Lodi, a MS. containing a complete text of all the important rhetorical works of Cicero. This was the *Laudensis*, so ancient that nobody in Milan could decipher the writing. Having had the missing portions copied by Cosmo of Cremona, Barziza sent a copy to the Bishop, and kept the original. Unfortunately the latter has disappeared, and the transcriptions ("totam Italiam desideratissimo codice repleverunt") were made only at second hand. Moreover, it is to be feared that the Bishop's copy was not a complete one, but covered only the previously existing *lacunæ*. It is true that two *codices* have been unearthed in the Vatican Library, *Palatinus* and *Ottobonianus*, the latter of which claims to be, and the latter may have been, copied throughout from *Laudensis*; but the critics are by no means in agreement as to their lineage.

In treatment of the text Professor Wilkins seems to combine moderate conservatism with a readiness to accept rational innovation, but does not altogether discard the rather delusive guidance of what an editor thinks that the sense requires or the author ought to have written. Of all corrections those which as a class deserve to be regarded with most suspicion are those which are declared to be "necessary." Even when a strong balance of probabilities seems to favour such an emendation, the scholarly sense revolts from it as being reached by an unsportsmanlike method. The meaning of the context should, we take it, be the test of a conjecture, not the source of it. We have no serious fa ult with Professor Wilkins in this respect, but sometimes he seems to accept, we do not say with insufficient consideration, but without adequate exposition, a tempting reading, as, for instance, at § iii., where, with Sorof and Halm, he writes in *esse* between *dicta* and *ferebantur* ("Quo quidem ipso in loco multa a Crasso divinitus dicta *esse* ferebantur"), because the *efferebantur* of the MSS. "will not do with *quo in loco*, which requires that *dicta* should be equivalent to an infinitive, not to a substantive; and Kayser's *ferebantur* hardly removes the difficulty." At all events, he goes on, it requires us to understand *esse*. But does that justify interpolating it? Much more cautious is the note on iii. § 33 ("quod, quibus vestigiis primum institi, in eis fere soleo perorare"), where dissent is expressed from Dr. Reid's remark, that "it may be doubtful whether Cicero used any construction with *insistere* but *in* c. abl." This theory Dr. Reid supports by saying that passages apparently contradictory may be corrected (of course they can be) to agree with it, and he goes so far as to recommend a similar treatment of Cæsar, B. G. ii. 27 ("proximi jacentibus insisterent"). Professor Wilkins very properly points out that, the dative being well established in poetry, it is "perhaps too bold" to deny it altogether to Cicero, especially on the narrow induction which can be drawn from the instances of a not very common word. Further, he quotes Livy xxv. 33 ("vestigiis insistere"), and xxxvii. 60 ("rei insistere"), as well as Tac. Hist. ii. 46 ("insistere spei"), which he admits may be regarded as a poetical construction. At iii. 78 we find an admirable little note on a passage that is made awkward by the fact that several useful emendations are equally obvious and unwarranted:—"Quid est quod aut Sex. Pompeius aut duo Balbi aut meus amicus qui cum Panætio vixit M. Vigellius de virtute *hominum* Stoici possint dicere, κ.τ.λ." It is quite natural to suggest *homines*. But if that had been the original, how are we to account, asks Professor Wilkins, for so unnatural a corruption? Nor is it more easy to justify Sorof's rejection of *Stoici*, or his argument for *hominum*, that "orators, accustomed to deal with practical life, would have an advantage over Stoics whose doctrines often ran counter to human nature." As Professor Wilkins says, there is no question here of any other kind of *virtus* than that of mankind, so that the *hominum* cannot be regarded as emphatic. Under these circumstances it is excusable, though not convincing, to suggest *omni*, which, of course, a careless copyist might easily have changed into *hominum*. A little lower down (§ 81) the conjecture of Bake is accepted without any misgiving:—"Qua re Coracem istum *veterem* patiamur nos quidem pullos suos excludere in nido." Here the MSS. read *vestrum*, which is plainly indefensible, as *vester* could not mean "of whom you, my friends, have heard," but would imply that he had some special connection with them, whereas the *vetus* is especially applicable to "the earliest professor of rhetoric." A very difficult passage occurs at § 99:—"Licet hoc videre in reliquis sensibus, unguentis minus diu nos delectari summa et acerrima suavitate conditis quam his moderatis et magis laudari quod + ceram quam quod + crocum olere videatur." Referring to this passage Pliny, in H. N., writes: "In M. Ciceronis munimentis invenitur unguenta gratiora esse quæ terram quam quæ crocum sapiant." On the strength of this Lambinus altered the *ceram* to *terram* and the *olere* to *sapere*. But it is by no means certain that he was right, as Professor Wilkins explains, in taking the second clause to refer to *unguenta*, especially as it is expressed in the singular number. The passage may be interpreted in a more general manner to mean that "the fresh scent of earth is more warmly praised than the strong perfume of saffron." Indeed, "if it is not easy to imagine a perfumed ointment retaining any scent of the wax which enters into its composition, it is hardly

* *M. Tullii Ciceronis de Oratore libri tres.* With Introduction and Notes. By Augustus S. Wilkins, Litt.D., St. John's College, Cambridge, Hon. LL.D. University of St. Andrews, Professor of Latin in the Owens College, Manchester. With a Facsimile. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

easier to conceive of it as recalling the fragrance of freshly watered soil." On the whole, Professor Wilkins seems inclined to accept the *terram* (which might easily have been displaced by a copyist who thought it did not suit the *unguentis* and fancied he was doing a clever thing in substituting *ceram*), and to regard the *olere* as a gloss because *sapere* is not a common word to be used for scent.

In the notes on language, syntax, and interpretation it is not likely that any scholar would fail to find many points on which he was ready to disagree with the commentator; but the most critical reader would be unable to point to cases in which Professor Wilkins has avoided a difficulty or refused to consider all that may be urged from points of view differing from the one he has himself taken up. Occasionally, writing as he does for fairly advanced students, he is inclined—perhaps for brevity's sake—to omit the reasoning which has led to a conclusion. For example, at iii. § 21 ("Mirus quidam omnium quasi consensus doctrinarum concentusque reperitur"), after very properly quoting the parallel passage from the De Div. ("qua ex conjunctione naturæ et quasi concentu atque consensu, quam συμπάθειαν Græci appellant, convenire potest, κ.τ.λ.") he just goes on to say, without more, that "of course it would be a mistake to argue for the soft pronunciation of the *c* from this play upon words, any more than from *Sosia* and *socius* in Plaut. Amph. 384." But why would it be a mistake? We do not dispute the inference; but Professor Wilkins must know that there are many scholars well able to profit by this edition who do not possess, and would be glad to obtain, the information—or a hint where to find it—that would help them to assent to his "of course." Generally he is not afraid of going into detail or of differing with high authorities. At iii. § 183 he disputes Mr. Roby's dictum that "Cicero here implies that *illius* was in his time pronounced *illĭus*"—the only real implication being that "two generations before the date of this book it might probably be pronounced so." Great care is displayed throughout the Commentary in dealing with the moods—a matter which some modern scholars, absorbed in the high matters of textual criticism—are inclined to pass by as beneath their dignity, and interesting only to the pedagogues. To illustrate Professor Wilkins's method we may cite his note on iii. § 5:—"Hic, ut sæpe inter homines sapientissimos constare vidi, quanquam hoc Crasso, cum aliquid adcuratius dixisset, semper fere contigisset, ut nunquam dixisse melius putaretur, tamen omnium consensu sic esse tum judicatum ceteros a Crasso semper omnis, illo autem die etiam ipsum a se superatum." Here we are reminded that in Cicero *quanquam* is never followed by a subjunctive, except when the sentence expresses reported thought or speech, or some hypothetical notion is implied. The subjunctive here is, we are told, "evidently due" to *esse judicatum*, which is used by "a common anacoluthon," as if *ut* had not preceded *constare vidi*. But is it "a common anacoluthon"? It can be exampled, we know, as Professor Wilkins here gives several parallel cases; but, surely, this is all that can be said. A shrewd little observation is made on another subjunctive a few sections lower down (§ 8):—"Non vidit flagrantem bello Italiam . . . non denique in omni genere deformatam eam civitatem in qua ipse florentissima multum omnibus [gloria] præstitisset." Here Professor Wilkins translates accurately, "a state such that in its time of greatest prosperity he himself, &c.," and remarks that, if we translate "he would have surpassed," it will be hard to see why *florentissima* is used instead of *florente*.

To many readers the most useful feature of this edition will consist of the accurate and complete notes on the history of rhetoric and of the rhetoricians, and on the technical terms employed in the art. For practical purposes, nothing need be added to or subtracted from the remarks on such phrases as *adjunctio, contrarium, declinatio*, and *reprehensio*, or (lower down) on the passage (§ 221) "qui personatum ne Roscium quidem magno opere laudabant," where the leading authorities are quoted on the use of masks which was introduced on the stage by Roscius some twenty-five years before the date of this dialogue, and was, of course, regarded as an unpleasant innovation by the older generation of playgoers. The effect was, as Ribbeck points out, much more startling in the Roman theatre, where the orchestra was full of spectators who sat near the stage, than in the Greek theatre where all were removed to a greater distance. Similarly at § 26 and at § 62, where the names of Myro and Antisthenes occur respectively, we get brief but sufficient accounts of the "naturalistic" sculpture of the former, and of the ethical theory associated with the name of the latter. Again at § 81 under the head of Pamphilus, we have an adequate discussion (adopting the view of Piderit) of the questions arising from the long misunderstood passage, "Pamphilum nescio quem sinamus in infulis tantam rem tanquam puerilis delicias aliquas depingere." Another note which deserves attention, as a sample of many others, is the one (§ 127) on the phrase *quinquennali celebritate ludorum* relating to the Olympic festival. It is hard to suppose that Cicero, the accomplished Grecian, did not know (though other less learned Latin writers fell into the mistake) that the games were held every four years—that is, every fifth year. But, as Professor Wilkins adds, the *quinquennalis* is not equivalent to πενταετηρίς, nor does he know any evidence that *quinquennalis* could be made to stand for "every fifth year." He dismisses the suggested parallel, from Suetonius, of *quinquennale certamen gumnicum* as possibly relating to a *lustrale certamen*. From the specimens of Professor Wilkins's work on the *De Oratore* to which reference has here been made it will be seen that, in candour, accuracy, and comprehensiveness, he has supplied us with an edition that leaves little to be desired.

SWIN, SWALE, AND SWATCHWAY.*

MR. JONES is to be congratulated on having hit upon a telling title. *Swin, Swale, and Swatchway* is not altogether melodious, but it is alliterative and catching. There is a suggestion of splashing water about it which is pleasant in hot weather. Then we can congratulate the author on the illustrations and get up of his book, which are as creditable to him as to his publishers. The plates representing coastguard stations, buoys, and boats under sail or lying high and dry, are process reproductions of photographs taken by Mr. Jones himself. Again, he is to be praised for his good fortune in that he can enjoy boating, and has taken so kindly to the Lower Thames. Like Roger North, whom he quotes with manifestly sincere zest, he "must needs recommend it to all persons that are fond of pleasure, to gratify all inclinations that way which makes health the chief good we know, rather than those which weaken nature and destroy health, and, by that, with vain shadows deprive us of the substantial part of life—ease and freedom from pain." We cannot equally congratulate Mr. Jones on his style, which has not benefited as fully as we could wish, for his and our sake, by his reading of North. He falls too often into the forced and mechanical jocularity dignified of late by the name of the New Humour, whereas it might more accurately be called the old Cockney jape—a good enough thing as it passes from bus-driver to coster, but intolerable in print. We, at least, can see no jest in "Ugh, not me; 'taint loikely. I'm fair off it. What d'yer take me for?" Since Mr. Jones asks, we take him, when he breaks out like this, for a very ill-advised gentleman who is joking with difficulty in a bad imitation of deboshed Cockney. The creatures who speak that jargon say "tike me," not "take me." The chaff which passed between Mr. Jones and the "pardner" served to please them at the time, like the ginger-beer they took on their cruises—in print it is but mawkish, like that worthy tipple gone flat.

When allowance is made for this too common weakness, and one skips almost everything with inverted commas, the book is readable enough as well as pleasant to look at. Mr. Jones has the good taste to be fond of boating, and the good luck to be owner or part-owner of a three-and-a-half-ton boat, very fit for cruising in the shallows and channels through or about all the places named "Swatchway or Swashway, Gatway, Sledway or Slade, Yantlet, Horse, Cant, Swin, Knock," at the mouth of the Thames. In his boat, the *Teal*, he has been all over the coasts and water shown in the pretty little chart printed at the beginning of his volume—that is to say, the coast of Essex as far as Clacton, and in Kent the Isle of Sheppey and the lower Medway. He does not recommend the boatman to go further west along the coast of Kent, mainly, we gather, because the anchorage is bad. There is some exaggeration in this; but, on the whole, he is probably right in thinking that there is more fun and less risk for a small boat in the Swale, or in Stanway Creek, or among the creeks, river-mouths, and shallows of the Essex coast, than towards the North Foreland. Mr. Jones gives many useful hints as to the best place to keep your boat, which he judges to be Leigh, and as to the kind of boat to be used. It is a pleasing feature of his book that it is written for the humble yachtsman whose means and ambition do not extend even to a bawley boat. We notice, by the way, that Mr. Jones derives "bawley" from Bartholomew, by analogy with "Peter boat," which is surely somewhat far-fetched. The common derivation from the boiler which is used to souse the shrimps is much more natural. Bawley from Bartholomew is a little too like Beefeater from Buffeteer. He has a scheme which takes us hugely for establishing a kind of boating-man's home, or small boat dockyard, in Stanway Creek, of which

* *Swin, Swale, and Swatchway; or, Cruises down the Thames, the Medway, and the Essex Rivers.* By H. Lewis Jones, M.A., assisted by C. B. Lockwood. London: Waterlow & Sons (Lim.) 1892.

he gives a most attractive picture. Mr. Jones proposes that a hulk—something less than a seventy-four, we presume—should be purchased from Government and anchored there as headquarters. It sounds very feasible, and Mr. Jones asserts that the cost would not be great; but he adds that haste must be made or else the oyster beds will be an obstacle. We are afraid that they would; and then there is a very serious question to be considered—namely, whether the happiness of the world will be best consulted by increasing the comforts of boating-men or by providing yet more effectually for the supply of oysters. We have a great respect for a boating-man, but the oyster eater is also to be cherished. There is here a divided duty. Mr. Jones is not so strong on eating as on boat-sailing. From a dreadful reference to "drops" provided as a protection against the dyspepsia which comes of amateur cooking, we gather a painful suspicion that the mess of the *Teal* is not above reproach. Surely so zealous an adventurer might employ part of his leisure on shore in acquiring the rudiments of the indispensable art of cooking. It is clear that he is not the man to say with North, "And at midnight, in the air, the eating cold meat and bread, and drinking small beer, was a regale beyond imagination. I can say I scarce ever knew the pleasure of eating till then, and have not observed the like on any occasion since." The account which Mr. Jones, with the help of friends, gives of the Essex rivers, of Havengore and Wallesea, of the Roach and the Crouch, of the Blackwater, Mersea, and Wivenhoe may help to bring popularity to a much neglected part of the English coast. We do not know that this is always a praiseworthy thing to do—or rather we are firmly persuaded that it is exactly the reverse in most cases—but the readers who will be induced to take a boat and sail to Wivenhoe are not the sort of persons who spoil seaside places. It is not the boating-man in his boat, but the mob of common tourists in blazers on shore, which is worse than the plague. Those who have the taste for boating, no settled plan for the summer, and a holiday before them, may be safely recommended to take *Swin, Swale, and Swatchway*, together with the *Handbook for the Thames* and a supply of charts, to hire a convenient craft, and then see whether they cannot enjoy themselves as much as Mr. Jones and his friends.

HUMAN ORIGINS.*

MR. LAING, the author of *Human Origins*, believes that his works "have had a certain educational value for those who, without being specialists, wish to keep themselves abreast of the culture of the day." We confess to having little sympathy for persons who, without being specialists, wish to keep abreast of culture. Our rude forefathers called them smatterers. If they wish to keep abreast of the culture of the day about "Human Origins," are there not Mr. Darwin's books, and Mr. Tylor's concerning Apes and Savages? On early civilizations, have we not M. Maspéro, and Herodotus, and Homer, and Wiedemann, and Brugsch, and the Bible, and Mr. Robertson Smith? Let them go to original sources and the best modern commentators; it is not well for them to feed on the tinned-meat of the intellectual life. Even in his preface Mr. Laing falls foul of Adam and Eve and the Deluge. In the centre of his book he demonstrates with an amazing lack of humour that there are valid reasons for not accepting the statements about Noah's Ark. To put it mildly, he is either not abreast of modern culture in his knowledge of Deluge legends, or he has not space enough to say what he knows, or for some other reason he slurs the matter over. People who have not time to study the matter in the original stories, will find even in Lenormant a better guide than Mr. Laing. But a man is going to know and understand the Deluge legends of the world, or he is not. If he is, he needs to make considerable researches; if he is not, where is the use of picking up a vague smattering about a large and curious topic from Mr. Laing? He does not even give his references for the Aztec tale, if there really was any Aztec tale. Merely to discuss the evidence on that subject would occupy our space to the exclusion of Mr. Laing's other historic and prehistoric matter. A reader of Mr. Laing, who knows no more on the subject than he can gather from *Human Origins*, will scarcely even deserve to be called a sciolist. When Mr. Laing (p. 13) talks of "a few religious hymns and prayers like those of the Vedas," we ask whether he has read the Veda, whether he knows how many the "few" hymns really are? His book has, of course, no index. His first chapter is on Egypt, his next on Chaldæa, his third on China, Elam, Phœnicia, Hittites, Arabia, Troy, and Mycenæ. Then (Chapter IV.) he goes to Egyptian and Chaldæan Religions, after which he rambles away into Ancient Science and Art, Prehistoric Traditions, the Historical Element in the Old Testament, Geology, and so forth. Now, we want to be abreast of the culture of the day, as far as India is concerned. We want to know how many the "few hymns and prayers" of the Veda are. As it chances, we do know, and the hymns are not "few"; but what does the child of culture know who depends on Mr. Laing? In the same passage (p. 13) he says that, if there be no "system of signs and symbols" for the transmission of knowledge, "a few heroic ballads like those of Homer . . . may be thus preserved." Has Mr. Laing ever read Homer? Can he prove so much as that Homer could not write? When he talks of the epics as "a few heroic ballads," he is, of course, talking wildly. He might as well call *Bleak House* "a few Blue-books." The matter of the Iliad and Odyssey is not "a few heroic ballads." Nobody can prove that any "ballads" have a place in the Iliad and Odyssey. Mr. Laing may be a *Lachmanniste*, but we are not all sealed of the tribe of Lachmann. These matters thus airily disposed of by Mr. Laing are all topics of serious discussion about which the smatterer has no right to speak, in which he has no *locus standi*. Let it be granted that Egyptian civilization is older than Archbishop Ussher's Creation. It does not follow that anything is to be gained by reading Mr. Laing's airy decisions about "a few hymns," or "a few heroic ballads," in the Veda or in Homer. We turn to what Mr. Laing has to say about Troy and Mycenæ. "The site of Troy has been identified with the mound of Hissarlik." Here, of course, any one who wants to know, and who does not merely desire to smatter, must at least give Bunarbashi and its claims a hearing. The second city of Hissarlik "answers almost exactly to the description of Homer's Troy." If so, Homer is history, not merely "a few heroic ballads." But to our mind it is not so. "The skill and taste of the jeweller's work" in Hissarlik was infantile compared with the work of Mycenæ and Ægina. Did "Queen Ti" live in the "thirteenth century, B.C."? (p. 101.) We had thought the lady was of an earlier date. But the whole topic of Mycenæan dates and pottery cannot be picked up from Mr. Laing, nor from English translations of Dr. Schliemann's works. It is a matter for experts and a theme of zealous controversy. He accepts the "mention of Achæans" in the triumphal tablet of Rameses III., but Mr. Cecil Torr is more difficult to please. And he is inclined to derive the grotesque figures of men on a Mycenæan vase from figures not in the least resembling them, in "a picture of Adam and Eve" on an old Babylonian cylinder. Here "Eve" has an aquiline nose, while the Mycenæan figures have grotesque snouts. We do not follow Mr. Laing into the Tertiary period, but we are sure that whoever wishes to keep abreast of modern culture, say on the question of Mycenæ, has a long and difficult course of reading before him, and that, for him, Mr. Laing's book will be of little "educational value."

* *Human Origins.* By S. Laing. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

SOME MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

MR. HOGG, in his revision of Todhunter's *Plane Trigonometry* (Macmillan & Co.), has not made many fundamental changes on the text, the elementary portion in particular being left much as it was. In the later portion, however, there are a good many noteworthy additions, the chief of which occur in the chapters on the exponential values of the cosine and sine, on the summation of trigonometrical series, and the resolution of trigonometrical expressions into factors. In the last chapter, entitled Miscellaneous Propositions, he has made some excisions, and has added a short, a too short, account of hyperbolic functions. The collections of examples in the last ten chapters—and it is for the examples that Todhunter's *Trigonometry* is esteemed abroad—have been increased considerably, the additions being drawn from recent examination papers. The editorial changes on this well-known manual are all improvements, and they should give the book a new lease of life.

Messrs. Dyer and Whitcombe's *Elementary Trigonometry* (Deighton, Bell, & Co.) is intended primarily for beginners and for use in schools. The authors have departed somewhat from the recognized treatment of the subject in the belief that their arrangement will minimize the difficulties of most learners. The arrangement they adopt is that, in the first and second parts, well-nigh half the book, angles not greater than a right angle are alone considered, and it is only when the third part is reached that trigonometrical ratios of angles of any size are defined. There does not seem to be any adequate reason why general definitions of the trigonometrical functions should not be given at the outset. Without these general definitions, what is an intelligent pupil to make of an expression for the sine of the sum of two angles, say of 45° and 60°? In the opening

chapter an account of the division of the right angle into grades is given, with examples of the conversion of degrees into grades, and grades into degrees. All this is totally useless, though it is usual to give it in English trigonometries. If approval cannot be given to the arrangement of the chapters, it may be cordially admitted that the exposition of the subject is simple and clear, and that there is an ample stock of well-selected questions, both solved and for solution.

Mr. Roney's *Supplement to the Student's Plane Trigonometry* (W. H. Allen & Co.) is a collection of all the recent papers in plane trigonometry set at the various military and University examinations, with answers, explanations, and full directions for the solution of all the different problems. Half of the book (250 pages) is taken up with the papers; the other half consists of answers and solutions. Those who are preparing for any of the public examinations, whether in England or Ireland, will find here an abundant store of questions.

One of the novelties of Professor Greenhill's *Differential and Integral Calculus* (Macmillan & Co.) was his treatment of the two subjects together, instead of completing the Differential before beginning the Integral Calculus. It was not an absolute novelty, because De Morgan had done the same thing before; but it was certainly an innovation, and an excellent one, on general usage. In the second edition the general theory of integration is relegated to the end of the book, and the second chapter contains only a slight preliminary sketch of integration. The general theory of change of the independent variable, the elimination of constants and functions, and the theorems of Lagrange and Laplace which had been omitted from the first edition, have now been included. A few other additions have been made, all harmonizing with the original object of the book—namely, that it might be suitable not only for the mathematical student, but for practical men such as engineers and electricians.

If one wished to see the changes in the manner of expounding the subject of mechanics which have been introduced within the last thirty years, he could not do better than compare, say, Parkinson's *Mechanics* with Mr. Lock's *Mechanics for Beginners* (Macmillan & Co.) Perhaps two of the things which would first arrest his attention would be the arrangement of the various parts of the subject, and the large number of new technical terms. Some of these terms, such as *velo* and *celo*, have not yet worked their way into general and current use; one at any rate, the term *resolute*, is well worthy of adoption. It will give some idea of the contents of Mr. Lock's book to enumerate the headings of the sections it contains. They are rectilinear motion, motion in one plane, forces acting at a point, parallel forces, machines, uniform motion in a circle, energy, the pendulum. The book is remarkable for the careful and minute explanations which are given of terms and for clearness in the establishment of principles. In particular, there is a new and interesting proof of the formula of accelerated motion, which depends on the idea of average velocity. A large number of numerical examples to be worked are distributed throughout the text, and the illustrated diagrams are excellent.

The title of Mr. Parker's treatise, *Elementary Thermodynamics* (Cambridge University Press), may be apt to mislead. Mr. Parker explains in a prefatory note that the word "elementary" is used because his book does not enter into the details of electricity and magnetism. An ordinary reader would naturally suppose from the title that the subject would be treated without having recourse to the higher mathematics. That is not the case, and students who are not familiar with the calculus, and possibly even some who are, will find Mr. Parker's exposition is in some places rather hard reading. The book consists of six chapters, the first two treating of the conservation of energy and perfect gases; the next two of Carnot's principle, and the last two of the thermodynamic potential.

SCOTTISH CHURCH SILVER.*

IT will come as a surprise to some readers to know that the Scottish Presbyterian meeting-houses are furnished with sacred vessels, and that, in the conventicles of the Establishment, these vessels are of silver. To use the words of Dr. Macgregor, Moderator of the General Assembly, in a very curious preface to Mr. Burns's work:—"This book is unique. There is no work of the kind in Scottish literature. The author has the distinction of breaking new ground," &c. Before we go further, it may be well to remind Dr. Macgregor that his studies in ecclesiology must have been of a very circumscribed character, or he would know that Mr. Burns has only followed the lead of numerous antiquaries on the Southern side of the border, who have catalogued and described the church plate of their respective counties. Viewing Scotland for this purpose as practically a county or province, there is nothing to justify Dr. Macgregor's swelling periods. He himself institutes a comparison of Scotland with an English diocese, and we are glad to accept it, as saving trouble; though the differences, ecclesiastically, are far greater than the resemblances. When we come to examine Mr. Burns's chapter on Old Communion Customs we find such ritual confusion that we are forced to remember the Jew of Paris who went to Rome in the pontificate of Borgia. A sacramental act which can survive three centuries of such utter anomaly and disorder must have something vital in it. But before we pass on it is necessary to ask why Dr. Macgregor puts in his preface at all. It adds nothing to our information. It is written in the kind of English, or rather Scottish, to which every Presbyterian minister treats his flock, and, but for a singular and inexplicable statement about Virgil, Dante, and pædo-baptism, calls for no special notice. It seems—as, indeed, we knew before—that the Scots Roman Catholics held that a child was not properly baptized except by a priest, that children dying unbaptized went to the *limbus infantum*, and that Dante held "this unchristian and horrible doctrine." What follows constitutes the puzzle. The Reformers protested against this doctrine, and, says Dr. Macgregor, "their protest took the strongest form" of the selfsame doctrine. We are not careful to unravel the passage; but a negative would seem to have been omitted somewhere, which might make a flippant reader wish that, not one word only, but all the words, of this preface had also been omitted.

For a different reason, we are tempted to skip the chapter on Old Communion Customs, and to go direct to the important section of the book—that in which the remnants of ancient plate are described. It is at best but painful to an Englishman to read of the wilful and designed manner in which the Scottish schismatics have profaned the Sacraments until but a shadow of the Evangelical ceremonial remains. Mr. Burns's second chapter is on "The Disappearance of Church Plate," and is very interesting. Much church plate found its way to the Continent at the Reformation; but Mr. Burns is of opinion that much also remained in the country. He reminds us that at the time of the Reformation history and association had nothing to say to the value of a piece of silver. In 1556 much treasure which had belonged to James V. was sold to defray the war with England, including chalices and patens which had been brought with Queen Mary from France. In 1567 she gave the profligate Bothwell copes, chasubles, and tunicles of gold. A font which Queen Elizabeth had sent for the baptism of Mary's child, the future James I., and which weighed "twa stane," was melted into money. This utilitarian spirit was constantly abroad, and accounts for the disappearance of much old silver. Town Councils were in possession of much plate which had belonged to chapels and chantries. In England such things had been seized for the King's use. The Edinburgh Town Council had great treasures of this kind accumulated, and, being doubtful of their safety, distributed them among members of the Council, who were bound to bring them back when called upon. This call, when it came, was not, apparently, answered with alacrity. A century later the Covenanters seized nearly all that was left, and our only wonder is that so much had been left for them.

A third clearance took place at the introduction—or re-introduction—of prelacy. Little change was made either in outward forms or in the persons of incumbents. Of nine hundred ministers, not more than three hundred were ejected. But those three hundred, for the most part, took the church plate with them. John Welsh, a grandson of John Knox and minister of Kirkpatrick Irongray, was accused of having done so. Mr. Burns gives his reputation a loophole of escape, and suggests that, during an open-air service, the things were hidden and lost at the time of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Mr. Burns finishes this entertaining chapter with some notices of the craze which at various times has moved the Scottish authorities to sell their old vessels and buy new. We are not unfamiliar with similar crazes on this side of the Tweed. The remaining chapters relate, among other things, to the shapes of old chalices, many beautiful woodcuts being inserted, to the Communion token (a very interesting subject, but little known), to old baptismal vessels, and to Scottish hall-marks. These last only commenced in Edinburgh in 1681, but the marks of successive deacons go back to 1625, and help to fill up the interval.

The illustrations are one and all extremely good and clear. The type, for so large a book, is too small, but there is a full

* *Old Scottish Communion Plate.* By the Rev. Thomas Burns. Edinburgh: R. & R. Clark. 1892.

index. It is a pity there is no list of early examples in chronological order; but it may be mentioned that the Church of Scotland does not contain a single example older than the Reformation.

ANIMAL COLORATION.*

THIS is another and valuable contribution to literature on animal coloration. Mr. Beddard goes over the whole ground, and puts together usefully the various facts which have been noted and theories started; but, with all deference to his well-known gifts and accomplishments, we may suggest a few of the points which, it seems to us, must be met and cleared up before the fascinating ingenuities of the animal colourists can be accepted, or even made part of the theory of zoology.

Let us examine, in particular, the subject of protective coloration, about which so much has been written, and so many useful observations taken during the last few years. It is believed by a certain school that a great number of the lower animals are coloured in a particular way in order that they may be efficaciously concealed from vertebrate and other creatures who would otherwise devour them, and that nature or natural selection has painted them the same hue as their surroundings for this protective purpose. In many cases the evidence is so very great that it is difficult to combat it. The resemblance of geometer caterpillars to twigs, the transparent or pellucid character of many oceanic forms, the analogy of the kallima butterfly in rest and of various leaf-insects to foliage—all these are instances which will occur to every one as showing that protective coloration exists. But while the naturalists, and particularly the entomologists, search the animal kingdom for species which happen to possess these resemblances, and build up upon the examples they meet with a theory of protective coloration, it appears to us that they fail to take into consideration the vast multitude of forms in which this quality does not exist. But why does it exist in the minute minority and not in the majority? Why are the latter left unprotected?

A common example of protective coloration is the green hairstreak (*Thecla rubi*). This exquisite little butterfly has a dark or neutral upper surface to its wings, but, when it settles, exhibits an underside of pure green. We are told to admire this marvellous instance of protective coloration, which prevents the insect being noticed. The hue of *rubi*, by the way, is not a leaf-green, but an emerald green, and everybody who has collected butterflies knows that its green underside does not hide it, but rather draws special attention to its presence. But, supposing that we admit its coloration to be protective, we are met with this difficulty. Why is *rubi* not infinitely more abundant than all the other hairstreaks, which are not similarly protected, and what have all those other species done that, living in the same climate, in the same country, amid analogous herbage, they should not also be protected? We are obliged to confess that the emerald livery of *rubi* has not, up to date, been of any great advantage to it.

This argument becomes still more forcible when we apply it to the theory of warning coloration, in which the animal is supposed not to try to escape attention by adopting the hue of its surroundings, but to frighten other animals away by the terrific splendours of its dress. Many persons have experimented with gorgeous caterpillars, which they have offered to birds and monkeys in the hope that they would reject them. In many cases they have been rejected, and Mr. Beddard gives a number of observations of his own, showing that birds were apt to peck fastidiously at these caterpillars, instead of swallowing them at once, and that monkeys were inclined to suck them, and throw away the skin, as if the latter were distasteful to them. These observations are thought to show that scarlet and blue tufts and orange bands are good warning colours, and have been adopted by nature to protect the caterpillar. But it can really matter very little to a caterpillar whether it is pecked smartly and left dead, or promptly bolted, and we cannot see how the creature is "protected" by a skin out of which his enemy is quite willing to suck his vital juices.

Why the salamander should have the opportunity of frightening his enemies with a coat of black and yellow and no other newt or lizard have the same chance, why some nudibranchs should be coloured like jewels and others be quite grey and dull, why wasps should have "warning colours" and bees be plain, all these are questions which require the consideration of a sceptical philosopher.

* *Animal Coloration.* By Frank E. Beddard. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

EARLY ENGRAVINGS.*

BARTSCH, Willshire, and many other writers have already described and catalogued those engravings which are the work of known artists, or which bear at least some distinguishing monogram or symbol. There remains, however, a large and extremely interesting class of impressions from wood and metal blocks, dating in many cases from the first half of the fifteenth century, of which as yet no complete list has been published. To catalogue and describe these early, and for the most part anonymous, engravings is the very useful and laborious task which has been undertaken by M. Schreiber. Owing to the fact that scarcely one in a hundred of these early cuts bears any kind of artist's signature, M. Schreiber has naturally adopted the system of classification according to subject and date. The present volume deals with engravings on wood of scenes from the Bible and the Apocrypha, and from the life of the Madonna.

The second volume is to describe those fifteenth-century woodcuts which fall under other heads than those catalogued in the first volume.

The third volume will contain a list of engravings on blocks of soft metal treated as if the metal were wood, of which such beautiful examples are to be seen in the *Books of Hours* produced in Paris by Pigouchet, Verard, Kerver, and other French artists before the close of the fifteenth century.

The fourth volume is to treat of Block-books, in which both illustrations and text were alike cut in relief on planks of wood. The fifth volume will give a history of the origin and development of the engraver's art both on wood and on metal; and the sixth, the final volume, will contain thirty or forty facsimile reproductions of the most interesting and characteristic examples of engravings of all kinds, from the earliest rude prints down to the exquisitely finished work of the engravers at the close of the fifteenth century—the culminating period of this beautiful art.

This comprehensive work of M. Schreiber's will be of very great value not only to the collector of early prints, but also to all students of art-history. In the volume which has already appeared the work of description seems to be done with great care and accuracy. The place, or places, where examples are to be seen are mentioned in each case, together with a reference to any previously published description, and, what is specially useful to the student, a note of what is probably or approximately the date of the print in question.

M. Schreiber's work is being published both in German and in French, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with a wide appreciation among all who care to study one of the most interesting and historically important of all branches of mediæval art.

NOTES AND QUERIES ON ANTHROPOLOGY.†

NEARLY all of us are travellers nowadays, and many of us are "collectors" of curiosities which are more or less of an anthropological kind; we have plenty of guide-books and books of travel to tell us where to go and how to get there; but, beyond directing our attention to natural scenery, works of art, and architecture, we receive few hints from them how to study the men and women around us, and how to make the most of our opportunities. There can be no doubt that mankind is the most interesting study of man. The peasantry of North Yorkshire have a popular saying that "There is naught so queer as folks"—which is only another version of Pope's classical phrase—and, in spite of our enthusiasm for natural scenery, mankind, in its many phases of race, customs, arts, religion, government, &c., is the subject which most certainly and generally attracts the attention of travellers. This little manual of *Notes and Queries on Anthropology* has been compiled as a scientific guide to this kind of study, in the most modern and comprehensive sense of the word.

Although it is a second edition, the matter has been so largely increased and the articles so re-written that it is practically a new work; and we recognize little more than the title and old arrangement of the work of the first edition, issued in 1874 by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. This Association has contributed the funds for the present issue, but has delegated the revision to the Council of the Anthropological Institute. The subject is dealt with under the heads of Anthropography and Ethnography; the first division including observations of an anatomical, physiological, and pathological character, such as physical proportion, complexion, the quality of the senses, heredity, foods, diseases, medicines, &c. These subjects pertain

* *Manuel de l'Amateur de la Gravure sur bois et sur métal au XVe siècle.* Par W. L. Schreiber. Berlin: Librairie A. Cohn. Vol. I.

† *Notes and Queries on Anthropology.* Edited for the Council of the Anthropological Institute by John G. Garson, M.D., and Charles H. Read, F.S.A. Second edition. London: the Anthropological Institute. 1892.

chiefly to medical men, of whom we have so many scattered all over our Empire, occupying more or less official situations; but they are not beyond the capacity of ordinary intelligent travellers, as they are presented in the form of questions to be answered. There is a chromo-lithographic plate, which is, perhaps, rather too elaborate, to guide the observer in the matter of complexion as determined by the colour of the skin, hair, and eyes; and there are tests for the acuteness of the senses, all of which are satisfactory except that for testing the eyesight. The old "Army test dots" have been given up as unsuitable for this purpose by the army itself, and the test should either have been improved by the addition of more dots to the card, or by the substitution of some of the tests employed by ophthalmic surgeons. With these exceptions the directions for making physical examinations appear to have been carefully and intelligently laid down.

The Ethnographic division of the manual will be found to be the most interesting to the ordinary traveller, as it deals with the arts, religions, customs, morals, laws, governments, &c., of different races and peoples. Not only will persons intent on the scientific study of anthropology receive hints as to what to observe and what to inquire about, but every traveller or holiday-maker will find suggestions for his instruction and amusement *en route* through civilized countries and for entries in his diary or his letters home. Thus, on the question of clothing there are 35 questions to answer, on personal ornaments 37, on painting and tattooing the body 33, on ornamentation of dwellings, &c., 43, and on food no less than 89. On the mental and moral side of man there are 235 questions relating to religion, spiritualism, and festivals. The questions on oaths, laws, and forms of government are equally numerous; and, although many of these questions are intended to indicate the relation of savage to civilized man, and for use by travellers in remote regions, it is obvious that they would be very suggestive and useful to persons nearer home. Country life and occupations are not forgotten. There are 75 questions relating to hunting, 38 to agriculture, and 31 to the rearing and training of domestic animals. Lastly, there are numerous questions on the most interesting of all subjects to the female portion of mankind—family relationship, births, marriages, and deaths. When we further state that these sets of queries have been drawn up by such distinguished men as Dr. E. B. Tylor, General Pitt-Rivers, Sir John Evans, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Francis Galton, and Mr. J. G. Frazer, and others, the usefulness and interest of the little manual will be immediately recognized, and its value to scientific students of anthropometry fully acknowledged. It should find a corner in every knapsack.

MR. BIRRELL'S ESSAYS.*

LIKE the travelling gentleman who confined his casual literary disquisitions to such themes as a small and select travelling library allowed, Mr. Augustine Birrell limits himself in his latest collection of papers and essays to a well-beaten path wherein, if anywhere, there should be security. His range is from Gibbon and Richardson to Mr. Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman. He does not treat of what may be called fashionable books, the literature that inspires the conversation of the hour. Cowper and Lamb, Hazlitt and George Borrow, are among the not altogether neglected authors that engage his facile pen. Much has been written, and more still, no doubt, will be written, upon these fruitful topics before the point of exhaustion be reached when writers shall have nothing more to say, and a public, surfeited with books about books, refuse the easiest of all easy forms of instruction. Mr. Birrell's example should speed the coming of the desired day of universal culture. The patient treading of the already three times thrice-expressed grape of literature is, we are well aware, a popular exercise in bookmaking, and in these democratic days anything that is popular commands attention. If, therefore, Mr. Birrell's excellence is found chiefly to consist in making incontestable propositions with the air of an originator, or in clothing out-worn or accepted conclusions with the charms of his own style and diction, we do not forget that there are many readers for whom the trivial round is not trivial, and the common task not common. The deep distress of the thought is a sensible alleviation of the burden. We would not for a moment question the wisdom of Mr. Birrell's choice of a popular path, especially as the rare occasions when he ventures to be diverting amply justify the wisdom of the choice, yet it is surprising, nay, deplorable, that his method should prove so unfruitful, even when considered from the extremely generous point of view prescribed for us.

Mr. Birrell's paper on Richardson might be supposed, being a "lecture," to be addressed to persons tolerably ignorant of the subject, yet yearning for light. And what is the sum of the instruction? Merely this, that the truth, the real truth, about the author of *Clarissa* is "We are annoyed with Richardson because he violates a tradition." "The proper place," Mr. Birrell observes, "for an eighteenth-century novelist was either the pot or the sponging-house." Richardson was never drunk nor imprisoned for debt; he was a respectable shopkeeper—that is the main fact. And that some can read him and others cannot, and that the latter ought not to pose as superior persons on that account—as if any did—are the suggestive conclusions of Mr. Birrell's study of Richardson. One more characteristic point, however, is the observation:—"A French critic, M. Scherer, has had the audacity to doubt whether *Tristram Shandy* is much read in England." Where, it might be asked, is the "audacity" of M. Scherer's cautiously-expressed truism? After the same method does Mr. Birrell deal with Gibbon. The personal ugliness of the historian appears to him a matter of as much importance as the qualities of his style; and, perhaps, it may be—to the special public in view—though it is to be noted as something curious in a writer who elsewhere refers in proper terms to mere chatter about books and authors. The essay on Cowper, again, is what ninety-nine persons in a hundred would describe as pleasantly written. But that it is in any sense informing, or likely to incite the young person to consult authorities—the poet himself, or the biographer, from Southey to Mr. Benham—we cannot undertake to assert. As to George Borrow, though it is well to find Mr. Birrell on the side of the angels, we fear that good Borrowists will read Mr. Birrell's appreciation of the author of *Lavengro* with a very chastened joy. They may find there is no heart in him, as they say in East Anglia. Still, it is a soothing faith to believe that any appreciation of Borrow, in these flabby times—even when not very distinguishable from the tone of Mr. Birrell's "very humble observations on Gibbon's writings" (p. 64)—must make for the strengthening of national manliness and honesty, and is, therefore, a thing commendable, and not to be curiously considered. No such extenuating circumstances are suggested, however, by the self-delineation of Mr. Birrell as a "truth-hunter," an inveterate yet unsatisfied truth-hunter, in the essay on Cardinal Newman, or by the strange air of praise and patronage with which the "Liberalism" of the late Matthew Arnold is dealt with. It is true that Mr. Birrell's conviction of Mr. Arnold's Liberalism is stated with very considerable reservations, such as the poet's absolute dissent from the chief articles of the Gladstonian creed; yet he courageously declares that this most fastidious maker of poetry was "broadly democratic" in his literary taste, and his poetry of the kind that makes his readers feel a common bondage with him. In a fine fervour of persuasion Mr. Birrell protests "No living man is more deeply permeated with the grand doctrine of Equality than was he." It was Mr. Arnold's wish to see "Jack as good as his master, and Jack's master as good as Jack; and neither talking claptrap," which looks as if Mr. Arnold himself talked amazing claptrap. We cannot, at the moment, recall any playful sally of his that may bear the burden of this heavy imputation. As to the "opinion of this remarkable man" on the subject of religion, it is summed up by Mr. Birrell in a sentence that would have grieved Mr. Arnold by its crudity perhaps even more than by its inexactness. "Had it been a man's duty to believe in a specific revelation, it would have been God's duty to make that revelation credible," such, says Mr. Birrell, was Mr. Arnold's opinion. What is this but a literal reproduction from the *Système de la Nature* of the dull old Encyclopædic argument of what Rousseau called the Holbachian coterie? No doubt there was something of the *philosophe* in Mr. Matthew Arnold, but his coldest friends have never denied him imagination and humour. With Mr. Birrell's papers on Hazlitt and Lamb we would willingly deal if it were not that the mere contemplation would tempt us into violating our prescribed course, and forgetting that, after all, "there is a public."

* *Res Judicatæ.* Papers and Essays. By Augustine Birrell. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

A TREATISE ON CHEMISTRY.*

WHEN the first volume of this extremely valuable work was issued, fifteen years ago, it was intended that the whole should be completed in three volumes, the first treating of the non-metallic elements, the second of metals, and the third of organic compounds. But of all sciences chemistry is the most progressive, and it was soon found that the number of volumes would have to be largely increased. Nominally the work still

* *A Treatise on Chemistry.* By Sir H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S. Vol III. *The Chemistry of the Hydrocarbons and their Derivatives.* Part VI. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

consists of three volumes, but the second has been expanded into two "parts," each uniform in size with the first volume; and of the third six "parts" have already been published, and others may be expected in the course of time. As the work proceeds there is a constant demand for reprints, and the revised editions of the volumes or parts already issued.

The excellent third part of the third volume, for example, which covers the vast field of the so-called "Aromatic" compounds, was originally issued in 1886; but a new edition appeared last year. The part now before us deals with the derivatives of naphthalene and its allies, and of certain other compounds, consisting of two or more "Benzene-nuclei," directly connected. The historical notes, which added so much to the interest and value of the previous volumes, are continued. Naphthalene, as every student knows, is one of those interesting substances which are compounded of hydrogen and carbon, commonly known as hydrocarbons. It was discovered in 1819 by A. Garden, who published a short account of a peculiar crystalline substance which had been formed in the distillation of coal-tar, and which appeared to be "a kind of camphor." Among its innumerable derivatives are included a few well-known substances, such as juglone, which is obtained from the green outer shell of the unripe walnut, and santonin, obtained from the unopened buds of *Artemisia maritima*. Santonin, it appears, was discovered in 1830; but the anthelmintic properties of the plant from which it is obtained have been known from the time of Dioscorides, who mentions that the seeds of Ἀψίνθιον θαλάσσιον, taken in honey, were employed as a remedy for ascarides and intestinal worms. But the vast majority of the naphthalene derivatives are known only to chemists, and rejoice in exceedingly long and unpronounceable names. One of them, for instance, is called "Naphthaleneazodiamidobenzene." This is, of course, an attempt to express the rational formula in a single word, and in its favour it may be said that to chemists it is perfectly clear and intelligible; but, on the other hand, we doubt whether even a chemist would go so far as to use it in ordinary conversation. If the name is intended to be used only in books, in what respect is it better than the formula? If it is for use as a "word of mouth," surely something shorter and less difficult could be devised.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FURNITURE.*

THIS handsomely printed book, which professes to give an account of the furniture of all countries and ages, owes the chief part of its value to its numerous and well-executed illustrations. Little can be said in praise of the text, especially that portion which is devoted to the furniture of classical and mediæval times, about which the author's information is evidently very scanty. It is only in discussing the furniture of comparatively recent times that he seems to show any real knowledge of his subject. On the whole the numerous illustrations are well executed, and they are none the less valuable because many of them have already appeared in various works by Viollet-le-Duc, Jacquemart, and other French writers on the wide subject of *mobilier*.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S RECENT WORK.†

THE discoveries of pottery in the Fayoom have involved their discoverer in such a lively controversy that there is something almost soothing in turning to the books before us. The controversy is one of the highest interest and importance. If the investigators can keep personalities out of it, every one will follow it with curiosity, to say the least. But here we have nothing to do with Ægean ceramics. Mr. Petrie has added an authentic generation to the Egyptian succession. He has proved the existence and detailed the methods of work of a people who lived before there was a hewn stone on the platform of Gizeh. The pyramid of Meydoom, or, as he spells it, Medum, may now be taken as the precursor of the Great Pyramid, and as affording an explanation both as to how the Pyramid grew from the mastabah, and also how the principles of building with stability were worked out. There is a third point on which Mr. Petrie is reticent, but on which we need have no hesitation in enlarging. The obstacles placed in his way by the French authorities are scarcely mentioned, but should not be forgotten. It is to be hoped that either at the Foreign Office or elsewhere a full report of them has been kept. The story, as it is told openly in Egypt, is much as follows:—The late Mariette Pasha made some remarkable discoveries at Meydoom, and missed many more, as Mr. Petrie is now able to prove. Mariette was not a great Egyptologist in the literary sense of the word. He had, however, an unerring eye for antiquities, and when he labelled the marvellous statues and paintings he discovered as of the Fourth Dynasty or earlier, no one doubted his correctness. His successor, a better reader of hieroglyphics, and a more accomplished historian, had no special eye for art or style. He proceeded accordingly to relabel some of these objects as of the Twelfth Dynasty. The question turned on researches at Meydoom. These researches were carried out by sending an Arab with a gang to clear the north side of the pyramid and report if he found anything which would make it worth while for a Frenchman to proceed to the spot. Naturally he found nothing, or if he did, *et cetera*—we need not pursue the hypothesis. About two years were thus wasted, and when the French abandoned the place, incalculable mischief having been done, Mr. Petrie applied for leave to dig. The French were at this time busy unearthing a whole catacomb of late sacerdotal mummies of no interest or value, historically or archæologically, and his request was, it is said, somewhat peremptorily refused. For once our representative in Egypt, who has hitherto been understood to countenance what we cannot but regard as the French usurpation at Gizeh, interposed, and Mr. Petrie got his permit. He at once proceeded to do what his predecessors ought to have done. He knew that his best chance of finding inscriptions identifying the pyramid lay in finding, as elsewhere, the temple belonging to it. He also knew what apparently they did not, that the temple here, as elsewhere, would be found by digging, not on the north, but on the east side, and so it has turned out. The larger of these two volumes relates entirely to what he found. The smaller details somewhat briefly all his diggings since he first went to Egypt ten years ago, and only contains a chapter summarizing his work at Meydoom.

He expresses himself very delicately and cautiously as to the present state of affairs. "The present system," he observes, "of allowing native overseers and others to plunder tombs for their private benefit, without the publication of any results, is most deplorable." What the new director at Gizeh may be able to do or may have done, we have no means of knowing. His appointment has been hailed as that of an eminent Assyrian and Egyptian scholar, traveller, and savant. As a fact, the gentleman was, we believe, appointed solely because he was neither English nor Italian nor German, but French. There are at present, as we have had occasion to remark before, no French Egyptologists, strictly speaking, though we believe M. Maspero is a naturalized Frenchman. M. Pierret hardly counts, unless we should reckon Mr. Piazzi Smyth an Egyptologist. The French authorities, therefore, finding the place vacant, and knowing that Lord Cromer would not insist on the turn of England to appoint, and having no Egyptologist ready for the post, have perhaps done wisely in giving it to M. de Morgan on the aforesaid grounds, and because, if he has no qualifications, he has no disqualifications. It would, however, be manifestly absurd for us to expect much from his rule.

The work carried out by Mr. Petrie at Meydoom has not produced many antiquities; but it has added immensely to our knowledge. The great mound of broken stone adjoining the east side seems to have appalled him at first, and he confesses to a feeling of dismay when he contemplated it. "I walked about it," he says, "and speculated on it for several days." Taking courage, he dug a hole some forty or fifty feet deep, and after three weeks of incessant work found the courtyard of the temple and a doorway, into which he crawled, when he saw a perfect chamber, which had not been opened since the days of the Eighteenth Dynasty. There were not many inscriptions; but they were sufficient to prove that he had opened the temple of the pyramid of the predecessor of Cheops. "My satisfaction," he says, "was complete when I caught sight of Seneferu's name," and so it might be. He did much else at Meydoom, and at the conclusion of his operations he covered everything carefully up, so to remain till the Government can be persuaded to see the necessity of protecting the antiquities. The volume on Meydoom is very fully illustrated in colour, and is furnished with plans and sections, and with copies of inscriptions.

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.*

A LITTLE note at the end of this poem gives us to understand that there has been a former edition. We believe, however, that in its present shape *Achilles in Scyros* is practically

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* *Illustrated History of Furniture, from the Earliest to the Present Time.* By Frederick Litchfield. London: Truslove & Shirley. 1892.

† *Medum.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London: Nutt. 1892.
Ten Years' Digging in Egypt. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London: Religious Tract Society. 1892.

* *Achilles in Scyros.* By Robert Bridges. London: Bell & Sons. 1892.

new to the public, and at any rate it is new to us. The play or dramatic poem, whichever Mr. Bridges prefers to have it called, is not a close and formal imitation of Attic tragedy, such as nowadays a Greek title rather leads us to expect. Among the merits of Mr. Bridges not the least is that he dares to be himself. So far as his present work can be assigned to any model, it may be said to go back to the Elizabethan treatment of classical themes. Thetis does indeed deliver a prologue of the strictly classical form, such as our early dramatists would not have attempted. But when we come to the action, the dialogue is English in both style and movement, and the characters belong to the types accepted through Latin rather than Greek literature by the scholars of the Renaissance. Ulysses is not the wise and valiant hero of the Odyssey, but a man of petty tricks and wiles; a cunning huckster and tool of secret service at best, little better than a liar and a coward at worst. Again, there is no attempt to handle the chorus in the Attic manner. Mr. Bridges is a scholar, and the lyrical passages of his Scyrian maidens are full of touches that show direct inspiration from the Greek dramatists. But these maidens observe none of the forms of a true chorus; for example, they are frequently off the stage altogether. In fact, they are not so much a chorus as a secondary group of persons in the play; their songs are incorporated in the general action, not detached from it. We by no means affect to censure Mr. Bridges for the form of treatment he has chosen. He was fully entitled to his choice, and it may well be maintained that it was the best choice for a modern English poet, having regard to the theme, which is certainly more cyclic than Homeric. Many readers in these latter days may be prepossessed by Mr. Swinburne's Æschylean revival, and we desire to warn them not to expect Mr. Bridges's work to be something which it is not and does not pretend to be.

We do not expect *Achilles in Scyros* to be largely read by the general public. It will be relished by scholars, and especially by such as are students of the English drama. Mr. Bridges has one kind of technical skill in poetry which is now as rare as it was once common among educated writers, the command of genuine dramatic blank vase. The speeches of Lycomedes are excellently modulated. He speaks, as doubtless Mr. Bridges meant him to speak, like a wise English nobleman or Italian prince of the sixteenth century, and somehow he gives us the impression of being the true hero of the piece. Perhaps there is a shade of affectation in the extent to which Mr. Bridges reproduces the irregular cadences of the Elizabethans; but there are few places where the effect is otherwise than pleasing. On the whole this dainty little volume will stand well among the works that have earned for its author a sure and distinct place among the poets of our time.

HISTORICAL RECORDS OF MEDALS.*

THIS handsome and massive volume is a collector's book—which is another way of saying that it is a difficult one to review. Only a collector of medals could undertake to say with any confidence whether Captain Tancred's list is complete, and how far he has described accurately. For our part, we incline to the opinion that the author has been exhaustive in his lists, and much more lavish of historical detail than the nature of such a work as he has undertaken requires. In the case, for instance, of such a decoration as the war medal for the navy issued by the Queen's orders in 1847, it was surely enough to describe the medal, and then to say that it was distributed, with distinguishing clasps, for the actions in which the wearer had been present, to all survivors of "the war commencing in 1793 and ending 1815." Captain Tancred devotes a great part of his volume to a list of the separate actions for which the medal was given, with extracts from James and the *Naval Chronicle*, whereby his book is swollen by an immense number of jejune notices of actions and of extracts. There is very little interest in this, for example:—

> '*Peterel*, 21st March, 1800.
>
> 'Sixteen gun ship-sloop, Captain Francis William Austen; crew, 89; the first lieutenant, gunner, and thirty men being absent in prizes; no casualties. Capture of French brig-corvette, *La Ligurienne*.'

As a matter of fact, the capture of *La Ligurienne* was a very smart piece of work. She was one of three vessels attacked by the *Peterel*, of which two were driven on shore, while *La Ligurienne* struck after two hours' fighting, though supported at the time by the fire of a French battery. The action took place within six miles of Marseilles. There was an English frigate, the *Mermaid*, in sight, but she was unable to take any part in the fighting. Captain Tancred, who gives accounts of less dashing affairs, might as well have told this. In his notice of the gold chain and medal given to Captain Callis for the destruction of five Spanish galleys at St. Tropez, in 1743, the author does not state that it was the alternative reward for good service in fire-ships. The other was 100*l.* down. It was left to the officer who had thus distinguished himself to choose between the money and a chain and medal of the same value, to be a mark of honour to him and his posterity for ever. Captain Tancred gives an illustration of a gold medal and chain awarded to Captain Wooldridge for service with fire-ships in Aix Roads, in 1809.

We complain nowadays, and reasonably too, of the lavish distribution of medals; but, after all, it is an old practice with us. In former times they were given freely and often by private persons or individual commanders. Jervis, for instance, struck a medal at his own expense, for the officers and men of his flagship *Ville de Paris*. In this there was, in his case, perhaps policy as well as a touch of ostentation. Jervis was a stern disciplinarian; but he knew how to play on the sentimental feelings of his men, and was always as ready to distribute cakes when good work had been done, as he was to use the cat in other circumstances. Volunteers will also observe that a number of medals were distributed to the auxiliary forces during the great war. They were given, however, by corporations, or, as a reward to the best shot, and so forth, by the officers of the corps. An example of the first is the medal struck by the Corporation of Limerick to reward the "Heroes of Colooney in 1798." The heroes in question were 286 men of the Limerick Militia, who, under the command of Colonel Vereker, had had a smart brush with Humbert's Frenchmen at Colooney. On the same page is a description of a medal distributed "as a mark of high esteem" by the citizens of Waterford to the Militia of South Devon, who occupied the town in 1798.

Captain Tancred's book, although it reminds the reader of much good fighting by land and water or of strenuous preparation to fight, is in one respect rather melancholy. It must be confessed that most of these marks of honour are painfully ugly, and that the taste of some of them was deplorable. They were at their worst in the early days of George III. On page 49 Captain Tancred gives a drawing of a silver medal issued in the beginning of the American rebellion to "Indian warriors." Three examples of it at least are in existence. Captain Tancred says that "it represents the British Lion reclining in majestic grandeur, and a snarling wolf, personating America, keeping within respectful distance, but approaching the lion." We should say that the king of beasts is a very smug monarch, and that he is gazing into vacancy with a frigid sneer. On page 44, again, there is a medal struck to commemorate the taking of Louisbourg, on which the gallant Marines are maligned in a portrait of a palpably tipsy warrior endeavouring in vain to keep himself on his legs with the help of a globe, while a maiden with "nodings" on wriggles away from him on the ground in front, and a blue-jacket is jeering at him across the North Pole. Now and then one comes across a better example, such as the Gibraltar medal, which contains a map in relief of the bay, and is at least not idiotic; but as a rule they are both pretentious and grotesque, with ill-drawn Britannias and Fames, or queer little dummy soldiers. It is rather humiliating to compare any of them with the "Abyssinian Order of Solomon's Seal and the Holy Cross," drawn on page 402, a really decorative thing. Let us hope that in future we shall employ artists to design our medals. These things are not primarily interesting as works of art, but, after all, a little decorative excellence will not injure the associations.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT seems a little odd that nobody should have thought of translating into English the prison reminiscences of Herr Fontane (1), a German novelist of French extraction, who fell into the hands of the unsuccessful party in the war of 1870, and was interned at Oléron. M. Théodore de Wyzewa, who has served of late as an interpreter of much foreign literature to Frenchmen, performs that function here with some of the rather inconsiderate superlatives which it is the custom of his school—as of the young schools in all countries—to employ, but otherwise very pleasantly and well. As for the notes themselves, they are very pleasant too. There is nothing exciting about them or about their author's adventures. Following the Prussian army as a journalist, Herr Fontane had the unseasonable fancy to pay a visit to Joan of

* *Historical Records of Medals and Honorary Distinction conferred on the British Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces from the Earliest Period.* By George Tancred, late Captain Scots Greys. To which is added the Catalogue of the Collection of Colonel Murray of Polmaïse. London: Spink & Son.

(1) *Souvenirs d'un prisonnier de guerre allemand.* Par Théodore Fontane. Paris: Perrin.

Arc's home at Domrémy. Here he was arrested as a spy; and though, when his case was at last thoroughly examined at Besançon, it was decided by a council of war that he was undoubtedly a true man, the council held, no doubt excusably, that a man who could sketch, had a "military eye," and had been already shifted about a good deal inside the French lines with that eye open, was better as a prisoner of war than free, and sent him across to Oléron. They made up to him, however, by giving him brevet rank as an *officier supérieur* (he had hitherto had to take the run of the military prisons), and when he got to Oléron he was comfortable enough, with a room to himself, furnished and supplied as he liked, a servant, a writing-table, a coffee-biggin, and a white kitten. Even earlier he had taken his ill-luck philosophically, and he is unflinching in his good report of the behaviour of almost all French Government servants, military and civil, towards him. He liked the people, too, though they howled at him in the streets. And all this gives the more point to his testimony as to the profound demoralization, the want of belief in any body or any thing, which a century of revolution has impressed upon France.

It is a well-known fact that as the march of mind proceeds it becomes more and more difficult for man to do anything for and by himself. He is personally conducted everywhere, under republics even more than under monarchies, in the dissidence of dissent quite as much as in the most orthodox Ultramontanism. So it is not at all surprising that some one should have arisen to tell him how to amuse himself at the seaside. Let us, however, do Mme. Louise Rousseau (2) the justice to say that it is absolutely impossible for any one to do the personal conductress trick in a neater and less offensive fashion than she does. Her little book, indeed, is so unpretentious and so good, that we should not be at all sorry to see it translated with some slight adaptation for the use of the poor people who listlessly loaf at English watering-places. The French nation, with its spirit of system, does things more seriously. Against one form of its seriousness Mme. Rousseau, indeed, energetically protests. She is ruthless to that favourite of "Mars," "La Belle Madame" of each watering-place, who strives how she shall bring the collar of her bathing-dress ever nearer to its garter, and how the scant intervening space shall be made to fit tighter and to blaze with more astonishing devices. All this, says Mme. Rousseau cuttingly, "manque de distinction"; a decent black or, look you, a comely blue, not without folds, is what you chiefly need. On the other hand, of less risky pleasures she is lavish. There are the flags of all nations and their signals; there is description of fish and bird and beast which the seasider loveth (and tormenteth) well. "Le lawn tennis" is described with minuteness, but in a manner which seems to show some slight difference from English ways of playing it. You are taught in diagrams how to swim; how to catch crabs (not in rowing); how to chase the shrimp, and cook him when chased; how to dig in the sand; how to take photographs; how to admire a French admiral in "great keeping"; how to know every part of an ironclad and a three-master. It is really a very good little book indeed.

From the same publisher, who represents the famous old house of Renouard, we have three astonishingly cheap little manuals of painting (3). Of their technical merit we do not here speak; but for two francs you have a very well printed and readable little treatise, fifty woodcuts of a very good kind from drawings by the author, and a *facsimile d'aquarelle*, which is a decidedly creditable specimen of cheap processing in colours.

M. Emile Chabrand (4), who has published a stout volume of his travels round the world, is not a mere globe-trotter. He had, he tells us, lived long in Mexico, and had actually reinstalled himself in his home at Barcelonnette under the shadow of Monte Viso, when, having to go out once more on business, he took it into his head to make a round and go by India, Burmah, China, and Japan, instead of simply crossing the Atlantic. There were, no doubt, advantages in this, and he seems to have brought some travelling experience to his task. He is quite free from that unseasonable patriotism which, perhaps, not French travellers only, but certainly French travellers more than others, display. Indeed, he vaunts the kindness he received from an English consul in Japan as compared with the cavalier treatment received from the French representative. He is a good observer, too, and laments the small hold which his countrymen have on Eastern trade. As might be expected, the Mexican part of the book is the best. It includes not merely an ascent of Popocatepetl, but a descent into its crater.

(2) *L'art de passer son temps au bord de la mer.* Par Louise Rousseau. Paris: Laurens.

(3) *L'art de peindre les marines—Les paysages—Les fleurs.* Par G. Fraipont. Paris: Laurens.

(4) *De Barcellonnette au Mexique.* Par Emile Chabrand. Paris: Plon.

It seems odd that Miss Kathleen O'Meara's book on Ozanam (5) should only now have been translated into French. However, it appears at last, after its author's death, and the death of Mrs. Craven, from whose pen a few prefatory words also appear. And, no doubt, it will have the vogue it deserves among French Catholics.

We do not in the least believe in international arbitration—that is, we believe that in any case in which it prevents war, war would have been very unlikely to occur under the older system; that in any case where one party is in earnest it will only prevent war when the arbitrators shut their eyes and give it to that one; and that, when both are in earnest, it will not prevent war at all. But it is a fashionable fad, and perhaps a fashionable cloak for "funk" and laziness. And M. Dreyfus, who writes (6), and M. Passy who prefaces, this book are highly respectable persons.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"THE History of London," observes Mr. Frederick Ross, in the preface to *Bygone London* (Hutchinson & Co.), "still remains to be written." Mr. Ross refers to the City of London—that "portion which was a considerable emporium of trade under the Celtic Trinobantes"—and seems to be entirely unaware that from the days of "Northouk" (*sic*), whom he cites, to the date of Mr. Loftie's excellent work, the City has known many historians. Mr. Ross, however, thinks that still-to-be-written History "will require the combined action of a multiplicity of labourers"—from which it would seem that his notion of what a history should be is somewhat peculiar. Monstrous, formless, crude, must such a work be. It is not necessary, perhaps, to consider the present volume as a contribution to that many-authored work. It is just another book about London history and antiquities, a collection of sketches, slight and desultory and ill-connected. There is nothing easier than the writing of such books. A little of Stow suffices to impart the necessary antiquarian flavour. And since it is so very easy to write a book about London, it is very inexcusable that the work should show carelessness and inaccuracy as Mr. Ross's volume does. Who is "the Rev. Stephen Gorson," mentioned on the same page as the author of *The School of Abuse*? Then if Aldgate was so named because it was the old gate, Aldersgate, according to Mr. Ross, was an older gate, for we are told "Aldersgate, like Aldgate, was denominated Eldergate by the Saxons on account of its antiquity." In another page, however, Mr. Ross observes that some "assume" Aldersgate to have been so called because it was "one of the elder, or one of the four original gates," and some do think it was named after one Aldrich, but the "most probable assumption," as Mr. Ross says (p. 119), is that "it was so denominated from the alder, or elder trees which grew in great profusion in that locality." But Mr. Ross is clearly no antiquary, for your antiquary is ever a man of impregnable convictions.

Mr. Panmure Gordon records his "travelling ideas" of the United States under the title *The Land of the Almighty Dollar* (Warne & Co.) It is a readable volume, on the whole, and by no means inspired, as some records are, by a spirit of adulation of the great American Republic. Indeed, Mr. Gordon is a free and pleasing commentator on the practical working of the free and not always pleasing institutions of the United States. Chicago and New York were the centres of his experiences. Of the former city he writes in something like rapture, but in no sense is his record suggestive of the "foolish face of praise" which some travellers assume in the States.

Surely the makers of anthologies have not been so neglectful of "erotic" poetry as Mr. Ralph Caine imagines, and surely the plea of such neglect was not needed to embolden him to collect *Love Songs of English Poets* (Heinemann). From John Skelton to Leigh Hunt is Mr. Caine's selective range. Naturally, from the stores of some three centuries much poetic treasure of the first order in art is forthcoming. But, as a whole, Mr. Caine's anthology does not strike us as choice, or knit by a fine feeling for a choice unity. There are lyrics here admitted that are nothing but ordinary or commonplace. Then, not all of these love songs are songs, and not all are amorous, in any sense of the term. Mr. Caine's standard of excellence seems to be as elastic as his interpretation of his title is loose.

Still more capricious an example is supplied by Mr. H. R. Heatley's *Ballad and other Poetry* (Percival & Co.). This selection is intended for "school use." It is an indescribable medley of odds and ends, characterized by no kind of plan conceivable.

(5) *Frédéric Ozanam.* Par Kathleen O'Meara. Paris: Perrin.

(6) *L'arbitrage international.* Par Ferdinand Dreyfus. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Extracts from the "Rejected Addresses," without a note of explanation for the small boy; extracts from Peter Pindar; Mr. Bret Harte's "Truthful James" lyrics; appear in odd juxtaposition to Beaumont and Fletcher, Scott, Shakspeare, the inevitable "Abou Adhem," and so forth. That delightful moral poem of Jane Taylor's—"Dirty Jim"—is printed without the author's name. Lastly, we have the "Friend of Humanity," edited for the schoolboy, thus:—

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hanged first.

Mr. A. T. Story's papers—*From Punch to Padan Aram* (Elliot Stock)—are most inaccurately described as the "thoughts" of a random philosopher, being nothing more nor less than desultory chatter, in which the essayist's abandonment to the desultory manner results in a sloppy triviality of style and matter. Here, for example, is a "thought," which is strongly suggestive of the moral reflections of Mr. Pecksniff in the bosom of his family:—

> 'It is much the same with all of us. We are a sort of phonographs. Our mouths are vents to let out the griefs and to give voice to the aspirations of the humanity about us, and mingled with the plaint there is always much of our own personal heart-sore or toothache. I am but a weak voice of this latter half of the nineteenth century, and echo its joys and give utterance to its sorrows. A weak one indeed! To be an embodiment truly of this great demi-century, what a mind would be required!'

In the "Pitt Press" series we have Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Books XI. and XII., edited by Mr. A. Wilson Verity (Macmillan & Co.), with notes, introduction, and glossary. The editor's commentary, if a trifle profuse, is on the whole judicious. Especially satisfactory are the illustrations of Scriptural and theological allusions and Virgilian influences. The introduction is altogether an excellent piece of work.

Bunyan's *Holy War* and *The Heavenly Footman* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), edited by Mabel Peacock, shows a nice judgment in the relative proportions of text and editorial work. The notes are purely illustrative and explanatory, as notes should be, and are not burdened by the addition of comparative quotations, which are much better left to the intelligence of the student. The young inquiring mind should be stimulated, not pampered. Miss Peacock's annotation is truly exemplary. The memoir of Bunyan is brief, yet sufficient, and the "Chronological Table" is a very useful feature of this handy and admirable reprint.

Dr. J. J. Ridge's brochure, *Alcohol and Public Health* (H. K. Lewis), is embellished by a frontispiece which is doubtless intended as a deterrent object-lesson for the moderate person. It represents two geranium cuttings in pots, one of which has been watered with water only for six weeks, the other with one per cent. of alcohol to twelve and a half ounces of water during the same period. The first example is decidedly of more vigorous habit than the second. But, assuming that both cuttings were obtained from the same plant, both planted in the same soil, both subjected to the same atmospheric influences, what does the experiment prove? Merely this, that alcohol does not agree with geraniums. If man were a geranium—but, then, he isn't. And if Dr. Ridge had seriously based his argument in favour of teetotalism upon the assumption that man *is* a geranium, that argument could scarcely be more ridiculously inconclusive than this book. "We are *not* as tabbies are," as C. S. C. immortally remarked.

The Church and Her Story, by G. H. F. Nye (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is an epitome of Church history, constitution, and government, that is not merely an excellent corrective of Liberationist electioneering pamphlets, but is well fitted to arouse a spirit of interest which apathy in high places has rendered inoperative among the people. The sentiment in favour of the national Church is widely diffused, and would be nothing less than active and national as a force, were it not for a too general ignorance of elementary facts upon which the enemies of the Church trade. Mr. Nye's plain statement of these facts with regard to the historic past and present times, places this important subject in popular form clearly, concisely, and in an interesting style.

Needlework for Students, by Amy K. Smith (City of London Book Depôt), is designed for the preparation of students for Government examinations, and appears to be an educational manual at once practical and thorough. Almost every branch of plain needlework is treated in detail and illustrated by diagrams on almost every page. Lady Wolverton, who contributes an introduction, writes of the "exquisite accuracy" of the illustrations and the clear and careful exposition of the art by the author. Full information is appended with regard to the Education Code, recent reports on training colleges, annual grants, examination tests, and so forth.

Among new editions we have *The Giant's Robe*, by F. Anstey (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Macmillan & Co.), a reprint of the first edition, with the illustrations, and introduction by Charles Dickens the younger; and *The Biglow Papers*, with a Prefatory Note by Ernest Rhys (Scott).

We have also received the *Quarterly Report* (July) of the Palestine Exploration Fund (Watt); *Lawful Wedlock*, by Two Barristers (Cassell & Co.), a brief exposition of the practical working of the Marriage Laws; *Everybody's Pocket Cyclopædia*, new edition (Saxon & Co.); *The Manual of the Guild and School of Handicraft*, edited by C. R. Ashbee (Cassell & Co.); *Homœopathic Bibliography of the United States*, 1825–1891, by Dr. T. L. Bradford (Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel), and *The Photographic Annual* for 1892 (Iliffe & Co.), a well-illustrated compendium of information respecting every branch of photography.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. ALTHOUGH for the present the main strife was over, the main battle done, before the end of last week, there were considerable remnants of interest. Most of these centred round the Newcastle contest, which has been fought very hard. Mr. MORLEY did much speaking this day week, and, among other things, requested his hearers to "for-"get my poor name and position. I am nobody; I "am nothing." This is "your poor unfortunate faith-"ful MORLEY" with a vengeance. Mr. LABOUCHERE wrote to a correspondent that the QUEEN had objected to his being a Minister, and by so doing most amply justified HER MAJESTY'S objection, whether it was ever made or not. The subsequent developments of this affair are curious, and receive attention in their place. It was said that Mr. HERBERT GARDNER was to be Minister for Agriculture. Nobody has worked harder to Gladstonize the agricultural labourer than Mr. GARDNER, and he deserves his reward; but we must say, in justice to him, that there stands against him no sheer lying like that which won East Wilts, and no such disgraceful attempts to stir up an English Jacquerie as have emanated from a certain notorious centre in Warwickshire.—— Subsequently some interest was felt in the announcement that prayer-meetings have been held for Mr. MORLEY'S success. But readers who have not forgotten their MACAULAY will remember how "the King of "Prussia and his soldiers spent about an hour praying "and singing psalms before they engaged the enemy." If FREDERIC II., why not Mr. MORLEY, who is a much better man? Meanwhile Mr. GLADSTONE'S only other general found himself saddled with a contest *pour rire* (except as far as the trouble and cost go) against that remarkable person, Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, at Derby. Perhaps this as well as other seats might have been contested with advantage, but not by Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON, and so the Derby Tories appear to have thought. It was a little superfluous of Sir WILLIAM to go all through Mr. ATKINSON'S absurdities on Monday, and when he said that, if the late Government wanted explanations in Parliament, they had only to go out and ask questions, he presumed a little on the sympathy which his present position may attract. Men who chuckled and sat silent when they were dared to attack might easily have laughed in their sleeves and sat silent when they were asked to defend.——Lord HOUGHTON and Mr. MORLEY (the latter intermitting his Newcastle campaign) were sworn in at Dublin on Monday.—— On Tuesday Mr. GLADSTONE babbled of green fields—that is to say, kitchen-gardens—at Hawarden, and Mr. MUNDELLA thanked the goodness and the grace that had made Mr. MUNDELLA a Cabinet Minister once more, at Sheffield. Mr. H. FOWLER distinguished himself at Newcastle by talking of "BURKE, MACAULAY, "and GLADSTONE," and Mr. MORLEY was exceedingly impressive about the Valley of the Dark Shadow. Indeed, there has been a sort of gloomy grandeur mixed with pathos about Mr. MORLEY throughout this contest which is a little puzzling. Was it the prayer-meeting? Mr. STANHOPE took leave of the War Office in a memorandum referring, not in the best taste, to "attacks." We are all attacked, and only poor creatures make poor mouths over it. Wales, it seems, is not satisfied with the very rapid and not excessively well-earned promotion of Mr. T. E. ELLIS, and her OSBORNE MORGAN'S wounds rankle in her breast. It is pointed out that twenty Welsh members "make the majority." Why, so they do; and so do any other twenty—by which means it will be quite easy to prove that every Gladstonian M.P. ought to be a Cabinet Minister. Mr. DILLON has been boasting in Ireland about the understandings he has received, and a great deal of hard guessing has been made at these understandings; while Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, writing on the subject much as he might be expected to write, has been furiously fallen upon by the *Daily News*. Can it be possible that that newspaper desires Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER as a correspondent? Or is this the ever-famous "small-boy-in-the-crowd" proceeding to cover the singular silence which it has observed as to a certain other matter much more interesting and actual?

Elections. Eight unopposed returns were made on Tuesday. Seven of them were Ministerial, and the eighth was Lord CHELSEA'S at Bury St. Edmunds. The Lichfield re-count increased the Unionist majority to eleven, but there are other points for the judges. On Wednesday six unopposed re-elections, including that of Mr. GLADSTONE, took place, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT came in at Derby by nearly five thousand votes. There were five more re-elections

on Thursday, and the polling at Newcastle took place; but the result was not declared till yesterday. Mr. MORLEY kept his seat by a considerable majority.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The most interesting part of the foreign news of this day week concerned the Labour troubles in the United States, and especially the sort of minor civil war which had been going on in Tennessee. In this district the Militia were reported as having got the better of the miners after heavy losses on both sides. Next to this, and perhaps before it in real importance, were the reported expressions of the German EMPEROR against shortening service in the German army.——More despatches on the Fez Mission were published last week, in one of which Lord SALISBURY, speaking perhaps for the last time at present as Foreign Secretary, referred with dignified but significant restraint to the "misrepresentations which from "the first compromised the Mission's success."——The foreign news of this day week was rather abundant in bulk; but, after the wont of holiday intelligence, it "boiled down" to very little, the component parts being chiefly gossip rather than facts about Afghanistan, the Congo, Count CAPRIVI, Indian silver, American Labour troubles, and other things. It appeared that the fire at Grindelwald, though destructive, had been less so than had been at first reported, and that the good fussy persons who are going to hold a "Reunion Conference" there will, after all, find where to lay their amiable heads.——The Swaziland question, one of real moment, had come up again in South Africa according to the news of Tuesday; but otherwise the recent heat-wave on the Continent, and the deaths from it, were the chief of the diet of students of telegrams that day.——The most important part of Wednesday's news concerned Afghanistan, whence it was reported that the AMEER'S troops had defeated the Usbegs, that he himself had made formal complaint to Simla against Russian aggression, and that orders, according to the usual Russian fashion, had been given to entreat Afghan fugitives kindly, and keep them in a cool barge for future use. Cholera, heat, and other, mostly evil, things filled up the tale.——On Thursday definite statements, which we discuss elsewhere, were at length made as to the collision between Russians and Afghans on the Pamir. An Eight Hours Bill had been rejected in New Zealand; there was talk of reopening that grave for men, money, and reputation, the Panama Canal, and fresh details about heat and cholera on the Continent arrived. Special precautions were being adopted at Grimsby and the other English ports which have to do with Hamburg, where the disease had appeared.——Except that the French were cautiously advancing in Dahomey, and that Captain LUGARD, after entirely pacifying Uganda, had left it for the coast, there was little in yesterday morning's foreign news.

Honours and Appointments. We owe an apology to Sir EDWARD HERTSLET for a clerical error in last week's *Saturday Review*, by which he was described as "Mr." HERTSLET, previous to his promotion in the Order of the Bath. If it be necessary to adduce any proof that this was accident and not ignorance, it will be found in a review of the excellent book we then cited, published no longer ago than July 23.——With the beginning of this week the tap of Unionist honour and profit was turned off, and that of Gladstonian consolation was turned on. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, too proud to take the Judge-Advocateship with half salary, has taken a baronetcy, and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR and Mr. CYRIL FLOWER have been made peers. It is understood that Sir LYON'S advancement is a lesson to Universities, and that Mr. FLOWER typifies the affection of the new Government for poor but honest toil.

Racing. There was racing at the end of last week at Colwick Park (Nottingham) and at Portsmouth (as well as at Deauville, across the Channel), but neither meeting calls for detailed comment.——At the first day of the York Meeting, which opened on Tuesday in magnificent weather, the filly racing was interesting. Lord ILCHESTER'S Florrie won the Lonsdale Stakes very well, and Mr. FENWICK'S Gantlet the Yorkshire Oaks still better, while Mr. FOSTER'S Queen of Navarre carried off the Prince of Wales's Plate from a fair field of two-year-olds.——Next day the principal race of the meeting, the Ebor Handicap, was won by Mr. DYAS'S Alice, who beat, under a heavy weight, Sir R. JARDINE'S St. Benedict and a field including Ragimunde, Colorado, Houndsditch, Workington, and other good horses. The win was a very good one, and it is a pity that there should have been some grumbling about the recent positions of the winner in the betting.——The Gimcrack Stakes on Thursday were well won by Mr. JOICEY'S Peppercorn; but the race of the day, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, dwindled into a mere match, which was won by Mr. HOULDSWORTH'S Dunure as he liked.

Cricket. If the Somerset Eleven were cast down by their ill luck with Surrey at the beginning of last week, the end had no small consolation in store for them. They overthrew—not by luck, but by sheer play—the strongest county Eleven in England by an innings and 122 runs. This result was mainly due to the extremely fine hitting of Mr. HEWETT, Mr. CHALLEN, and Mr. V. T. HILL (who, against longer odds, repeated his success against Cambridge), and to the extraordinary bowling of TYLER, who took nine wickets for 33 runs, in the second innings of Notts.——This day week Surrey beat Gloucester, practically, in one innings, the few odd runs being obtained without the loss of a wicket; Yorkshire and Kent drew, and Middlesex defeated Lancashire by nine wickets.——Two very interesting matches were decided on Tuesday. Surrey beat Lancashire by seven wickets, and Somerset got the better of Middlesex by seventy runs, despite a fine innings of exactly that number from Mr. T. C. O'BRIEN in the second attempt of the beaten county. For Somerset Mr. HEDLEY, Mr. PALAIRET, and Mr. CHALLEN did most of the run-getting; but the bowling and fielding of Somerset were even better than their batting.——Both the important matches which lasted into Wednesday were drawn, that between Kent and Sussex being saved by Mr. BRANN'S double innings of over a hundred each time against the great Kentish score of 422 for once in, whereof Mr. LE FLEMING had contributed 134. The other match, Yorkshire *v.* Gloucestershire, had been much interfered with by rain on Tuesday, and was in a pretty even position.——There was a great deal of hard hitting in the various matches which began on Thursday, especially at Taunton, where Yorkshire made 299, and Mr. HEWETT and Mr. PALAIRET, in one of their remarkable partnerships, hit up 78, both not out, for Somerset before stumps were drawn.

Yachting and Boating. Unusual interest attached to the last match, this day week, of the Royal Dorset Regatta, when the *Iverna* and *Meteor*, which had up to that time tied with fifteen wins each, were to meet for the last time. The odd trick went, as it should have done, to the English boat, and the excuse that the German made a bad start seems weak. *Queen Mab* had the best in the special match for racing forties, and in the handicap for all yachts the *Creole*, also a forty, won.——The Torbay Royal Regatta had an interest of its own, for the *Iverna* having, as far as Channel racing goes, struck her flag, room was made for the *Meteor* among the forties. The big cutter however proved, in a day of difficult sailing, unable, not merely to give her smaller comrades the heavy time allowance (nearly half an hour), which they could claim, but even to make much play with them at level points. She might have done better if she had not lost her jackyard topsail,

but as it was she came in some minutes behind the *Corsair*, and not much in front of the *Queen Mab*. The *Reverie* won a cruiser's handicap.——On Monday the "National Regatta," started a year or so ago in the hope of taking away the late abiding disgrace of English professional rowing, was repeated, and there was some fair work both with oars and sculls—the open sculls going to BUBEAR of Putney, a known man. But the most promising display was made on the second day in the Coxswainless Fours, and in the sculling race limited to competitors who had never won a 50*l*. prize. This latter was carried off, in capital form, by FORDHAM, a boy of nineteen, from Cambridge, who has time to make himself a real waterman. In the second day's sailing of the Torbay Regatta the *Meteor* once more stooped to the second class, but was even more unlucky, running her bowsprit through the *Lorna's* mainsail, and having to give up. The *Thalia* took the prize in the racing class, and the *Reverie* again won the handicap.——There is talk of a match at Paris, in October, to be arranged between the London Rowing Club and the Cercle de l'Aviron.

Correspondence. A painful, and we fear we must say discreditable, correspondence in regard to Sir PETER EDLIN'S position was published this day week. The discredit of it partly attaches to the late Government, which left Sir PETER to the tender mercies of the County Council, but the bulk of it rests on that body itself. Sir PETER'S manner may not have been conciliatory nor his conduct wholly wise, for quarrelling with your bread and butter is always foolish, and a man should either take the pay assigned to his office, or resign it. But in his case, even more than in that of Captain SHAW, the Council has shown its utter unfitness to be the master of gentlemen and its jealous disgust at gentlemen who do it service. The Bishop of CHESTER followed up his "Drink" letter of some weeks since with another on the same subject, and, as a sign and symbol of the opening for good of the "silly season," letter-writers were allowed to revel in boots, billiards, Boothiana, earthquakes, glanders, clergy fees, *und was sie wünschen*.——The deluge of correspondence on the subject of clergy fees was, or should have been, last week arrested by an intimation from a firm of solicitors that legal proceedings were being taken against the chief agitator.——On Tuesday morning there was brisk taking up of the Bishop of CHESTER'S renewed challenge by the teetotallers, who seemed to think that the question was settled by that austere abstainer, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S description of the trade in liquor as "devilish."——The caution of the solicitors above mentioned abated not the manly rage of the clergy fee disputants, and Indian silver was very much with us.——There has been much writing about the Labour party and the Eight Hours business.——A vacation battle for the relief of vacant minds has been opened on the subject of the respective value of the pictures of nature and art; and Mr. WALTER WREN has characteristically proposed to do away with a little more of the now rare picturesqueness that diversifies dull modern life by abolishing "punnets," "mollies," "trunks," &c., in the fruit and fish trades, and reducing everything to the desert flatness of the standard pound.

Miscellaneous. There were collisions this day week at Clapham Junction and on the Great Eastern Railway; Mr. ASQUITH was summoned in the name of "this Me*thraw*polis" to allow rioting in Trafalgar Square, the voice of gallant little Wales asked for "more," and the Army manœuvres followed the example of the Naval manœuvres by coming to an end.——It was announced on Thursday that the WHITWORTH Trustees had bought the late Mr. FREEMAN'S historical library for presentation to Owens College, Manchester, which city seems to be in for a series of book windfalls.

Obituary. Dr. DRYSDALE was a Liverpool homœopathist of some eminence; Mr. FELIX JOSEPH, an expert in bric-à-brac, who had been very liberal to provincial museums; Cardinal FÜRSTENBERG, one of the few Prince Bishops left in the world in our day.——Mr. GEORGE HOLLOWAY, a great manufacturer in the West, whose severe illness probably lost him and his party the seat at Stroud the other day, died this week.——Mr. HENRY GRAVES was, in age, importance of business, and historical connexions, quite the *doyen* of English print-selling.——Marshal DEODORO DA FONSECA, of whom nobody out of Brazil had ever heard four years ago, had since that time earned himself a place in story—first, by turning out Dom PEDRO, and "making a monster out of a man"—a republic out of a monarchy—then by undergoing the usual penalty of such achievements, and being turned out himself.——Sir ROBERT HARLEY had done good service in the Ashantee war twenty years ago.

THE CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has shown himself throughout this week in so subdued a mood towards political opponents that it is easy and pleasant to condole with him on the singularly vexatious opposition to his re-election. He is hereby, as they say in court-martials, condoled with. There can be few Unionists in or out of Derby who will be disposed to deny that Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON'S candidature has illustrated in an extreme form the abuse to which the law requiring the re-election of members of Parliament who have taken places of emolument under the Crown is liable. There are notorious circumstances which make it very difficult to comment with any freedom on the conduct of Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON. Fortunately for us, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made it unnecessary that whatever comment we do offer should go into details. Availing himself to the utmost of his rights under the rules of the game, he told the whole story of Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON'S dispute with himself and difficulties with the SPEAKER. This was, perhaps, not quite magnanimous; but Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON had no right to complain if the game was strictly played against him. He has openly avowed that his motive in opposing the absolutely certain return of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was revenge. This he could only secure by putting Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to trouble and expense by a manifestly frivolous and vexatious opposition to his re-election. Whether the law of which Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON took advantage ought to be repealed is doubtful, in view of the circumstances of a conflict now in progress elsewhere. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S own party had no scruple about availing themselves of it when Sir JAMES FERGUSSON succeeded Mr. RAIKES at the Post Office, and on other occasions. But in the present case the contest has been forced on by an absolute abuse of the law. We hold to the faith that the enemy should be fought on every opportunity; but the Unionists of Derby who thought that a contest imposed by personal and confessedly malignant eccentricity ought to be considered as an exception to the rule, and so abstained from the poll, were fairly justified. The occasionally unreasonable but not unamiable sympathy of Englishmen for a little man who knocked about in a fight, even of his own provoking, probably secured Mr. FARMER-ATKINSON his sixteen hundred odd votes.

It is a curious coincidence that, while the contest, such as it is, at Derby has shown the working of the law at its very worst, the opposition to Mr. MORLEY'S re-election illustrates its absolutely legitimate applica-

tion. The contention that more harm than good is done by compelling a newly-appointed Minister to seek re-election may be supported by strong arguments. But, since it is the law, it may fairly be put in force where the miscalculation or remissness of one party has allowed the representation of a two-member constituency to be divided. On the most severe Liberal principles Newcastle has a good right to insist that it shall be represented by members who will support the opinions of the majority of its voters. The result of the contest at the General Election amounts to proof positive that, if two Conservative candidates had then stood, Mr. MORLEY would have been defeated. He has not denied that the opposition to his return is absolutely fair. His speech last Saturday was clear on that point. If Mr. MORLEY was conscious of any grievance, he did not attribute it to any abuse of their opportunities on the part of his opponents, but to the law itself, and to malignancy of the nature of things. From the tone of this speech, and others which have followed, it may be gathered that he was acutely conscious of the "cursed spite" which has doomed so good a Liberal to find himself in peril of losing his seat through the votes of a steadily growing Conservative party. In spite of that assumption of confidence which is becoming to all candidates, Mr. MORLEY has manifestly been depressed, and his depression showed itself in a certain pathos which, if it was sometimes affecting, was not always quite dignified. There were touches in his speech which reminded the reader of an animal with which so well read a man is certainly well acquainted. You may turn me out if you like, said Mr. MORLEY, but please do not do so.

The sentimental mood was, indeed, very strong upon him. It is easy to understand why Mr. MORLEY did not adduce reasons for not turning him out drawn from the merits of the policy he has joined the Cabinet to apply. The policy of the Ministry for the time being is not to have any, and the best graced speaker soon arrives at the end of the contention that he must be left in the position to help the best of Prime Ministers to do something not specified in any detail at a later period. But the matter Mr. MORLEY used to supply the place of the policy he could not produce was better qualified to touch the sentimental feelings of his audience than to produce an impression on their reason or to damage his opponents. That Mr. MORLEY has always been an orthodox Radical, and friend of the people, may be convincing reasons for supporting him in the opinion of his firm supporters. It is not likely to move those electors of Newcastle who voted for Mr. HAMOND at the General Election either because they do not like Mr. MORLEY'S Radicalism at all or because they do not think it of the right kind. His touching picture of himself as engaged in carrying a flag of truce to Ireland, and his appeal to the electors not to strike it out of his hand, drew cheers in the Town Hall; but it must have been directed in vain to those who either do not like the purpose for which the flag is carried, or are absolutely indifferent because they have causes of their own which they wish to see attended to first. The steady progressive growth of the Conservative vote in Newcastle and the revelation of the unexpected extent of that growth at the last General Election have seemingly had a depressing effect upon Mr. MORLEY. His courage was apparently exhausted by his resistance to the Labour party. In his interview with Mr. CLERY, of the "Civil Service Federation"—which, by the way, was cautiously made private—Mr. MORLEY appears to have condescended to buy the votes of discontented public servants by promises of consideration and inquiry, which were assuredly understood to indicate a disposition to satisfy them at the public expense. The Temperance legislation, theoretically so dear to the Liberal party, has been kept in the background out of regard for the feelings of some of the Elswick workmen in a fashion which ought to be thought offensive by the audiences at the prayer-meetings which were to pray Mr. MORLEY in, but will probably be overlooked by them in consideration of his little love of the Church of England.

Those electors of Newcastle to whom we referred as having objects of their own more dear to them than Home Rule have played a conspicuous part in this second election. The Labour party has been busy with both candidates, and with different degrees of success. We do not find it so easy as the Labour party have, to judge by their ultimate decision, found it, to decide how far they have succeeded in extorting satisfactory assurances from Mr. RALLI. They say that he has promised to support an Eight Hours Bill for miners "publicly and formally." From Mr. RALLI'S own words it appears that he has only promised to support it if the miners wish for it, without specifying whether by miners he understands the whole body in all parts of the country or only a majority of them. There is nothing in Mr. RALLI'S words incompatible with the supposition that his attitude to the Labour party is that one of "sympathy" recommended by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. This may be amiable, but it is compatible with a fixed disposition to oppose the wishes of the Labour party when they are definitely formulated. The leaders of the Labour party in Newcastle must be well aware that a promise to give the miners by law what the great majority of them already possess by private arrangement, though it is a surrender of principle, may in practice be found to commit a candidate to very little. Their determination to support Mr. RALLI may be attributed to their adaptation of the well-known policy of the Temperance League and other fadmongers. They support Mr. RALLI in order to punish Mr. MORLEY for refusing to have anything to say to their shibboleth. Mr. MORLEY'S own attitude was commendably honest and outspoken. He will hardly expect us to grow ecstatic in admiration of his firmness in standing by his principles when solicited to turn his coat by a body of electors whose votes are, in all probability, insufficient to decide the election. The Labour party, moreover, is divided, and Mr. MORLEY has the support of part of it, headed, we observe, by Mr. WILSON, "Labour" member for Middlesboro', who has been convinced of the candidate's orthodoxy since he finds him favourable to the payment of members. It is an extraordinary proof of the length to which the practice of toadying knots of unscrupulous voters has been carried that Mr. MORLEY has been praised for abstaining from meanness which ought to be held to be on a level with cheating at cards as highly as if he had shown the most exalted heroism. His interview with the deputation on Saturday was chiefly remarkable for the contrast between it and Mr. GLADSTONE'S famous encounter in Carlton Gardens. Mr. GLADSTONE contrived to manœuvre the spokesman of his deputation into a damaging confession that he was prepared to accept a reduction in wages as the price of a statutory limitation of the hours of work. Mr. MORLEY extorted from his spokesman a hardly veiled confession that he expected to see wages fixed by Act of Parliament. The contrast between the two views is one more example of the incoherence of ideas of the so-called Labour party, and may surely serve to give candidates the easy courage to refuse to submit to their dictation.

PRIZE NOVELS.

A FRENCH monarch once remarked, with kingly frankness, that he did not like buffoons who failed to make him laugh. It is, perhaps, our fault, it is certainly our misfortune, that some at least of *Mr. Punch's Prize Novels*, by Mr. R. C. LEHMANN (BRADBURY & AGNEW), do not make us laugh. They rather suggest the most sombre reflections on parody and burlesque, and on the art of diverting in these fields of fancy. Mr. LEHMANN'S book may, and we hope will, entertain other students from cover to cover. Every one has his own taste in jokes. But the humour of too much of the volume appears to us to be mechanical. Mr. LEHMANN'S usual plan is to insert a crowd of references to various works by his author, to mix them up, and stir them round, season with a few favourite expressions, or patches of style, and end —nowhere. Thus, if we take Mr. STEVENSON'S example (which is, perhaps, the absolutely worst of all), we find that Mr. LEHMANN calls him L. S. DEEVENSON, and his novel *A Buccaneer's Blood Bath*. That famous phrase, "a windless stricture of frost," is dragged in textually. "My heart beat like a bird's, both quick "and little" follows, and we appear to recognize not a humorous imitation, but a quotation from *Kidnapped*. There is no story at all in the tale, only incongruous and exaggerated reminiscences.

Now this does not seem to us to be in the grand style of parody. Not thus did Mr. PUNCH work in the old days of *Codlingsby*, when the parodies of novels were stories interesting in themselves, in spite of their ineffable absurdity. Codlingsby, the Bargee, the Rowsky, the mysterious Jew in Holywell Street, the adventures of the Fighting Onety Oneth, were characters never to be forgotten, battles of poignant interest. They were rather imitative inventions than reminiscences; if the actual authors had pressed their Pegasus a little harder, they would have attained the very absurdities of the burlesque LEVER, or BULWER, or DISRAELI. Already they were very near those depths of foolish philosophy, those summits of exaggerated high spirits. There was still something human in the personages of THACKERAY'S parody; it did not suffice to make CATHERINE kill BOB SILLIMERE by giving him "cold bacon for luncheon during a whole fortnight," an exertion of modern humour which leaves us as cold as the bacon. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, or "Kippiered "Herring," does not stuff his tales with Hindustani. He gives us just enough for his purpose, but Hindustani is easily parodied, and the parody is done at the slightest expense of fancy, at no expense in construction, on the lines of least resistance. Good parodies are not very common in fiction; when we have mentioned THACKERAY'S, Mr. BRET HARTE'S, and some of Mr. BURNAND'S, such as *Bound to Lose*, and *Chikkin Hazard*, we have exhausted those which occur to the memory. Now, in *Bound to Lose* the excitement of the race is thrilling, especially when the Moke is tempted by carrots. It is because Mr. LEHMANN, in his Prize Novels, has no tale in his author's manner to tell, that he succeeds best with Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, where the enigmatic manner is the principal, or at least the most salient, point. This chapter indeed is positively, if not superlatively, good. The peculiarities of Mr. BESANT'S style are marked enough, and it does not seem a difficult task to imitate them. His favourite goodhearted ruffian, his excellent and amorous young woman, his strenuousness, his *ethos*, in fact, may readily be burlesqued; but little or nothing can be done by means of a mere condensation of his Christmas tale about a dipsomaniac. In parodying Mr. HALL CAINE (CALLED ABEL) Mr. LEHMANN, again, gives rather a summary than an imitation of style and manner. There is no parody of manner in "MICHAEL and FASON "were both the sons of ORRORS. They were both "Homeric, and both fell in love with GREEBA, who "flirted outrageously with them. These coinci- "dences are absolutely essential in a tale of simple "human passions." The older parodists did not thus insert criticism in the body of their burlesque. In short, parody of fiction needs more human interest, as in THACKERAY; or a more fortunate humour, as in Mr. BRET HARTE; or a higher level of animal spirits, and a more unconquerable mastery of puns, as in Mr. BURNAND'S tales. Mr. BLACKMORE fares better here than most, for his novel actually has a thread of plot, the nursery rhyme of "Little Miss Muffet" being adapted to the manner of *Lorna Doone*. Miss SCHREINER, too, is really lucky, and her "Gasps," by Mr. LEHMANN, may be used as an introduction or primer to her *Dreams*. For Miss SCHREINER'S earnest is only the converse of Mr. LEHMANN'S humour; they are each by some natural harmony complementary to the other, and are equally adapted to the taste of the period. On the whole, it does seem as if even the art of parody demanded not only a natural gift of humour, but also a certain amount of pains and of invention. A grouping of reminiscences with a few interjectional criticisms does not make a readable and diverting burlesque of a romance. Not such was that lost parody, a tale in which many novelists took a hand, where the hero and heroine, who had revelled with OUIDA and erred with M. ZOLA, were finally and in a sumptuous manner confirmed by Miss YONGE.

THE PAMIR.

AT last something like trustworthy information has been received as to what has happened between Russians and Afghans; and, as usual, it is exactly what, by anybody well acquainted with the antecedents, would have been expected. The accounts assigned to the Russian commander and to the AMEER respectively are as much in accordance as any two accounts from opposite sides can ever be. Indeed, if Colonel YANOFF really wrote that he had given orders to "disarm" the Afghans, it is practically unnecessary to inquire any further. The blame of the encounter rests, by his own confession, on the intruder, and whatever the Afghans did was done in self-defence. But this, of course, is a merely technical side of the matter. Captain, or Colonel, or Knight-in-arms YANOFF has been already disavowed, praised, promoted, and sent on a new venture, after an exploit last year which was similar in kind, and only differentiated in fact by the difference of the persons with whom he had to deal, and the consequent mildness in form of his proceedings.

It is not as yet known what the exact form of the AMEER'S reference to Simla may be; but the fact of the reference is undisputed, and it imposes the heaviest of all possible obligations on the Indian Government, which is not likely to be unequal to the occasion, and on the Home Government, which is thus very early put on its trial. We have in this place urged for years the extreme and dangerous impolicy of allowing any uncertainty in the delimitation of these territories. This impolicy rests on more than one English Government. After Mr. GLADSTONE'S Penjdeh surrender, it might have seemed imperative on the least careful statesman to make it quite sure what he was giving to Russia and what he was not. When another Government succeeded to Mr. GLADSTONE'S it might have seemed imperative to repair the omission. It is, indeed, probable that, when trouble began again on the Pamirs last year, the omission would have been repaired but for the unlucky restrictions which the see-saw system of English politics imposes on both parties. The apologies offered by the CZAR'S Government for the outrages of the YANOFF expedition

were technically sufficient, and in the circumstances they were allowed to be practically so. But the offence has been repeated, and it is quite time that the system of temporizing should cease. From some points of view Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government may claim to be in a better position than Lord SALISBURY'S for making an end of this particular difficulty. They are supposed to be friends of the Russians, and they can say that with the best will in the world they cannot let this sort of thing go on. By the exertions of their predecessors on the Indian side of what should be the frontier they have gained a better position for putting on the actual screw than any English Government has ever had before. The occupation of Kunjut supplies us with a base, if a somewhat advanced one, from which the glacis of the Hindu Koosh can be held with an ease hitherto unattainable. The AMEER'S reference supplies the *locus standi* in a diplomatic sense. The repeated conduct of the Russian exploring parties supplies the most reasonable of texts for a demand that this sort of thing do cease; and the geography of the region is now so thoroughly understood that there is no excuse for regarding the Roof of the World as the End of the World, and taking for granted that it does not much matter what happens there. But these increased advantages imply increased responsibility. Short of absolute surrender and actual fighting, there are two courses open. The one is to accept a quasi-apology from Russia, and leave the question of Roshan and Shignan open. The other is to arrange—even at the cost of some part of Roshan and Shignan taken at their widest—for a hard-and-fast delimitation which shall do away for ever with the constantly repeated and utterly preposterous theory that "the Oxus" means its southernmost branch, and that the Russians have a right to establish themselves on the line of the Panja.

We shall be very glad to be able to congratulate Lord ROSEBERY and Lord KIMBERLEY, who must here work together, on being in office when this latter result is achieved. But we must insist that, if it is not achieved, either great present loss and danger, or the prospect of danger and loss still greater, will have to be faced. It was, perhaps, possible last year to consider the renewed Russian activity as a mere freak of local zeal; it is not possible now, and the more uncertainty is allowed to remain on the subject, the greater will be the danger.

THE CURRENCY CORRESPONDENCE.

IF, according to the bitter old jest, the lunatic asylums were full once upon a time of currency reformers, the cause of their madness was, no doubt, to be sought in the incapacity of the average human intellect to keep upright in the midst of currency controversies. There is considerable danger that this reading will bring mental prostration to every man who launches on it, unless he takes the precaution to secure some doctrine of his own at the start, and clings to it with pertinacity. The newspaper controversy on the effect of the fall of silver on India, which has just revived, is only beginning, and yet it has already shown that there is no agreement between the parties who take shares in it as to the meaning of the terms they use, or the probable effects of any measure which any of them proposes. We have ourselves probably earned the withering scorn of some keen minds by speaking of the "fall "of silver." There are some who are eager to argue that there has been no depreciation of silver, only an appreciation of gold. To the average man it does not seem to make much difference to the practical result, when two men who were on a ladder ten rungs apart are found to be thirty rungs apart, whether the increase of distance between them is due to the fact that one of them has gone up, or to the fact that the other has gone down. The lower is much further below the upper than he was. But the average man is pretty certain to talk nonsense about the currency.

The average man must console himself by observing that, on the authority of the really learned, the orthodox Church is hardly, if at all, larger than Douce DAVIE DEANS'S. Mr. GRENFELL is sure that bimetallism is the remedy; but not only is this held to be a soul-destroying heresy by most, but the shades of bimetallism are so many that it has been found possible to fill the American Commission to the Monetary Conference with authorities who each represent a different section of the believers in this creed. One of them, Senator JONES, may be said to embody the whole controversy, for he has at different times delivered the best speech for gold, for silver, and for "fiat" money —by which we are perhaps to understand a forced paper currency. A monometallist BOSSUET would have a noble subject in the variations of bimetallists. We begin to doubt whether it is possible for currency authorities to agree on any point whatever. On Tuesday Mr. WILLIAM FOWLER writes to point out, with force, that almost any course the Indian Government can take will be risky, and that it would be a very bad thing to stop the coinage of silver rupees in the hope of giving an artificial value to coined silver, because, among other reasons, this measure would disturb the market. Therefore, Mr. FOWLER hopes the Indian Government will go fair, and softly. Very good, but on Thursday comes Sir GEORGE CHESNEY, who knows something about the Indian Government, and points out that for the last fourteen years it has been going so softly that it has made no visible progress. The last piece of advice it needs is not to hurry. And Sir G. CHESNEY is convinced that by stopping the coinage of rupees the evils complained of might be safely and easily removed. But in the next column comes Mr. DANIEL WATNEY, and tells us that the stoppage would be useless, because it would have no effect on the exchange value of the rupee—and the uncertainty of that value is precisely the grievance. Mr. WATNEY, who displays a certain calm pessimism, not without charm, can think of nothing except that Sir DAVID BARBOUR may be asked to open his little finger and let out some of the wisdom in his hand. Sir DAVID BARBOUR, a bimetallist who has reverted from some part of bimetallism, is anxious that the Home Government should do something. The end of almost all that is written about the question is a despairing appeal that something may be done, but nobody knows exactly what.

Sir DAVID BARBOUR'S own letter to Mr. W. H. HOULDSWORTH, which should have peculiar weight as coming from the official responsible for Indian finance at this moment, is not the least hopeless of all. It is really painful to notice the contrast between the ease with which he demonstrates the evils of the existing currency and the difficulty he has in indicating an applicable remedy. Sir DAVID BARBOUR is himself a bimetallist and believes that his opinions have made great progress in India. Yet he acknowledges that bimetallism is unpopular on the Bombay side, where they believe that the cheapness of silver gives them an advantage over Lancashire. Lancashire, by the way, is entirely of the same opinion, and that is why it is strongly bimetallist. If the Bombay side and Lancashire are right, it would appear that HER MAJESTY'S Government cannot act in the way recommended by Sir DAVID BARBOUR without robbing PETER to pay PAUL. If they are wrong, it can only be because the adoption of the double standard would produce little or no effect —which means that it would be no remedy. In the meantime, we can appreciate the difficulties of an

Indian financier who is liable to find that another slight fall in the exchange value of the rupee has suddenly compelled him to provide for an additional charge of Rx. 1,700,000, and foresees that the next year will bring a further charge of Rx. 1,500,000. These fluctuations in the value of the rupee affect trade as severely as they do finance. Sir DAVID BARBOUR, who is supported by a petition of the native traders of Kurrachee, points out how a sudden rise in the exchange may cause an importer who has made contracts in India to be under-sold, in which case "the Indian trader "either suffers a serious loss, or he breaks his engage-"ment and refuses to take delivery." Uncertainty as to the standard of value inevitably introduces an element of gambling into both finance and commerce, which is not wholesome. Unhappily, although this is easy indeed to prove, the discovery of a remedy seems to be the very reverse. Sir DAVID BARBOUR'S own cure—bimetallism—would, on his own showing, not be universally acceptable in India, could not possibly be introduced except by an agreement between all nations, which is not likely to be reached, and would have, for a time at least, a most disturbing effect at home.

In the midst of it all there has come one simple thing, and easy to understand, in the shape of a letter from Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI. This gentleman's competence to discuss the currency may be estimated from his assertion that there is no silver question at all—which, by the way, is not the opinion of the native traders of Kurrachee, who find that the fluctuations in the value of silver do affect them considerably. Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI knows better. "The actual disease "is not the rise or fall of exchange (the effect of "which is temporary in true trade), but the inordinate "foreign agency in the British India admini-"stration, and its indirect effects with which the "poverty-stricken British Indians are burdened, and "which they cannot afford to pay." So says this member of a small alien community, which owes its safety from plunder and the wealth it accumulates to the protection of the Government of India. What sense Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI attaches to the words "true trade" we do not know. The native traders of Kurrachee are presumably true-traders, and they are firmly convinced that a sudden fall in the exchange value of the rupee may cause a profit to become a loss, which must needs render men very unwilling to incur the risks of commerce. The construction of railways is "true trade," and not disadvantageous to the Parsee advocate's client, the "poor ryot." Yet it is certain that investors are unwilling to put money into concerns which return a modest profit to begin with, even when they are safe, and may return no profit at all if the rupee falls still further in relative value. If the Indian Government officials—at whom Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI sneers, in a style learnt from the Radical press—are suffering in their interests, they are suffering in common with a great part of India. Mr. DADABHAI NAOROJI has apparently recanted the opinion he once held in favour of a gold standard since he has discovered that it would benefit Indian officials. He is now convinced that nothing will do but the removal of the "inordinate foreign agency." We shall not condescend to defend the "foreign agency in the British India "administration" against a person who does not exactly represent an indigenous Indian race. We will only point out to Mr. DAHABHAI NAOROJI that if that "retribution," of which he speaks with so much unction, ever falls, it will not deal over-tenderly with the Parsee.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER'S SCHEME AGAIN.

THE Bishop of CHESTER has expressed himself satisfied with the reception given to his scheme, and, indeed, it has not been made the excuse for nearly so much rant or abuse as was expected by most of us. The Treasurer of the C. E. T. S. has indeed bewailed the "false life of the Athenæum." But almost the only full-blown specimen of "Temperance" eloquence and reasoning which has been brought out by it is to be found in a letter from "C. J. PORTER, D.D., "Chaplain at Aix-les-Bains." This divine shows very prettily the subtle working of a fanaticism. "Mr. "GOSCHEN," he notes, "admitted at Watford that the "teetotal vote cost the Unionist party several seats at "the late election. Indeed, it probably put Mr. GLAD-"STONE into power. And thus the cause of the Union "is sacrificed by the Tory upholders of the drink trade "to the interests of a traffic which Lord RANDOLPH "CHURCHILL described as 'devilish,' and which a "brewer charged with woes equal to the combined "evils of 'war, pestilence, and famine.'" Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who ignores the anonymous brewer, is also happy to quote Lord RANDOLPH'S condemnation of the "devilish and destructive liquor traffic." If these great curses enhance the spirits of the teetotalers (if they will excuse us for linking the words), they must be easily satisfied. Lord RANDOLPH has cursed many men and things which yet walk about alive. Perhaps that is because he blessed them next day, as he would doubtless bless the liquor traffic if it ever were his fortune to address a friendly audience of licensed victuallers.

There has, however, on the whole, been a certain absence of cursing—though Dr. DAWSON BURNS has been good enough, in the habitual teetotal style, to remark on the Bishop's want of "grace and good "sense." The world will judge as to which side shows the grace and good sense. "Temperance" critics have employed themselves less in asserting that Dr. JAYNE must be a bad man (Sir WILFRID LAWSON even condescends so far as to allow him the style of good Bishop) than in emphatically asserting that Local Option is what the noble red man would call "a great "medicine." Dr. PORTER and Sir WILFRID LAWSON agree that, if we can only have this, all will be well. The Doctor wants to know why, if "the people" are "to be consulted about Home Rule," they should not be consulted "about the drink traffic." We know of no power which can prevent "the people" from voting on the drink traffic if they choose. As yet they have not chosen. The fact that in a score of constituencies, in which parties are fairly divided, a knot of fanatics has contrived to turn the election is no evidence to the contrary. The readiness of candidates—and in too many cases of the House itself—to submit to the dictation of an unscrupulous minority is ignoble enough; but it does not and cannot show that "the people" has voted on a question which has never been submitted to it. Yet all through Dr. PORTER'S letter and Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S there runs the assumption that "the people" is being prohibited from the use of its power by some maleficent influence. Sir W. LAWSON is prepared to allow that under the blessed dispensation of Local Option the people may "opt" for public-houses or for the Bishop's improved places of entertainment if they like. But he is manifestly persuaded that they will not so like.

What ground Sir WILFRID LAWSON has for the faith that is in him we have still to learn. It certainly does not appear in his letter to the *Times* of Tuesday. There is even one passage in that letter which might give its author matter for thought. Speaking of the Gothenburg system, of which the Temperance people have become very shy, he says that, "With regard to

"the 'uncontaminated zones' (to use the African ex-"pression), where liquor is effectually kept out, the "testimony is wholly and invariably favourable. Of "course no argument is to be drawn from places where "prohibition is nominally on the Statute Book, but "where no *bonâ-fide* effort is made to enforce the law." For our part, we think that an argument can be drawn from such cases—namely, that there are parts of Scandinavia in which people will not be deprived of their drink, and that there the Gothenburg system will not work. It is at least conceivable that something of the kind might happen under Local Option. Sir W. LAWSON may learn from his papers that Mr. MORLEY'S supporters have thought it well to keep Temperance legislation in the background, because a strong feeling against Sunday closing has arisen among the Elswick workmen. How long would it be before a strong feeling would arise among English workmen generally if their beer was in any serious danger? With exquisite unreason Sir W. LAWSON quotes the case of Bessbrook, in Ireland, which is a model town because the landlord will not allow a public-house to be opened, as if it proved the advantages of Local Option. Would he put the question to the votes of the ratepayers? Supposing the case to be as he states it, what Bessbrook proves is the advantage of benevolent despotism, which is quite a different thing from Local Option.

NATURE AND ART.

THE question raised by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING on the respective attractions of Nature's pictures and those of the artist has probably troubled the minds of the majority of visitors to Academy exhibitions. Mr. KIPLING implores the world not to buy "smeared" pictures, but to fly to the Pacific and enjoy far finer pictures. And he calls upon artists to give up painting home subjects—the landscape that inspired CONSTABLE and CROME—and try the Pacific Islands. By "smeared" pictures Mr. KIPLING means paintings of landscape, and it appears to be equally indifferent to him whether they are the works of CLAUDE or the works of Mr. LEADER. It is the "smeared" picture—the canvas, in fact—that revolts Mr. KIPLING'S artistic sense. Why buy pictures, he asks, painted by artists, when you can so easily possess the superior works of Nature? And then, with curious inconsequence, he entreats landscape-painters to come out to the Pacific and paint coral islands. This little inconsistency is not the most singular point in Mr. KIPLING'S contention. His argument is based on the erroneous assumption that Art and Nature are placed in rivalry by the works of artists, and that art is purely imitative of nature, and the landscape-painter a mere copyist. The painter makes the picture, not the subject. The homely scenery of East Anglia, the pastures of Holland and the Netherlands, French woodlands and Italian fields, have supplied material for the finest landscape art in the world. What would be the painter's gain who should exchange the old world for a new? Mr. KIPLING does not venture to assert that a painter must necessarily be fired with genius at the mere aspect of the blue lagoon, of the crested atoll, of the white line of thundering surf on the shore of his tropic sea. If picture-buyers follow Mr. KIPLING'S advice, and cease to buy pictures, there will be a bad market for painters of the Pacific and elsewhere. His Pacific invitation to artists can hardly be expected to lead to great results.

Mr. KIPLING'S views of the relations of Nature and Art are undoubtedly very popular. In landscape art most people find in a good coloured photograph all that satisfies their artistic sentiment. They have no conception of art as anything but a simulation, a painted show, or copy of the natural scene. Mr. C. F. DOWSETT has followed Mr. KIPLING'S argument for the superiority of Nature's pictures in a very sympathetic spirit. As a land-agent, he points out, with something of the rapturous eloquence of the late eminent Mr. ROBINS, the extreme ease with which you may become the happy possessor of "majestic natural pictures." Buy land, he says, and you buy pictures; pictures you may enjoy framed by your own windows, it may be, or spread around you like a panorama. There is much that is seductive in Mr. DOWSETT'S ingenious advice. It is cheaper, on the whole, to invest in land and build your house in a beautiful country than to collect, however modestly, Old Masters. But Mr. DOWSETT does not show in what respects this method of acquiring Nature's pictures is an equivalent to the possession of landscape-paintings by HOBBEMA, or CLAUDE, or CONSTABLE. You might as well advise the passionate collector of china to give up old delft or Sèvres, and take to postage-stamps. Your "majestic "natural picture" can never afford the same pleasure that a typical painting by CLAUDE or CONSTABLE yields to the lover of art. If the subject of the picture and its scale of execution constitute the superior beauty, a BIERSTADT must transcend the Old Masters and the painters of panoramas rank with TURNER. Let us suppose that some one, beguiled by the "natural pic-"ture" fallacy, as presented by Mr. DOWSETT, should purchase an eligible property, rich in all the attractions of wood and water and mountain. What is there to prevent some equally zealous admirer of nature settling in his neighbourhood and marring the finest of his natural pictures by putting up some new and incongruous building? To prevent such a disaster it would be necessary to be the owner of all the land within a radius of ten miles. And though, when all is new, you may look around at the prospect, and exclaim with the pleased poet "Ever "charming, ever new!" the day of tedium will surely come. The attempt to live with your "natural" picture will prove less fruitful and pleasing than the delight a favourite painting can never fail to afford. The more majestic the natural picture, the greater the disillusion.

JILTED!

THE Ministry is completed, and its completion on the positive side has not excited a wild or overpowering interest. The advantage in dignity and weight of the newest adhesions need not occupy the most determined coffee-house babbler very long. But on the negative side the closing of the lists has had no small attraction, even for persons not very much addicted to the small beer of politics. Mr. LABOUCHERE has explained why he is not a Minister, and the explanation in its second, if not in its first, form has been highly interesting. That first form was crude, unsatisfactory, and misleading. Mr. LABOUCHERE informed a correspondent that the QUEEN had such a strong objection to his being a Minister that Mr. GLADSTONE did not offer him office. The statement seemed in doubtful taste, and, as we have observed elsewhere, it would have gone almost in any case to prove that HER MAJESTY'S objection was well founded. Still, the fair-minded man wondered a little how Mr. LABOUCHERE came to be so certain about the matter. Had he received a letter from HER MAJESTY stating that she had this strong objection, and that he was at liberty to mention the fact? This, of course, would have perfectly entitled him to do what he has done; but it seemed a little improbable. However, in his own newspaper of this week Mr. LABOUCHERE has lifted the veil. An emissary from Carlton Gardens, it seems, called on him on August the 15th (when quite soft

were the skies), talked about the rain and the fine time, and the excellences of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the responsibilities imposed by Monarchical Government, informed his host that that host was "one of Mr. "GLADSTONE'S chief difficulties," and asked him to write a letter saying that he, Mr. LABOUCHERE, did not wish to join the Government, as he thought he could be more useful below the gangway. This Mr. LABOUCHERE "declined to do, and to his thinking the refusal "was a proper one." We do not very often find ourselves in agreement with Mr. LABOUCHERE. On this occasion, to this strictly limited extent, we do so find ourselves. But of that more presently.

It will be observed that "the emissary" did not expressly tell Mr. LABOUCHERE that the QUEEN objected to his being in the Government. He admits this with much frankness. It seems, therefore, to be rather a pity that he should have compromised what was rather a strong position by an indiscretion which, as we must repeat, justified the very proceeding of which he complains. Not, indeed, that such a justification was in the least required. Mr. LABOUCHERE, writing with more restraint than usual, deplores what he supposes to have been HER MAJESTY'S action, and considers it, if not unconstitutional, at any rate contrary to the practice of the present reign, for the Sovereign, after accepting a Prime Minister, not to let him form his staff as he pleases. And then he goes on to talk about his opposition to the Royal Grants (did his readers never hear of Sir CHARLES DILKE?), his "Democracy," and so forth. His humble admirers have naturally bettered the instruction, and talk about HER MAJESTY'S "audacity" in objecting. Now Democrats generally talk nonsense, and this is the greatest nonsense that ever was muttered round the Kaaba in what Mr. LABOUCHERE calls "the Mecca of Democracy" —to wit, Northampton. If such objections, based, not of course on "personal" grounds, but on the exercise of the discretion of the Sovereign, are not to be made, or are not to prevail when made, the whole process of submitting names, of kissing hands, and the like, is a senseless and farcical survival, which the stoutest Tory may dismiss without a pang. Nay, more; there is not a form of government in the world, from despotism to republic, in which such power of objection is not naturally, and necessarily, reserved to the Chief of the State. Kings have sometimes tried to be their own Prime Ministers, and have not generally made a very good job of it. The President of the United States is, or may be if he likes, a kind of Prime Minister and Chief of the State in one. But if the two functions are kept apart, either in republic or monarchy, the Minister must choose his colleagues, subject to the approval of the Chief.

The next question is whether any such objection was made as that which Mr. LABOUCHERE supposes, and if so, what were its grounds. On the first point we express no opinion, and could express none without gross impropriety. But if there were any, it is not quite necessary to take refuge in the Royal Grant theory, agreeable as that theory may be to Mr. LABOUCHERE'S vanity and to the excited feelings of the inhabitants and pilgrims of the Mecca of Democracy. Mr. LABOUCHERE, with some *naïveté* or more audacity, published in the same number of his paper the text of a Privy Councillor's oath, the main points of which oath are the withstanding to the utmost of the Councillor's power of everything done, attempted, or spoken against HER MAJESTY'S Person, Honour, Crown, and Royal Dignity, the maintenance of the most absolute secresy, and the defence of all Jurisdictions, Authorities, and Pre-eminences of the Crown. Now, with Mr. LABOUCHERE'S private character, opinions, and proceedings we have absolutely nothing to do. But the unvaried tenor of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S public utterances in Parliament, on the platform, and in the columns of that newspaper with which he identifies himself in scorn of all disguise, might give cause to very considerable qualms in the mind of a conscientious and liberal-minded Sovereign at the idea of administering, or causing to be administered, this oath to Mr. LABOUCHERE. The scruple might take several forms. It might regard the public, and the question might be, "Ought I to "expose my kingdom to the danger of such a defender "and such a counsel-keeper as this?" It might mercifully and graciously regard Mr. LABOUCHERE himself, and demand, "Have I the right to tempt this "man against his conscience or to bribe him to silence "it?" But whatever form it took—and we have left several possible forms unenumerated—it might lead the most constitutional, just, and gracious of Sovereigns to decide that "the Right Honourable HENRY LABOUCHERE" is a style and title improper, hurtful, and not to be thought of in these realms.

However, all this is as it may be. Reserving most amply the possibility or probability that Mr. LABOUCHERE is abiding under a frenzy of JOHN DENNIS, that the QUEEN of ENGLAND no more rejects his services than the King of France wants his head—there is a part of the matter which is of the highest interest, and for which we have so far positive and uncontradicted testimony. And that is the altogether astonishing part attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE. There may, of course, be forthcoming the fullest contradiction from both the persons impugned. "The emissary" may have been a very clumsy emissary, and have entirely mistaken his mission. There may have been not the slightest hint that HER MAJESTY had anything to do with the matter, and instead of the remarkable demand for a *nolo episcopari* which was meant to be taken seriously, Mr. GLADSTONE may only have intended to say that he understood Mr. LABOUCHERE to wish to live and die below the gangway, and would not baulk him. Perhaps, indeed, the emissary may have been commissioned to hint to Mr. LABOUCHERE that objections lay in quite a different direction—that, as Lord MELBOURNE once said to a celebrated Irish place-hunter of doubtful character, "But, —— it, there's only *one* vacancy, and "they *all* say they'll resign if you're appointed." Indeed, Mr. LABOUCHERE seems (or might seem, but for a certain bitterness in the references to his colleagues that might have been, which follow his revelations of the dark schemings against him in still higher places) to have entirely forgotten that when a major-domo engages a servant, there are two things to be considered. The first is, Will that servant suit the master and mistress? The second is, Will there be a strike below stairs at the notion of his company? But all this may be omitted for the present. The contradiction reported by the Correspondent of a country paper on Thursday (for the daily London organs of the Gladstonian party appeared to have a great ox on their tongues) was of the most strictly limited character, except that, as was practically inevitable, it took upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S own shoulders the blame of not suggesting, instead of shifting on to others that of rejecting. But if incidents in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S public career which cast no implication on his public conduct—incidents which were in Mr. GLADSTONE'S own knowledge—brought about this impossibility, why leave poor Mr. LABOUCHERE so long in suspense? and why make no attempt to explain that remarkable business of the certificate? Why was Mr. LABOUCHERE to take his bill quickly and write *nolo*, when Mr. GLADSTONE had already made up his mind to *non possumus?* Taking the treatment which Mr. LABOUCHERE says he has received, and which till further contradiction we are bound to suppose he has received, according to his account of it, it is one of the oddest episodes in the history of Cabinet-

making. Mr. LABOUCHERE, think of him what we may, is not exactly the first-comer in the hosts which have stormed Downing Street for Mr. GLADSTONE; he has never been credited by his worst enemies or his strongest friends with the mild and childlike disposition which would forego advantages, accept slights, and turn the other cheek to the smiter or slighter; his intelligence, whatever use he may have made of it, is not of such a low order as to be taken in by the sort of device which the wicked hero of a rather old-fashioned novel puts off on his victim, the guileless heroine. Indeed, the conduct which Mr. GLADSTONE expected of Mr. LABOUCHERE involved, if not an excessive guilelessness, a real heroism—it is something reminiscent of the way in which the Little Sister in *Philip* saved Dr. FIRMIN by declaring that she had known the marriage to be a fraud. All these things make the action strange as a piece of strategy. As a specimen of conduct "between," as the phrase goes, "gentlemen," it can scarcely be necessary to characterize it.

DANCE MUSIC ON SUNDAYS.

THE Nonconformist conscience in the London County Council has been sorely vexed over the question of "Dance music on Sundays." It has seen the need of saving its profession of political Liberalism, which it vaguely confounds with the moral grace of liberality, from being too conspicuously hypocritical. Hence it is that the most scrupulous and casuistical of known entities, the aforesaid conscience, has been obliged to make a little concession to the Radical conscience. The Radical conscience is not wounded by drums and trumpets on the Sabbath day. It does not object to them at Eastbourne, because it reckons on the votes of the Salvationists who there make Sunday hideous by their thumpings and blastings. It makes a generous use of wind-instruments in its own Sunday processions to Hyde Park, and is not at all rigid as to the tunes which are played, so long as "God Save the Queen" is not included amongst them. It is as willing as the most liberal-minded, old-fashioned Tory squire or parson can be that the people should have music on Sundays in the Parks. As a matter of historical fact, it has adopted a popular and rational article of the Creed of the old English "Church and King" party, as expressed in the *Book of Sports*, which the Nonconformist, Richard Baxter, so persistently cited under the false title of "The Book for Dancing on the Lord's Day." The modern Radical simply extends to the Parks of populous London a custom which the best priests and squires in England, before the outbreak of the Civil War, were maintaining against Nonconformist tyranny and bigotry in hundreds of country villages. Many a learned, pious, and charitable clergyman, who was ejected from his living by the Long Parliament's Nonconformist inquisitors, for what their eccentric conscience pleased to call "immorality," was really ejected, as Lionel Gatford had the courage to tell Cromwell, for the very highest moral quality—for his religious and liberal charity towards the poor of his parish, who had so much work and so little play. The Nonconformist triumph obliterated the village music and the village drama from end to end of England. There were whole groups of villages in Oxfordshire before the war in which the villagers themselves could perform such a play as *Mucedorus*, as John Rowe, the fanatical Independent "pastor" of Westminster Abbey, has left on record in his ferocious Sermons in 1653 upon the "Judgements" of God against the amateur play-actors of Witney, Stanton Harcourt, South Leigh, Standlake, and other neighbouring parishes. Dancing was by no means, as Baxter and Calamy imply, the only recreation of the old free English agricultural labourer on the Lord's Day before he was barbarized, de-civilized, and enslaved under the Puritan reign of social terror.

The "Nonconformist conscience" is as adept at casuistry nowadays in the London County Council as it was two centuries ago when the Puritan camp-chaplains explained to hesitating recruits that the best way to fight for the King was to fight in the Parliament's army against the King. For more than two centuries it has been a fundamental principle of the Nonconformist conscience that all instrumental music on Sundays is sinful, even when used for a "religious purpose." Bishop Earle, in his portrait of a rich "Nonconformist" lady in 1628, says that "she suffered not her daughters to learn on the virginals, because of their affinity with organs." The fathers of Nonconformity, in their first Admonition to Parliament in 1570, gravely informed the Lords and Commons that "organ-players came from the Pope, as out of the Trojan horse's belly, for the destruction of God's Kingdom," which was their convenient synonym for Presbyterian Nonconformity. "That old serpent, Pope Vitalian," said the Nonconformist ministers, "brought up organs," and "two other monsters, PP. Gregory and Gelasius, inspired by the Devil," were the authors of *Plainsong and Pricksong*. When the Nonconformist conscience, some seventy years later, had a Parliament completely at its own disposal, and eager to satisfy all its demands, commissioners were sent all over England to destroy the organs as "abominations" in the sight of the Lord. Evelyn said, in 1654, that they were then "almost universally demolished." Any one who wishes to know something in detail of the Nonconformist campaign against music on Sundays should read the entries in the *Journal of Will. Dowsing*, "the Parliamentary Visitor," who laid waste the Suffolk churches in 1643 and 1644. Dowsing had a warrant from the Earl of Manchester for demolishing pictures, painted glass, superstitious images, and organs.

The objection of the Nonconformist conscience to musical instruments did not stay at organs, but was extended to fiddles and harps. The drum was almost the sole instrument which was not Babylonish and anti-Christian, and could be heard with no uncomfortable scruples. Neither did that curious conscience object simply to the use of the harp and the fiddle upon the village green after the common Evensong upon Sunday afternoons, but objected to them even upon the week days. To be a harper or a fiddler was *ipso facto* to be a sinner. Any money earned by playing harp or viol was the "wages of iniquity."

This sacred Nonconformist tradition survived until the beginning of our own century. The admiring biographer of Thomas Charles of Bala, the Welsh Methodist, has left us an instructive specimen of the new doctrines upon dancing, musical instruments, and dance-music taught by the Nonconformists to the Welsh. It occurs in a description of the attempts of Charles to disestablish the ancient wakes or dedication feasts of the parishes. Charles, catechizing in the Sunday-school, put the suggestive question, "Is dancing, my dear children, a sin?" "Yes," said one, emphatically; "it was owing to dancing that the head of John the Baptist was cut off." "Is it," said Mr. Charles, "set forth as bad and sinful in Scripture?" "Yes," answered another, and repeated these words:—"Woe unto them that follow strong drink, and the harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe, are in the feasts." Not a word about dancing is to be found in the text; but the harp and the viol were familiar to the poor little Welsh children about to be spoiled of their ancestral social liberty and gladness by the Nonconformist spoiler, as the instruments of "dance-music." The hagiographer coolly regarded the ruin of the local harper as a triumph of religion. "The harper was met going home by a person on the road, who, surprised to see him leaving the place so soon, asked him what was the reason. Some parson, said he, had been catechizing there, and persuaded the young people not to attend the feast." Charles was not "a parson"; he had turned Nonconformist when only in deacon's orders, and was never ordained priest. The poor harper, the biographer adds, was "deprived of the hire of his iniquity."

The compromise which the Nonconformist conscience in the London County Council has made with the Radicals in that body will seem to many to be a surrendering of one of the most sacred traditions and principles of Nonconformity. We will consent to music being played in the Parks on Sundays, say they, though our fathers and founders plunged England into civil war sooner than have music played on the village greens on Sundays. But if we make so great a sacrifice of Nonconformist principles, you must save our reputation by issuing an ordinance that no "dance" music shall be played on Sundays! The Puritan casuist can still give points to the Jesuit casuist, as he could in King James's day. His solution of what his foregoers would have called the "case" of Sunday music is quite up to the

level of the old "case" of Sunday boot-cleaning. To work, or cause others to work, on Sunday is a sin, properly punishable with death. "To clean your boots on Sunday, or permit others to clean them," said one doctor of casuistry, "is to work on Sunday, or to cause others to work." "The cleaning of boots on Sunday," said another doctor of Nonconformist casuistry, "is sinful or not according to the part of your boots which is cleaned on that day." It is beyond all question a violation of the Puritan Sabbath to clean the upper part of your boots, or to cause others to clean that part of them with a blacking-brush; but to clean the lower part of your boots upon a door-scraper or a door-mat is no violation of the Sabbath. This is not a whit more ridiculous than the new casuistical distinction of the Nonconformist conscience, that the playing of dance music in the Parks on Sunday is a violation of the Sabbath, but that the playing of other music in the Parks on Sunday is not a violation of the Sabbath.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the whole history of trade perhaps nothing more remarkable is recorded than the fall in silver during the past two years. In the summer of 1890 the United States Congress passed an Act directing the Treasury to buy every month $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ozs. of silver, or 54 million ozs. per annum, which, it was estimated, would somewhat exceed the total production of the American mines, and would not fall far short of half the output of the whole world. The Act came into force on the 13th of August, 1890, and ever since the Treasury has been buying as required. Of course, while the Act was under discussion a very wild speculation in silver sprang up, and the price was carried in the first week in September 1890 to $54\frac{5}{8}d.$ per oz. Then it began to fall, and the other day—that is, less than two years afterwards—it was as low as $37\frac{7}{8}d.$ per oz., a fall of $16\frac{3}{4}d.$ per oz., or about 30 per cent. A more striking or conclusive proof of the powerlessness of even one of the greatest Governments in the world to give an artificial value to a commodity has never been afforded; and yet, strange to say, the leading Governments of Europe, at the invitation of that of the United States, are about to meet in an International Conference to consider whether something cannot be done for silver, and, in a letter published in all the papers this week, Sir D. Barbour, the Indian Finance Minister, gives it as his deliberate opinion that it is essential for the safety of Indian finance that the leading nations of the world should combine to adopt bi-metallism. The mass of mankind, however, is convinced by the experience of the United States that combinations of the kind are utterly useless and powerless, and it is reasonably certain that the Conference will come to nothing. At all events, so far as our own country is concerned, it is perfectly clear that bi-metallism has not the least chance of being adopted. We have a good monetary system which has stood the test of three-quarters of a century, and we are not going to change it in the teeth of all experience. Even the Indian Government would act most unwisely if it were to make a change. In the first place, the experiment tried by the United States has been complete, and is most instructive, and it warns against all tampering with a country's currency. In the second place, a change that would affect a population so immense as that of India in all its most intimate relations ought not to be made until after the fullest and most searching inquiry. But it is impossible that a full and searching inquiry can be carried out now in a time of panic. We do not in the least dispute that the fluctuations in silver have inflicted, and are inflicting, great loss upon the Indian Government, upon European residents in India who have to send money home, upon bankers and others who have raised money in gold and invested it in India, where it is repayable in silver, and upon trade generally. So far, however, as trade is concerned—which is by far the most important consideration—it is affected, not by the fall in silver, but by the fluctuations. If Governments had not interfered, especially that of the United States, silver would long since have settled down at some price or other, and then trade with India would have gone on as prosperously as before. Two years ago, our readers will remember, the rupee was worth about 1*s.* 9*d.* of our money; now it is worth only about 1*s.* $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ A coin that fluctuates in value so widely and so rapidly is little better than a gambling counter. But if its value were fixed at any figure, no matter how low, it would be as good for trade purposes as ever; and the only effectual way of fixing the value of the rupee is to allow natural forces to act and the value to be decided by the law of supply and demand. So far as the Government is concerned, again, it is almost certain that, if it were to make a change, and to succeed in stopping what is called the loss by exchange, or, at all events, in preventing it from becoming greater, it would in all probability lose as much by the injury that would be inflicted upon its opium trade as it would gain in sending home money to pay what are called the home charges in London. So far as the European residents in India and bankers and others who have invested in the country are concerned, we fear that nothing material can be done. Events have run contrary to their interests, and though we sympathize much with them, we do not see how anything more can be given than barren sympathy. It would be absurd to argue seriously that the currency of a great country should be changed merely to protect a few Europeans from loss. For recollect that every bargain of every kind is made in rupees, and if the Government were rash enough to change the value of the rupee by its own action, it would certainly transfer an immense amount of wealth from one set of people in India to another set of people, and by so doing it might raise political dangers which would be far graver than anything we have now to regret from the fall in silver.

The silver market continues as weak as ever. There have been fewer fluctuations this week than for some weeks previously, but the general expectation still is that the price will go lower. In spite of the continued purchases by the United States quotations have again been very low in New York, and nobody seriously doubts that in the course of a few months the purchases will be altogether stopped. Naturally, therefore, there is much anxiety amongst all capitalists engaged in the trade with the silver-using countries. That trade is for the time being utterly disorganized, and the disorganization is telling very adversely upon Lancashire. The depression in the Lancashire cotton trade is due to several causes; but, undoubtedly, the fall in silver is aggravating it. The Far East, as matters stand now, cannot buy as freely as it has done, and the falling off in the demand for the Far East at a time when stocks are very large, and business is bad all over the world, makes the outlook more gloomy.

There is a natural desire amongst bankers, discount-houses, and bill-brokers to raise the value of money, seeing that the outlook is so obscure, especially while the silver market is so seriously troubled. But it is not found possible to raise the discount rate for short bills materially; at the same time, the discount rates for bills running a considerable time—four and six months—is slightly advancing. Besides the silver difficulty it is to be borne in mind that Austria-Hungary is preparing for the resumption of specie payments. The Government is authorized to raise a gold loan of about 20 millions sterling, and it is generally understood that the loan will be brought out in a couple of months. Of course it will not be subscribed to in London; but a great part of the gold required will have to be taken from London, for nowhere else is there a free market for gold. The Austro-Hungarian Government is naturally interested in preventing a disturbance of the money market, and so are the bankers who will bring out the loan, and therefore it is understood that the payment of the instalments will be spread over two or three years. But even so, a considerable amount of gold may be taken from London, and that would have a disturbing effect while distrust lasts, and nobody knows what may happen in regard to silver.

Business upon the Stock Exchange continues as quiet as ever. There is no speculation worth speaking about, and not very much investment, yet quotations are wonderfully well maintained. The great operators in New York flatter themselves that business must increase and prices rise because the harvest promises to be very good, and two good harvests, they argue, cannot fail to stimulate trade in every direction and to arouse speculation. They do not allow enough, however, for the distrust excited by the silver position. That distrust can be dissipated only by the stoppage of the silver purchases. While those purchases are going on we do not think it likely that there can be any very great increase in speculative business. At all events, we would strongly advise investors in this

country to keep aloof from the American market; an accident may have very serious consequences at any time. The spread of the cholera upon the Continent has not had as much effect yet upon inter-Bourse securities as might have been expected. Cholera must for the time being injure trade. All who can will keep away from the great cities, and thereby business of every kind will be checked. Moreover, the absence of the wealthy from the great cities and the scare which the cholera is likely to create will prevent Stock Exchange business. The probability seems to be, therefore, that as cholera spreads, quotations must give way. The great capitalists in Paris and Berlin, however, are doing their utmost to maintain the market; how long they will be able to do so remains to be seen. At home the market for British railway stocks is good, partly owing to the reinvestment of the dividends which have just been paid, partly because of continued good traffics, and partly because of favourable dividends by the Scotch lines. Thus the Great North of Scotland Company has announced a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, which compares with only 3 per cent. twelve months ago.

In spite of the falling off in the foreign trade of the country, of the anxieties aroused by the fall in silver, and of the depression in many great industries (especially the cotton trade), the railway traffic returns of the United Kingdom are wonderfully well maintained, showing that the home trade is still good. On seventeen of the principal railways there is an increase for the first eight weeks of the current half-year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, of 29,000*l.* from passengers and 30,000*l.* from goods, making together 59,000*l.*

An American correspondent, Mr. Dubois, argues that a silver crisis in America is impossible. He seems, however, to misapprehend our point. We did not say, nor did we mean to intimate, that the United States Government will fail to fulfil all its obligations; but we said, and repeat, that, if the silver purchases go on, gold will go to a premium, and that then there is very likely to be a crisis.

In the Home Railway market there has been a very general, and in some cases a very considerable, rise during the week. Midland stock closed on Thursday afternoon at $158\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as $1\frac{7}{8}$. London and North-Western closed at $176\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of 1; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 165, also a rise of 1; Caledonian Undivided closed at 121, likewise a rise of 1; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at $106\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market the movements have also been generally upward, though very little is doing here, the changes being almost entirely owing to operations in New York. Atchison shares closed on Thursday at $40\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{8}$; Union Pacific closed at $40\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{7}{8}$; and Erie closed at $28\frac{7}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. All these, however, are purely speculative, and to be avoided by investors. Amongst the sound dividend-paying shares Lake Shore closed on Thursday at $138\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the Argentine market, on the other hand, the movements have been generally downwards. Thus, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock closed at 119–21, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3. The Argentine Five per Cent. Loan of 1886 closed at $62\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at $56\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $64\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 2. But amongst inter-Bourse stocks the movements have generally been downwards. Portuguese, it is true, on the rumour that negotiations are about to be opened for a settlement of the debt, closed on Thursday at 24, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{8}$, and Greek of 1884, on the Budget statement, closed at $66\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. But German Three per Cents closed at 87, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Hungarian closed at $93\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$.

SKETCHES OF STUDENT-LIFE IN MILAN.

OF BOARDING-HOUSES.

THERE are boarding-houses and boarding-houses. Who does not know the "five-minutes-from-tram-'bus-and-rail-guinea-a-week-man-servant-kept" one? or the "cheerful-musical-society-a-few-select-taken-in-by-nonconformist-widow" one? or the "French-kouisine-on-its-own-grounds-address-manager-with-gas" one? or that unspeakably genteel for which no definition is good enough, and that no subtlety of nomenclature can classify appropriately? Here you are treated as guest, here like a son, there like a friend *simply*; here your food is measured, weighed, cut, and counted, there you are told to help yourself—to nothing. Ah, verily, the variety is great; and, great as it is, it becomes greater still if we consider that every boarding-house is an exception to the general rule; so do we get not only a variety of exceptions, but also exceptional variety. Thus in fashionable Bloomsbury, distant Bayswater, and perpendicular Chelsea.

In Milan the distinctions and subdivisions are, perhaps, less complicated, but their comprehension is none the less difficult, if not positively puzzling. It is not easy to make out the difference between *pensione senza pretese* (boarding-house without pretensions), *cucina alla casalinga* (home cooking), and *pensione in famiglia* (board in a family)—they give you everywhere the same things for the same money; chalk and water with blacking in guise of coffee and milk in the morning; a donkey or a cow steak, with rice, for lunch; while a poor skin-and-bone fowl is worried everywhere for a fortnight in boiling water, and has to furnish fourteen consommés before it can make an appearance as a *pollo a lesso*. It is also a matter of wonder how a boarding-house with pretensions can exist in Milan, and on what.

Following, *mutatis mutandis*, the golden rules laid down in Bacon's essay "Of Travel," we have kept a diary; we have frequently changed our lodgings, as a "great adamant of acquaintance"; we have sequestered ourselves from the company and (alas!) from the diet of our countrymen, and the experience thus acquired enables us to divide the boarding-houses of Milan into two categories—those in which you *must* pay in advance, and those in which you need not do so. The first are kept by Germans, or by baritones' wives, widows, or daughters; the second by old ladies who have seen better days, and who never will see them again. Of course, there are exceptions in both categories; sometimes, in the first, they make you pay, and sometimes, in the second, you need not pay at all, unless you like. Boarding-houses of the first category are very uninteresting and present no novel features; but the exceptions in the second one are worthy of commemoration, and it is the interior of one of these that we will describe, assuring, as Bacon wills it, that we are "not forward to tell stories." Many were there who left the dingy but hospitable roof over head and ears in debt, and came back with fame and money, great maestri or celebrated singers, and handsomely acknowledged its services. But many there were who traded on its kindness and who never gave it a thought when the hour of need had passed. At the time of the tale the house was full, and except in Balzac's "pension bourgeoise" we cannot think of a queerer agglomeration of types. With one exception we were all artists, and used to gather in full force at dinner-time only; some of us never got up till then—*histoire d'économiser deux repas*—others had lunch in their rooms; but as the clock struck half-past six the procession began. The first to arrive was a Cuban baritone who used to lift arm-chairs and weights before the meal, in order to get some appetite; his financial means consisted of a yearly purse of 400 frs. (16*l.*) voted by his native village, and paid in two six-monthly instalments of 8*l.* each. Of these he used to give Signora Rosa 2*l.* "on account," and with the remaining 6*l.* he ate oysters as long as the money lasted; after that he had not a farthing for months, and no credit. His artistic career was as meteoric as his glimpses of luxury, and he disappeared after having sung somewhere *una volta di seguito* (after a run of *one night*, so to say). Next to him sat a Spanish tenor, ex-torero, ex-contrabandista, ex-guerrillero, ex-Carlist captain, and ex- lots of other things; he had always a couple of razors about him, and being of a choleric and quarrelsome disposition, was not unnaturally avoided by the rest of the boarders. His neighbour at table was a Polish soprano—a pretty giggling girl—capable of singing twelve hours at a stretch and talking the hind leg off a donkey after that; she had a peculiar vernacular of her own, composed of a number of French words with Italian terminations—for instance, a chicken was with her *una pula*, an overcoat *un paltoto*, an armchair *un fotelio*, &c. Next to her sat a maestro, about whom a legend was got up to the effect that having found, one day, a cake of soap in his room, he had eaten it, not knowing the use of the com-

modity. We used to call him *il Genovese*, because he was from Leghorn. After him came a French dramatic soprano, got up as *ma tante Aurore*; another maestro, nicknamed Zuccone, who used to laugh after the style of the nigger-boy in a ventriloquist's show; an American soprano going up to *x* flat in alto; and a German bass, who, it was said, kept his voice in a coal-cellar. He kept also a diary; and, as astonishing as were the sounds which the man could produce, they were nowhere in comparison with that wonderful diary. It was not a record of events, but a programme for the day's work, made out the day before—that is, for instance, what Fritz would write down on Monday night to be executed on Tuesday in his *lipretto ti ogubasioni ciornalieri* ("libretto di occupazioni giornalieri")—"I get up at 9 o'clock; wash at 9.5; scale of *c* major and minor three times at 9.10; milk at 9.15; rest until 9.30; exercises No. 3 up till *b* flat for twenty minutes; Luigi comes at 10 o'clock, and remains until 11 o'clock; at 11 o'clock twenty times the scale of *e* flat; at 12.5 I give a splendid high *f*; at 12.10 I go down to lunch"; and so on up till 10 o'clock at night, when the unexpected was given a chance. Fritz had struck an extraordinary friendship with the parrot of the house, and used to read German newspapers to him. There was another bass in our midst, a Sicilian, the most talented and the poorest of all. Not being able to afford a piano in his room, he manufactured an instrument, baptized forthwith *ò ferroacavalpianòne*, and which consisted of thirteen horseshoes hung up against the wall, and forming the chromatic scale of *c*. With an old boot, as an indispensable complement of this unique percussion instrument, Cicia practised all his exercises and operas, and helped by his glorious voice, exceptional temperament, and extraordinary musical dispositions, found soon an engagement, and has been doing very well since. Next to him sat an engineer, an old bachelor, who wore a straw hat six months of the year, and a felt one the other six months; he never opened his mouth, even to say *buon pranzo*, until the soup was over, then he would smile and announce *eppur si muove!* He was a sort of fixture in the house; but not even the oldest boarders could remember his making another or a more original remark. Opposite him was a high chair, flanked by a parrot talking *meneghin* (the Milanese dialect) and a white poodle; that was the official seat of the landlady. Her niece sat next to her, watching equally sadly the voracious Cuban and the dainty American soprano. The soul of the company was a Russian composer, poor in health and in pocket, but a regular "*schiròkaïa natòora*" (large nature, *une riche nature*), as they call them in Russia. He had earned the esteem and the admiration of everybody before he was a week in the place through sitting on everybody in general, and on the ex-torero in particular. The last to arrive was a *maestro di canto*—a real one, the others were mere students—who invariably would burst into the room with, "*Aïe, aïe, aïe, aïe, povero Blasco*"! The dinners were generally lively, if not uproarious, but we never spoke more than six at a time; discussion was impossible, for few knew anything beyond their speciality, and what anybody had to say was generally about himself, not heeding if there were any listeners, and quite pleased with the simple opportunity of talking for the sake of talk—now and then somebody cracked a mild joke, or succeeded in relating something really funny, and then unthought-of peals of laughter would shake the basis of the house. Music did not suffer, however, from the want of discussion; there was a grand reception in the Russian's room every evening after dinner, and there, to the accompaniment of endless cups of tea from a good-sized *samovar*, everything from polkas and canzonettas to requiems and whole operas could be heard. The last trio from *Faust*, sung by three sopranos, three tenors, and two basses, accompanied by five pianos dragged out of the rooms into the passage, was not a performance to be met with every day.

THE STORM OF MAIDSTONE.

On Thursday, June 1, 1648, occurred some of the most obstinate fighting of the Civil Wars in the streets of Maidstone, unnoticed by many historians who make much of the rough-and-tumble scuffle at Edgehill, or who exalt the skill and valour of the New Model Army in overthrowing little more than half their own number of Royalists at Naseby. A soldier, hot from the action at Maidstone, wrote the next day:—"The streets were strongest fortified and the stoutest defended of any that I have known in all the late unhappy wars." Nor was the issue of the fighting at Maidstone without the very greatest importance upon the course of history.

In 1646, when the army, which was nominally the army of the Parliament, had won their victory, the much more difficult matter presented itself for settlement, what was to be done with the victory achieved. By 1648 this question had reached an acute stage. The country was not Presbyterian, nor was the army, yet Presbyterianism had been adopted by Parliament as the price of Scotch help in 1644. The country was not Republican, yet it was difficult to restore a defeated King to power over his conquerors. Those who had provoked an appeal to arms to maintain a Constitution were finding that constitutional government and military force refused to be united. To their credit, many of them were trying to retrace their steps, and to go back to the ancient Parliamentary monarchy as it stood in 1641. The combination of Royalists, moderate Parliamentarians, Scots, and sensible men who triumphed in 1660 were striving to come together on some common basis in 1648. They would unite more easily after two men then living were dead, and after the fanatics had been allowed rope enough to hang themselves withal. That their union was not more immediately successful, however, was very much owing to the outcome of the fight at Maidstone, and that outcome was owing to the genius of Fairfax, who in 1660 would be found upon the other side.

Since the end of 1647 Kent had been in a stir. The attempt to suppress Christmas Day in Canterbury, on the part of the Mayor, had led to a pretty riot. Shops had been closed, church service read, mince pies eaten, a football kicked about the streets, the Mayor rolled in the gutter. A fanatic barber, named White, had carried his active criticism of football further than it is carried now in the North; he had brought out a musket, and "aiming at nothing had missed it," and shot a fellow-townsman. The Kentish Grand Jury had refused to find a true bill against the gentlemen alleged to have encouraged the riot, and had instead made the first draught of a petition to Parliament for an immediate disbanding of soldiers and a treaty with the King. In May 1648 the ships in the Downs had put on shore the army officer, Rainsborough, sent to command them, and had hoisted the Royal Standard. Walmer, Deal, and Sandown Castles were in their hands, Dover was blockaded, and all East Kent was up for the King. Essex, Surrey, and Sussex were stirring. London was full of sympathizers. The army, with that portion of the Parliament who agreed with them, were in perilous case. Parliamentary officers were up for the King in South Wales, Lord Byron had risen in North Wales. Cromwell was rapidly overcoming the Welsh movement, it is true, but he was far away with part of the army. Lambert, with another part, was in the North, momentarily expecting the invasion of the Scots and a rising in his rear. There was no doubt that the immense preponderance of popular feeling was, if not actively Royalist, at all events not with the army. The army leaders knew that they were fighting with the rope round their necks. If they were beaten, they were in great danger of being traitors, not only to the King, but to the Parliament. The Parliament was in a very unstable condition, and a reverse to the Independent army might easily lead to the outvoting of the Independent members by Presbyterians, moderates, and time-servers.

The ascendency which can be exercised by a well-disciplined and well-led army was never more decisively shown; not even in the Austrian dominions in 1848 and 1849. Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, was holding London with a very inadequate force of regulars, and besides these with trainbands and militia, who were not absolutely to be depended upon, and who were, at all events, inferior in quality to the men whom they might have to face. Assembling from 7,000 to 8,000 men, Fairfax struck at once at Kent, anxious at all hazards to break the neck of the rising there before it could strike a responsive chord in London, Surrey, and Essex.

On May 29th he confronted the outposts of the Kentishmen on Blackheath. On the same day, twelve years later, some of those who then met were to meet in other fashion upon Blackheath to welcome Charles II. back to London. Refusing to treat, or to allow the passage of emissaries from the Royalists to the Parliament, Fairfax drove them back through Dartford and Northfleet, where there was a

skirmish, to their main line of defence upon the Medway. The Royalists occupied the passes over the river. They consisted of old officers and men of the Cavalier army, sailors, watermen, and apprentices from London, Kentish gentlemen and countrymen. They outnumbered the regular soldiers, but were not yet completely organized into an army, and were scattered over a long line of country. They had no commander-in-chief of undisputed position till, on the critical day, June 1st, they elected George Goring, Earl of Norwich, a kindly, inefficient old gentleman of sixty-five, who knew nothing of war, not to be confounded with his son, General Goring, an able soldier. Fairfax knew, however, that Rochester bridge was unassailable when held by an enemy who had artillery in position and vessels on the river. Above Rochester the next passage was the narrow stone bridge at Aylesford, twelve miles up by water, which the Royalists also held. The tidal river between was unfordable, and he had no boats. Four miles above Aylesford bridge was Maidstone bridge, where was also a Royalist force, but where, near the head waters of the tide, the river became smaller. Amusing the Royalists by a feint upon Rochester, and leaving a detachment in sight opposite to them there, the General marched off to his right behind the hills, through Meopham to Malling, whence, "after very long marches," to use his own words, he came over Barming Heath on to the high ground above Maidstone, but on the opposite, the west side, of the river.

This was late on the afternoon of the 1st of June. In front of him was the long, narrow bridge of Maidstone, the town behind it barricaded and defended by six iron and two brass pieces of cannon. The Royalist forces upon the high ground of Pennenden Heath, and between that and Rochester, could mark his movements with "perspective glasses," and were free to hasten to the defence of either Maidstone or Aylesford, according as they saw the army fall on. To the right of Fairfax, however, the bend of the river brought Farleigh Bridge nearer to him than Maidstone, while it was much further than Maidstone from the Royalist main body. It was but slightly guarded, and thither Fairfax sent a body of dragoons to secure a passage over the river, with a view probably to an attack early the next day, or to manœuvres in the open, outside Maidstone, where the inexperienced adversary would be at his mercy. The Independent dragoons, however, after mastering Farleigh Bridge, pursued their advantage so briskly as to become seriously engaged with the Royalists, who held the hedges and the roads blocked with trees, about a mile south of Maidstone, half-way between the town and Farleigh Bridge, along the course of the brook at Tovil. Horse and foot followed over Farleigh Bridge in support, till the action became general between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. The Lord General, who at Naseby had forgotten the part of a commander-in-chief to prove himself a brave company officer, could not keep out of the fight. He alighted from his coach—he was, we are told, in bad health—and came on foot among his men. The defenders were driven from hedge to hedge into the confines of the town. The little river Len, which skirted the southern side of Maidstone, offered an opportunity for defence; but the bridge over it from Stone Street to Gabriel's Hill was carried with little resistance, and at nine o'clock the assailants found themselves in the town. Then came the sharpest fighting. The streets were barricaded and the houses stoutly held. A rainstorm burst over the combatants. In the words of one who was there, "Their ordnance loaded with case shot did us some mischief before we could get under their shot. The rain was more disadvantage to us than to them; for they shot out of windows and at doors." The matches of the musketeers got damp in rain.

While this desperate fighting was going on in Maidstone the Royalist commander was in a pitiable condition of perplexity. As he frankly admitted afterwards upon his trial, he never valued himself for his courage. In place of summoning every available man to the succour of Maidstone, he withdrew to Rochester, and there consulted what was to be done. By that time nothing was of any use. Scattered bodies of men were flying from Maidstone and hiding in the hop-gardens, and the remaining defenders, fighting hard from street to street, had been forced back upon the church, where about midnight the survivors surrendered, having manfully done their duty. Rushworth, who was with the army, wrote next morning to the Parliament of the engagement, "which, in brief, was such as never was since these wars began; this army struggled with so much difficulty to overcome a stubborn and resolute enemy." Sailors, the men from London, and the old Cavalier officers had been foremost; but the Kentish men boasted that Maidstone was honourably distinguished by her losses, and that the number of young widows who remarried in the next six years was a proof that the husbands of Maidstone had known when to die. There are no burials in the registers for the year. The dead must have been disposed of wholesale. Of the prisoners a certain number were sold to the Venetians as soldiers. Perhaps their wives married again. The prompt action of Fairfax had broken the dangerous strength of the movement. Norwich and those who stayed with him broke away from Rochester towards London, crossed the Thames into Essex, and were finally shut up by their indefatigable pursuer in Colchester, to stand the last real siege in England. The Scots, coming too late, and still not ready, were destroyed by Lambert and Cromwell through Lancashire, from Preston to Winwick. The moderate party in revolution learned, for neither the first nor the last time, that it was not they, but the thoroughgoing men, who could alone determine how far changes once set afoot were to go on.

A NEW GOSPEL OF CRITICISM AND ——

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. William Archer has an article called "The Drama in the Doldrums," wherein he sets forth a New Gospel of Criticism, which certainly should not be passed without comment. The main purpose of the article is merely to repeat the allegations, of which most people are weary, concerning the "separation between culture and the drama." Throughout the article it is taken for granted that there are "New Critics" and that there is a "New Criticism." Mr. Archer's main statement, regarding the position of criticism, is contained in the following passage:—"Let us see, then, how the three estates of the theatrical realm—authors, actors (including actor-managers), and critics—stand affected in the matter. The attitude of the fourth estate—the public—is already sketched," &c. The illustration of classification here taken shows such delightful and absolute ignorance of constitutional forms that, with it before our eyes, we might well hesitate to accept the plain meaning of Mr. Archer's arrogant demand. But throughout the article we find the same idea so often insisted on, and in so many different forms, that we must perforce accept it as it literally stands. For instance, the following passages:—"The general belief that the theatre was flourishing beyond all precedent inclined people to come and see it flourish. They began *to read about it* and to think about it; and here, I take it, the trouble set in." "The success of *The Profligate* is a matter of history, *and to that success we, the New Critics, contributed at least our fair share.*" "Did the Old Critics, man for man and paper for paper, do more than we *to secure the success* of *The Middleman*, *Judah*, and *The Dancing Girl?*" "Was it the New Criticism or the Old that *killed The Pharisee?*" "Was it the New Criticism or the Old that *massacred Beau Austin?*" "Intellect is frightened away from the stage, not only by *outward deterrents such as the Old Criticism, &c.*" "The Old Critics *whose word is law to the actor-managers.*" All these passages repeat and support the contention that the theatrical critic is an integral portion of the theatrical realm; but Mr. Archer is not content to leave him in this vague position. He actually brings him into the government of the realm, and makes him a member of the cabinet. "Surely," he says, "it is the business of criticism . . . . to aid in the search for, or rather the development of the drama of the future." Now, what does all this mean? What is its present effect and what its logical conclusion? Up to now we have been content to think that Criticism—whether Old or New, whatever her scope or range—holds her station apart from and above that which is the subject of her labour; that her place is in the judgment-seat, and not behind the stall of barter, or going to and fro in the market-place. This belief is, we are sure, that held in common by all honourable journalists and reviewers of that Old school so sweepingly condemned by Mr. Archer. If the critic is to take a place as an accessory before the fact, how in the names of Truth and Justice is he to exercise his special function afterwards? Should not Mr. Archer invent a new word for his new functionary

of exploration and exploitation in the "theatrical realm," instead of disturbing the existing terminology of the world of letters? Surely, "critic" and "criticism" might be left to their time-honoured meanings.

It is well to be careful in such matters; for, by Mr. Archer's own showing, serious objections are to be urged against each and all of the estates of the theatrical realm; authors, actors, and even critics are none of them without blame. The authors are "commercial" to an extent which practically puts them outside the pale of art. Even the chosen few for whom any good word is to be said are not exempt. "The native drama," says Mr. Archer, "the stock-in-trade of the ordinary commercial theatre, has lost its prestige"; and again, "Each [the selected authors, Messrs. Pinero, Jones, and Grundy] in his several way has talent in plenty. But they all received their training some ten years before it had occurred to any one in England to conceive of dramatic writing as an art, not a trade"; "it is the artist's first business, not to fill his pocket, but to satisfy his soul." "To the English mind the joy of creation, of artistic production in and for itself, is a thing unknown." "The born artist cannot *will* to be a tradesman." It is true that Mr. Archer rather gives himself away in this connexion by a splenetic allegation:—"The feebleness of the artistic impulse in our own playwrights is proved by their attitude towards the Independent Theatre"; but his meaning throughout is pretty apparent—if Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones would promise a play to this enterprise, and so "fill Mr. Grein's exchequer," the reproach would be lifted from them. Logically, Mr. Archer's blame will then turn to praise. If there seem to be any harsh inference here, logic alone must be blamed, or else Mr. Archer himself, for the premisses are his own. As to the second estate in the theatrical realm—the actors—they are dismissed *en bloc* with a contemptuous "aside." "The actor, however little he may like to be told so, is a parasite upon the play." There remain, then, only the critics. But it is not to be supposed that even they are what they should be. Theatrical critics, with the exception of some three or four, belong to the Old school of criticism—a school which, from Mr. Archer's remarks, would seem to be effete so far as good is concerned, but still active, both positively and negatively, for evil. This Old Criticism seems to have entirely missed or foregone its proper function, inasmuch as it has not taken an active part in aiding to foist on the British public as elevating forces the nastinesses and dulnesses, physical, mental, and moral, of the Scandinavian school.

Such, then, is, according to Mr. Archer, the existing state of affairs with regard to the "theatrical realm," including its third estate of critics. Now let us see what would be the result of carrying out his theory of theatrical criticism; whither would logic lead us, starting from his facts and preserving his theories. There would seem to be two ways open. One of these is where the critic—critic in its new sense, we must always remember—would be a member of an ideal guild, where everything was done for love of art, and in violation of all the principles of "commercialism," which is Mr. Archer's way of speaking of political economy. In this ideal state of the "theatrical realm" no one is to be paid for anything. The successful authors of the day, to whom the public look for certain of their amusements, are to give up "the pestilent habit of success," to use Mr. Archer's phrase, in order to produce "avowedly uncommercial" plays in "avowedly uncommercial" theatres. In the following phrase they are solaced for forbearance:—"It can be no disgrace, even in the eyes of the actor-managers, not to make money when you deliberately abjure from the outset all thought of profit." With this ideal author and manager working together to insure a want of success in the ordinary sense, the New Critic is to throw in his lot, and is to scour the byways of literature, so as to bring new want of grist to the non-productive mill. The actor need not be considered at all, since, being a parasite, he simply lives on the manager and author, with, let us say, a little sustenance now and again from the critic. Is it worth while to pursue this side of Mr. Archer's bizarre argument further? Would it not be as well to be able to start with either the ideal and non-commercial manager or author, and then we might proceed logically to the critic's place in the endeavour?

So much for the non-commercial part of the argument. Let us, therefore, follow the other side of it, that on which common sense and knowledge of men are enlisted. As the ranks of "criticism," Old or New, are not going to be entirely recruited from the class of millionaires, the critic must, in the main, live by his work—even Mr. Archer cannot be supported entirely by manna or by "will-power"—and the work must be paid for either by direct money payment or else by payment in "meal or in malt." Now, which method of earning his wage is the more honourable, that of the Old fashion or the New? In the former the critic, as a working man of letters, looks to his editor or the proprietor of his paper for the reward of his labour. What he does is done for the paper, and to it alone he looks for reward. Thus, whilst the critic *qua* critic can be on terms of the most perfect friendliness and even of intimacy with the man whose work he criticizes, these two are completely independent of each other, and any intrusion upon the field of the other's work would be at once resented. But in the new order of things set forth by Mr. Archer the critic's position would be a different one. He would seemingly at the first go about after the manner of a collector of "freaks" for "dime shows," and having secured some suitable product would place it under the eye of some particular manager. He would then take another active part, and "aid in the development" of the success. Lastly, he would take his place (Old-fashioned meaning of the word), and give the public an unbiassed opinion of the play as it stood. Now where in this sequence of functions is the theatrical critic (New-fashioned meaning) to take his reward—where, so to speak, is he to find his point of contact with the capitalist or speculator? It cannot be from the newspaper that he will be paid, for no editor in his senses would employ a man to criticize work in the doing of which he had himself a share. It must, therefore, be from the theatre; and it must be either direct or indirect. If the former, then the critic (New-fashioned meaning) is to be simply and openly acknowledged as a paid servant of the theatre. This would be an impossible position for a man with any sense whatever either of dignity or of ridicule; for his profession and his performance being at direct variance, a very short time would by force of public opinion compel his relinquishment of one or other of his incompatible functions. There remains, then, only the indirect payment of the critic by the theatre (New-fashioned meaning). Does Mr. Archer understand what this would mean? Nay, what it must mean within a short time? The answer is an ugly one; but it is better that it be spoken now before Mr. Archer's pernicious doctrine can be carried into practice by any new disciple of the New School of Criticism. It would mean simply what men call Black Mail; and this, we take it, is an equipment which should not be found to have a place in the armoury of any honourable man—critic or no critic—of the Old School or of the New. Mr. Archer will do well to take this reasoning into his best consideration.

REVIEWS.

MR. STEVENSON'S FOOT-NOTE TO HISTORY.*

It would doubtless be easy to find a history or a contribution to history more important in substance than Mr. Stevenson's much-expected work on the recent fortunes of Samoa. It would also be easy to find a work of Mr. Stevenson's more interesting to the average and sensual man than this. But we are by no means sure that it would be easy or possible to find another book combining the peculiar attractions of this volume. It is as if "P. P. Clerk of this parish" had been a man of genius. Not only the world, but all possible or conceivable worlds, would not hold the "foot-notes to history" that should be written on this scale; nay, we may go further, and admit that, if a large number of foot-notes were to be written on this scale, outraged humanity would be justified in treating them on the principles of the Caliph Omar. But the thing as it is, coming from its author, and considering the moment of the world's history at which it appears, is of very great value indeed. A wise critic will be guided in regard to it by those principles which were followed by that somewhat rough diamond William de la Marck at the siege of Schonwaldt. He will decree to Mr. Stevenson a silver—nay, since silver has gone down in the market, a gold—cup for writing it. He will reserve to himself full liberty of knitting up to the stanchions of the hall window anybody who attempts such a thing again.

There are about half a dozen different points of view from

* *A Foot-note to History—Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa.* By R. L. Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co.

which this *Foot-note to History* may be considered. It is a remarkable piece of impressionism applied for almost the first time, unless some performances of Victor Hugo's may be considered to have anticipated it, to history. It is a capital, though now and then rather over-mannered, piece of writing. But it is also the first really remarkable instance, and is probably destined to remain as the capital example, of a history written at first-hand of the dealings of civilized man with uncivilized in conditions which make the instance an almost unmatched mean-example. It is from this latter point of view that we suppose Mr. Stevenson would prefer to have it treated; it is, at any rate, from this point of view that we intend to treat it. From this point any mistakes of excess in detail, any exaggeration of the parochial point of view, which may occur are of little importance, and become almost merits. From another they might perhaps assume an importance which would unfavourably affect the judgment of the critic.

The said critic, if he is to consider matters critically, may be warned not to be patriotic overmuch. Perhaps Mr. Stevenson takes a rather too unfavourable view of the conduct of the various representatives of his own country in this story. An Englishman must also perforce agree with him that the position of English consuls and English captains was false throughout; but it may be doubted whether Captain Hand (of whom he speaks so severely) was doing much more than obeying his instructions not to quarrel unnecessarily with the representatives of Germany. After all, "take or leave" is one of the best of maxims. We think ourselves that the English Government, on more occasions than one, was wrong in not taking Samoa when Samoa offered herself. Our doctrine is "prenez toujours," and we are sure that it is only by the observance of this doctrine that the kingdom of England has been built up. But in this particular case the state of affairs was not so simple. We do not discern any sufficient reason for the predominance accorded to Germany in Samoa, and as for the insane braggadocio of Herr Knappe, Prince Bismarck settled that matter long ago. Mr. Stevenson, too, has himself judged with just severity the conduct of those Englishmen and Americans who privately grudged, and tried to stick spokes in the wheels of, German success. And we do not know that any other rule is to be applied to the public representatives of the country. After all, very little could have been gained by taking sides with the United States against Germany. It was very well and very pretty of Admiral Kimberley to congratulate Captain Kane on the exploit of the *Calliope*, and it was equally pretty and equally well of Captain Kane to reciprocate this amiability. But, speaking in the cold hard daylight, we know that, on the whole, there is rather more ill-will in the United States towards England than there is in Germany; that, if American power were established on the seas, and especially on the South Seas, it would be quite as bad for England as if Germany ruled there. The only possible line for an Englishman to take towards Teuton and American was either "A plague of both your houses," or else "We are under orders to see this job through together as far as we can, and so far as neither of you behaves himself quite intolerably it is our cue not to oppose or back either." Taking it altogether, the various representatives of England seem to have got through their rather ungrateful part fairly well. It *was* an ungrateful part, and by no means a heroic one. But it had to be gone through, and in strict equity we do not know that those who carried the yielding a little too far are to be blamed more than those who carried the resisting a little too far. The position, we repeat, was false. England ought either to have retired altogether, or to have told Dutchmen and Yankees both to go to the deuce and have seen that they went.

The Germans (for the United States may be said to have chiefly exaggerated the error of England, blustering rather more and doing rather less) approached nearer to the traditional part—the part a thousand times repeated, but nowhere fully historied—of a white nation with "niggers" than either Englishmen or Americans. There were the vague claims of the "German firm," the heirs of the defunct and bankrupt Godeffroy. There was the general spirit in which, during the second Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, Germans went about the world annexing and to annex. There were the private idiosyncrasies of the different persons—Becker, Brandeis, Knappe, Stuebel, and the rest—of whom Mr. Stevenson gives vivid portraits here. But the general tendency was towards a sort of *naïf* and childlike desire (which we ourselves have outgrown for the most part by dint of longer practice) first to outwit the natives by the use of forms which they did not understand, and then to bully them if they objected to the results of the outwitting. At the same time the triple mis-alliance (as it may be called) modified this action in the same curious way in one direction as the inferior local strength of Englishmen and Americans did in the other. It was never quite safe for a German consul or commander to treat Samoa as if it were a French village convicted of having fed *francs-tireurs*, and he knew it. At some times the other two Powers had force on the spot which would have exposed him to positive danger. At all a stiff-necked English or American commander might, at the risk of getting his own ship sunk, have made it terribly awkward for the Germans. The consequence was that the "peace of civilization, which passeth all understanding," has been applied to Samoa hitherto in a comparatively mild and tolerable fashion. Mr. Stevenson, with characteristic generosity, finds it magnanimous of the Germans not to have revenged the distinct and very humiliating defeat which the local levies of Mataafa inflicted on the landed crews of the German squadron; and is even kind enough to make excuses for the defeat itself, in which no less than a hundred and fifty German sailors and marines were hopelessly worsted, and lost a good third of their number, in a fight against no very overwhelming force of savages. We are unable to take such a friendly view of the skirmish at Fangalii. It was (fortunately for Germany on a much smaller scale) a thing more discreditable than Isandhlwana and not much less discreditable than Majuba. But the Germans were utterly in the wrong. They were in a position where any attempts to wreak vengeance would have brought England and the United States at once on them; and their home, if not their local, authorities had the sense to see it. The praise of sense they may receive, the praise of magnanimity can hardly be awarded to them, unless we give it to him who did eat, and eke he swore. Nay, Pistol had nothing to gain by eating in addition to his freedom from risk of a beating; the Germans in Samoa had.

However, this is a by-issue. The main thing is that, thanks to this system of actual, though imperfect, counterpoises, the dealings of the civilized man with the uncivilized are exhibited here in a fashion less painful to the heart of sensibility, and at the same time more obvious to the eye of understanding, than in almost any other instance known to us. Mr. Stevenson dwells not a whit too strongly on the absolute absence of what may be called a fair common intelligence between the three interfering Powers and their protégés or victims. Everybody can sympathize with the sufferings of poor Malietoa (whom, it seems, we ought to call Laupepa) when he was carried to the Cameroons, to the Marshalls, and whither not. The echoing in our own ears of names like Zebehr, Arabi, Ja Ja, and so forth, alone prevents us from waxing exceedingly eloquent on this point. But we feel it all the same. Mr. Stevenson's great service, however, is the way in which he brings home to us the practical impossibility of arranging, as we and others have attempted to arrange, the affairs of Samoa. The Samoans were, by the arrangement of Berlin, to elect their king, "in accordance with all the laws and customs of Samoa." As Mr. Stevenson points out, not only has this engagement been practically violated, but it is almost impossible to put it in any form that is intelligible to a Samoan ear. We—the triple We—have very kindly endowed them with Chief Justices and Presidents, and all sorts of other beautiful red-taperies which are rather costly and utterly useless to them. There is at least a considerable and abiding suspicion, not confined to native minds, that judges, consuls, and what not are apt to decide legal and other disputes with no small reference to their own interests and those of their friends. But what good has been done, or is being done, to the natives themselves in all this is apparent *nusquam nullibi nullimodis*. Now we, who are "Jingos," should mind this very little if some good were being done to England; but, apparently, it is not. And a German Jingo would, no doubt, regard it with much indifference if the efforts of the great Baron Senft von Pilsach (of whom Mr. Stevenson speaks here with the kindly interest of an anatomist in his "subject") had any obvious or immediate prospect of bringing grist to German mills. But, as far as we can make out, that is not the case. We are meddling with the natives; we are preventing them from living their life, as far as such easy-going creatures can be prevented, in the quasi-beneficent circumstances of a three-piled and three-checked protectorate. But we are doing no good to them, nor to ourselves, nor to any other.

This rather doleful sermon on the great but useless text "Can't you let it alone?" is, we need hardly say, illustrated and diversified in the book before us by the exercise of many most agreeable gifts and graces. An enemy might perhaps say that it is written in Mr. Stevenson's harder and more artificial style, with a certain touch of the "stays" about it, a certain primness and want of abandon. But it is a gracious primness, and lets itself be read as easily at least as your most easy-going and loosely-girt styles. The description of the great hurricane of three years ago is of course a purple patch; but there are not many such azure feats going about nowadays. The description of the fight at Fangalii wants perhaps the high lights with which Carlyle was wont to emphasize and, if we may coin a word,

"precise" the best of his own battle-pictures; but it has much of the quality of the best Carlylian writing, with a different mannerism than Carlyle's. Although, as is almost inevitable, there is here and there a certain assumption of familiarity on the reader's part with matters of which it may be safely said that most probable readers will be utterly ignorant, the whole narrative is perfectly lucid and limpid, and insists that the reader shall not put it down. But the great merit of the whole is the admirable and omnipresent picture of the Polynesian character, seldom emerging in set strokes or studies, but built up here a little and there a little with innumerable minute touches, and impressing itself all the more from the gradual and unobtrusive fashion of the delineation. We had all heard, of course, that the inhabitants of the Happy Isles, to whom Cook and Bougainville came as the "denouncers" in diplomatic sense of their happiness, were children ever. But their childlikeness has nowhere been set before us with such a felicitous combination of analysis and synthesis as here.

AUNT ANNE.*

MRS. CLIFFORD has, with other gifts and equipments of a novelist, those of combining fulness and terseness, and of knowing, with a happy tact, when a description of a character by the author may with advantage supplement what a reader has already gathered for himself. Thus, although we know a good deal about the very original little old lady and heroine, Aunt Anne, before we have got past the middle of the first volume, we seem to understand her better, both in the past and for the future, when Mrs. Clifford has drawn special attention to some of her salient points. Aunt Anne has been for some time a widow, has been left with no money, and has lighted on her feet as companion to a young and rich married woman, who pets her and humours her. The old lady is always making presents for which the recipients have, in the end, to pay. Also she has just run up a bill for dress with Mme. Célestine—whom she has no intention of paying:—

> 'She looked upon her as an inferior who must be content to wait till it was the pleasure of her superior to remember her bill, and any reminder of it she resented as a liberty. She spent a happy and very excited hour in Regent Street, and at eleven o'clock stood on the kerbstone, critically looking for a hansom. . . . She liked driving in hansoms; she was of opinion that they were well constructed, a great improvement on older modes of conveyance, and that it was the positive duty of people in a certain rank of life to encourage all meritorious achievements with their approval. . . . She was keenly sensible of making effects, and it was odd, but for all her eccentricities, there was in her the making of a great lady; or it might have seemed to a philosophical speculator that she was made of the worn-out fragments of some past great lady, and dimly remembered at intervals her former importance. She had perfect control over her manner, and could use it to the best advantage; she had reserve, a power of keeping off familiarity, a graciousness, a winsomeness when she chose, that all belonged to a certain type and a certain class.'

Again, as she watched the passing omnibuses she wondered "what the lower class would do without them," rejoiced that they had not got to do without them, and so was able to "enjoy her own superior condition without compunction."

It is Mrs. Clifford's fine perception and skill which, in spite of misplaced touchiness, haughtiness, folly, and extravagance, make Aunt Anne lovable, through all her varying fortunes up to the last shattering calamity which is the direct result of her strange and silly, yet pathetic, infatuation. And the fact that the author has been able to do this bears closely upon what seem to us the prominent faults of the book. It has been hinted that there is more than a touch of pathos in the crowning folly of Aunt Anne's life. Without it, indeed, the story of a young man deliberately making a fool of a woman much more than old enough to be his mother, craftily and ruthlessly making her fall in love with him, from the lowest of motives, and when he has persuaded her to a marriage which on his side is bigamous, persistently neglecting her, and finally revealing his loathing for her in the most brutal terms—without a convincing motive on the woman's side, such a story would be completely intolerable. In the present case it would be hard to better the author's treatment of this motive. The half-superstitious belief that her present happiness is a sign of forgiveness for a past act of thoughtless cruelty, and the absorbing faith in the scoundrel Wimple loving her really, and that solely for herself, are put before us in the most natural way by a number of delicate touches. But the very fineness of handling in this matter accentuates by contrast the unhappily Boulevard-ish treatment of the villain's character. He is a monster, and, we regret to add, "a very weak monster." To say that a man in a book is too uniformly wicked to be true to nature is to say a rash thing, on which Lever's preface to *Roland Cashel* affords an instructive commentary. There have been many people quite as wicked as Alfred Wimple, but they have had more strength of mind and fewer scraps of decent impulse. The man who is idiot enough to palm off cuttings from Scotch papers as original articles on an editor, who is described as a clever man (but on that occasion he wasn't), is not the man to contrive a plot against Aunt Anne, which but for an accident would have got for him all he wished. Mrs. Clifford may answer that the accident came of his own selfish stupidity; but that kind of stupidity swears with the rest of his character. It seems to us that the author has set herself to make an original figure of a sordid villain by stuffing it with all kinds of incongruous materials, and that the result is but a patchwork dummy, whose shape is as awry and as apart from any conceivable travesty of human semblance as can be. Again, the creature's brutality at, for instance, p. 139, vol. ii., is too obviously out of keeping, especially as the here exaggerated mood has been artistically dealt with but a few pages back. And yet, again, though Wimple is repulsive from the first moment of his first appearance, not the most practised novel-reader could guess till far on in the book what "an out-and-outer" he really is. This is the more curious because, from the first quaint and pretty appearance of Aunt Anne at Brighton and in her queer cottage at Rottingdean, the author manages in some indefinable way to surround her fantastic figure with an atmosphere which, bright at the moment, yet seems to bear with it the breath of the storm.

If the main plot is saved by the author's admirable exposition of her heroine's character, the same may be said in a lesser degree of the underplot. It would have been better from every point of view to have here some unsullied brightness as a contrast to Aunt Anne's sorrows. Brightness there certainly is in the character of Mrs. North, and skill in giving readers the impression that she was at least as much sinned against as sinning, without telling them one word as to the supposed facts of her story. But why drag in a *divorcée, à propos* of nothing whatever that is important to the characterization or plot of a story, and why reward her for being the bright character of a novel with a sombre plot by uniting her to her former lover and giving her happiness for life at the end? That they were really happy no sensible person will believe, but that is what the reader is expected to think.

For the rest, there are slips here and there. Monte Christo, for instance, and Mrs. North signing her married name after her divorce, when she specially wants to be unknown. But the writing is throughout good, the descriptions neither laboured nor scamped, and the subordinate characters are natural if not interesting. However, it is by Aunt Anne herself that the book must, to our thinking, stand or fall; and, if this view is shared by other readers, there is not much danger of its falling.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.*

"POUR exécuter de grandes choses, il faut vivre comme si on ne devait jamais mourir," says Vauvenargues; and Mr. Payne's interpretation of the maxim seems to be that a gentleman who is about to write a history of America should plan it as if he could count on a hundred and fifty working years of life. This first volume contains 546 pages, and the author is as yet only in sight of the Spanish settlements on the mainland. He has stopped in the middle of a preliminary account of the native peoples. From his preface, and from various passages in the text, we gather that Mr. Payne intends to tell the history of "the New World called America" down to the revolt of the Spanish colonies, if not later. In one place he speaks of an account to be given, further on, of the rise of the naval power of England. Where Mr. Payne expects to reach this rise—no trifling subject in itself—we cannot, of course, know; but we guess at about vol. xxv. There will then be another 100 volumes ahead of him. Now, we have no wish but that University College should see Mr. Payne surpass the years of Routh, and we hope his age will be as old Adam's—"a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." Yet we cannot flatter him with the hope that he will see the end of the course he has set out to run if he persists in travelling as he has started. The subject is not in itself beyond the powers of a well-girt man. Mr. Payne

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* *Aunt Anne.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

* *History of the New World called America.* By Edward John Payne, Fellow of University College. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

has himself with some rashness given us a standard of comparison by a mention of the *Decline and Fall.* He is inclined to speak but lightly of the matter of that mighty work as a mere history of decadence in comparison with the youth and wonderful growth of the New World. But he will not, we are sure, be so foolish as to dispute the immense complexity of that greatest of histories, to question its scope, or to deny the variety of the men, nations, institutions, and religions which are to be found in it. Yet Gibbon embraced all this and held it tight, giving the essential in about five, or, to allow a proper margin, six such volumes as this of Mr. Payne's. How would it have been with him if he had taken 550 pages to reach the end of his third chapter—which is the rate of progress up till now of this new historian of the New World? He would have passed his life like the strenuously idle artist held up as a warning by Sir Joshua Reynolds—in "a provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite inquiry and research." To be sure he might have done worse. He might have turned out the whole mass of his material without selection or arrangement into fifty volumes; but though that method might have secured him the respect of the modern "Sociologist," it would have had this unfortunate consequence, that English literature would have wanted the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

To be candid, it is only too clear to us that, under whatever weight of volumes following on this the shelf may be destined to groan, English literature will not be enriched by Mr. Payne with a *History of the New World called America.* The candid reader who has accompanied us so far may, perhaps, suppose that since the author takes such an inordinate space to tell his tale, he is tiresomely minute in his account of events. But he is not. On the contrary, he is extraordinarily jejune, brief, and lifeless. His volume contains two books, of which the first and shorter alone deals with history. In this he gives an account of Spanish and other exploration on the coast of America down to the point at which the form of the eastern side of the continent was fixed with approximate accuracy, and the Spaniards were about to begin their invasion of Mexico. This is a considerable subject, and a man might very well give 243 pages to it, which is the length of Mr. Payne's first book. He dismisses it in less than half these pages, or thereabouts. The voyages of Columbus himself are told in the very briefest manner; while those of his successors are dismissed, as a rule, with a date at the beginning and the end, while between comes a dry notice of the course of their exploration. Of the space which he does give to the actions of the discoverers, part is wasted on round assertions on matters of opinion, unsupported by evidence or argument. To take an example, Mr. Payne asserts that Columbus was an incompetent governor. Perhaps he was, but no evidence to that effect is given in the book. Towards Columbus himself Mr. Payne maintains the attitude of Carlyle's "imbecile" friend Noble to Cromwell. He is "open to receive good of him, and to receive evil, even inconsistent evil." But Mr. Payne's narrative of events is always so vague and general that it is difficult to come to close quarters with him. How then, it may be asked, does he contrive to fill his 243 pages? In the simplest way in the world—in a way described by the ingenious Mr. Pope, if he does not "prove the thing till all men doubt it," he does "talk about it, Goddess, and about it." He marches out his Turanians and Aryans, flies from Chaldæa to the Nile Valley, and hurries back through Babylon to the plains of Media. Much of his first book is devoted to notices of the earlier European knowledge of Asia, and to an account of classical and mediæval geographical speculation. No doubt it is desirable to tell us what was the knowledge and what were the guesses of men as to the form of the earth when Columbus sailed—Robertson, or even Prescott, would have done it in five pages. Mr. Payne does it as if he were writing a history of geographical science, with digressions on the "Observations of Aristotle on the Hispano-Indian Hypotheses," on "The 'New World' in Roman Literature," on "The Suasoria to Alexander," on "The Plurality of *Oikoumenai* developed by Strabo," and so on. Of course, by letting it all go in in this fashion, the writing of what one may call "prize pig" books is not much more difficult than lying. One does not see where the fluent historian need stop. If the history of geographical speculation is a necessary preliminary to the voyage of Columbus, why not a whole history of shipbuilding, of which Mr. Payne does say something, or of navigation? Our author might quite as excusably give us the whole story of the mariner's compass, and settle Amalfi's hash. Indeed, seeing that whatever happens in the world is in some sort the result of all that happened before, why should not an exhaustive universal history be written as preface to every historical book? By adopting this method an historian might, with some industry and working in safe generalities, hope to rival the productiveness of a scholastic philosopher. We see no reason why he should not; but, then, we see many reasons why he should be perfectly unreadable when he does.

Mr. Payne does not, we gather, rely on his first book, but on his second, to establish his fame. We are prepared in the preface for this second part which is to contain an explanation of the growth of all civilizations. It opens with a solemn warning against the folly of supposing that European causes can account for American history. The necessity of understanding why everything was so, and particularly in America, is ponderously inculcated. The way is prepared for the θεωροὶ who are to bring the offerings to the shrine of Sociology. Then crowned and magnificently attired in capital letters in they march as "THE SUBSTITUTION OF AN ARTIFICIAL FOR A NATURAL BASIS OF SUBSISTENCE." This is the reading of the riddle of the painful earth which Mr. Payne has been constrained to spell out because he could not otherwise explain "the facts under investigation" by any theory struck out by anybody else. Mr. Payne felt that he could not tell us what the native American communities were until he had found out how they came to be what they were, and that, again, could not be done without inquiring into human progress since the beginning of time. Now this method is unquestionably sovereign for the production of big books. As to its novelty or its value there may be more difference of opinion. Mr. Payne's doctrine has to us much the look of a mere variation on Mr. Buckle's "rice and river theory." Like that schoolboy generalization, when you look into it you find that what is presented to you as an explanation of the cause is uncommonly like a mere restatement of the results in slightly different words. The misfortune of these ingenious theories is that they have a killing resemblance to the medical learning of Sganarelle:—"Vostre fille est muette" and "cela vient de ce qu'elle a perdu la parole"; the cause of which loss "tous nos meilleurs auteurs vous diront que c'est l'empeschement de l'action de sa langue." At the best they only put us back a step. The "rice and river" produce civilization on the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile—but durra and the river do not produce civilization on the Congo, nor do maize and the river in the valleys of the Parana or Mississippi. Why not? Because the people did not use them properly. Why not, if the physical conditions are all important, and the quality of the race nothing? To that question Mr. Buckle had no answer to give, nor has Mr. Payne. When we look into it, we find that maize has been cultivated and stored from the lakes to Paraguay, yet it was only in Mexico, Central America, and some of the valleys of the Andes, that anything deserving to be called an approach to civilization was found. Why this difference? The old historian would have noted the fact, have attributed it, if to anything, then to the qualities of the race, and, having spoken of that mystery of mysteries, would have been content to follow out the history of its working. The modern sociological historian, immensely conscious that he must be scientific, and must know the why of everything, goes along explaining with explanations which are restatements of the fact, when they are not mere strings of names. Mr. Payne abounds in these strings to an insufferable degree. There are passages of his book which remind us of the famous *procès verbal.* We found upon the mantelpiece, said the French lawyer's clerk, neither clock, nor ornaments, nor a calendar, nor a matchbox, nor a looking-glass, nor any of the things usually found on a mantelpiece. There was nothing on the mantelpiece. This is a very attractive method for people who are paid by the folio; but in an historian it can only be accounted for by a natural, though corrupt, love of verbosity. Mr. Payne cannot tell us that the Americans had few domesticated animals without an excursus on the animals other peoples have had, from the elephant to the hog. Of this animal he says that it is only reared to be eaten—a serious oversight in so exhaustive a writer. It is also employed to find truffles. When he comes to vegetables he is equally long-winded. Not content with text, he has a note on the connexions of different ways of preparing grain with various stages of savagery, barbarism, and early civilization. Porridge is the "favourite food of advanced barbarism." If Mr. Payne ever stands for a Scotch constituency this will be brought up against him by the grim heckler. Pancakes belong to the "transition from barbarism." One almost expects a disquisition on pine-apple fritters, which have a manifest connexion with South America.

Want of space compels us to leave unnoticed much of Mr. Payne's volume. The last two hundred pages or so are devoted to the religion of the Americans, and the author is able to boast with pardonable pride that he "has thus disposed of the purely fictitious goddess, 'Teoyaominqui,' of the Mexican antiquaries, the hideous 'bear-faced' Tezcatlipoca of Bernal Diaz, and the alleged worship of the one true invisible supreme God by Nezahualcoyotl." We dare say they will all be put back by another learned gentle-

man some day. In the meantime, it is amusing to see how confident our present learned gentlemen are about the beliefs and the deities of a very barbarous people, of which deities and beliefs they, on their own showing, know nothing except on the evidence of ill-informed authorities who contradict one another. Mr. Payne might create in ill-regulated minds a prejudice against himself at the very beginning by his pompous, self-conscious way of talking about the functions of the modern historian and the especial dignity of American history. The qualities of the historian have no more changed in modern times than those of the poet, and American, like other history, is the record of the conflicts of man with man, and of his own religious and political beliefs. You do not introduce a new method of writing history by embedding a thin, half-told narrative of action in heaps of so-called "sociological facts" about food-supply. The "old ethnologists," says Mr. Payne, "even agree in considering the presence of indigenous food-roots as among the causes of early advancement in Egypt and Babylonia." Old ethnologists were, no doubt, quite capable of seeing and allowing for obvious considerations, and were content to give the results of their observations. The new sociologist prefers to attempt to give himself an air of completeness and profundity by sparing himself the trouble of selection and arrangement.

NOVELS.*

A FOREIGNER anxious to make acquaintance with English fiction of the present day would not be favourably impressed by any of the works at present under notice. He would infer, and very justly, that the public which could welcome books such as these must be very easily satisfied, and, for the most part, not nice in the matter of either wit or taste; likewise that originality was not the distinguishing feature of modern novelists. Several of the tales appear to be first, and we sincerely hope will be last, attempts; others, again, are mere imitations of well-known books; only one can lay claim to any merit of its own, and even this, we should not be astonished to hear, may have had a forerunner. Still, Mr. Emerson has contrived to give us a graphic picture in *A Son of the Fens* of the strange amphibious life of this corner of England. The characters are real, though they are of the earth earthy, and the narrator tells his story in natural and appropriate language, disclosing as he talks all manner of curious customs that prevail in that part of the world. It is interesting to learn from the artless babblings of Master Windmill that sailors in the Fens are not given to indulge in washing during their coasting voyages, which last, roughly speaking, for a period of about eight weeks; that no smart youth, even of the tender age of thirteen, would ever dream of coming ashore without at once "stringing up with a gel"—*i.e.* keeping company with her; that beer forms the staple subject of refreshment and conversation in Fenny circles; and that the share for fish on a voyage averages 1*l.* a week per man, while a boy of fourteen gains hardly less. It seems to be a habit in the Fens to garden on Good Friday, and to use the metaphor that something is "all brandy," meaning apparently that it is "all square." Five-o'clock tea is called "fourses," and the thirsty souls of East Anglia are capable of swallowing as much as eight quarts of beer at a sitting without being at all the worse. The book can hardly be described as a story; it is really a picture, and as such is interesting and valuable. But Mr. Emerson should be above such a stupid and amazing practice as supplying headings to his chapters from the body of his own work—in some instances, as in Chapter XXIX., repeating in the opening sentence the very remark that has been made just above. This is giving himself airs of the infallibility that hangs round a proverb, and the effect on the reader is slightly irritating.

The cover which incloses *Mrs. Smith's Craze* is dreadful even beyond the wont of railway novels. On a scarlet background two people, a man and a woman, are shown, the woman standing more than erect, in the act of firing off a pistol at the collar bone of her companion, who is falling over in an attitude which somehow contrives to be both limp and rigid. The lady's hair and dress, and the gentleman's coat, are of the same shade of canary colour, which, as we are all aware, is the usual colour for men's costume in this country, combined in this instance with purple trousers and a scarlet collar. These figures are Mrs. Smith and her admirer Lord Darring, a seductive person with "a world-wide reputation for practical jokes," who consents, for a bet, to force his way into his hostess's bedroom, and steal the jewels which are her "craze." He does so, apparently in the garb above described, and gets shot for his pains, but marries the lady in the long run. The whole thing is vulgar and far from amusing, and though the other stories are quieter in tone, they likewise are stupid and heavy.

In *Come Live With Me and Be My Love*, Mr. Buchanan has paid two tributes of admiration to Mr. Hardy, first by dedicating his book to him, and secondly by imitating him. He would have done better if he had stuck to his own style, for he has not Mr. Hardy's gift for describing country life, and the story is flat and tame. Some quality is wanting to make the reader share the joys and sorrows of Catherine and Bridget Thorpe, and the action of the Gaffer in poisoning the girl whom he does not wish his son to marry lacks reality. The same situation is treated by Henry Murger in *Le sabot rouge*, but with the "electric spark" added, which makes all the difference.

Mr. Lawrence Fletcher is not the only person who appears to think that a mere collection of hair-breadth escapes and marvellous deeds of blood, with South Africa for the scene of action, will of themselves constitute a thrilling novel. His demands on our credulity and patience in *Into the Unknown* exceed those of any other writer; in fact, he seems to be trying how much his readers can stand. What is the use of transplanting a whole colony of Mormons into a wild part of South Africa, which is only accessible by diving into a pool, and going many miles through a natural tunnel under the mountains? There is no end to the wonders of nature which are introduced; explosions produced by gas, petroleum wells, mountain staircases, underground rivers—the agony is piled on till we gasp for breath! But the heroes are cast in such a Titanic mould that they are more than fitted to cope with all these marvels. Two young Englishmen and two Zulus, together with another Englishman whom they have rescued, his daughter, and her friend, contrive to hold the entire Mormon nation at bay, to foil every possible device for their capture and to kill most of the enemy, escaping in the end with the loss of one Zulu, one Englishman, and one girl, and with enormous fortunes in their pockets, taken out of the river beds. Is Mr. Fletcher unconscious, one wonders, that he is imitating Mr. Haggard in the closest conceivable way (even to the cover of the book), only that in Mr. Fletcher's case there has been omitted the important factor of a gift for story telling, and a power of casting glamour over the minds of his readers?

Miss Bell has confessedly drawn her tale of *True to the Prince* from the pages of Motley, or at least she has used his history as the background for her romance. She can relate well and clearly, and many girls and boys who turn with disgust from the closely printed pages of *The Dutch Republic* will pick up several stray crumbs of the contemporary history from *True to the Prince*. If Miss Bell cannot be said to have written a very remarkable or original book, she has, at any rate, the merit of being quite unpretentious, and of having digested her materials so thoroughly that she carries her readers along easily and pleasantly.

George Waring's Choice abounds in disquisitions of all sorts, many of them delivered by the hero, George Waring, a young barrister, to other young barristers who were dining with him, and who must have been a great deal more tolerant than most of their kind to have put up with him so good-naturedly. Not but what they are every bit as bad when their turn comes, and discourse as lengthily upon music, and their very tame and uneventful travels, as he does about reading and Christianity. There is often a certain amount of cleverness in the talk, as in the case of the lady who inquires whether the book Waring has recommended to her is "one she can read to the children," but it is altogether too serious and too preachy. As to Waring himself, it is impossible to share the author's predilection for him. He is (as described) a fickle and sensual man, and surely the circumstances under which Mary Lyne first made his acquaintance, when she went to summon him to the dying bed of a little actress, with whom he had once lived, would have precluded her perpetually reiterating both to herself and to him that "he was so good." The episode of his violent love affair with Mme. de Casalis is commonplace and unpleasant, and the *dénouement* of the book unnecessarily melodramatic. Yet Mr. Baron gives us

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* *A Son of the Fens.* By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Mrs. Smith's Craze. By Henry Ross. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Come Live With Me and Be My Love. By Robert Buchanan. London: Heinemann. 1892.

Into the Unknown. By Lawrence Fletcher. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

True to the Prince. By Gertrude Bell. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

George Waring's Choice. By Frank Baron. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

Where the Sea Birds Cry. By Castle Hill. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

For Hal's Sake. By Amy Manifold. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Life Threads. By "K. E. V." London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Sir Vinegar's Venture. By John Tweeddale. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

here and there glimpses of a power to do something better, and we sincerely hope he will.

Where the Sea Birds Cry is an innocent little story, more suggestive of *The Swiss Family Robinson* or *The Castaways* than any of their modern successors. It positively teems with coincidences, and the way that all the characters have of coming from a remote island in the north of Ireland is nothing short of miraculous. It does not matter whether the hero George, who "belongs to England's Royal Navy," meets with a wounded sailor in a desert island of the South Seas, or whether one comes across a woman in a wild part of Central America, every one not only has been born on this island, where George himself was brought up, but goes back there. George's own career is more than eventful. He is stolen by gipsies at the age of five, stripped of his clothes, sewn up in a sack, laid on the seashore, rescued by smugglers, found some years after by his parents, who have accidentally come to the island; he is wrecked again, when a naval lieutenant, cast up on the island, where he soon discovers the wounded sailor, and meets a terrier, who brings him rabbits, and a parrot who guesses the terrier's name. He narrowly avoids (after some years) disappearing with his (South Sea) island in an earthquake; but luckily he and his companion are out sailing, and they pass successively through the hands of Spanish pirates and French gaolers, to find themselves at last at home again. In spite of all these trials, George never loses the command of fine language he had acquired as a boy. "We must all die," he remarks on one occasion to his friend, "but let us strive while spared to lead the life of the righteous." Another time he bids his companion "tell those base Spaniards who roam on the seas for pillage and rapine, that we will not join in their nefarious practices"; and later observes, "God rulest over all." One would like to know what precedent Castle Hill has for making a Spaniard sign his letters Piétro? Pedro is the Spanish, Pietro without an accent the Italian; but every one who refers to this gentleman adopts this curious rendering of his name.

For Hal's Sake is exactly one of those books which, though quite harmless in itself, it is sheer waste of time for children to read. It teaches them nothing in any direction, and is full of unreal sentiments and improbable characters, while it is not sufficiently imaginative to lift them into a world outside their own.

Life Threads (with an appalling frontispiece) is more ambitious, but has not a much greater place in literature. It is written pleasantly enough, but comes to so little after all; and though no one will be the worse for having read it, very few will be any the better.

Sir Vinegar's Venture is to the full as vulgar and silly as its name implies. The writer appears to fancy that the prefix "Sir" is attached straight to a man's surname, which surname his son bears, and his daughter does not. Also, that it is possible for a man to succeed to his father's title in his father's lifetime.

THE LAND SYSTEMS OF BRITISH INDIA.*

THIS work is the outturn of long official experience and of very considerable research. It is divided into three volumes and fills more than two thousand pages of print. It is illustrated by coloured maps, descriptive of the different systems of Land Revenue prevalent in India, and there is a table of contents, a glossary, and an index. Mr. Baden-Powell, previous to his retirement, filled with ability the office of a Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab, which differs from the High Courts of other provinces in that it is not established by Royal Charter; and the three volumes before us are an amplification of a shorter Manual of Land Tenures and Land Revenue which he wrote under the orders of Government some ten years ago. It is obviously impossible to do more in a moderate space than to give a general notice of its scope, and to direct attention to a few prominent points of a very complex, a thorny, and a controversial literature.

The main difficulties of the subject are fairly recognized by the author himself. He endeavours to clear them up or, at least, to simplify them for the district officers whose occasional duty is the assessment, and whose regular work is the punctual realization, of the Government Revenue. But he truly says that a comprehension of the broad features of Land Revenue Administration is necessary for all classes of officials; for the man employed on public works, in education, and in the post-office. He also writes *virginibus puerisque*—that is to say, for the B.A. of Indian Universities, the non-official student, and the home reader; and even for Padgett, M.P. It would require a lively imagination to conceive this last type of individual sitting down to the patient study of these volumes and realizing the distinction between a *pattidari tenure* and a *patni Taluk*, or a *Kunkut* and a *Karkun*.

The vital importance to a district officer of a sound knowledge of the land revenue of his district and province will be at once admitted by every competent witness on the subject. A vast proportion of the civil suits tried either by English or native judges arises out of quarrels regarding land. From the same prolific source proceed village fights, disputes about boundaries, questions of irrigation, fisheries, rights of pasturage, divisions of estates between contentious shareholders, and many other matters in which Hindus and Muhammadans take far more interest than they do in the oratory of the platform and the Congress. Suits for mere arrears of rent used to take up, in some provinces, nearly the whole time of a class of officers known as Deputy Collectors. A magistrate who has to try or to commit to the Sessions some dozen offenders who have speared opponents, looted bazaars, and set fire to granaries, generally begins his investigation by trying to ascertain what supposed rights in the soil and its produce were the subject of attack and defence. At various epochs down to the present time, when the administration of the legal machinery is being overhauled, attempts have been made to separate the functions of the magistrate and Revenue officer. In practice it has invariably been found that the two departments are closely connected. Revenue and rent, if expelled with a pitchfork from the domain of the Civil judge, insist on finding their way back into Court. Some of the best judges in the High Courts of the various Presidencies have been distinguished fully as much for their mastery over the principles and details of revenue and rent as for their grasp of legal principles and their interpretation of native testimony. The famous Settlement of the North-West Provinces, carried out in all its complex details by the late Mr. Thomason, really originated with a gentleman whose whole experience had been acquired in the Civil Courts. Mr. Baden-Powell himself, when on the bench at Lahore, must over and over again have had to rely on his familiarity with the village community and all its curious mosaic. Practically, whatever divisions of the official hierarchy may be adopted by Governors or Secretaries of State, under the idea that they are furthering progress or satisfying English philanthropy and native wants, a grasp of agricultural details, a knowledge of the precise mode in which revenue is assessed and rents are collected and enhanced, will be just as much needed by the Judges of first instance and of appeal as they are by the Collector and the Commissioner of Division. The aspirations of the villager and the agriculturist are bounded by his homestead and his field; and they are better interpreted by the Englishman who has spent four months of every year under canvas than by half-educated newspaper writers and students of our colleges at the Presidencies, for whom evidently the author has no liking.

We incline to think that the division of the subject by Mr. Baden-Powell is susceptible of improvement. It is neither geographical nor chronological. There is doubtless a kind of sequence in his description of the three or four main systems which our Government has created or stereotyped—namely, (1) the landlord or Zamindar; (2) the village community; (3) the Ryotwari system; this last chiefly in Madras and Bombay. But some of the ground is gone over twice. What are called Non-regulation districts, that have not got much beyond the patriarchal age, are curiously brought in. Assam comes very oddly between Berar in Central India and Coorg in the South; and, in a laudable anxiety to make a difficult subject clear and attractive, nearly every page is broken up by new headings. The reader has hardly mastered a paragraph about "the existence of property in India" before italics tell him to note the "absence of any standard idea of property." The "operations of settlement" break the narrative at the top of one page, and are themselves shunted for the "demarcation" before you turn over the leaf. This minute subdivision of the actual letterpress extends over the two thousand pages. Now, when you travel along a fine road in an interesting country, you do not want to be reminded at every turn that you have come just so many more yards or feet on your journey. All you look for is the regular milestone. An historical account of our successive conquests, cessions, and annexations, and of the various processes by which the revenue, the Land-tax, or the share of the government—Hindu, Muhammadan, and Christian—has been fixed or altered—call it by what title you will—is all very well. But we should have liked a more compact and distinct narrative of each province and its outlying tracts; while the constant interruptions occurring, as we have said, in every page are more calculated to perplex than to help the inexperienced public servant. Nor are we always satisfied with the language in which Mr. Baden-Powell

* *The Land Systems of British India; being a Manual of the Land Tenures and of the Systems of Land Revenue Administration prevalent in the several Provinces.* By B. H. Baden-Powell, C.I.E., F.R.S.E., M.R.A.S., late of the Bengal Civil Service and one of the Judges of the Chief Court of the Panjab. With Maps. 3 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1852.

quotes or dismisses several by no means obscure predecessors in the same field. Such men as Sir Charles Metcalfe and Sir George Campbell and others are not always spoken of as they deserve. Lawrence and Montgomery, authorities of the highest class on Revenue, are not, as far as we can discover, once mentioned; while there is a liberal spargification of melted butter over divers of the author's contemporaries, who have written admirable and exhaustive Reports on the Settlements of their districts. Many errors have been traced and expunged by the labours of successive Settlement officers, and no one would deprive the new race of Civilians of their share of praise. But Mr. Baden-Powell should remember Macaulay's warning against minimizing the discoveries of Columbus because you can now accomplish in six days what it took that navigator six weeks to do. Sir John Kaye's *Administration of the East India Company* is hardly a standard authority on the internal government of India, and we attach more value to the celebrated Fifth Report of the House of Commons than the author seems inclined to allow. It is neither confused nor unintelligible to those who can separate grain from chaff.

Yet there is very much in these bulky volumes which is likely, for some good time to come, to be a text-book on the subject. Mr. Baden-Powell writes intelligently on the various stages of property in land, on the origin of villages, on the predominance of Rajas and chiefs, and on allotments to their dependents and followers. He shows how the custom of assigning *jagirs* and rent-free holdings to individuals who had rendered signal service to the State arose, and was handed on from one conqueror to another. It was an easy way of rewarding merit, but it has been the source of much worry and heartburning in our own times. Nothing was more common for a ruler than to hand over the right to revenue from a certain tract, to priest, pundit, maulavi, or military adherent. And there was always a struggle on the part of the grantee for life to establish that perpetuity which the English law is said to abhor. Good, too, is the explanation of the various forms which the joint village community has assumed. Very often it is *pattidari*, and here the shares are "mainly those of the ancestral tree, and follow the law of inheritance." Next we have the *Bhaiachara* village, where land is held or allotted by the custom of the brotherhood, and not by descent. It would seem that, in this latter case, men of the higher castes formed themselves into close communities, and divided the lands among themselves equally, taking care that the payment of revenue by each shareholder should correspond with the productive power of his particular holding. Eventually the *Bhaiachara* was extended and applied loosely to any village tenure in which the ancestral division of shares did not prevail. A third form is the Zamindari village, and here the author is careful to explain what we have noticed before in this journal—that the Zamindar in the North-West Provinces is comparatively a small personage, bearing no resemblance to the overgrown Zamindar of Bengal and Behar, and to the fighting Talukdar of Oudh. Originally the village Zamindar in the Doab of Hindustan had got for himself a grant of the whole village. At his death it became the inheritance of the members of his family, of whom the most active and trusted became the manager, and he very often leased the land out to tenants. And there is thus a clear distinction between villages owned by one Zamindar and others where he is succeeded by shareholders in joint possession.

Mr. Baden-Powell is somewhat hypercritical when he finds fault with some older authorities for writing about the old "Law and Constitution of India." In a country repeatedly subject to invasions, conquests, internecine wars, tyranny, and disregard of rights and easements, there could, he seems to argue, have been neither law nor order generally acknowledged and revered. He admits, however, the prevalence and the potency of custom. All that the older writers really mean in talking of "Law and Constitution" is, that there was always under every dynasty, however autocratic, and in every State, however corrupt, some fairly recognized standard of rights and interests of the subject which the Raja or Nawab was, in theory, bound to observe. If he went beyond a certain line there was outcry, revolt, and intrigue, and he was smitten under the fifth rib by a nephew or a cousin. There were, no doubt, many things which a despot did, or attempted to do, at variance with the feelings of the community and with the recognized fitness of things. But there was still an hereditary principle of equity and moderation to which the artisan and the cultivator could appeal. Mr. Baden-Powell, a score of times, must have heard a knot of villagers claiming to be treated on some ancient principle, fixed in their traditions and memories long before any British Regulations or Acts came into play. This principle may, with perfect justice, be termed the "Law and Constitution" of India, though it may be widely different from the sort of thing which would satisfy the Duke of Argyll or the late Sir Henry Maine.

A Civil servant, however long and large his experience, cannot possibly become competent to deal with all the multiplicity of questions, old and new, which arise in the attempt to reconcile loose Asiatic custom with English strictness and precision. And we could wish that Mr. Baden-Powell, who has done his best to master and treat methodically the systems of other provinces besides the Punjab, had refrained from disposing of some very big questions in a rather offhand way. He is quite certain that, sooner or later, there must be a cadastral survey of Bengal and Behar. Now he must be fully aware that the proposal to survey a few districts in the latter province has given rise to a vast amount of irritation and discontent; and that very many experts, including the late Sir H. Ricketts and Mr. Ashley Eden, to say nothing of Sir F. Halliday and Sir J. P. Grant who are yet with us, have considered this very subject, and have concluded that such a minute record could only be accomplished by an expenditure of time and money utterly disproportionate to the object in view. Further, at p. 356, vol. i., he disposes of his own recommendation by showing that a new or revised settlement may, in thirty years, become quite useless and out of date. If this can be said of a part of India where there are always surveyors, Settlement officers, and village accountants at hand, what could we expect in Bengal, where there is no such official machinery, and where litigants about land have for a century been accustomed to resort to the civil Courts? When the last sheet of the Bengal Survey had been filled in, the first would, in all probability, be unintelligible and objectless. Similarly, a note about the cultivation of indigo, at p. 168, vol. i., shows a complete misapprehension of the mode in which that plant was cultivated under a contract in which the tenant-proprietor was hardly ever a free agent. These are blemishes in a laborious and praiseworthy attempt to present students and administrators with a connected view of the Indian land system; but we can bear testimony to the ability of the writer, to the pains and discrimination with which he has sifted an enormous mass of materials, to his curious revelations of village life, and to the force and justice of many of his views.

TWO MEDICAL BOOKS.*

IN its broadest sense the term "physiology" would signify a discourse on, or knowledge of, nature, and would consequently include the sciences of physics, geology, and chemistry. Its use has now, however, become almost entirely restricted to the denotation of that branch of natural knowledge which teaches us to understand the structure and functions of the different parts of living things whether animal or vegetable. Dr. Waller happily describes it as "the junction to which anatomy, chemistry, and physics converge, and from which the principles of medicine and surgery diverge." Before the diffusion of physiological knowledge among medical men no scientific principles upon which to found the treatment of disease, or direct the maintenance of health, could be founded. Nevertheless it is true that, while but little was known of the histology of our tissues, and consequently of the mode of action of remedies, men of shrewd common sense and acute powers of observation had experimentally discovered many means of opposing the inroads of disease; but the "why" and the "wherefore" being beyond their reach, prevented them from formulating sound general laws, and their position with the thinking portion of the public was not much better than that of the medicine-man with his charms and incantations. Even now ignorance of the rudiments of physiology is sufficiently prevalent among the laity to allow impudent quacks to make fortunes by trading on the credulity of those who do *not* know. We are in accord with the author in thinking that the medical student cannot obtain a satisfactory knowledge of this essential subject from books alone, and that a course of practical physiology is necessary for his proper education. Dr. Waller's plan of putting the chapter headings in such a form that they may also serve the purpose of a syllabus is a good one, as the reader is able to check his knowledge by going through them. This introduction to human physiology may be safely recommended to those about to enter upon the study of medicine or natural science.

In his excellent manual Mr. Treves has confined himself to the consideration of *operative* surgery to the exclusion of *general* surgical principles and practice. In view of the fact that, even

* *An Introduction to Human Physiology.* By Augustus D. Waller, M.D. London: Longmans & Co.

A Manual of Operative Surgery. By Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S London: Cassell & Co., Lim.

then, his book consists of two volumes of nearly eight hundred pages each, we think such limitation indubitably expedient. The first seventy pages deal with certain preliminary matters which require attention in all cases where operative procedure is contemplated. Foremost in importance among these is the condition of the patient as it affects the result of an operation. The following are the chief constitutional states which are usually disastrous to success, and on the subjects of which it is, in the author's opinion, unjustifiable to perform any operation which is not so urgent as to be essential to the saving of life—namely, acute disease, diabetes, kidney disease, or chronic alcoholism. The preparation of the patient, the qualifications required in a good operator, the operating-room and table, the instruments, sponges, sutures, &c.; the making, closing, and after treatment of the wound, all receive notice in this portion of the work. Mr. Treves has not much faith in the utility of producing an antiseptic atmosphere about the wound by means of spray whilst operative measures are proceeding; but he would have the utmost vigilance exercised in being fully assured of the most scrupulous cleanliness and disinfection of hands, instruments, sponges, dressings; or, indeed, anything which may come in contact with the divided tissues. Following this enunciation of principles applicable to all surgical operations is a section on "The Administration of Anæsthetics," by Dr. F. W. Hewitt. The complete insensibility of his patient to pain is a matter of the greatest importance to the surgeon, as it prevents his being distressed by the sufferings of the former, and takes away the inducement to undue haste, in order to end them. It is appalling to think of the scenes which must have been witnessed in the operating theatre before the introduction of this class of remedies, and, no doubt, numberless removable ills were left untouched, causing life-long misery to their bearers, for fear of the horrors of an agonizing operation. The agents in common use for the production of insensibility, and the various modes of administering them, are described, together with their respective advantages and dangers. The class of patients for whom each of them is best adapted, provided that the nature of the operation does not contraindicate their use, is also ably pointed out. The remainder of the work, constituting the greater part of its bulk, is occupied by minute and detailed descriptions of the method of carrying out the large number of special operations which the modern surgeon may be called upon to perform. With reference to all these, the young operator will find trustworthy guidance in Mr. Treves's book, the instructions being made clearer by plentiful and well-executed illustrative plates.

A MANUAL OF MUSICAL HISTORY.*

THE best things in this book are the illustrations, which are numerous, and the bibliography, which is sufficient and conveniently appended to each chapter. In no other respect can it be called satisfactory. A subject so large as the history of music can only be compressed into a manual in one of two ways. The writer may devote himself either to the composers or to the art; he may be either biographical or critical; space does not allow him to be both, except in a very sketchy and imperfect manner. Now Mr. Matthew has mixed up the two very awkwardly; the plan of his work is critical, but the execution is biographical—a fundamental and damnable error. It lands him in this sort of quagmire. He essays a chapter on "Music in Germany," wherein he ought to give an account of the development of the art in that country, and does attempt to give it in a kind of way: but his biographical method leads him, having once got on the long Bach line, to follow it down to 1846, when J. S. Bach's great-great-grandson died, and then he has to hark all the way back to Handel. Whereupon, having started gaily on an anecdotal biography of "the great Saxon," he breaks it off abruptly, to be resumed in our next but one, when we come to "The Rise of Opera and Oratorio in England." It is the same with Gluck in Germany—otherwise, Vienna—and Gluck in Paris. In this way the critical plan destroys the biographer as effectually as the biographical execution blots out the critic.

Nevertheless, the reader without knowledge might peradventure pick some up from a history even thus faultily contrived; but we cannot honestly recommend him to this one. There are other defects. If a man, compiling such a manual, elects to recite facts, they should be full and accurate; and if, on the other hand, he aims at unfolding the story of music in the light of its organic development, then he must have a thorough mastery of the subject, must possess insight, sound judgment, the faculty of discriminating and condensing. We are sorry to say that Mr. Matthew fails on all points. In his facts he is guilty of many sins of commission and omission. For instance, he calls both Liszt and Dvořák Germans, pronounces *Esther* Handel's first oratorio, states that *Die Feen* has never been performed, speaks (not once only) of *Der Meistersinger*, informs the reader that Purcell wrote only one opera, and in his account of Berlioz omits to mention the *Requiem*. These are positive blunders, and there are many other statements hardly less misleading. Purcell (who died in 1695) was "the greatest of our modern composers." Presumably our not modern composers must have flourished under good Queen Boadicea or thereabouts. "The settlement of the form of the sonata may be attributed to C. P. E. Bach and to Schubert." The question is, perhaps, matter of opinion; but what an amazing combination! Whatever C. P. E. Bach had to do with settling the form of the sonata (and most people think he had very little), where, in the name of reason, does Schubert come in? It would be much truer to say that he unsettled it. Again, we have "the *gift* of perfect vocalization," and the statement that "Italy has quite ceased in our own day to produce fine voices." Italy swarms with fine voices and with bad singers, for the very reason that vocalization is not a "gift." We have not sought for mistakes; the above and many more strike the reader at once. They form part of a general carelessness which otherwise reveals itself in various misspellings and misprints. The composer of the *Macbeth* music is sometimes Locke and sometimes Lock. Gluck's rival is now Piccinni and now Piccini, and so on. The final sentence of the book is worth quoting in full:—"As long as music is represented by such writers as Brahms, Dvôrák, Max Bruch in Germany; Gounod, Amboise Thomas and Saint Saens in France; Verdi and Boito in Italy; Rubinstein in Russia; Grieg in Norway; Sullivan, Stanford, Herbert Parry, Mackenzie, and Goring Thomas in England—to mention those only who at once occur to the mind, we may look forward with a bright anticipation of future delight and satisfaction." The silliness of this is surpassed by its carelessness. The sentence contains five typographical errors and one downright blunder.

The only thing which could compensate in any degree for such slovenliness in detail would be a luminous exposition of the general principles of music. Nothing of the kind is attempted after the first two chapters, one of which describes the rise of musical notation, with the help of some interesting illustrations; while the other deals with early musical instruments, and is also well illustrated. There is nothing about the laws of composition or the development of orchestration, very little about form, and not much more about the origin of the great divisions of music. In the rise of opera, for instance, Mr. Matthew entirely fails to point out the real significance of the new *musica parlante* as opposed to the old polyphonic system that preceded it. In dealing with individual composers and compositions we have such appraisements as "how delightful is this," "who can forget the charming that," and the like futilities. The Wagnerian *leit motiv* is quite misunderstood. Berlioz's *Faust* is "a sort of cantata, in which he indulges in his peculiar style to the full extent," and so on. But enough.

We have paid Mr. Matthew the compliment of dealing severely with his manual, because it is meant to be popular, and is therefore addressed to uncritical readers, who might be misled by it, and also because it contains a good deal of honest matter. Nothing can make it a really good book; but careful revision might turn it into a fairly useful one.

* *A Manual of Musical History.* By James E. Matthew. London: Grevel & Co. 1892.

"THE GRASSHOPPER."*

LONDON must have been very picturesque, if not very convenient, when every house had its sign, and still more so at that distant period of which Chaucer testified in his evidence in St. Margaret's Church as to the "bend or" arms. He said he had been "une foitz en Friday strete en Loundres," and had seen the "bend, or" on a new sign in front of a house, and had concluded that it belonged to "mons. Richard Lescrop," but found that it belonged to a Cheshire knight, "appelle mons. Robert Grosvenor." While Parliament sat some old London streets must have been quite gay. Every house in Lombard Street in and since Elizabeth's reign had its sign, as Mr. Price has fully set forth in his sumptuous book on the subject. In the frontispiece of Mr. Martin's volume we are shown the Grasshopper between the Unicorn and the Plough, three as plain and unpicturesque houses as it is possible to imagine. However, plain as they are, we should not like to see them rebuilt, as some Lombard Street banks have lately been rebuilt. Better by far the drab brick of the Unicorn, the Grasshopper, and the Plough, than the tasteless magnificence of some of the opposite buildings, gorgeous

* *"The Grasshopper" in Lombard Street.* By John Biddulph Martin. London: the Leadenhall Press. 1892.

with ornament; expensive, not to say extravagant, in costly material, and hideous to look at. There are some interesting traditions about the Grasshopper, and Mr. Martin does well to preserve them. Here, according to tradition, business was carried on by Matthew Shore, the husband of the lovely but erring Jane:—

> Where many gallants did behold
> My beauty in a shop of gold,

as she is made to say in the old ballad quoted by Mr. Martin. Here, too,

> She penance did in Lombard Street,
> In shameful manner in a sheet.

Mr. Martin shows that Jane did not die till 1527, so that she survived her Royal lover some forty-four years. The tale of Shoreditch is wholly unfounded. We have no information as to the Grasshopper sign before the time of Sir Thomas Gresham, who bestowed on the house the crest of his own ancient family. Here, again, Mr. Martin has a legend to encounter and refute. Gresham, it was said, was a cast-away infant, exposed in a field and discovered by a casual passer-by, whose attention was called to it by the loud chirping of a grasshopper. To support this pretty story we are told that in German *grassheim* is a grasshopper, which may or may not be true; but the word does not occur in ordinary dictionaries. The field is still pointed out at Limpsfield, in Surrey, just as at Haddon Hall they show you the door and the garden-steps by which Dorothy Vernon eloped with young Manners, forgetful of the fact that it was Dorothy herself who, with her husband, built that door and those steps after many years of connubial bliss. The Greshams were seated at Gresham, in Norfolk, for several generations before they came to London, and before the birth of the future Sir Thomas.

His father and his uncle were, in their turn, both Lord Mayors; but he, like another great City benefactor, many of whose relatives were Aldermen, Sir Hugh Myddelton, never aspired, so far as is known, to civic office. The Greshams were connected with trade in the Low Countries, and knew the advantage to merchants of an exchange like that of Antwerp or of Bruges. The elder Gresham, indeed, had a design to build one, but was prevented, and the scheme was eventually carried out by his son.

Sir Thomas was born, Mr. Martin believes, about 1519, and "was therefore about eighteen years of age when his father attained to the dignity of the mayoralty." About this time he went to Gonville and Caius, at Cambridge. Here he and John Caius contracted an enduring friendship. It is a curious fact that the authorities of the college have, from a remote period, banked at the Grasshopper, and do so still. The connexion of Caius and Gresham has an interest of its own in architectural history. Caius College contains some of the earliest examples of what is known, for want of a better name, as the Palladian style; and it is very probable that the designs for the College and for Gresham's Exchange came from the same hand. Gresham was nominally a mercer; but his genius was wholly for finance, and though, under Mary, the domain of finance was not "able to keep itself altogether aloof from that of religion," he contrived to hold on till the accession of Elizabeth, who at once received him into favour, and employed him constantly. Cecil seems to have taken him into his confidence. The Queen herself opened the Exchange and Gresham entertained her in great state, both then and also at his country houses at Mayfield and Osterley. An account of the abolition of the Steelyard and the privileges of the merchants of the "Haunce of Almaine" might be expected in Mr. Martin's book, but, though Gresham was chiefly concerned, as the Queen's adviser in the decision, there is no special mention of the subject. Mr. Martin stumbles over Gresham's arms. He gives a cut at p. 19, in which they are wrongly represented, and below is an heraldic description, also wrong in another particular. At p. 47 we have a cut of Sir Richard Martin's arms in which no tinctures are given. Authors who dabble in family history ought to have their heraldry looked to by a competent authority. The book, however, contains many matters of much greater importance, and the true history of an ancient banking house is full of points which throw light into obscure corners of the national history. For example, we may mention an illustration of the influence of the City on the abdication of James II. Charles Duncombe, of the Grasshopper, was Receiver of Customs when James fled. He had applied to Duncombe for 1,500*l.*, which was refused, and Duncombe was specially excepted from the amnesty which the exiled king subsequently issued. Mr. Martin's English fails him in narrating the details of this occurrence, and by the pernicious use of "former" and "latter" he has so mixed up Duncombe and Child that we do not know which is which. But it would appear that one of these bankers sent the king his money, and that the other told him to come and fetch it.

A HISTORY OF ST. IVES, ETC.*

THIS is a formidable volume—it weighs 4 lbs.—and is an example of what the sentiment of patriotism will do, as it has so often done in other ways, the shedding of blood amongst the rest, by arousing the devotion and energies of poor human mortals.

Mr. Matthews, in this great work, tells us that "Cornwall was the first depôt of intercourse with the Eastern World, and the earliest centre of civilization in this island" (p. 15). When the mind of man is engaged on the study of the universe, or in the study of small particles in a microscope, it is apt to lose the sense of proportion. The scientific faculty reduces both the general and the particular to the service of science; but there are those who indulge in wide views, and others who dote on minute details, innocent of any ulterior design. In the case of four small parishes, and a small though very interesting fishing town in Cornwall, is here given a quantity of detail that can hardly be surpassed. There are the names of every place that has a name, and what place, however small, has not a name for native use? There are the Subsidy Rolls, the Valor Ecclesiasticus—"Yvo Gilbert 8^{d}" is an example; there are Borough Accounts from 1570 to 1776—"spent about ffloyd's Sister 1^{s} 6^{d}," and "P^{d} for a cart for whipping Lanyon an Imposter 3^{d}," are examples; there are local families—Stephens and Stevens are very numerous; there is James II.'s Charter in full; there are old houses in St. Ives district described—interesting enough; there are the names of all the streets, courts, and alleys in St. Ives—very good for a guide-book; there are copies in full from the registers of all four parishes of births, deaths, and marriages, of the monuments in the churches and the inscriptions on the tombstones. "In Memory of James Bray, died 1802, aged 1 year," is an example. Poor little James Bray has attained an earthly immortality in this book anyway, for immortal it must be, at St. Ives. And there is a Trial for Tithes in full, at which "*Elizabeth*, wife of Richard *Pearce*, aged 33 years, deposed to nothing of particular interest."

The pilchard fishery, for which St. Ives is really famous, is well described by Mr. Anthony of St. Ives in three pages of a modest chapter—xxiv.—of six pages. As many as 100,000 hogsheads of pilchards have been seen in St. Ives bay, 20,000 hogsheads of which have been enclosed in seines in a few hours. A poor man could net 3 to 4,000 hogsheads, worth 2*l.* to 5*l.* a hogshead cured. The number of fish reckoned to a hogshead is not given, but as they are pressed and the heads taken off in the process of curing it must be a great number. The customs of this particulary fishery are curious and interesting, among which are the signals of the Huers (doubtless from Hue and Cry), at the top of a hill overlooking the sea, crying out and waving *bushes*—white bags drawn over hoops—to tell the men in the boats the exact spot to cast the nets for enclosing a shoal, locally called a school, of fish. The cry of fish in the bay is *havah*.

There is no lack of such useful additions to a book as a full table of contents, indexes, of which there are three—I. Nomina Personum, II. Nomina Locorum, III. General—and illustrations, many of which are very good.

It can confidently be said that no St. Ives man, or woman either, ought to be without this book. Therein he will find the births, marriages, and deaths of his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, and everybody else, and, should they be honoured with tombstones at last, he will have a guide to them also. It is a work of industrious detail, and if it has a scientific value as such, so much the better.

On a sun-dial in Towednack church is an inscription partially legible, in which appears

> "Sic transit Gloria Mundi."

Whether this be Cornish scripture or not we have only the following authority for saying:—A Cornish father ordered a tombstone for his dead son, and told the tombstone-man to "put a bit of scriptuar upon un." On looking at it, when finished, he solemnly remarked "But a was translated to Glory on a Toosday." Such is the simplicity with which Latin can be translated into English and the Scriptures be quoted for a purpose.

A RARE CAXTON.†

IT is very pleasant to be able to praise publishers and editors alike, and to thank them for the issue of what is a gain to history as well as to bibliography. This is a facsimile reprint of

* *A History of the Parishes of St. Ives, Lelant, Towednack, and Zennor, in the County of Cornwall.* By John Hobson Matthews. London: Elliot Stock.

† *Sex Quam Elegantissime Epistolæ.* London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1892.

a rare tract printed originally by Caxton, of which, we presume, only one copy is known to exist; but here we are left in some doubt, and the fact is only stated by the use of the word "unique." The introduction is written by Dr. Bullen, C.B., formerly of the British Museum, and tells us that the tract, which consists only of twenty-four leaves, was found bound up in a volume of seventeenth-century theology, in a library at Halberstadt. This discovery was made in 1874, and "cautious overtures were made for its sale at what was thought to be an extravagant price"; but the purchase was declined by the British Museum. However, it was lately offered again on more reasonable terms to Dr. Garnett, the present Keeper of the Printed Books, and it has accordingly been acquired for the national library.

The facsimile has been made by Mr. James Hyatt, and Dr. Bullen adds a translation. Why Caxton should have printed these "most elegant" letters is a question, but they appear to have been put into his hands by a certain Peter Carmelianus, who came into England in the reign of Edward IV., and remained here till his death in the reign of Henry VIII. He held many ecclesiastical preferments, and was Latin Secretary to Henry VII. He is supposed to have written the introduction, and was probably interested in the subject, which is that of a war between Sixtus IV. and the Duke of Ferrara. The letters are in poor Latin, but relate to an obscure period, and throw much light on the unscrupulous methods pursued by the Popes in piecing together what they subsequently termed the Patrimony of St. Peter. Malatesta commanded the forces of Sixtus, together with those of his allies, the Venetians, and gained a substantial victory in 1482, when the Pope alone concluded a treaty with the duke, leaving the Venetians out in the cold. They naturally remonstrated, and were in due time excommunicated by their late ally. The history of this complicated transaction is detailed in the letters, which Dr. Bullen has turned into vigorous and idiomatic English. It is seldom, indeed, that a document is important bibliographically and also historically, and Dr. Bullen's little volume, of which only a limited number of copies is printed, will, no doubt, be warmly welcomed on both accounts.

THE ART AND SCIENCE OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.*

THE editor of the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes" has done well in recognizing mountaineering among them and in committing the subject to Mr. Clinton Dent. For not only is he a climber of exceptional experience, but also he writes in an attractive style, seasoning his pages with a spice of dry and sometimes caustic humour, which often crops up when least expected. He has undertaken the greater part of the volume—all that concerns snow-craft and rock-craft, the difficulties and dangers of climbing—in short, the whole art and science of mountaineering, while the chapters devoted to more special branches of the subject are committed to other contributors, except that Mr. Dent writes on Photography and on Mountaineering and Health, where he can speak with authority on both aspects of the question.

The contents of the book are so multifarious that it is no easy task to give a good idea of its details or to present them in a summarized form. Mountaineering, like all sports, can only be learnt by experience: it must be taught by demonstrations, not by lectures. Those who desire to excel must be content to serve an apprenticeship, and the book before us loses no opportunity of enforcing this commonplace but too often forgotten lesson. A man may be born a poet, he must be made a mountaineer. He may be blessed with strong limbs and good lungs, he may be even a skilled athlete or gymnast—so much the better if he be—but if he despises experience, and enters himself at once for really difficult expeditions, he may bring disaster on himself and on others. A mountain often is like the Sphynx, and does not give the blunderer a second chance. The writers in this book—and it is a most valuable feature—do not make light of the dangers which are possible in Alpine climbing. They constantly inculcate caution, and in the words of the introduction:—"To narrow to the utmost the area of unavoidable danger, to press the necessary care, to show how the necessary knowledge can be gained, and to make it easier of acquisition, has been one aim of this compilation." This caution has become of late years more than ever necessary—for since few peaks in the Alps now remain unclimbed, the junior aspirants after Alpine distinction have sought it by devising new and obviously wrong ways to goals already reached, and in so doing have sometimes exhibited more daring than discretion. Moreover, since mountain climbing not only has survived the scorn with which it was at first regarded—especially by those who combined "width" with (supposed) wisdom—but also has become fashionable, many a tourist who cannot even claim to be a gymnast seeks to rise at once to Alpine eminence by climbing one or two of the most notoriously difficult peaks. Generally his guides succeed in dragging him up and getting him down somehow in safety, but occasionally the party does not return. If the list of avoidable Alpine disasters continues to increase—as it probably will—this will not be the fault of the authors of this volume. They describe fully the dangers which snow, ice, rock may present, and indicate the precautions to be taken. Mr. Dent thinks that, in the matter of falling stones, absence of body is even better than presence of mind, and makes light of the advice to parry them "with the axe, using it as a cricket-bat or a quarter-staff... When the stones have come from a great height the plan would be about as useful as putting up an umbrella while crossing an artillery range when practice was going on." Full recognition is given to another danger—sometimes overlooked—slippery grass slopes. These are often most treacherous, and prove, when terminated by a precipice, to be a very death-trap.

The chapters devoted to snow-craft and to rock-climbing are excellent. Mr. Dent is of opinion—and we think he is right—that in the former the mental qualities, in the latter the physical, are chiefly tested; or, in other words, that a novice, already practised in gymnastic exercises, might do well on a rocky peak, but would be quite at sea on a difficult "snow-mountain," and almost helpless among the intricacies of a crevassed glacier. The right and wrong methods of using the rope on glaciers and on crags are fully described. Mr. Dent duly censures the too frequent neglect of this precaution on snowfields apparently free from crevasses, and is of opinion, we are glad to see, that it ought also to be employed on rocks which present any real difficulties—a point on which mountaineers are not all in accord. No doubt the rope somewhat impedes progress, and is occasionally a nuisance by catching on stones and projections of rock; but it prevents a slight slip—such as may be made by the most careful climber—from entailing serious consequences. On this matter Mr. Dent's remark is well worth quoting:—"In the writer's opinion the rule is absolute that it [the rope] must be used. A place that is too bad to be traversed by a roped party, lest the slip of one should drag down all, is a place that should not be traversed at all."

Some useful advice is given as to the best equipment for mountain expeditions, especially in unexplored districts. On this subject Mr. Dent's experience in the Caucasus, as well as in the Alps, enables him to speak with authority. Tents, sleeping-bags, cooking apparatus, ropes, ice-axes, boots, costume, knapsacks (Mr. Dent gives preference to the *rücksack* commonly used by the Tyrolese), and other necessaries are all discussed. Nothing seems forgotten, even matches and boot-nails receive due notice; and several valuable hints are given in regard to treatment of snow-blindness, of over-fatigue, or of other mishaps which may befall the traveller.

In regard to food and drink Mr. Dent's maxim is simple, and does not err on the side of severity. "The matter of diet may be almost summed up in the advice to get the very best you can, and to take as much of it as you feel inclined; and this applies to actual climbing as well as to life in valleys." Assuming that the traveller knows the idiosyncrasies of his own digestive organs, and shows them proper respect, we are convinced, after considerable personal experience, that no sounder advice could be given. But disastrous effects on the mountain climb have been known to follow not only from a too free use of alcoholic stimulants (an error more frequent with guides than with travellers, though not common with either), nor even from such apparently harmless indulgences as the various products of the cheese-pot.

Among the chapters written by Alpine "specialists," as they may be termed, Sir F. Pollock contributes one on the early history of mountaineering. This not only brings together much curious lore concerning Alpine travel in ancient times, but also conveys it in a very pleasant and attractive form. One extract—from the "Diary of a Traveller," published less than seventy years ago—is worth quoting, for it has a sweet savour of the "Person of Quality," who formerly was wont to condescend to literary efforts:—

> 'These pedestrian excursions are by no means uncommon in Switzerland, and it is extraordinary, that they appear sometimes to be undertaken by persons to whom economy need not be an object. . . . It is a system of peregrination that must be pursued with a relinquishment of the most essential comforts of life. . . . At hotels, too, the walking itinerant will meet with second-rate attention. The meanness of his style will prevent him from being regarded as a person of condition.'

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* *Mountaineering.* By C. T. Dent, with contributions by W. M. Conway, D. W. Freshfield, C. E. Mathews, C. Pilkington, Sir F. Pollock, H. G. Willink, and an Introduction by Mr. Justice Wills. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

Mr. C. E. Mathews is the author of a chapter entitled "The Recollections of a Mountaineer," which is a gracefully written "In Memoriam" of some of the more noted climbers and guides, not a few of whom have passed away when scarcely beyond the prime of life. We note a curious slip of the pen—J. D. Forbes was never Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of *Cambridge*. Mr. W. M. Conway writes on Maps and Guide-books, Mr. D. W. Freshfield on Mountaineering beyond the Alps, touching briefly on the "fresh woods and pastures new" which still await the climber now that the Alps are almost "played out." Mr. C. Pilkington discourses on Hill Climbing in the British Isles, showing that aspirants may obtain preliminary training and mountaineers keep themselves in practice within the limits of the United Kingdom; and in another chapter he treats of climbing without guides, on which subject no one is more competent to speak. As to this pastime, abstention is usually better than practice, though the general prohibition admits of special exceptions. Mr. Willink writes on Alpine sketching, and has contributed almost all the numerous drawings, which add to the charm of the book. A few are portraits; many of them illustrate the positions and incidents described in the text, others show special types of scenery in peak and glacier, others, again, exhibit the humorous side of Alpine travel. To the last, mottos in harmony with the subject are generally attached. In the Alps puns, like the fruit of the vine, get worse as you rise higher. Some of these must have been invented on the summit of Mont Blanc.

But enough. To would-be climbers this volume is full of valuable hints; in those who have climbed it will awaken many happy memories. Both alike, aspirants after Alpine fame, and veterans whose joints are beginning to stiffen, will be grateful to Mr. Dent and his fellow-helpers for these pleasant pages.

NEW WINCHELSEA.*

WINCHELSEA—"the new town of Winchelsea," as it was called, to distinguish it from the older town that was swept away by the sea in 1287—had a short period of greatness. For a little more than a hundred years after it was built by Edward I. it took an important part in our foreign wars, furnishing our kings with some of their best seamen, and sending out ships to meet the enemy in the Channel, until evil days came and the French took such heavy vengeance on the town that it never recovered its former strength and prosperity. Less than a century later the sea, that had overwhelmed the old town, completed the humiliation of New Winchelsea by its retreat. Yet even in its present lowly condition the little town is, as the book before us bears witness, precious to those who have eyes to see the beauty of "ivied towers and ruined abbey"—we must observe, by the way, that there was no abbey at Winchelsea, the two convents there were friaries—or minds capable of enjoying the story of its glorious past. Mr. Inderwick has written a pretty little book about the town. He records how it was built by Edward I. on a plan that marks its artificial origin, for the King laid it out in squares or blocks with the streets intersecting one another at right angles. He discourses pleasantly on a list of its earliest inhabitants and their holdings, which he gives in full in an appendix, and notices the chief events in the town's history. It is strange that he never once refers to Professor Burrows's excellent volume on the Cinque Ports ("Historic Towns"), and the extreme poverty of his remarks on the organization of the Ports leads us to doubt whether he can ever have seen it. Even without the help that he could have gained from Professor Burrows, he might at least have noted that Winchelsea was not one of the original Five Ports; it was admitted into the organization in the twelfth century, and was one of the two "ancient towns," Rye being the other. He has been unfortunate in choosing a subject that cannot well be handled rightly without a fair knowledge of the early and mediæval history of England.

Yet even so he might, we should have thought, have hesitated before he brought Œlle (*sic*), King of Northumbria, down to Anderida in 490. The march would have been a long one, and, as a matter of fact, Kings of Northumbria were not yet. Nor is it easy to imagine why he should have considered the "vastata fuit" written against Igham, the manor on which the second Winchelsea was afterwards built, suggestive of "some long forgotten period anterior to the coming of the Conqueror," and so on. The coming of the Conqueror is quite enough to account for the entry, and many another place more or less in the neighbourhood of William's camp is described in the survey as "waste." As a point is made of the refusal of a grant to Edward I. in 1289, the incident should have been recorded carefully; the refusal was the act of the Lords, who appointed the Earl of Gloucester as their spokesman. We do not understand how the Black Prince could have sailed from Winchelsea on "his Spanish expedition," seeing that he was, and had for three years previously been, residing in his principality of Aquitaine. Anxious for the honour of his town, Mr. Inderwick tries to make it out "a second Runnymede," and describes at some length how the "King and barons stood face to face in the great square of Winchelsea," the barons demanding the confirmation "of their great charter of freedom." We are sorry to spoil his picture, and have not space to enter into the details of the story further than to observe that what really happened was that the earls sent messengers to the King with a list of grievances, and that Edward received them at Udimore. His answer, we are told here, was "Send the deed after me, and I will sign it." Where did Mr. Inderwick find this? Edward's real answer is recorded by Rishanger and was decidedly vague. Mr. Inderwick's one authority for the period appears to be Thomas of Walsingham, who lived a century later, and he did not seem to be aware that "the Old Monk of St. Albans," as he calls Thomas, copied and compiled from others, and that the writers to be quoted for the reign of Edward I. are the contemporary chroniclers. Enough, however, has no doubt been said to convince our readers that, though Mr. Inderwick can write prettily about a mediæval town, he is not a safe guide as regards matters of mediæval history.

* *The Story of King Edward and New Winchelsea; the Edification of a Mediæval Town.* By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., Author of "Sidelights on the Stuarts" &c. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited. 1892.

A NEW GEOLOGICAL MAP OF SCOTLAND.*

THIS map, on a scale of ten miles to an inch, is sufficiently large to indicate clearly the main geological features of Scotland, yet it folds up into a small book which can be easily carried in the pocket. The scale corresponds with that of the map published by the same authority in 1876, but the size of the sheet has been slightly reduced by removing the Orkney Islands to the side. The differences between the two maps are most important. For some years the Geological Survey has been employed in revising with the most scrupulous care the map of the Scotch Highlands, more especially in the north-western district. The present map embodies the results of these labours. On the former one, the colours suggested, and the legends asserted, the mistaken notion that much of the Northern and most of the Central Highlands consisted of rocks of Silurian age, subsequently altered into schists, &c. On the present map a marked difference of tint accentuates a distinction in the rock masses of the Highlands and of the Southern Uplands, and the colouring records, as it should do, petrological facts rather than geological surmises. Moreover, where the work of the surveyors is still incomplete and their conclusions are provisional, this is frankly indicated. Here we may notice another very great improvement in this map, which greatly increases its utility without seriously augmenting its bulk—namely, the addition of about twenty pages of "Explanatory Notes." In these Sir Archibald Geikie gives a clear and succinct account of the geology of Scotland, describing the leading characteristics of each of the chief formations. Perhaps it would have been better to have abstained from designating the "eastern schists" by the name "Dalradian," for the author admits that "not improbably" (we should have said "certainly") it comprises "more than one group of rocks," and in such case the use of an inclusive title is indefensible. Still, as the distinctions between certain members of the Dalradian are admitted in the text, little harm is likely to be done, and we venture to predict its early dissolution through a process of fission. Text and map alike show what an advance has been made by the Geological Survey in both field work and theoretical geology during the last sixteen years; and its Chief deserves, and will doubtless receive, the thanks of students for this most seasonable and useful publication.

ESSEX.†

MR. BARRETT does but begin a study of the topography of a most interesting county. For some reason, or combination of reasons, Essex was long out of favour. Its fine old houses went out of repair. Its parks were ploughed up. Its churches were silently ruined by local restorers. Its monuments were made gravel for vicarage walks. Its tablets fetched their value as old

* *Geological Map of Scotland.* By Sir Archibald Geikie, D.Sc., LL.D. F.R.S. John Bartholomew & Co., the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. 1892.

† *Essex: Highways, Byeways, and Waterways.* Written and illustrated by C. R. B. Barrett. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

brass. Essex was under a cloud. But of late the good example set by Miss Fry at East Ham has been followed in other places. Volumes to the number of a dozen, perhaps, contain modern studies of local history, and, in short, Essex is looking up. Tourists and others are beginning to find out that the views from the Essex hills southward across the Thames are even finer than those northward from the opposite coast of Kent. In fact, Mr. Barrett by no means overstates the case when he calls it "a county rich in antiquarian interest, and not deficient in natural beauty." His studies are, however, partial and arbitrarily chosen. He takes his reader to Malden first. Then we have "a day on the Blackwater." He then harks back to Barking. Sible Hedingham and Castle Hedingham, Witham and Layer Marney, Felstead and Thaxted, with Great and Little Dunmow, next engage his attention. He has much to say of the long-forgotten Coggeshall, and lingers lovingly over Saffron Walden, though he neglects Audley End. His last chapter is devoted to the oldest place of all, Colchester. It will be seen that much of Essex is untouched. We cannot but regret that he has no summary of Essex history or general survey of the county, as his work must always have a fragmentary appearance even if he adds volume after volume to it until he has gone over everything. But, taken as it is, we have little fault to find either with the descriptions or the pictures, which last are from drawings made, in every case, on the spot.

Although it is so near London, there are few parts of England less known to Londoners. How many people have ever been at Rochford, a most interesting place, with the stronghold of Sweyn adjoining it? Who, except the late Mr. Freeman, ever penetrated to Ashingdon and Canewdon? Who, before Mr. Barrett, ever examined Eastbury, near Barking, though thousands of travellers have seen it annually when travelling between Fenchurch Street and Tilbury? Mr. Barrett describes a walk from Barking by Eastbury to Parsloes, another delightful old house, to Chadwell Heath, remarking by the way "the queer gateway of a house which is formed of the two huge jaw-bones of a whale." The story goes that the whale was washed ashore during the famous gale in the middle of which Oliver, the great Lord Protector, departed this stormy life. To give a fair idea of Mr. Barrett's work, we had better examine briefly one of his pleasant chapters, the only difficulty being which to choose. But, as many people have been to Colchester, some even to Maldon, a few to Sible Hedingham, but none, except Mr. Barrett, to Coggeshall, let us allow him to conduct us thither, and tell us what he can find of interest in a place which the rest of the universe has agreed to forget since the days of Ralph.

He considers it "an interesting spot to visit, even if one disregards the history and traditions of the place." He admires the old chapel of St. Nicholas and the remains of the Cistercian Abbey, but most of all "the old dwellings of the clothiers in the town." Then turning round he takes in the history and traditions, and finds "much worthy of consideration." The sixth abbot was that Ralph whose chronicle tells us nearly all we know of the wonderful career of Cœur de Lion. Besides Ralph, Coggeshall boasts of another chronicler, Joseph Bufton, whose diary extends from 1672 to 1699. Mr. Barrett pushes his researches into the history of the long extinct cloth trade; and even tells us about the image-breakers under Henry VIII., and the Protestant martyrs under Mary. The parish church is one of the few dedicated, like the church of the Tower of London, to St. Peter "ad Vincula." "Vincula Petri" fell on the 1st August, and the dedication is rare in England and well worth noticing. The church is large and lofty, but Mr. Barrett does not admire the tower, "though in Coggeshall itself it is treason to say so." The most important features are the monuments of the clothiers. "I have not seene," says Weever, "such rich monuments for so meane persons." Mr. Barrett enters at some length into the biography of one Dr. Aylett, who lived in the reign of Charles I., and was vicar of Coggeshall. There is a good description of the Abbey buildings that remain, together with pretty sketches and an etching of the gateway of Thomas Paycocke's house, built in the reign of Elizabeth, but before the Gothic tradition was extinct. There are some curious extracts from the *Chronicon* as to superstitions in the thirteenth century, and particulars of a man-fish, who appeared to be a human being, and was caught in a net; and of a pale green boy and girl "who came from out of the earth." Furthermore, we have a familiar spirit, which conversed in the local dialect, as well as in English and Latin, and disputed with the chaplain of Sir Osborne de Bradwell. Finally, Mr. Barrett explains to us what is a "Coggeshall job." Stories of "jobs" resemble the stories told in Wiltshire of "moonrakers." A man was told to transplant an apple tree. He cut it down first, to facilitate the "job." So, too, another Coggeshall native suggested that, to prevent people being run over by trains, "the engines should always be fenced in, for then the public would be safe on the other side." When we add that the other chapters are quite as amusing, and as well illustrated as this one, we have said enough to recommend Mr. Barrett's book.

INVERTEBRATE PHYSIOLOGY.*

WITH every wish to deal indulgently with a book which is to a great extent a pioneer in the line of which it treats, we find ourselves, after reading the greater part of Dr. Griffiths's *Physiology*, unable to recommend it in any way. The author has really hardly grappled with the subject at all; it is invertebrate physiology only in the applied sense of the adjective; for it is not too much to say that the "phagocyte theories," which play so important a part in pathology as well as in physiology, are the backbone of the physiology of invertebrates. And to this important matter we do not find even so much as a passing reference in the book before us. There are, unfortunately, other indications that the author is but imperfectly acquainted with the large and rapidly increasing literature of the subject. Thus, with regard to chlorophyll, Dr. Griffiths hardly attempts to put before the reader his view, or any one's view, of the much-vexed question of "Symbiosis"; there is nothing said of Professor v. Graff's experiments upon the physiological value of chlorophyll in the green Hydra; nor is there any reference to Professor Geddes's discovery that the little marine worm—with a name, Convoluta Schultzei, so disproportionate to its size—gives off free oxygen when it is exposed to the sunlight. It is true that subsequent investigations have rather tended to the conclusion that the green cells of this Plenarian worm are parasitic algæ; but no account of animal chlorophyll should be given without entering into these questions of symbiosis. Dr. Schunck's name does not occur in the index; and we may remind the author that he has done a great deal of work in the chemical composition of vegetable chlorophyll, which must clearly have a bearing upon animal chlorophyll also. Important physiological facts and suggestions are to be found in Dr. Hugo Eisig's *Monographie der Capitelliden*; this name, too, is most unaccountably absent from the index. In fact, the omissions are so conspicuous and so numerous that a bare list of them would occupy a good deal more than the rest of this review; nor does the very complete list which the author gives of his own contributions to the subject (some of which, however, we admit to be not unimportant) make up for this deficiency.

Dr. Griffiths prefaces his account of the physiology of the various organs with some account of the anatomy and histology of the said organs. The anatomical portion, however, chiefly consists of strings of quotations cemented together by a certain amount of interstitial substance, which, as is usually the case with interstitial matter, is colourless and structureless. We have not identified, except in a few cases, the sources whence the quotations are taken; but it is quite clear that they cannot in every case be perfectly trustworthy authorities; for example, on p. 201, with reference to the circulatory system of the Mollusca, Dr. Griffiths quotes some one to the effect that the blood vascular system communicates directly with the exterior by way of the organs of Bojanus! The author's own knowledge of Zoology is certainly peculiar; and when on rare occasions he abandons his favourite system of shifting the responsibility of a statement by quoting from the writings of others it is not always with a happy result. With regard to the earthworm (p. 189) he writes, "between the seventh and tenth segments the dorsal vessel becomes dilated into what is known as the 'hearts' of Lumbricus." The way of putting it is not elegant, and there is no need to italicize the error. On the same page, a little higher up, it is written, "The dorsal vessel (which is contractile, and *consequently* drives the blood from behind forward"), &c.; this phrase is not by any means the only one in the book which illustrates the confused way in which the author writes; thus on p. 191 it is said that the vascular system is not complete in any invertebrate, but that somewhere or other it communicates with spaces bounded by no membrane which are part of the general body cavity; whereas on p. 187 it is rightly said that in annelids the vascular system is shut off from the perivisceral cavity. It would be difficult to extract much meaning from the following (p. 256):—"The nephridia of *Hirudo* are covered with a pigmented connective tissue. These pigments are, no doubt, the histohæmatins of Dr. C. A. MacMunn, for he says, 'I have found that throughout the whole animal kingdom in each tissue and organ there are present colouring matters.'" It should be explained that it is Dr. Griffiths who is possibly guilty of leaving out the context, which might perhaps explain this mysterious statement.

* *The Physiology of the Invertebrata.* By Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), F.C.S. London: L. Reeve & Co. 1892.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH the stop of the Paris presses during the summer is almost more decided than that of our own, there is usually some attempt made to provide pastime for those who take or enter the waters; and some more or less eminent hands —"Carmen Sylva," Mme. Henry Gréville, M. Paul Margueritte—have published novels which we may notice more at length next week. But another and more regular event of August, the *Album Caran d'Ache* (Paris: Plon), claims earlier notice. We are not certain that this agreeable designer's admirers will not indulge for his benefit in some of the customary ingratitude about repetition, exaggeration, and the like. What is more important, we are not sure that they will not be justified to some extent in doing so, though the volume is, it is hardly necessary to say, amusing enough. It starts with a terrible illustration of the wrongs and the vengeance of the Paris cabman when he is hired *à la course* to go to the Cimetière Montparnasse. Then we have our old friends, the English couple, who visit the desert on a camel, and tether him while they lunch under an umbrella. They are charged on this occasion by a lion, and we are inclined to think that M. Caran d'Ache has more than atoned for the teeth, the garments, and the boots with which he has *affublé'd* them by the placid and immovable courage with which, even when their inevitable umbrella is overthrown, they front the king of beasts and scare him away—whether by their ugliness, their oddity, their sangfroid, or the offer of the leg of a British fowl, he who reads may decide for himself. The frightful consequences of visiting a painter of birds with a too zealous and accomplished retriever in your company are next portrayed, and after them a stirring Romance of Dynamite. The most extravagant farce of the book follows in the shape of a "Pêche au caïman," the implements being an ingeniously tampered-with culverin, furnished with a padlocked muzzle-lid instead of a tompion, and a decoy-dog of Caran d'Ache's peculiar breed of quasi-dachshund. It is well known that alligators and crocodiles both are very Chinamen in regard to the attractions of puppymeat, but the exact form of the sport shall not be here revealed. The "Petit serpent malicieux" is agreeable, and the "Général et cerf volant" most unexpected; but the "Lapin fantôme" is not very funny, and "Le chef-d'œuvre attendu" might be better. In pure extravaganza, perhaps, the caiman hunt is matched by the history of the horse, Snob, who, passing from the stables of the great into the hands of a nobody, was so scandalized at his rider's want of *tenue* that he first threw him, and then, by ingenious grooming, turned him into a cavalier of such smartness that an heiress insisted on marrying him. No Englishman need object to the Dial formed by the "Ombre du drapeau anglais." But we must not spend any more space on the little book, which is funny enough, if with a fun the extreme mannerism of which rather hurts it when it comes periodically.

The latest number of the *Artistes célèbres* (Paris: Allison) is M. Emile Michel's "Les Vandevelde," wherein those who have but a vague idea of the painters hit at in the first half of Mr. Ruskin's petulant phrase, "the Van-somethings and Back-somethings," may enlarge their information and sharpen their criticism. Even in a country where the arts were so much of an hereditary profession as in the Low Countries, the family of the Van de Veldes was astonishingly prolific in persons of remarkably various powers and kinds of talent. Founded by a plain writing-master, it gave birth, in the course of about a century, to the quaint cuts of Esaias (one of these given here supplies in separate compartments a murder, the finding of the body, the portraits of the persons concerned, and the breaking of the criminals on the wheel), the more highly-finished and original engraving of Jan, the sea-pieces, peaceful or warlike, of Willem the younger (*the* Van de Velde best known to most people), and the landscapes and animals of Adrian, besides minor things from minor members. All these things are well represented here, especially, as might be expected, the two last. But, perhaps, nothing is more effective than the "Witch" of Jan, a piece of *diablerie* which, without having seen the original, we should take to be one of the best of its kind. The composition is remarkable, and the figure and attitude of the very desirable sorceress on one side of the cauldron, the knot of fantastic *diablotins* (most of them smoking pipes) on the other, the goat (a noble beast), the background of sky and trees, make a most excellent whole.

The schoolbook-maker for the most part just now, hushed in grim repose awaits his autumn prey, and has not yet taken active measures against these little victims; but some of his tribe are more active. There is an addition to Messrs. Percival's series of Intermediate texts in the shape of MM. Legouvé and Labiche's *La cigale chez les fourmis*, edited by Mr. Witherby. We have also a seventh edition of *First Steps to English* (Hachette), by M. A. Bernon, and an attempt to explore in French and English the mazes of Shall and Will by the same author and from the same publishers. M. Bernon, who seems to have had much teaching experience in the bilingual society of Mauritius, has guided himself through the labyrinth with a good deal of skill, and though we cannot undertake to act as referees or guarantors of detail in such a matter as this, we have not noticed any serious error in his versions—versions which, it must be remembered, would in almost every case expose such an error on one side or the other. He has, however, been led, we think, by some modern English grammarians into an attempt at too great nicety. For there is a certain class of phrase in which "shall" and "will" are equally right, or differentiated only by such a narrow shade of meaning on the part of the speaker that they are almost interchangeable. Thus it is almost impossible for the greatest purist to decide between "When shall you go to bed?" or "When will you go to bed?" though a very minute philosopher might say that the latter is right when the intention of the person addressed is most considered, and the former when the bare fact of the action is before the mind.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOME four years since the Rev. M. C. F. Morris appealed by letter to his brother Yorkshiremen to assist him in collecting illustrations of Yorkshire speech, as spoken in the North and East Ridings, and the results of that appeal are embodied, with his own specimens, orally collected during many years, in *Yorkshire Folk-Talk* (London: Frowde; York: Sampson). The scope of this volume, however, extends beyond the illustration of a local dialect. Mr. Morris deals with the whole subject in the form of a treatise, the aim of which is in part constructive. For example, etymology and grammar, and, above all, pronunciation—always an intractable matter—are considered with a good deal of minuteness. Altogether, some twelve hundred original specimens of the dialect are given, with a glossary of nearly four thousand words, which are very usefully classified by distinguishing marks as rare, common, fairly common, or obsolete. Among both words and idioms there are some, as Mr. Morris admits, that are by no means peculiar to Yorkshire. The word "roupy," or "roopy," for instance, we have heard in districts far removed from Yorkshire, and not from the lips of Yorkshiremen. "To have inserted those," remarks Mr. Morris, "which are peculiar to East Yorkshire only would have been well-nigh an impossibility." But why? The restriction might have added, in one way, to the difficulty of his task, yet since Mr. Morris was treating of a dialect, it should also have simplified his subject. But we are not disposed to dwell on what is, after all, a debatable point in a work that fulfils the main end in view as completely as *Yorkshire Folk-Talk*. The collection of specimens of local speech is exceedingly interesting, and by an admirable arrangement of the material the book has the great merit of being thoroughly readable. Thus at the same time the characteristics of the dialect are richly illustrated; the specimens are so arranged as to be representative, separately, of the humour, caution, reserve, forthrightness, and general expressions of Yorkshiremen; their superstitions and customs; the peculiarities of their place-names and topographical terms. Character, not merely characteristics of speech, is fully revealed in these racy illustrations. "Our dialect has power," Mr. Morris justly observes, "but for this it gets but little credit with the outside world"—which we venture to doubt—"nor will it, till some Yorkshire Burns or Barnes is raised up to show it to the world in whatever of force or beauty belongs to it." This is surely a very dubious matter. Mr. Morris omits to note that the Lancashire people, every whit as shrewd and canny as the Yorkshire folk, have in Edwin Waugh a poet who deserves to rank with the Dorsetshire poet. Mr. Morris tells some stories of the extreme "practicality" of the Yorkshireman, his circumspection with regard to affairs of the pocket, and the like. Deep hid was the natural affection of the man who was called upstairs to see his dying wife of a sudden, and had no answer to make but "Whya, whya, bud ah mun a'e mi tea." Another touching example relates to a family bereavement:—"Aw, ma'am, he's lost two pigs an' two childer! He taks on weaantly about t' childer; bud as ah says tiv him, nivver heed aboot t' childer; they're a deeal betther off 'an ivver thoo can deea for 'em; bud, ma'am, ah *is* sorry about t' pigs! he scratted an scratted ti git 'em up, an' they were wo'th two pund a-piece, an' noo they've beeath on 'em deed." The mistakes of the Southron are, of course, not omitted from Mr. Morris's illustrations. But Mr. Morris is inaccurate in stating that people in the South

pronounce "cough" as "cauf," and the lady of his ludicrous story (p. 199) must have been a cockney of a pronounced type. Of the amusing confusion of "saim" (lard) and "same"—both words pronounced "seeam"—exemplified at p. 191, we remember a specimen many years ago in the Whitby district. A woman was charged by a benighted Southerner with selling spurious butter. It was long before the invention of margarine and the passing of the Adulteration Acts. Her answer was that she had cried her wares correctly as "butter outside and saim in."

A Mendip Valley, by Theodore Compton (Stanford), is a new and enlarged edition, with illustrations, of *Winscombe Sketches*, published some twenty years since. Winscombe and its neighbourhood represent the chief characteristics of the Mendip Hills very effectively, and Mr. Compton's notes on the people, scenery, history, and natural products are pleasant reading. In its present form his work has several new features of interest. The drawings of Mr. Edward T. Compton are worthy of comparison, as book-illustration, with the work of the old water-colour men. The larger landscape drawings are especially charming. They have true topographical quality, as artists esteem it, and show a fine feeling for local truth—not in the hard photographic copyist's way, of which we have too much in these days, but in the true Girtinesque style—and are admirably reproduced and printed. Mr. Lloyd Morgan's retrospective sketch of the geology of the Mendip country and the chapters on the fauna and flora are additional attractions to the volume. In some respects it is a pity Mr. Compton has not given us the history of a parish instead of the outlines of one, and observed the impeccable model Gilbert White's book affords more closely. He is too apt to fall into a tumid strain of moralizing and an irritating flow of elegant poetical extracts.

Of the beautiful reissue of Jane Austen's novels, to be completed in ten volumes, we have *Pride and Prejudice* (Dent & Co.), two volumes, edited by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, with illustrations in photogravure after drawings by Mr. W. C. Cooke. With these dainty books at hand, lovers of Jane Austen must feel with the poet, "My love in her attire doth show her wit, it doth so well become her." A prettier set of volumes has not come from the press in our time.

The new volume of Peacock, the last of Dr. Garnett's edition —*Calidore, &c.* (Dent & Co.)—is miscellaneous, and full of interesting matter. Peacock's "Calidore," like Keats's, is a fragment of a romance, exceeding rich in promise, and highly characteristic. What there is of it is now printed for the first time, and there is enough of it to move all Peacockians to regret the lack of more. "The Four Ages of Poetry" and the "Horæ Dramaticæ" are, of course, well known. The delightful sketch entitled "The Last Day of Windsor Forest" was contributed some few years since by Dr. Garnett to the *National Review*, and "Some Recollections of Childhood" appeared originally in *Bentley's Miscellany*. To these are added some interesting recollections of the author by Sir Edward Strachey, whose father was associated with James Mill and Peacock in the business of the East India Company. It seems from these notes that the satirical sketch of MacCulloch, that "genial economist," as Lord Houghton called him, has a certain basis, and the amusing dialogue about the "infancy of society" is literally reproduced from facts.

The new volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine Library* (Elliot Stock) deals with "English Topography," one of the most fruitful sections of work prescribed by Mr. G. L. Gomme's very useful enterprise. The extracts given relate to the counties of Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, and Cornwall, and form a representative and, with a full index, a very serviceable selection of historical and antiquarian notes.

Devoted to the study of the past though it be, *The Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) continues to blend with its own natural province a considerable amount of comment upon matters current in the form of reports of local societies, antiquarian news, and so forth. The magazine presents, as magazines should, various points of interest to various kinds of readers. The "Notes on Archæology in Provincial Museums,' 'for example, by Mr. Robert Blair, the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, and others, deal with the present condition of things in local museums, and should interest many who are not professed antiquarians.

The Rev. J. Cave-Browne's *History of Boxley Parish* (Maidstone: Dickinson), a portion of which, relating to the Cistercian Abbey of Boxley, was contributed to the *Antiquary*, deals with a parish that is exceptionally rich in historical associations, and shows not a little painstaking research.

A luxuriance of phrase that may fairly be called tropical is the chief mark of *Sonnets, Songs, and Laments*, by Cara E. Whiton-Stone (Boston: Cupples). "Great vivid moons," "fiercest languors," "heavens in a blue ecstasy," "shadow-hearted splendour," are somewhat too frequent in the poet's liberal song. Interludes there are in the exuberant and exultant mood of the singer where a more tempered style proves more effective. But such interludes are few.

Edie, the Little Foundling; and other Poems, by L. S. (Digby, Long, & Co.), is an artless production, the simplicity of which is well denoted by the opening verses—"A simple tale I will relate"—which tell of Edie, a little girl lost one Fifth of November:—

'Tis of a gentle baby girl,
A tiny waif and stray,
Who floated down the stream of life
One bleak November day.

Round Southwold, by C. R. B. Barrett (Lawrence & Bullen), is the first of a series of sixpenny illustrated guides, and is altogether a capital companion for the visitor to Southwold, Walberswick, Blytheburgh, and the adjacent parts. Mr. Barrett's account of this attractive region is pleasant reading, and the drawings are excellent.

Among new editions we note Mr. Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, in two volumes (Macmillan & Co.); *Tom Brown's School Days*, "Golden Treasury" series (Macmillan & Co.); *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with the illustrations and introductions by Charles Dickens the younger, reprinted from the first edition (Macmillan & Co.); the *Bijou Byron*, Vol. X., containing "Don Juan," Cantos I.-III., with the original and other notes (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); Mr. W. F. Kirby's *Entomology*, an elementary text-book (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), with a new appendix and a complete index; *Elements of Magnetism and Electricity*, by John Angell, F.C.S., revised and partly rewritten (Collins, Sons, & Co., Lim.); *The Maid of Killeena*, by William Black (Macmillan & Co.); and the eighth and enlarged edition of Mr. Reginald Palgrave's very useful and concise manual, *The Chairman's Handbook* (Sampson Low & Co.)

We have also received Mr. Almaric Rumsey's *Handbook for Employers and Employed* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Monfort*, a biography, by a Secular Priest, in two volumes (Art and Book Co.); *Hades and Beyond*, by David Wardlaw Scott (Clarke & Co.); *Man's Great Charter*, by Frederick Ernest Coggin, M.A. (Nisbet & Co.); *The Irish Peasant*, a sociological study, by a Guardian of the Poor (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *In the Track of the Russian Famine*, by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts (Fisher Unwin); *On the Principle of Wealth-Creation*, by F. W. Bain, M.A. (Parker & Co.); the *Report of Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*, 1891-92, with papers by Mr. W. E. Maxwell, Sir Edward Braddon, Professor Anderson Stuart, Canon Beanlands, and others; *A Synoptical Geography of the World* (Blackie & Son); *Algebra for Beginners*, by Messrs. H. S. Hall and S. R. Knight (Macmillan & Co.); *Excelsior*, by James Platt (Simpkin & Co.); *Heads, and what They tell Us*, by W. Pugin Thornton, new edition (Sampson Low & Co.); *In Beaver Cove, and Elsewhere*, by Matt. Crim (Edinburgh: Douglas); *The Cruise of the "Tomahawk,"* by Mrs. Leith-Adams (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Poems of Gustafo Adolfo Becquer*, rendered into English verse by Mason Carnes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Cardinal Newman as a Musician*, by Edward Bellasis (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); and *Two Present-day Questions*, Sermons on Biblical Criticism and the Social Movement, by W. Sanday, D.D. (Longmans & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. THE papers this day week were, as might be expected, full of Gladstonian exultation and Unionist explanation over Mr. MORLEY'S success at Newcastle, the successful candidate himself issuing from the Valley of Humiliation and exalting his horn considerably. After a not undue amount of crowing over this incident a certain peace settled on the land. Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY made a good beginning of his Postmastership by declining flatly to reinstate persons dismissed by his predecessor for gross insubordination. But Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON has blown the trumpet in the pages of the *Fortnightly* about "setting foot on the necks of the Unionists," about the almost unbelievable excellence of the London County Council, and about the wicked House of Lords. It is a pity that Mr. HARRISON should not, for the benefit of a grossly forgetful generation, have given fully the origin of his receipt for neutralizing the House of Lords, by calling up a "regiment of Lifeguardsmen," which, though brilliant, is not original. It is the copyright of that immaculate politician, my Lord SUNDERLAND, who said it to MARLBOROUGH, then Lord CHURCHILL, when JAMES II. was trying to force Roman Catholics into office. The omen of Mr. HARRISON'S borrowed jest is thus not happy.——The advisableness of petitioning against Mr. MORLEY'S return was still under consideration on Wednesday, when Mr. LABOUCHERE printed some more documents respecting that exclusion from office which seems to rankle rather strangely, considering his indifference to such gauds. The documents themselves, however, were rather disappointing. They contained, as was to be expected, an absolute assumption of responsibility, and sole responsibility, from Mr. GLADSTONE, on which Mr. LABOUCHERE has characteristically founded a more positive ascription than ever of responsibility to somebody else. They contained some rather nauseous flattery of Mr. GLADSTONE from Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the only thing of much interest in the whole was a very amusing certificate of disinterestedness to Mr. LABOUCHERE from Mr. GLADSTONE, in the place of the other certificate of which we heard so much, as demanded by "the emissary." Of "the "emissary" himself, and the remarkable transaction on which Mr. LABOUCHERE had previously been so eloquent, we heard nothing more; he and it had completely "goned afay." And in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S own comments on the whole proceeding there was nothing of any sparkle, except a passably lively piece of impudence in the description of the vulgar and venomous lampoons with pen and pencil with which he has for years past bespattered the Royal Family as "genial banter." Meanwhile, in Hawarden Park, on Tuesday, Mr. LABOUCHERE was avenged unexpectedly; for Mr. GLADSTONE nearly fell a victim to an enraged cow, but not quite. Mr. ASQUITH, like an honest man, has begun paying the wages of the late election. He has consented to reopen the question of the dynamiters' sentences; and has struck out two clauses of the bye-laws by which Eastbourne, the unhappy, is endeavouring to secure for herself some faint measure of protection against the Salvation rowdies. Like an honest man we say; whether altogether like a wise one time will show.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Most of the foreign news of last Saturday, as well as much of the home intelligence, concerned the cholera, its progress, and the precautions taken against it. Much of the trouble seemed to be due to the old fatal folly (of endeavouring to conceal the fact of the disease) into which the Hamburg authorities fell. The most elaborate precautions were being taken at the British ports most exposed to infection.——On Monday some Indian news, not of much importance, arrived, with details of the sad death of Mr. NETTLESHIP, of the burning of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and other minor matters. ——On Tuesday morning the cholera was reported as slowly spreading in Germany. A fresh "factor," as some say, was introduced into the everlasting silver question by a dispute among the Australian colonies as to the privilege of coining that troublesome metal. In Morocco the SULTAN'S troops had got the better of the rebels; and there were rumours, not only that China had taken a firm line with the Russians in the Pamir question, but that explanations were likely to be forthcoming to Great Britain also. Unluckily the pigeon-holes are full of explanations—there is room for no more. The trial of the Marquis DE MORÈS for the killing of Captain MAYER in a duel was in full progress in France.——It was not surprising to learn on Wednesday morning that M. DE MORÈS had been acquitted;

indeed, from the French point of view, the result could hardly have been otherwise, as he was unquestionably inferior in skill to his opponent, and the absurd charge of having used swords fifty grammes heavier than that opponent would have liked could scarcely, after M. VIGEANT'S evidence, be supported. Some more news came from Afghanistan and the Pamir, and there were fresh Labour troubles in America.——On Thursday morning a state of things was reported from Hamburg suited to make the German EMPEROR sigh after the time when certain of his ancestors would, in his place, have acquainted the authorities of that ancient town with the interior of a gaol, if not with the front view of a line of rifles. As far as can be seen, the whole of Northern Europe has to thank these persons' neglect at first, and their mismanagement after, for the risk it is running.——The hearts of those women who long for suffrage were cheered by the news that it has been accorded in New Zealand, which will now accompany Wyoming as a shining example in their speeches.——There had been hard fighting in Afghanistan with the Hazaras, who were said to have been defeated by the AMEER'S troops, but with heavy loss. On the Indo-Afghan frontier British troops had been ordered up to the Gomul Valley.——The Mombasa railway survey had been proceeding very satisfactorily.——In France the MORÈS trial, child of duels, had nearly given birth to another combat. M. CRÉMIEUX FOA challenged Lieutenant TROCHU, one of the witnesses, and, on the Lieutenant's Colonel refusing him the necessary permission to fight, insulted the Lieutenant before the mess. Whereupon M. TROCHU'S brother officers incontinently rose up and kicked that Ebrew and bellicose Jew out. The intruder, however, to do him justice, seems to have fought like a Maccabee, and only succumbed to numbers and a syphon of *eau de Seltz* (no doubt "aimed low"), which is obviously suited to do even better service than the aboriginal decanter.——A story, not devoid of a certain cock-and-bull element, was told of an outrage by a Russian cruiser on Canadian sealers in that *mare*, very much *clausum*, the Behring Sea. The Russian commander "should have said," to adopt a picturesque though not strictly correct idiom, that the sovereignty of Russia extends to a thousand miles from her shores. The phrase, whether authentic or not, certainly formulates Russian claims with a certain neatness.——Yesterday morning it was announced that another Black Mountain Expedition would be necessary; that the Portuguese had been within an ace of serious trouble with GUNGUNHAMA, who, no doubt, if he were not interfered with, could easily wipe them out of Lower Mozambique, but who seems to have been pacified by English intervention; and that the United States have imposed a twenty days' quarantine on all emigrant ships. This measure will make it more necessary than ever for our own authorities to see that the cargoes of these vessels are not "dumped" meanwhile on British shores.

The Law Courts. Mr. Justice BRUCE, as Vacation Judge, had before him last week an important application from a firm of stockbrokers to continue an interim injunction to prevent the Stock Exchange Committee from expelling them for dishonourable conduct. The application was refused.——NEILL was committed for trial in the Lambeth poisoning cases this day week.——On Tuesday an inquest was held, and a formal verdict found, in reference to a peculiarly sad instance either of wanton homicide and suicide, or of more than ordinarily idiotic "fooling with firearms," in which a man had shot and killed in Brompton Cemetery, first a girl of whom he knew nothing, and then his worthless self.——Courts-martial have been held during the week on the officers of the ships that met with accidents in the Naval Manœuvres.

Racing. No special notice is needed for the Scarborough and Huntingdon meetings last week. At Derby on Tuesday there were two surprises, Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S Minting Queen, with evens on her, being unplaced in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, which was won by Sir R. JARDINE'S Fealar, while Lord ELLESMERE'S Esmond, starting at 25 to 1, took the Peveril of the Peak Plate almost as he liked from a good field of all ages. On Wednesday another valuable prize, the Breeders' St. Leger Stakes, was fought for by some good horses, Llanthony, Lorette, and others; but Mr. PEACOCK'S light-weighted Golden Drop was favourite, made all the running, and won easily. On Thursday the chief race was a Nursery Handicap, which attracted a good many runners, and was won by the Duke of PORTLAND'S Mrs. Butterwick.

Cricket. The remarkable batting powers of the Somerset Eleven have been frequently exhibited this season, but never so well as at the end of last week against the strong and mainly professional Yorkshire team. On Thursday week Mr. HEWETT and Mr. PALAIRET had made 78 for no wicket. Next day they carried their partnership on to such profit that Mr. HEWETT made 201 and Mr. PALAIRET 146. Mr. HEDLEY, following, also achieved three figures, making 102; and, several other batsmen making handsome scores, the innings reached the huge total of 592. On that day Surrey beat Kent by ten wickets. All the matches which were to have been finished this day week were stopped by the rain, which was particularly unlucky in the case of the Somerset and Yorkshire match noticed above.——The same cause interfered with almost all games on Monday, though some progress was made, against wind and tide, in the match between Sussex and Middlesex.——The weather, though not very good, was a little better on Tuesday. Middlesex achieved the beating of Sussex in one innings, and finished their first-class matches. At Taunton only one innings could be played in the match between Gloucester and Somerset, the first named being got all out for 96, and Mr. PALAIRET distinguishing himself behind the wicket—a new place for him. The Scarborough week was at last able to begin, and more or less play was possible at other places.——Except at Scarborough, cricket was again impossible on Wednesday, so that all matches remained unfinished; while even at Scarborough, though there was play, the match was drawn.——The second batch of matches for the week began (or did not begin) in equally unfavourable circumstances on Thursday.

Yachting. There was good sailing in the Royal Dart Regatta yesterday week. The *Queen Mab* won in the racing class, and the *Rêverie* in the handicap. Next day, in the Start Bay Regatta, the weather was so bad that the smaller classes had to give up, and the forties were stopped after sailing one round. The *Queen Mab* came in first, but was protested against for breach of rule in hailing the *Corsair* to get out of her way without tacking herself.——Heavy weather stopped the Royal Western Regatta, at Plymouth, altogether on Tuesday.——The Town Regatta at the same place on Wednesday came off, but in weather hardly better. Of the racing forties, only the *Queen Mab* ventured out, and sailed once round with double-reefed mainsail and topmast housed. In the handicap class, however, the *Lorna* and the *L'Espérance* made a fight for it over the whole course, and Lord DUNRAVEN'S boat won well.

Correspondence. On few days hitherto has the amateur newspaper correspondent revelled more boldly than on Tuesday last, but the very variety of his excesses precludes them from separate comment. To all the old subjects was added, on Wednesday morning, a portentously long screed on international postage by,

it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, and an appeal in favour of the United Service Institution from Admiral Sir GEORGE WILLES, which deserves careful examination.——Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has informed a correspondent that he is not anxious for Disestablishment, because he hopes that the Church will disestablish herself; and Mr. HUXLEY, defending himself from the charge of having torn up a tract (*vile damnum*, surely), has observed, to another, that he has "sufficient respect for religion to object to the "blasphemous impertinence" of being asked, "Have "you got your soul saved?" There are those whose views of religion differ much from Mr. HUXLEY'S, but who will on this point heartily agree with him.——Attention was called yesterday morning to the fate of the *Foudroyant*, one of NELSON'S ships, which has been sold for firewood (just before, as it happens, the Admiralty the other day informed the Grimsby authorities that it had no ship to give them for a hospital); and a Welsh Correspondent of the *Times* vouched for having himself heard during the late election a Gladstonian orator promise "a Commission to give the people "the land and the rivers" within six months of Mr. GLADSTONE'S coming in.

Miscellaneous. Two disasters of very different kinds occurred towards the end of last week—a great colliery accident in Wales, and the announcement of the intended winding-up of the great manufacturing concern of Saltaire, which has been mortally wounded by the McKINLEY tariff.——The colliery disaster (in visiting the scene whereof Mr. ASQUITH handselled his Home Secretaryship), though a severe one, turned out better than was expected; 40 out of 140, in round numbers, being saved.——The strong wind and tremendous rain of this day week and Sunday supplied much miscellaneous news; but the chief subject thereof was cholera.——A summary of Lord GRIMTHORPE'S forthcoming pamphlet on the Lincoln judgment has appeared, from which it is evident that, as might be expected, Lord GRIMTHORPE is very cross; but it would be unfair to criticize it at any length before seeing the actual text.——A very good appointment to the deanery of St. Asaph, vacant by Dean OWEN'S acceptance of the Principalship of Lampeter, has been made in the person of Archdeacon WATKIN WILLIAMS, an excellent Churchman, an able man, a Welsh speaker, and possessed of birth and means, as well as brains.——Partridge-shooting began, not in the best weather, on Thursday; when also the new Metropolitan extension to Aylesbury was opened, and Lord LONDONDERRY spoke at the simultaneous opening of an enlargement to the Sunderland Harbour Works.

Obituary. It appeared from Saturday's news, as given in some papers, that a great loss had fallen upon the University of Oxford by the death (not from accident, but from cold and exposure) on Mont Blanc of Mr. NETTLESHIP, Corpus Professor of Latin, who to scholarship of the strictest kind which has few superiors adds a general sense of literature unfortunately by no means always found in the company of what is technically called scholarship. It turned out, however, that the victim was his younger brother, Mr. R. L. NETTLESHIP, of Balliol, a man of less literary achievement and less known in the University generally, but one popular and influential in his own college.——Mr. WILLIAM FORBES SKENE, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, who died this week at the age of eighty-four, was a very interesting person. The son of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S intimate friend, Mr. SKENE of Rubislaw, he was present at Abbotsford in the spring of 1831, when Sir WALTER was seized with the attack from which, strictly speaking, he never recovered, though its termination was postponed by the journey to Naples. In himself Mr. SKENE was not only an excellent specimen of the older race of Scottish gentleman, but a scholar who had few rivals in the earliest division of Scottish history.——Mr. GROVER, C.E., was an engineer of renown, especially in connexion with waterworks.——Mr. GEORGE W. CURTIS was an American man of letters of a good class, a politician who had done something for Civil Service reform, and a person of influence in education. He had, we believe, set himself against the Spread-eagleism which is characteristic of a certain school of American writers; he wrote in a pleasant and scholarly manner, and is altogether a considerable loss to his country.——Sir GEORGE MACLEOD, brother of Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD, was a Scotch surgeon of high repute and old standing, whose record goes as far back as the siege of Sebastopol, and who died a Regius Professor and Senior Surgeon to the QUEEN.

Books, &c. Sir LINTORN SIMMONS, in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month, has given an authoritative denial to the rumours which fathered the book called *An Englishman in Paris* upon Sir RICHARD WALLACE. This will be no surprise to readers of the *Saturday Review*, and is rather amusing when the confident assertions and knowing airs of certain newspapers are remembered. The case, however, is but one more instance of the fallacy and futility of so-called "private information," and of its worthlessness as compared with the judgment, arrived at on evidence, of competent critics.——The Speeches and Addresses of Archbishop MAGEE, edited by his son (ISBISTER), make a valuable book, of which we shall hope soon to have more to say.

THE RUSSIANS ON THE PAMIRS.

PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY, writing in the *New Review* on the Russian advance in the Pamirs, acknowledges with good sense and good temper that he has a certain difficulty in dealing with the subject because he is "under the suspicion of a pronounced "anti-Russian bias." And he proceeds to ask in a few words that he may be judged by what he has said in the past and by the fulfilment of his predictions. He is well justified of this attitude; and so are all those who have taken the same line as he has. Although it is a common, it is a sufficiently irrational, thing to regard the "bias" of a writer or speaker on such matters as these at all. We do not suppose that Professor VAMBÉRY wants his opinions to be taken on the strength of his own authority; he wants reasonable people to look at them in connexion with the facts, which are open with the most moderate amount of trouble to universal inspection. So (to speak as fools) do we. Of all prevalent *idola fori*, the most singular delusion and the most universal (for, as all logicians know, the singular is an universal) is, that "Who says it?" and not "Is it true?" is the point of importance; and in no instance has this delusion worked such mischief as in this very subject. For years those who were careful and troubled about Independent Tartary were the butt of jokes, the text of serious discourses, the objects of the lazy contempt which attaches to those who fear what others do not fear. It was impossible that Russia should get to Merv. It would do no harm if Russia did get to Merv. When Russia got to Merv we should hear no more of it. And at this precise moment Russia has been established at Merv for the best part of a decade; and it is the centre and base of all her operations in and against North-Western Afghanistan; and the Indian Government has been put to vast expense, and has had to do all it could in redeeming the time (though, fortunately, most of it has been done) to carry out the defensive counterworks necessitated by the occupation of Merv and the subsequent dash to Penjdeh.

This recent, and, to those who will take even the least

little trouble to understand the facts, this startling, lesson should surely gain a respectful hearing for those who deprecate the repetition in the matter of the Pamirs of the same policy which has been so disastrous and so costly a little further west. We are not of those, if there be such, who strive to make a difficulty for Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government out of this Pamir business. It is much too serious for that. Nor are we of those who, on the other hand, would magnify the immediate seriousness of the position. For the past few days there has been an obvious tendency on the part of Russian organs and those influenced by Russia to minimize the situation as far as possible. Colonel YANOFF'S expedition is one of pure exploration; indeed, it is so peaceful that the Chinese were asked not to send any troops in the same direction lest there should be trouble in this scientific trip. (The Russians are really a great nation; it would be impossible to imagine anything more childlike and bland than this appeal on the part of BILL SIKES to Bow Street not to send any troublesome officers to a particular district on a given night, lest his experiments in the arts of window-opening should be misunderstood.) The most satisfactory explanations will be forthcoming to Lord ROSEBERY. The brush at Somatash was a mere matter of a score or so of men on each side, and the Afghan commander was stupid. It is true that the tribes are very anxious that Russia should annex them, that they do not like the Chinese, that they are afraid of the Afghans, that they think (another stroke of Russian humour, with that touch of truth about it which makes it bitter) that England will "only hold them for "a time, and then give them up." But all this is accidental and parenthetical, and if the old Bokhara and Khokand claims are dwelt upon, that is parenthetical and accidental too. The general attitude of Russian handlers of the question is that of the amiable family dentist in his appeals to youth. It will be nothing; it will soon be over; in fact, he only wants to look at the part that is out of order, and has not the slightest idea of any unpleasant operation.

It is not very probable that Lord ROSEBERY, at any rate, will be taken in by these little wiles; but it is less improbable that he may be compelled, either by the influence of his colleagues or by the more subtle and stronger influence which leads all men to patch things up instead of going to the root of them, to accept any apologies and explanations that may be made, to leave it to the Indian Government to smooth down the AMEER, to shut his eyes to the unpleasant synchronism of these renewed Russian explorations with the advent of his own party to power in England on the one side, and with a spirit of revolt in Afghanistan proper on the other. If he does this, he will commit a very great blunder and let slip a remarkable opportunity. Nothing, it may be confidently said, will put an end to these jars and frights but a proper delimitation of the Pamir district on the line of the Ak-Su at southernmost. And the most honeyed demonstrations of the purely scientific character of the surveying parties ought not to deceive a diplomatic child. It is in the highest degree probable that the Russians do not want at this moment to occupy or annex the Pamirs. For occupation, indeed, they are very unsuitable. In great part they are uninhabited and uninhabitable, though they are visited occasionally for pasturing purposes by nomad tribes. What is really important to Russia is to discover and accurately fix the roads across them, the facilities for subsisting troops, the possibilities of transporting stores, provisions, munitions of war. This can be done as well by exploring expeditions as by regular occupation, while the expeditions afford a good opportunity of conciliating such inhabitants as there are. And all this can have only one object. The trade across the Pamirs is insignificant, and such as it is, the Russians want rather to hinder than to foster it. It is not generally believed that England has any violent desire to invade Russian Turkestan. *Manet sors tertia*, and it would be an insult even to a Gladstonian intelligence to particularize what that *sors tertia* is.

In fixing the line of delimitation we do not know that it would be wise to insist on quite so much as Professor VAMBÉRY thinks desirable. One plan in these matters—the favourite one with all barbarian, and some civilized, nations, and an especially favourite one with Russia—is to clamour for more than you are prepared to take, under the impression that you will at least get what you really want. The other, and more dignified, plan is to say, "I am not going to "haggle or chaffer; this is my minimum-maximum, "and you must take it or leave it." On this latter plan we are not sure that it would be possible to stickle for at least great part of Roshan, one of the small khanates now threatened by the Russians. For much of it, if not the whole, lies on the Russian side of that branch of the Oxus head-waters which naturally and reasonably carries on the delimitation—already more or less accepted—to the Chinese border. But for everything south of that branch it seems desirable to insist absolutely that it shall be recognized as Afghan or Chinese property as against the Russians, and then to effect an amicable arrangement between Cabul and Pekin. With Shignan, with the Alichur, the Great and the Little Pamirs, and with all the other districts south of the Ak-Su, Russia should have nothing whatever to do; while, as for allowing her troops to wander south of the Panja into Wakhan, still more over the Hindu Koosh to Yaghistan and Chitral, "No! not for an hour" is the only answer possible to a tolerably informed statesman. And, above all, the attempts of the Russians to serve themselves heirs to Khokand or Bokhara should be treated with civil indifference, and a request to come to something rather more actual. Not in the least that, in this order of claims, the balance goes against us. If title-deeds can be spoken of in these shadowy regions, it is pretty exact to say that those of China are the strongest by antiquity and by her comparatively recent subjugation of the temporarily rebellious sultanate of Kashgar; that those of Afghanistan come next as regards recent military preponderance and actual possession for some considerable time past; and that those of Bokhara or Khokand are the most indirect, the most shadowy, and the most impossible to justify by evidence of actual seisin. We could be quite contented to meet the Russians on this ground; but, as everybody knows, the question is not really on this ground at all. It is a question of arranging a boundary, north of which Russia may, and south of which she may not, annex, make roads, arrange garrisons, compile magazines, and otherwise pursue her perfectly well-known, but diplomatically never-mentioned, object. The southmost boundary that is at all safe, by the concurrent or harmonized testimony of military and geographical experts, is that branch of the Upper Oxus system which coincides most nearly with the parallel of 38°. And to this line Lord ROSEBERY, if he is wise, will stick; and will not rest till he gets it settled.

THE PAGAN REVIEW.

THE *Pagan Review* is the last new periodical. A certain canniness presides over the *Pagan Review*, which requests "subscriptions in advance," and a certain honesty may be admired, as the *Pagan Review*, if it dies very young, will remit "unexhausted sub-"scriptions." It will publish nothing save by writers who, theoretically or practically, have identified, or are identifying, themselves with "the younger men."

Copies may be procured from Mr. W. H. BROOKS, Backs Green, Rudgwick, Sussex, a county celebrated as the birthplace of SHELLEY. The Review announces itself as "frankly pagan," and its conductors probably do not know what paganism was. For paganism did not stand in a false following of Mr. THOMAS HARDY, and Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and M. PAUL VERLAINE, but in a traditional body of ancient usages, and in a poetry not accessible to aspiring but uneducated intellects. Real paganism to the modern Neo-Pagan would have seemed Tory in politics, bald in art, and unadventurous in morals. The Neo-Pagan is a revival of the young man whom ARISTOPHANES particularly detested. If the New Pagan had any knowledge of the old paganism he would choose for himself some other nickname. The New Pagan, even in his "Foreword," splits his infinitives, and aspires "to really withdraw from life the approved "veils of convention." This fresh *Pagan Review*, of course, has a rallying cry—"Art for Art's sake." Very well, but let it be Art! The silly exhibitions of adjectives which do duty as prose in the *Pagan Review* are not "Art," they are gabble. First, in "The Black "Madonna" we are presented with some allegorical nonsense by Mr. FANSHAWE. The scene is apparently laid in the Soudan. A chief named BIHR is crucified after vapouring in a dialogue with the Black Madonna. The Black Madonna "was ASHTAROTH of old," *u.s.w.* BIHR cannot even speak grammar. He says, "Thou—"*thou*, will I worship." Mr. FANSHAWE, the author, is young enough, we hope, to have received a School Board education; but it avails him not, unless paganism be a conscious revolt against the English language. BIHR would have been birched, not crucified. What befalls Mr. FANSHAWE, if still at school, when he writes *Tu adorabo*? Meanwhile he "ruffles the "opaline flood into a flying foam of pink" with the best of them.

The Black Madonna.
What would'st thou?

Bihr.
Thou!

This is worse than the famous proposal of the young English officer to the Spanish lady:—

Lui.
Voulez-vous?

Elle.
Quoi?

Lui.
Moi!

Elle.
Oui!

Why should "copy" of this kind be called "Art"? It is not pagan. The Greeks knew their own language, if they knew no other.

Mr. GEORGE GASCOIGNE cries, in italics, "*Lift, lift* "*thine eyss to mine who love so wildly, madly*"—it is the Pagan printers who print so madly, wildly. Then Mr. DREEME obliges with a narrative, "The Pagans." The hero is a Mr. TRAQUAIR, apparently, and he has an affair with a Frenchwoman, and her brother, who for some family reason does not kick him, disapproves thereof; but this exciting romance is *To be continued*, and, for obvious Scotch reasons, we do not criticize unfinished work. The "Rape of the Sabines" is finished, and it is to this effect:—

Two Italians stab two other Italians, who, it must be confessed, "richly deserve it." The story is told in the overloaded style which distinguishes new pagan from ancient pagan literature. The tendency to cloud over the matter with layer upon layer of heavy cloying adjectives marks the work of most modern pagans who write about Italy. The same fault pervades a sketch called "The Oread." An Oread, who has access to mountains, runs away from a deerstalker while he is clothed, but runs to meet him when he strips for a swim. He was a fortunate youth; he got his stag, and he secured, apparently, the affections of his Oread. We do not know whether we are expected to be shocked. A fragment of a poem on "Dionysus in India" is pretty and pleasing, if it contains no very unusual promise. From the advertisements it appears that the authors of these pieces propose to offer them to the world, with other performances, in books. Thus almost all the work is, in a sense, half-done work. The critical remarks by the editor show that he is not so young but that he can admire, not only Mr. HARDY and Mr. MEREDITH, but also the Laureate and Mr. STEVENSON. We never despair of any one who believes in Lord TENNYSON, and it is pleasant to find that *les jeunes* are still capable of enjoying the author of *Treasure Island*. A scornful remark on the *Naulakha* suggests that Mr. KIPLING is one of *les jeunes*, but that he does not swagger on the strength of his youth. The *Naulakha* is not his best work; but if all these young men pile up adjectives till they are grey, it is unlikely that their combined efforts will be worth one page of Mr. KIPLING, who is not pagan.

It is always worth while to look over the short-lived periodicals of youth; occasionally there is a gem in the waste-paper basket. In this case the gem is still to be waited for in hope. *Les jeunes* should not make it their chief aim to shock Mrs. GRUNDY. That is like the conduct of small boys, *les plus jeunes encore*, whose ambition is content with scrawling naughty words on the walls. The Pagans are really not very shocking in this Review, except to the shade of PRISCIAN now and then. If their periodical fails, it will not be because they are young, but because they are dull; not because they are shocking, but because they are stupid. Youth, which has usually nothing to say, is justly anxious to say it well. But the art of writing well is not the trick of laying on adjectives with a palette-knife. That is an illusion which most writers have to outgrow. There can be no better cure for the errors of Neo-paganism than a study of the old pagans, HOMER, SOPHOCLES, VIRGIL. They, not M. PAUL VERLAINE, not even Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, not even "BEAUDELAIRE" (as the *Pagan Review* calls that author, who himself smote the Neo-Pagans in a memorable essay) are the guides to follow.

SWAZILAND.

THE Swaziland question has, as was to be expected, come to the front again, and some anxiety on the subject is excusable, now that the Colonial Office is in the hands of Lord RIPON—hands that have seldom been busy except to do England damage. It is understood that Sir HENRY LOCH is coming to England this autumn to discuss with the home authorities the questions now at issue between the Cape Government and the Transvaal, and of these Swaziland is one of the most important. It is unfortunate that more than one feature of recent events in South Africa has led the average Englishman—always too glad of any pretext for not concerning himself about foreign or colonial affairs—to shuffle off South African questions as matters of private *tripotage*, where every arguer on every side has an axe to grind, a concession to urge, an open or hidden interest of some kind to further. To speak the honest truth, there is a good deal of this; though, if there were a great deal more than there is, it would be no excuse, and much less than no reason, for indifference. And another evil result of it is that the few persons at

home who take an interest, which is not in the questionable sense interested, in South African affairs are equally distasteful to the average Englishman, who regards them as troublesome bores, and to the local axe-grinder, who is indignant because they care very little for the grinding of his particular axe.

The Swaziland question, it is, perhaps, just necessary to remind readers in such circumstances as these, is whether the territory so called which intervenes between the Transvaal and the coast is to remain in its present state of quasi-independence, guaranteed by Great Britain and the Transvaal under the Convention of two years ago, or is to be absorbed by the Boers, or is to be more or less directly protected by ourselves. Unless the Home Government makes a stand the Transvaal will certainly get it, and if the Transvaal gets it, especially if the Transvaal gets it without very distinct reserves and stipulations, certain more or less unpleasant things will surely follow. The first, the least, and the one for which we ourselves care comparatively little or nothing, is that some English concessionaries will find themselves disappointed. The second, for which we care a great deal, is that the Swazis, who have been very good allies of ours, and whose cause we are bound to espouse, will go the way of all other native tribes with whom the Dutchmen come in contact. The third, for which we care most of all, is that the Imperial hold on South Africa, as a whole, will be very much weakened, and the Afrikander party correspondingly strengthened—materially to a great extent, morally still more by the repetition on the part of the Empire of those "refusals" which have made the strictly English party at the Cape a helpless and almost hopeless minority.

It seems to be still a puzzle to Englishmen, though it is as plain as may be, why it is not desirable to give way on points where Dutchmen and local Englishmen, at any rate to some extent, seem to agree. The secret has been made plain over and over again here and elsewhere. In the first place, it is the cue of the powerful trading interests, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the chief representative, to keep on good terms with the Boers. In the second place, the Loyalist party at the Cape have been so disgusted by the series of Imperial abandonments, of which Mr. Gladstone's conduct after Majuba was the most glaring, but not by any means the last, that too many of them have made a virtue of necessity, and have given up an Imperial for a Colonial policy. In the third place, there is a strong notion, right or wrong, at the Cape, that in a few years the simple and natural operation of English immigration and English enterprise will swallow up the Dutch element, and bring things to a balance of themselves. All these things play together into Dutch—at least into Afrikander hands; but none of them ought to count for anything in the consideration of English statesmen. The objects of these latter ought to be, in the first place, the discharge of England's obligations towards anybody with whom those obligations have been entered into; in the second, so far as it may be decently secured, the maintenance of the private rights of Englishmen; but, most of all, and last of all, the preservation of the Imperial inheritance of all Her Majesty's subjects in such a condition as may best suit the interests of all those subjects, whether they live in Cape Town or in Calcutta, in Manchester or in Montreal, in Edinburgh or in Dunedin. If this ideal be kept before the eyes, there is not much fear, human errors excepted, of mistakes being made. We must own that it is not exactly the ideal which we should expect to find in any council chamber presided over by Mr. Gladstone, and that, if it be found in any councillor there, that councillor is unlikely to be Lord Ripon.

M. WEYL'S TORPEDO-BOATS.

Among the correspondences which endeavour to enliven this dead season we cannot rank the controversy conducted under the heading "M. Weyl's "Torpedo-boats," or "French Torpedo-boats," as being of especial interest. The Correspondent of the *Times* with the Blue Squadron has thought it instructive to insist that he is of the same opinion as his friend, M. Weyl, the editor of *Le Yacht* and Naval Correspondent of various French papers. The two Correspondents agree in thinking that the proportion of forces between the Red and the Blue Squadrons does not in the least represent what the relative strength of the French and English fleets in the Channel might be in war-time. It is somewhat difficult for us to understand why anybody should have thought it worth while to waste time, ink, and temper in disputing so self-evident a proposition—anybody, that is, except the Admiralty, which does seem to wish the world to believe that the late manœuvres might be expected to prove something. The world, by the way, seems to have a good-natured wish to meet the Admiralty halfway, if we are to judge by the weighty sincerity of newspaper Correspondents, and has been looking almost pathetically for instruction. We, for our part, expected none, and therefore were not disappointed when we did not get any. Moreover, we have a lurking suspicion that the world is much nearer being of our mind than in agreement with the overpoweringly nautical, tactical, and strategical Naval Correspondents of the daily papers.

Going further, we are inclined to maintain against both the *Times'* Correspondent and his friend, M. Weyl, that, if the proportion of force between the Blue and the Red Squadrons had been all they think it should have been, the manœuvres would still have necessarily proved exactly nothing at all. Either of these gentlemen would do a real service if they would explain how manœuvres can prove whether a given force could or could not prevent another from going through the North or any other channel. If the Blue Squadron had had a hundred torpedo-boats, and had got them all round the Red, what then? Until we know whether in real war the guns of the battle-ships would or would not sink three-fourths of the torpedo-boats before they could get within striking distance, the manœuvres would still have proved in the fullest extension of the word nothing. That being so, what does it signify whether the proportion of force between the squadrons represented any probable proportion in real war or the reverse? We are not, we presume, going to be told that it is necessary to hold manœuvres to prove that, with decent luck and a little energy, a force which is watching narrow waters can catch sight of a larger passing through, or that the larger can hem the smaller up if it catches it in a corner like Belfast Lough. Since Jason sailed for the Golden Fleece there has been no doubt on these points, and we dare say it was traditional knowledge in his time. "Another Correspon-"dent" is inclined to think that the Blue Squadron had quite torpedo-boats enough because, among other reasons, these craft would, in real war, be liable to be "cut to pieces and sunk, in place of being humanely "put out of action for a few hours"—and then allowed to play again. Each of the Blue Squadron's torpedo-boats counted for several. Of course this helps to add to the unreality of the whole silly business. Will somebody explain what would happen in real war if half the torpedo-boats engaged were sent to the bottom, and the others, as might well happen, were glad to escape without sinking a single battle-ship? With what heart would the lucky ones come on again, or their admiral send picked officers and men on a succession of *chevauchées de la mort* from which so little advantage was to be obtained?

Until we know what the balance of chances is, there is very little interest in the dispute whether the French have more torpedo-boats than we or no. If one *Blake* can sink twenty torpedo-boats on an average, it is better to have two *Blakes* than thirty-five torpedo-boats, even though one torpedo-boat can dispose of one *Blake* in favourable circumstances. The value of an instrument of war is its value on the average and not in exceptional circumstances. We have built more battle-ships and cruisers than the French for some years past, and it has not been proved that this is not the better policy. As regards the number of French torpedo-boats, the *Times'* Correspondent, we believe, is right. And so he ought to be. The French have paid dearly enough for their torpedo-boats, by suspending work on their big ships in order to build the small, in Admiral AUBE'S days. When Admiral GERVAIS'S squadron was at Portsmouth the torpedo-boats had to be sent into the dockyard because it was not safe to keep them out at Spithead in even moderately dirty weather in which a Deal pilot-boat or Penzance fishing-yawl would have been at her ease. And these are the vessels which are to cruise about from Lorient to Cherbourg in all weathers.

TWO VOICES.

HERE are two voices from the Home Rule side discussing Home Rule and its present prospects. First let us hear Mr. DILLON, speaking to the Irish National Federation in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin. "He said, further, that had they yielded to "all this clamour [to wit, clamour for guarantees from "Mr. GLADSTONE], and had they been silly and wicked "enough to make foolish and ridiculous demands on "Mr. GLADSTONE before the election took place, the "verdict of England would probably have been given, "not for Home Rule, but against it." To the "poor "political intelligence" of Mr. DILLON it appeared better to come to a private understanding with Mr. GLADSTONE, to keep the terms of that understanding quiet till a majority was won, and then, having secured their hare, "to think about cooking it." So we have Mr. DILLON'S word for it that a majority has been won for something which England would probably have rejected if it had been taken into the confidence of Mr. GLADSTONE and his Irish friends. Now let us hear Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, telling "How to drive Home "Rule home" in the *Fortnightly*. "This great de-"cision of a House elected *ad hoc* after the most pro-"longed and elaborate agitation ever known in our "modern political history, has irrevocably settled the "*principle* of Home Rule. . . . The nation has, with "infinite toil, decided a direct issue, and will not stand "trifling." The great decision was the vote of "No "confidence," and grammatically Mr. F. HARRISON would appear to mean that the House was elected to vote this and no more. But his meaning is not so limited. He really argues that the country has decided in favour of that Home Rule which, says Mr. DILLON, it would probably have rejected if it had known for what it was voting. So much for the harmony of Home Rulers on the "direct issue."

But on the main point our "prophets, major or "minor," are at one. The hare has been secured, and now it is time to set about the cooking. It is the function of Mr. HARRISON to explain how—which he does through thirteen pages of "silent contempt" for the Unionists, and with, we have his assurance to that effect, more than ordinary calm. "During all "these bitter years Unionists have treated Home "Rulers as dogs, and Home Rule as a thing of shame. "We are not going to retaliate for their cruelty and "meanness, nor fling back on them their foul words and "insolent slanders." It is in pursuance of this chastened and laudable resolution to return good for evil that Mr. HARRISON, considering the case of Ulster, does not utter a single—word which rhymes with calm, if you speak Scotch. He only says, "Many "other nations have somewhat cantankerous provinces. "Scotland had its Highland roysterers, rebels, and "cattle-lifters; France once had Vendéens, as Russia "and Germany have Poles and Austria has Croats and "Czechs. They must all shake down together. To "give these turbulent and braggart minorities any "special 'protection' is to inflame their worst vices. "If they break into insurrection, there is in the "Castle archives the famous order, Do not hesi-"tate to shoot! Let us have no special provi-"sions, safeguards, and exceptions at all in the Irish "Bill. But let us answer Protestants, landlords, "Orangemen, and Ulster 'loyalists' in the way in "which Father ABRAHAM answered DIVES when he "was yelling for mercy and a drop of water." We perceive that whatever differences there may be between the most orthodox Unionist and Mr. F. HARRISON are mere matters of detail. A gentleman who makes such short work of "Poland a nation" is in a fair way to take the sound view of "Ireland a "nation." Some people might be surprised to find so eloquent a friend of freedom in hearty agreement with the "MOURAVIEFFS who hang." We are not; for some slight study and experience have convinced us that nobody clamours so loudly for shooting parties as the "apostle of freedom" when people use their freedom to disagree with him. In the meantime, we commend Mr. HARRISON'S Russian view of the line to be taken with minorities to the attention of Dr. PARKER of the City Temple, to the Nonconformist Conference which was so sure that Ulster would be safeguarded in the Bill which Mr. GLADSTONE is arranging with Mr. DILLON, and to the Master of University who, we seem to remember, considered it probable some time ago that he might have to dissent from his revered leader. Mr. HARRISON is so careful to keep his promise to abstain from "foul words and insolent "slanders," that he only calls Lord SALISBURY a violent man with an irrepressible contempt for the people, habitually refers to the Liberal-Unionists as renegades, and says that "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may nurse the hope "of being one day Duke of BIRMINGHAM." "Why do "you lose your temper? why cannot you keep calm, "as I do?" says one of the characters in *Good for Nothing*—and then he kicks the furniture about in paroxsyms of rage.

In this spirit does Mr. F. HARRISON set about telling how the hare is to be cooked; and the method he recommends is conformable to the calmness of his mood. It is a variation on Mr. LABOUCHERE'S. One of the incidents attaching to that politician—who also, by the way, is quite cool and self-possessed—was his ingenious plan for first building up a Radical majority, and then passing Home Rule. Mr. HARRISON has gone to work in an eclectic spirit, and has combined Mr. LABOUCHERE'S method with Mr. DILLON'S measure. We do not accuse Mr. HARRISON of plagiarism in this matter. Indeed, from an early sentence in his article we gather that it was written at least some little time before the Cabinet was formed. "We "have done," he says, "with Whiggery, bureaucracy, "middle-class economics, and the circumlotion (*sic*) "business of what used to be called the 'governing "'classes.' At last we have got down to a genuine "Democratic Republic, the antique formulas of which "must be frankly treated as merely surviving formulas." Mr. HARRISON did not foresee the predominance of the old gang, and the departure to the Italian lakes of a "stalwart Radical" whose name had not been recommended to HER MAJESTY, when he wrote that DEBORAH

song of triumph. We will not suppose that he conveyed his thunder from the stalwart Radical, but allow that he elaborated it for himself. Yet they are the same kind of thunder after all—and Mr. HARRISON'S rumbles in the most imposing fashion. His method for passing the Bill is as simple—as bullying. The majority, which has its "heel at last on the Unionist neck," is not to take it up "for mere howling [how calm Mr. "HARRISON is!]—till the work is done." He is aware that a majority of forty, confessedly divided, may have some difficulty in keeping its foot on the neck of the minority. If the majority is to be "asked to lie down "to be peppered like the French army at Sedan, it will "lose stomach, discipline, and self-confidence." It must adopt another system of tactics; and Mr. HARRISON has a model drawn from the practice of the County Council. By lying down to be peppered Mr. HARRISON explains that he means allowing the Tories and Liberal-Unionists, who vainly imagine that they also are the elect of the people, to speak at any length. The theatric part of the Constitution must be done away with. "To waste four months "over a single Bill, to allow it three weeks of grand "field-day debate, three months of worry and dodge in "Committee, 1,500 amendments, and 3,000 separate "speeches, and finally to let it be chucked out in an "hour and a half by the Lords"—all this would be most tolerable and not to be endured, though of course the worry and dodge are strictly legitimate when, by sad accident, a Tory Ministry is in office. No; the majority must imitate its admirable behaviour during the debate on the Address. It must listen to the diatribes of the Opposition in silent contempt, and vote it down. In this way the majority will be kept in training, and the Bill be rushed through before Easter. What follows, though Mr. HARRISON takes some space to develop his ideas, is simple. The Lords will do as they are bid, or be abolished, or swamped, or otherwise brought to an end. "Oh silly!" cries this modern SUNDERLAND to some doubting CHURCHILL. "Your troop of guards shall be called up to the House "of Lords." A regiment of the Lifeguards, or "five "hundred sweeps" (can Mr. HARRISON mean Mr. PARNELL'S whilom followers?) will be marched in, and so an end. And be it observed that the cultivated and thoughtful gentleman who propounds this plan assures us ecstatically that he is prepared for all this revolution in order to force through a Bill of which he knows nothing. He hopes that it will be something "involving power to "deal with the land, with policy, with judiciary, with "finance, and with Ulster (if Ulster need any deal-"ing with at all)," which is not unlike Mr. PARNELL'S Jacobin Home Rule. But he does not know, and whatever it is the Opposition, the Lords, and Crown must swallow it whole, or the people (who have put Home Rulers in a minority in Great Britain, by the way) will act a part to tear a cat in.

THE CHOLERA.

THE outbreak of cholera at Hamburg is evidently of a serious nature, and, if accounts of the condition of that port are not grossly exaggerated, it is not surprising that English ports, many of which are in regular, and almost daily, communication with Hamburg, have not entirely escaped. According to some medical authorities, it was inevitable in the circumstances that cases should be imported. The few authentic cases recorded so far at Gravesend, Liverpool, Islington, Grimsby, Middlesboro', with the doubtful ones at Falmouth and Islington, have been proved to have originated in Hamburg. At Gravesend and Liverpool the sufferers were of the more or less destitute emigrant class. The Islington cases are referred to passengers who were making holiday, passing through Hamburg on their homeward way to Harwich. So far there has been no sign of epidemic resulting from these cases, and there is no ground, according to all competent judges, to fear anything of the kind. The alarm expressed in some quarters lest hordes of Polish or Russian emigrants from the infected port should carry contagion through the land may be dismissed as groundless. There has been something of a cry for a decree prohibiting the landing of these unfortunates. It is satisfactory, however, to observe that railway and steamship Companies have not waited for any such enactment to enforce what is their plain duty, and, it must be added, their most obvious interest. They have instructed their agents to refuse passage of the dirty and suspect alien emigrants. In London, at least, the immigration has been stopped merely by the enforcement of the legal powers vested in the Port Sanitary authorities. Moreover, it is perfectly clear from some of the cases that the average passenger from Hamburg, or any centre of infection, is no more "immune" than the Russian emigrant. Dr. LYON'S letter on this subject should reassure the timid. It is only fair to consider that while the *Gemma*, crowded with emigrants, yielded some three or four cases at Gravesend, the ordinary passenger-boat suffered to a like extent at Harwich. The vigilance and activity shown by the Port authorities in isolating cases and inspecting vessels on arrival are most commendable, and ought to be most reassuring to the public. The new order of the Local Government Board empowering the sanitary authorities of ports to deal with the drinking-water carried by ships, and discharge it, if suspected, into the river before docks are entered, is a reasonable measure, though strict attention to purity and cleanliness in this matter at Hamburg and other infected ports is even more important. Then it is well, considering that cholera is chiefly propagated through drinking-water, that the London Water Companies should be directed to perfect their filtration methods, and ensure the utmost possible freedom from organic pollution.

There is always much causeless apprehension when there is the slightest appearance of a visitation of cholera, and it is a pity that its gratuitous stimulation should not be promptly dealt with. It is monstrous, for example, that purveyors of "news" to the evening journals should give currency to baseless rumours of the most alarming kind. Thus we have announced in the largest type, "Outbreak at Dover," "Cholera "scare at Gravesend," and the like, of an evening, only to be completely disproved the following morning by the Mayor of the one town and the Town Clerk of the other. There is far too much of this kind of liberty of the press. Any one, not careful of the letter, might imagine from the alarmist paragraphs concerning the scarlet fever epidemic in London that something of a plague was in progress, whereas for many successive weeks the health of London has been exceptionally good. News-making of this kind is almost as bad as the scandalous concealment of the truth about the cholera, for something like three weeks, by the authorities of Hamburg, who seem to have hoodwinked all the Consuls there resident. That the German EMPEROR should, as is reported, have expressed great indignation at this hushing-up policy is extremely natural. The occasion seems to warrant the making of an example in high places. From the published accounts of the condition of the Hamburg hospitals which a Vienna doctor has written, it seems that the authorities were totally unprepared for an outbreak of cholera, though the steady westward course of the disease from Cashmere, Persia, and the ports of the Caspian Sea has been patent to all observers for three months past.

There never was a more forcible illustration of the truth that forewarned should imply forearmed. Yet the truth about Hamburg was first made known to the Imperial Government by the authorities of Altona, and in Hamburg the stupid policy of concealment, now no longer possible, has been followed by complete disorganization of the sanitary administration. With the system of inspection and disinfection, and the isolation of cases detected, thoroughly carried out by our Port Sanitary officials, it is reasonable to expect that we shall escape the visitation in England, although London has already been declared an infected port by Christiania, which is, to say the least, a little premature on the part of the Norwegian authorities. Owing to our proximity to the Continent, there is certainly some risk, which the keenest vigilance may not be able to render inoperative. Cases of cholera on board ship are, of course, promptly dealt with, as at Gravesend, and isolated in hospital. But, owing to the short distance between English ports and Hamburg, Antwerp, Havre, and other stricken places, there may be a clean bill of health on a steamer from one of those ports on arrival, and cases of cholera may yet develop among the passengers after landing. As illustrations of this danger we have cases such as that of the Middlesboro' man, who, after landing, was reported as taken ill on arriving at Glasgow. Fortunately, the Sanitary authorities throughout the country are alert towards all such contingencies, and, with the great and general improvement in the sanitary condition, and the thorough enforcement of the law, there seems no probability of an epidemic.

SALTABADIL IN POLITICS.

THE trial of the Marquis DE MORÈS and the four gentlemen who acted as seconds in the fatal duel with Captain MAYER has ended as all the world had expected that it would end. The accused have been acquitted. Nor, considering the opinions of the French in the matter of duelling, and the circumstances of the case, was any other verdict to be expected. If, indeed, it had been proved that the Marquis had repeated the villainy of the brutal husband of La Parisienne in FEUILLET'S novel, if he had been shown to have deliberately picked a quarrel with a man whom he knew to be weak in the arm with the intention of killing him at little or no risk to himself, the result would probably have been different. But this was not proved. Captain MAYER was, indeed, weak in the arm, and as this was apparently known to his seconds, they were to blame for allowing him to fight with the sword at all. But there was no evidence that it was known to the Marquis.

Concerning the weight of the weapons there was a good deal of dispute, and there has been some misunderstanding on this side of the water. In the French army the "reglamentary" duels are fought with the unbated foil. Captain MAYER seems to have practised with the foil only. Now, as this is a distinctly lighter weapon than the *épée*, or triangular duelling-sword, he would in any case be at a disadvantage in a combat with an opponent who was familiar with the tool actually used. But in so far as this was an advantage to M. DE MORÈS it was a legitimate one. The law on this point was laid down with authority by the Colonel in *Clarissa Harlowe*. A gentleman who cannot handle a weapon with which he may be called upon to fight must stand to the consequences of his neglect to acquire so necessary a part of his education. As Captain MAYER'S arm was fatigued even by the foil, he must in any case have been at a disadvantage. And the moral is—if you are likely to be involved in a duel, practise with the *épée*. From the account of the duel we gather that this unfortunate officer, knowing that he could not trust his strength, and was no swordsman, rushed in blindly in the hope of winning by a chance blow. Tried by a resolute and active man against a flurried opponent, as in the leading case of Lieutenant TERENCE O'BRIEN, this has been known to answer. Also, it will serve when the duellist thus attacked does not wish to kill—see the case in ABOUT, *L'Infâme*. Put in practice against a cool fencer who has no scruple about killing, it is almost certain to end as it did on this occasion. The headlong assailant spits himself on his enemy's blade.

And now, having surveyed the duelling ethics of this business, we are free to say that the story, take it altogether, is a scandalous one. The Marquis DE MORÈS is a person who in this country would be a Tory Democrat and contributor to the Society papers. In France he is a Socialist and Jew-baiter. Whether he did or did not say that he required a Jewish corpse for the purposes of his agitation, he has acted as if this was his conviction. In company with M. DRUMONT and others he has advertised himself by abusing the Jews and Jewish officers in the French army. As he himself has been an army officer, he must have known that this language would infallibly lead to a crop of duels. It did, and the duel with Captain MAYER arose out of the publication of the *procès-verbal* of one of them. M. DE MORÈS had perhaps no deliberate intention of providing himself with a "Jewish corpse," but even in France it is impossible to be sure that a duel will not end fatally. When this one did end with the death of poor Captain MAYER, there was a momentary feeling of indignation, and M. DE MORÈS was put on his trial. As in the case of Mme. RAYMOND, public indignation had cooled down between the killing and the trial. The jury acted under the influence of the common French sympathy with people who kill in certain recognized ways; and the prisoners were acquitted. We say again that we are not surprised at it. Nor did the scandalous disorder in the Court, during the trial, strike us with amazement. But because such verdicts and such trials are common in France they are not less discreditable. An officer of good character has been killed on a frivolous pretext, and the man who killed has been both acquitted and applauded by the mob. And yet the French will go on calling themselves a civilized people.

Not the least scandalous part of the story, to French notions, and in a certain degree to our own, is the scene of kicking, cuffing, cudgelling, and throwing of casual syphons of seltzer-water which has since taken place between MM. CRÉMIEUX FOA (ERNEST) and another "past participle of the verb 'trop-choir.'" This epilogue to the pickle-herring tragedy is of a decidedly farcical character, and ought really to cause Frenchmen to revise their ideas on the subject of duelling. They are in the habit of saying that this practice supplies a way in which all men, and particularly all officers, can settle their disputes without undignified scuffling. What has happened in the messroom of a dragoon regiment in garrison at Meaux would seem to prove that this excuse also is vanity. Lieutenant TROCHU is an officer in this regiment, who has been mixed up, in a manner which we shall not take the trouble to unravel, in the previous fantasia of duels. In consequence of information received, Lieutenant TROCHU was led to believe, and to say, that M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA was responsible for that publication of the *procès-verbal* of his brother's duel which led to the fatal meeting between M. DE MORÈS and Captain MAYER. He indicated with sufficient clearness that, in his opinion, it was mean of M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA to allow another man to fight for his indiscretion. The excuse which M. ERNEST made for himself in the

MORÈS trial was but lame. Of course, the past participle foresaw that the indiscreet brother of the Jew would consider his honour outraged, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. So Lieutenant TROCHU talked it over with his brother officers, and they decided that really one could not fight such a person as M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA, who, by the way, is also an army officer. The Colonel, too, forbade it, and they all made it a point of honour to obey the Colonel. Now, while they were all sitting at lunch at Meaux, M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA burst into the room, flourishing a glove, and shouting, "Lieutenant TROCHU, consider yourself "cuffed," or words to that effect, and then he threw the glove. What would have happened if the glove had hit Lieutenant TROCHU we are not told. He succeeded in dodging it, and seizing a stick began to belabour M. ERNEST. Then, as when the stick began to beat the dog in the ancient rhyme, they all went by the ears together. M. TROCHU cudgelled M. ERNEST, who again punched his nose and kicked his shins. All the other officers in the mess threw decanters and water-bottles at M. ERNEST. With one accord they rushed upon him. His head was cut open with a syphon. They did at last, after endeavouring to no purpose to throw him out of the window, contrive to turn him into the street, where he stood shouting the odds—namely, twelve to one. In a subsequent interview with a newspaper reporter M. ERNEST allowed that this account, which was given through Lieutenant TROCHU, was substantially correct; but added that what he particularly wished to insist upon was "la lâcheté de ces messieurs," who fell upon a single man in a body. It was certainly not chivalrous. BAYARD would probably not have broken a syphon over the head of a brother officer who was already engaged unarmed with an armed opponent. He would not have done it even if that brother officer had been a Jew—supposing that there had been Jew officers, and syphons, and bad manners, enough in the time of FRANCIS I. to permit of any approach to such a scene as this in the mess-rooms of the men-at-arms. And now, perhaps, the French will begin to revise their notions on the effect of duelling in preventing shindies. In this case the authorities have been compelled to stop an epidemic of absurd duels, and at once we have a whole mess-room of French officers behaving "like "porters." A good shower of courts-martial for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman might do no harm; but the decision apparently taken by General LESMAISONS—that is to say, "Least said is "soonest mended"—is perhaps judicious.

WHAT ARE VERMIN?

STUDENTS of John Leech's *Pictures of Life and Character* are familiar with his fancy portrait of the champion of a sparrow club, in which the artist endeavoured to expose that hero to public odium; yet no less an authority than Miss Ormerod, the Honorary Consulting Entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society, who loves birds because they eat the insects which she hates, and "would earnestly plead" for the preservation of every kind of them except one, describes the sparrow as an "absolute curse," and avows that she would subscribe "to every sparrow club in the country limited to destruction of this one bird, *Passer domesticus*," if her means permitted of her doing so. She charges it with devouring an immense quantity of corn, and driving away "the swallows and martins, which are amongst the first class of our insect protectors." Now directly opposite evidence was given before the Wild Birds Protection Committee of the House of Commons, although it is but fair to say that a few of the witnesses agreed with Miss Ormerod. A large market-gardener, who had encouraged a sparrow club, said that he found his fruit and vegetables decimated by insects and blight after a grand slaughter of sparrows, and sighed to have them back again. "What I lose by sparrows," said he, "I consider as wages paid to good servants." A country gentleman bore witness that, by chasing white butterflies, "like a hawk after a heron," a cock-sparrow "kills tens of thousands of the eggs which produce the cabbage caterpillar." A Lincolnshire farmer attributed the utter failure of his thirty acres of gooseberry-trees to his father having killed the sparrows, and many others testified to the virtues of these little birds. We have little doubt, however, that, if all the gardeners in England were to be questioned, there would be an immense preponderance of evidence against them. Miss Ormerod thinks that farmers are pretty equally divided in opinion as to whether rooks do most harm or good, and her own view is that much depends upon "weather, state of land, and crop." Another high authority calculates that fifty rooks will kill worms, insects, and their larvæ to the weight of a ton in the course of a year. The American Ornithologists' Union is studying the much-disputed question of the influence of birds for good or evil on farming and fruit-growing, with extraordinary vigour, and its "collection of stomach-contents" of various kinds of birds already exceeds ten thousand. The Society reports that all the smaller birds are either seed-eaters or insect-eaters. A very interesting article on "Wild Birds in relation to Agriculture" has been contributed by Lord Cathcart to the June number of *The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, in which most of the points which we have noticed thus far are mentioned, and it contains abundant evidence of the variety of opinion on the question whether certain birds are or are not vermin. Until a now well-known book by Dr. Darwin appeared, it was thought that any bird or beast which destroyed worms did good; but he showed that the amount of important mechanical labour performed on the farm by the common earth-worm is prodigious. Yet we find people defending birds that kill worms, and certain hawks that kill birds that kill worms, and peregrines that kill hawks that kill birds that kill worms. There are some, again, who defend the gamekeeper that kills the peregrine that kills the hawk that kills the bird that kills the worm, and even some, we fear, who sympathize with the poacher who kills the keeper who kills, &c. &c., and we might go considerably further.

Our only object in telling this long story, of the "cow-with-crumpled-horn" type, is to demonstrate the difficulty of defining what are and what are not vermin. We shall see this still more plainly if we turn from the farmer to the gamekeeper, and observe the advice given to him by Mr. Gerald Lascelles in *Shooting* (Badminton series). For instance, most gamekeepers will kill all jays at which they can get a shot, regarding them as among the most inveterate of egg-stealers. "That these pretty birds are egg-stealers to some extent cannot be denied," says Mr. Lascelles, "but it is very questionable whether they often attack the nests of either partridge or pheasant. Smaller birds, no doubt, suffer much from their depredations." And then he proceeds to defend them on the ground of their being excellent sentinels, as "their repeated screams will serve as a warning to the keeper" when something unusual is going on. "No living creature can stir in the woods undetected by the ever-watchful eye of the jay." The peregrine falcon is another bird which, as a rule, meets with little or no mercy from the gamekeeper. Mr. Lascelles has a good word for him also. "It is certain," he says, "that the presence of a pair of peregrines will keep the ground round their nest clear for miles of every egg-stealing bird, and the benefit that they do in this way," he says, far exceeds any mischief which they may cause among game. There are high authorities, however, who maintain that some of the very hawks which peregrines kill do good work on a moor by destroying weakly and diseased birds. Mr. Lascelles has a favourable word to say for the keeper's pet aversion, the weasel, which "is a deadly foe to mice and to rats, and does much, very much, to keep these pests under," and he declares that the kestrel "very rarely indeed" "seizes a bird of any kind," and is "one of the best 'farmer's friends' in existence." As to the fox, he tells us that a man should "pause long and often ere he allow" him "to be included in the list of 'vermin' under any circumstances whatever," even, we infer, in a non-hunting country. On the other hand, we suppose that few tenant-farmers do not regard hares and rabbits, and, in their heart of hearts, pheasants also, as vermin. Would they not consider apple-stealing boys, again, vermin? though the lads' mothers might be of a

different opinion. Surely, too, they must think fox-hunters, who ride over their young wheat, vermin of a very atrocious kind. The deerstalker looks upon tourists, on a forest, as most obnoxious vermin, and, of a truth, they may do more to spoil his sport than animals which are more usually classed under that denomination. On a forest, also, few vermin are more fatal to sport than grouse, as they warn the deer of the approach of the stalker; yet they may be the only game cherished on a neighbouring, or indeed on a different portion of the same, property.

An article on "Vermin of the Farm," by Mr. J. E. Harding, in the same number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* as Lord Cathcart's, places some of the graminivorous rodents, such as the mole and the hedgehog, "on the list of vermin tentatively"; a very safe proceeding, which might well be followed in the case of several other birds and beasts. Stoats and weasels he likes because they kill rats; and rooks, and crows, because they kill field-mice; and shrews, because they "live upon worms, flies, spiders, moths, beetles, and the larvæ of the two last-named species." He urges the encouragement of the cat; a point upon which farmers and gamekeepers differ, perhaps, more than any other; for to the former he is the best of vermin-killers, while to the latter he is the worst of vermin.

A very popular little animal, the squirrel, is of all vermin the most verminous in the eyes of the forester. Called by ladies "a pretty, harmless little thing," he will ruin the appearance of whole plantations of Scotch firs, larch, and sometimes spruce, by eating the tender shoots and gnawing the bark in broad rings round the branches and even the trunks of the trees; he is very destructive, too, to horse-chestnuts, by eating their young buds; he will strip the bark from the branches of lime trees to make his nest with; and he is a prolific breeder. One curious fact about him is that in some districts his mischief is scarcely noticeable, while in others the amount of harm that he does is prodigious. With all his faults, no real lover of the country would like to see him exterminated; and there is scarcely any other animal, whether game or vermin, which a good sportsman would care less to shoot. Another picturesque creature which is regarded as vermin by a certain class is that enemy of the fisherman, the heron. Fishermen equally detest the otter; while otter-hunters would have him as jealously preserved as would the fox-hunter the fox.

If there are doubts and differences of opinion in these days as to what are vermin, there were none in the year 1613, in the July of which a grant was made to one David Lewis, of the great office of Vermynter, or Vermyntaker, of England. It does not appear very clear whether the Vermynter's appointment was permanent, or whether he "went out with the Government." His orders were plain enough. He was to destroy "foxes, grayes, fichenos, polcates, wisells, stotes, fares, badgers, wildecats, otters, hedgehogges, rattes, mice, mouldewarpe or waute, and other noysome vermine, destroyers of cornes"; also "crowes, choughs, or rookes, mertons, furskites, molekites, bussardes, scagges, cormorants, ringtails, irones or osprayes, woodwales, pies, jayes, ravens or kightes, kingefishers, bulfinches, and other ravenous birds and noysome fowl, devourers of corn, &c."

Upon the whole, we should be inclined to treat birds and beasts, whether commonly called vermin or otherwise, much in the same manner as the scientific farmer treats gases and minerals; introducing them, using them, or getting rid of them according to the special objects in view and the particular surroundings and circumstances. Too many sparrows may be as obnoxious as too much nitrogen for certain purposes in certain places, while in others plenty of each may be required; and, in a cover overrun with weasels, a keeper may so thoroughly exterminate them that, later on, a few may be wished for to help to get rid of the plague of rats that steal the pheasants' eggs and eat their corn, just as a field that has been over-limed may, as years go on, be the better for another application of it. Farming depends to a great extent for its success upon the accurate adjustment and due proportions of things, both organic and inorganic; and game-preserving upon their subordination to the interests of the particular kinds of game desired by the preserver, and the furtherance of the special methods of killing them which he may please to adopt.

SKETCHES OF STUDENT-LIFE IN MILAN.

MATTERS THEATRICAL.

If the number of churches, cathedrals, convents, chapels, conservatoires, and opera-houses means anything at all, Italy ought to be the most religious and the most musical country under the sun. As a matter of fact, a more pagan place hardly exists to-day. As for music in general, and singing in particular, it may be stated at once that the amount of labour bestowed on the subject by teachers and pupils alike is in inverse proportion to the results obtained. In either case Italy lives on its reputation, and makes the best of it too. This reputation in matters theatrical is still so important, and the value of an appearance on a first-class Italian theatre is still so great, that for practical purposes it is almost better to make a *capitombolo* at the Scala than a success in London, Vienna, or Paris. Such is, at least, the opinion of some of the biggest showmen who work in North and South America. Altogether, an incredible state of things exists in the Italian theatrical world of to-day, and if it is an ungrateful task to go back to its causes, it may not be without purpose that the working of the *début* system in Italy should be unravelled in all its mysteries. Everywhere else an engagement is a matter between the manager and the artist, or an agent representing the artist. Not so in Italy; whatever the etymology of the word *farabutto* may be, it is nearer *far' un debutto* than anything else; and, in fact, it is almost impossible to make a *début* without the assistance of one of them. What is a *farabutto?* The English equivalent for that euphonious word is simply *blackleg*, but not in the capacity affecting our strikes. A *farabutto* is a sort of all-work blackmailing blackguard; a spy to-day, a card-sharper to-morrow, sponging on everybody, used to kicks, employed by many, despised by everybody. The theatrical profession swarms with *farabutti*, from the *impresario* to the lowest *claqueur*, passing, alas! through the theatrical press. They play into each other's hands or against each other, and it is in this sphere of action that we shall follow them.

Let it be well borne in mind that, whatever lyric Italy has been in days past, she is no more the same to-day, and that her only inheritance exists in the possibility of giving a speedy market-value to an artist. This can be done owing to her exceptional theatrical mechanism. First of all, there is the great number of opera-houses, about 300 in round numbers; then the continuity of the seasons—carnival, Lent, spring, and bathing season; the fairs, and the autumn season. It is easy to see what an enormous number of beginners can be placed on the stage with these opportunities. The theatres may be divided briefly into two classes—municipal and private ones. In the former there is sometimes a subvention, varying from 20*l.* to 8,000*l.*; there may be a subscription, and there is always a *commissione teatrale*—a sort of theatrical Board. In the latter kind there is no subvention; there may be a subscription; but there is no *commissione*. This last institution is a sort of *omnium gatherum* of local elements—doctors, lawyers, grocers, dandies, an officer or two, a municipal representative, a usurer, and a Prince or a Count. Verdi's opinion of the *commissione*—"Inutile in terra, inutile in teatro"—can serve here instead of further explanations.

In any case, the theatre is let empty—*i.e.* the *impresa* has to provide scenery, costumes, music, orchestra, chorus, &c. As a rule, local people are employed in the orchestra and chorus, and sometimes, in small places, the conductor is engaged by the municipality for a period of years, and has to play the organ, teach music at schools, conduct open-air concerts, and also the operatic season. Generally a deposit is asked for in municipal theatres, or a sum of money is deducted from the eventual subsidy, so as to secure the salaries of the orchestra and chorus against *impresario* freaks. In all municipal theatres, and in many private ones, the majority of boxes are proprietary; hence the *ingresso* system, which consists in charging once for a seat and a second time for the entrance; box proprietors pay only the *ingresso*, or, rather, subscribe to so many entrance tickets for a given season. Any prices can be charged for seats and entrance, and the *impresa* can vary these from day to day at pleasure. Before the beginning of a season, intending *impresarios* are invited by various municipalities to present their projects, or to send in their adhesions to certain stipulated programmes. Sometimes a novelty is asked for, or a certain opera stipulated (*opera d' obbligo*), or

a ballet, or simply a number of performances has to be guaranteed. In the majority of cases the conditions are limited to an *opera d' obbligo* and a number of obligatory performances. The eventual *impresario* does not receive the amount of his subscription until after he has given half of the promised performances. The length of the season varies from eight days (a *stagione di fiera*, for instance) to two months, and the repertory may consist of one opera or twenty accordingly. The average, however, is three operas for a medium season of one month, one obligatory, one "for a change" (*opera di ripiego*), and another *da destinarsi* at the choice of the *impresario*. The last is very often a simple dodge, of which more anon when we return to the *farabutti*. We may mention here only that the titles of the *opera d' obbligo* and *di ripiego* are always announced on the prospectus (*cartellone*), the one of that *da destinarsi* never. We may also add that, if the obligatory opera proves a success, and can have a successful run, there is no need to have recourse to the *opera di ripiego*, and that nobody can compel the manager to put on the one *da destinarsi* if he does not choose to do so. Should, on the contrary, the first two prove a failure, then the *impresa* has always yet the resource of the third, which can be then chosen, according to demand or special arrangements. Such ought to be the rôle of the opera *da destinarsi*, but *quantum mutatus ab illo!* As a rule five performances are given weekly, Monday and Friday being recognized as days for rest (*riposo*). The *impresario*, as can be easily seen, has to please a multitude of people—the municipality first of all, then the public, and, finally, the *commissione*. But the real master of the situation is the publisher and proprietor of scores; he can charge for the hire of an opera what he pleases, he can reject artists or a conductor already engaged, and impose his own protégés; he can withdraw his score as late as the dress rehearsal, he can take exceptions to the costumes and scenery, but not a sheet of music leaves his office without being paid for on the nail. These incredible things happen only during important seasons or productions, and at first-class theatres; but the *protesta* is a terrible arm in everybody's hands. Let us explain. To "protest" an artist, for instance, means to refuse him as a worthy interpreter of a given part; the right of *protesta* belongs to the publisher, to the conductor, to the *commissione*, to the subscribers, to the public at large, and sometimes to the composer. An artist can be protested at any rehearsal —pianoforte, partial, or dress rehearsal. In this case a *lettera di protesta*, setting forth the why and the wherefore, duly signed, is forwarded to him. If the *protesta* takes place during the performance no letter is needed to warn the poor wretch of his fate. Forty thousand fiends screeching might be sweet harmony in comparison with what a protesting Italian public is capable of. There is, however, a way, or rather there are ways, of quieting any amount of artistic scruples of the protesting tyrants, and insuring not only a peaceful, but even a successful, run of appearances. But there are no means of insuring oneself against partial or total loss of salary. The system of payment in Italy is, to say the least, peculiar. The salary is so much a season, or so much *per diem*, and is divided into four equal parts called *quartali*; the first is due either on the arrival of the artist (*arrivo in piazza*), or after his third performance (*terza recita*), and the other *quartali* have to follow always in anticipation; but it is a recognized and universally accepted fact that the last *quartale* is invariably lost. So that an *impresario* who engages a company at a cost, say, of 1,000*l.* for his season, spends in reality only 750*l.*, and is considered yet a *galantuomo*. As a rule, *impresarii* start in Italy with enough to go on for one week; if the venture turns out well, they continue; if not, they either bolt, or call the company together, and offer a diminution of salaries, or to carry the season on in partnership (*in società*). In either case, they announce "with much grief" that the company is disbanded (*la compagnia è sciolta*), and if the partnership scheme is accepted, all assemble in the box office after the performance, when accounts are made, and what has not somehow disappeared previously is divided into as many shares as there are partners. This state of things exists in the majority of Italian theatres, and happens scores of times during every season; the exceptions are formed by a small number of subsidized theatres, where the municipality looks sharp after a fair *andamento*, or where there is no earthly reason why things should go wrong. But leave an average Italian *impresario* alone, and he is sure to *imbrogliare* (make a mess of) the finest season. One detail more, and we have done with explanations. The recognized minimum of performances for a work or an artist is *three*; two performances mean a failure, though four do not mean a success. And now let us back to the *farabutti* and their *operandi modus artesque*.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Hungarian Minister of Finance has published his annual estimates of the world's production of grain this year, together with the world's requirements. The estimates are based upon official returns from the several countries concerned; but it must be recollected that they are only estimates, and consequently may be found to differ from actual facts very considerably by-and-bye. Still, the estimates are usually fairly correct, and are received as of much authority in all trade circles, and they are borne out by the estimates of the Austrian Minister of Agriculture, published a day or two afterwards. So far as they go they are highly satisfactory. The total wheat production of the world is said to range between 744 and 755 million hectolitres, which is about equal to last year's yield, and this production is said to exceed the world's requirements by about 12 million hectolitres. The rye crop is estimated at 440 million hectolitres, or about 70 million hectolitres above last year's outturn. If these figures are nearly correct, they remove all doubt respecting the sufficiency of the supplies during the coming twelve months. The estimates are nearly in accordance with those published by Dornbusch. According to this authority, the wheat crops of the world this year amount to 144 million quarters, against 132½ million quarters last year, an increase of about 11½ million quarters. The European importing countries are estimated to have an aggregate crop of about 71 million quarters; while the requirements of those countries amount to about 111½ million quarters, showing a deficiency of about 40½ million quarters. On the other hand, the exporting countries are estimated to have a surplus above their requirements of about 51 million quarters. Thus there would be a total surplus of about 10½ million quarters. The increase this year is entirely in Europe. Although the American crops are large, they are decidedly less than the extraordinary yield of last year, and in the other exporting countries, if there is not a falling off, there is no considerable augmentation. In France it is said the production this year exceeds that of last year by about 7½ million quarters, and there is also an increase in Turkey, the Danubian Provinces, and Russia. On the other hand, there is a lesser production in the United Kingdom, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Spain; but the falling off in the four latter countries is nothing like so great as the increase in the four former. Assuming that the estimates are fairly correct, it seems probable that there will not be the rise in prices that the most careful observers have been anticipating; for not only is there an excess of supply over demand in the present year, but there is a considerable surplus from last year's harvest, at all events in the United States. Many good authorities are of opinion that the high prices which ruled in the summer and early autumn of last year induced India and the smaller exporting countries to send forward all the wheat they had to dispose of. For that reason it is generally expected that in the next twelve months there will be a considerable decrease in the exports from those countries. But, on the other hand, the yield in the United States twelve months ago was exceptionally great, and the fall in prices which began in September checked the exports, so that the final result is that a considerable proportion of last year's crop is still on hand. More important still is the marked increase in the rye crop this year. As our readers are aware, rye is a very important article of food in Russia, Germany, and some other countries, and the rye crop last year was a complete failure in Russia, and was very short in several other countries. If the estimates referred to above are correct, there is a large increase in the rye crop this year; consequently there will be a lesser demand for wheat in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and Russia, and it may turn out that the surplus of wheat will be found greater than the figures above represent. But all will depend upon the correctness of the reports from Russia. If there is a decided improvement in the Russian crops of all kinds, then it may be expected that the supplies will so far exceed the demand that prices will advance very little. On the other hand, if the Russian

reports exaggerate the yield, there will probably be before long a considerable improvement in prices. The Russian estimates are based upon Russian official returns, and those are so utterly untrustworthy that we cannot at all depend upon them, especially as private reports are far more unfavourable than the official returns. In any case the likelihood seems to be that there will be no material improvement in prices for some time to come, but early next year it is by no means improbable that prices may advance rapidly.

The silver market has been somewhat more steady this week, the price fluctuating about $38\frac{1}{8}d.$ per oz.; but it is only too probable that before long there will be a further sharp fall. Everybody has now come to the conclusion that the American purchases must be stopped before long, and the stoppage of a demand for 54 million ounces every year must necessarily tell upon the price very adversely. The agitation, too, for either the suspension of silver coinage in India or for the adoption of a gold standard is making people very uneasy, as, if the Indian demand is stopped as well as the American, nobody can foresee how far the fall in the metal may go.

The attempt to raise the value of money has broken down. In the open market it is difficult to lend, even for a few days, at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The rate of discount for three months bills is barely 1 per cent. For first-class four months bills the rate is only about $1\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., and for six months bills $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. At the Fortnightly Settlement this week, too, there was scarcely any demand for the Stock Exchange, and rates ranged from between 1 per cent. to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Gold still continues to come in from abroad, and the supply of loanable capital is quite in excess. In spite, therefore, of the stoppage of Sir Titus Salt & Co., and the failure of Redfern, Alexanders, & Co., the market has given way instead of advancing. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of uneasiness. There are rumours, whether well or ill founded, that several banks are privately making compositions with debtors who are unable to pay in full, and there is a strong fear that several other failures are impending. It is only too probable, of course, in the prevailing distrust, with trade depressed, and the silver market so uncertain, that there should be failures from time to time. Fortunately the banks are very strong. Time has been given for all who are in difficulties to make preparations, and the absence of speculation is also a very favourable circumstance. Although, then, failures from time to time are to be expected, there is no reason to look for a serious crisis.

Business upon the Stock Exchange is still growing less and less. There is not much investment, and there is no speculation; even speculation for the fall is on an inconsiderable scale. The great operators in New York seem to have given up in despair the attempt to put up prices. They are beginning to see that the failure of the silver experiment is more serious than they had believed, and the apprehensions existing in Europe are reacting upon them. Besides, the fear is growing that the spread of cholera in Europe will depress trade, and will contract, therefore, the European demand for American produce. Lastly, the fact that the harvests in Europe, though far from good, are yet better than they were last year, has an adverse influence upon the American market. Here at home the public is wisely holding aloof from the American market. It is quite possible, of course, that the American Government may stop the purchases of silver in time, and that the apprehended crisis may, therefore, be averted; but it is to be recollected, on the other hand, that in the existing Congress there is a majority in favour of the free coinage of silver, and that, therefore, it will be exceedingly difficult to carry a Bill for the stoppage of purchases. But if such a Bill cannot be carried, then the necessary legislation will not take place until the new Congress meets on the 4th of March. But the new Congress is not yet elected, and nobody knows whether the majority will be ready to stop the purchases. Upon the Continent the spread of cholera has not as yet had so much effect upon the Bourses as was generally expected. The great bankers and financial houses in Paris are doing their utmost to prevent a fall, and up to the present they have succeeded. The task before them, however, is so difficult, that it is not easy to see how a fall can be long averted. The news from Russia is as bad as it well can be. One of the Russian papers has ventured to say that the finances are in such a state that the Government is considering the necessity of imposing an Income-tax, and that even with an Income-tax it must go on issuing more inconvertible paper. In Italy there is yet no sign of improvement. In Spain the condition is growing desperate, and the negotiations for the new loan have not yet been brought to completion. In Portugal, again, there is no chance of recovery, and the Government professes itself unable to do more than pay one-third of the interest due from it.

In spite of adverse influences, the home trade keeps wonderfully good, judging by the weekly railway traffic returns. It is now almost two years since the Baring crisis, and yet the traffic returns show increases over last year, when there were increases over the year before. This is the more remarkable because the agricultural outlook is decidedly bad. Wheat is cheaper than ever it has been before, and the harvest is bad. The hay crop was a failure, food for cattle is scarce and dear, prices of cattle are low, especially prices for sheep. Compared with three years ago, sheep are now about 18*s.* per head cheaper, and, according to the summary of the agricultural returns published last week, there has been a decrease in the number of pigs during the past twelve months of three-quarters of a million, or about 26 per cent.

Silver securities have not changed much during the week, but the movements have generally been downward. Thus Rupee paper closed on Thursday afternoon at $63\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$; but Mexican Sixes closed at $80\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Amongst Home Railway stocks the passenger lines have been fairly well maintained or slightly advanced, while there is a decline in the stocks of the heavy lines. Thus Great Western closed on Thursday at $165\frac{1}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{8}$; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 105, a fall of $1\frac{5}{8}$; and North-Eastern closed at 156, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. In the American market there is a general and pretty sharp decline. Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 38, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{3}{4}$. Erie closed at $26\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{8}$, and Union Pacific closed at $38\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $2\frac{1}{8}$. These are all speculative securities, and in no circumstances should be touched by investors. Amongst dividend-paying stocks Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday at $68\frac{3}{4}$, a fall for the week of $1\frac{3}{4}$; New York Central closed at 114, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Lake Shore closed at $136\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. The quotations of the active securities are, according to transactions after business hours, in the "Street." Argentine securities declined slightly. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock closed on Thursday afternoon at 118–20, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 62, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 56, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $63\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1. In inter-Bourse securities the movements have not been considerable during the week. Hungarian closed on Thursday at $93\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$, but French Rentes closed at $99\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS AT CAIRO.

THE Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab art have just issued their Seventh Annual Report, in which the work accomplished in 1891 is recorded in numerous *procès-verbaux* and memoirs of the Committee of Inspection. They have good reason to be proud of their achievements during the past ten years. The Commission was instituted in December 1881 by the late Khedive, but the political troubles of the following year prevented any practical work. In 1883, however, it was in active operation, and since then, except during the hot season, most of the members have met fairly regularly, and have done their best to carry out the duties laid upon them. These are, first, to make an inventory of all existing Arab monuments in Cairo (and now, it appears, in all Egypt) which possess an artistic or historical importance; secondly, to decide what repairs are needed in the ever-crumbling buildings of mediæval Cairo, and to see by constant inspection that their recommendations are properly carried into effect; thirdly, to preserve in their library plans and photographs of the monuments surveyed, and records of the observations and identifications and inscriptions noted in their periodical inspections; and lastly, to remove to the Museum of Arab Art any objects of art which cannot be safely pre-

served in their original situations. In order to carry out these instructions the Commission are endowed with considerable powers. Their natural enemies—save for the intervention of British officials—are the Board of Works and *Tanzîm*, who used to take a delight in running a new street through a series of precious monuments, and in pulling down a unique specimen of Saracenic architecture, on some ridiculous plea of the public safety, or merely the convenience of the *arabiyas* or Cairo cabs—witness the wanton destruction of the mosque of Kûsûn. Another foe is the Cairo shopkeeper, who loves to stick his hut like a limpet against the façade of a mosque. All these the Commission have fought successfully. The Board of Works and Tanzîm have been repeatedly brought to book, and no shopkeeper or private proprietor is allowed to lay a brick against an historical monument unless the Commission have satisfied themselves that no injury is involved. If he disobeys orders, he is sued and fined and made to undo his mischief. We find ample evidence in the Report of the careful exercise of this control. A more difficult body to deal with is the Department of Wakfs, or, as they call it in Turkey, Vakoufs. This has control over all the religious endowments, and, in its zeal for the due encouragement of public worship, it is apt to overlook the damage which its alterations may inflict upon historical mosques and colleges. By making the Minister of Wakfs, however, President of the Commission, the department has been more or less muzzled; and in the same way the Board of Works was conciliated and brought into touch by the addition of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff to the *personnel* of the Commission.

It would, indeed, be difficult to pick out a stronger or more representative body of men than those who formed the Commission at the date of the publication of the Report. Besides Aly Pasha Riza, the Director-General of Wakfs, and Sir C. Scott-Moncrieff, Minister of Works, they included Yakub Pasha Artin, Under-Secretary of Public Instruction, a highly-cultivated man; Mustafa Pasha Fehmy, President of the Council; Tigrane Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Franz Pasha, the ex-architect of the Wakfs Department, and a first-rate authority on Saracenic architecture; Dr. Vollers, the Khedive's librarian; M. Grébaut, Director of the Gîza Museum, and other influential persons; whilst the support of lovers of Arab art in Paris, Berlin, and London is invited by the addition of honorary members. A Commission so constituted is able to hold its own against most of the opposition which it is bound to encounter in the unæsthetic bureaucracy of Egypt.

The great difficulty is want of funds. The Egyptian Government provides an annual grant of 4,000*l.* E., which is wholly inadequate to the pressing needs of the decaying monuments over which the Commission keeps watch and ward. Their office expenses are extremely moderate. Including the salary of their architect, M. Herz, who must be, and is, a skilled man, the cost of management only comes to 600*l.* E. a year. The rest of the money goes in repairs, of which the major part consist in small but very essential patching and shoring-up, whereby a great many walls and minarets have been saved from catastrophe. When it is remembered that there are about eight hundred historical monuments in Cairo registered as worthy of preservation, it stands to reason that 10*l.* for one, and 20*l.* for another, and 100*l.* for a third, and so on, soon absorb the Commission's funds. In some cases, where the repairs are required as much for the service of the mosque as for the interests of art, the Department of Wakfs joins in the expense. For example, the restoration of the mosque of El-Muayyad for congregational use is mainly paid for by the Wakfs, and so is part of the cost of repairing the Barkûkîya, in the well-known Nahhâsîn. About the largest sums paid by the Commission were 800*l.* for the repair of the mosque of Jemâl-ed-dîn the Ustâd-dâr in the Jemalîya, 680*l.* for that of the Kâdy Yahyâ Zeyn-ed-dîn, near the Musky, and 1,000*l.* for the repair of the magnificent old mosque of Ibn-Tûlûn, which sorely needed attention. But these are exceptional. The greater number of payments are small sums for pressing repairs. If the Commission had more money they would attempt larger works; and it might be suggested to the countless tourists who will soon be visiting Cairo that they might do worse than send their thank-offerings to the secretary.

In spite of their poverty, the Commission have done signal service to the cause of art during the past year. In 1890 they dealt with some fifty monuments, some of the first importance, and all in urgent need of supervision. In 1891 they executed or began repairs in about forty monuments, besides reporting on numerous other buildings which will come on for overhauling in their turn, and periodically inspecting the stability of various mosques which have already been strengthened. It should be noted that, not only the sacred buildings, but also schools, fountains, wekâlas, and historical houses and palaces come within the province of the Commission. We observe that, besides mosques like those of Ibn-Tûlûn, Barkûk, El-Muayyad, En-Nasir in the Citadel, El-Mihmendâr, El-Akmar, El-Ghûry, El-Guyûshy, Emîr El-Kebîr, Kaït Bey, Aydemer, Suyurghatmish, Melika Safiya, the curious Khanga of Beybars, Jâshenkîr, &c., they attended to the fine wekâla and sebîl of Kaït Bey, by the Azhar, the palaces of Beybars, Emîr Tâz, Beshtak, and Berdak, the fountains of Mahmûd and Ketkhudâ, the aqueduct of Saladin, and the singular building near the "Gate of Victory" known as the Burj ez-Zafar.

We are glad to see that the Commission do not confine their supervision to the monuments of Cairo alone, although they necessarily form their chief care. There are a good many interesting Saracenic buildings scattered over the delta and up the Nile which deserve preservation, and it is clear from the Report that the Commission is alive to their importance. We find that the architect has furnished reports from various country towns. Girga, Kôs, Tanta, Mehalla, and Medînet el-Fayyûm, come under notice. There is an exceedingly interesting report on the mosque of Sitta Khawend, widow of the well-known Mameluke Sultan Kaït Bey, in the Fayyûm, founded in 1494, which the Commission have undertaken to put and keep in order. Another memoir by M. Herz is also valuable. It treats of the charming mosque of Abu-Bekr Mazhar El-Ansari in the Marghûsh—a richly decorated monument, unknown to most visitors to Cairo, but built in the time of Kaït Bey, and full of exquisite carvings, mosaics, and marble and porphyry dados, in the style of that admirable period of Saracenic art. The memoir is illustrated by some fair drawings which add considerably to the interest of the Report. There are also plans and elevations of the Burj ez-Zafar. Considering their financial disabilities, the Commission have performed their duties with zeal and discretion, and deserve the gratitude of all lovers of the exquisite art which they are striving to preserve from destruction.

RACING.

MOST glorious was the weather last week at York, indeed the heat on the first two days was almost too great, but the Thursday was perfection. It is true that the three-year-old contests, which have before now thrown considerable light upon the St. Leger, were almost devoid of interest. As Dunure was only opposed by an animal so notoriously wanting in stamina as Salamones is known to be, his gallop in the Great Yorkshire Stakes could hardly be considered a trial for the Doncaster races. But of Dunure anon—when we review the probable competitors for the St. Leger. In the Prince of Wales's Plate Queen of Navarre won by a neck from Ravensbury, a colt that we had a good word for after Liverpool; but we are of opinion that he was a bit unlucky to be beaten on this occasion, and still think that he will make a good horse. The Yorkshire Oaks gave us one of the finest races ever seen, as Gantlet, who showed at Stockton that she was returning to her two-year-old form, won by a neck, carrying 8 st. 11 lbs., from Lady Hermit, 9 st. 3 lbs., with Broad Corrie, 9 st., a head behind the second. J. Watts, M. Cannon, and F. Webb, three of the best jockeys in existence, were the respective riders, and it was a treat to witness the finish; but the form of the animals is probably quite a stone behind the best of the year, as La Flêche made an example of Broad Corrie at Goodwood, giving her 7 lbs. The Great Ebor Handicap brought out an excellent field of fourteen, of which the unlucky St. Benedict was favourite, though Alice was heavily backed. It was rumoured, and, indeed, currently believed, a short time before the race that Alice would not start, as her owner had been forestalled in the market, but it is equally sure that the stable had secured some good bets about the mare. She carried her 9 st. burden to victory very easily indeed, and although the supporters of St. Benedict allege that he was much hampered, so much so as to prevent his winning, we cannot

agree with them, as we consider that Alice won with considerable ease. Readers of these articles, perhaps, will remember that Alice has always been held in high estimation by us, and that in reviewing the Spring Handicaps we selected Alice for the City and Suburban, for which she carried 7 st. 9 lbs., but her starting price, 100 to 1, did not tell of much stable confidence. Buccaneer won that event with 7 st. 10 lbs., and we are curious to see what view the framer of the Ayrshire Handicap will take of their respective merits in this week's *Calendar*. The time-honoured Gimcrack Stakes was won by that honest staying colt, Peppercorn, bred by his owner, Mr. James Joicey, by his own horse Peppermint. Mr. Joicey won this race last year with Therapia. Peppermint is proving himself an excellent sire, and we heartily congratulate his straightforward owner on his possession. Lord Bradford's Drill, who was second, in receipt of 13 lbs. from Peppercorn, was unfortunately cut under her knee, or perhaps she might have won. She is a nice filly, by Chippendale out of Manœuvre (Sir Hugo's dam). Mr. Redfern owns a very powerful short-legged colt in Philanthropist, who secured two races in easy fashion. He is by Philammon out of Octavia, and will make a second Yard Arm for his owner. He appears a trifle short in his neck, and his shoulders look heavy, but these will fine down in time.

The Doncaster programme lies before us, and a formidable array of names it possesses. The Fitzwilliam Stakes has an unusually large entry, there being forty-four subscribers. The allowances for selling prices make it almost like a handicap, and we are rather plunging in the dark when we select Ram Lal as a likely winner. The Great Yorkshire Handicap, with its sixty-five subscribers, has obtained twenty-seven acceptances. We have such a high opinion of Lauriscope that we should fancy him very much if he runs, though the raising of the weights 11 lbs. is not in his favour. The Hudson, too, may improve on his Ebor form.

The Clumber Plate, for all ages, has twenty entries, and will be interesting if Wrinkles, Newmarket, Cabin Boy, and Philanthropist are in opposition. We incline to the chance of the last named. Lady Bob should beat La Belle Siffleuse in the Filly Stakes; but the Champagne Stakes is far and away the most interesting two-year-old race in the programme. For this good stake we may see Buckingham returned the winner, and for the Tattersall Sale Stakes our fancy is for Fealar. The St. Leger is always a most interesting race, and, though the field will not be very large on this occasion, yet the race itself has caused a considerable amount of speculation. We do not necessarily mean that the actual betting has been very heavy, but that hundreds and hundreds who never make a bet have discussed the prospects of the likely runners with animation. We will take the probable starters from the order of their entry in the official volume of "Races to Come." Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo, as we all know, created a great surprise to the public when he won the Derby, starting at 40 to 1. He may have had the luck of the race, but he won in handsome fashion. He is a fine lengthy colt, a St. Leger horse all over, and we have throughout the piece selected him as the probable winner. His trainer, T. Wadlow, we know fancies that La Flêche will turn the tables on him at Doncaster, so this is not very encouraging to us; but, on the other hand, Weldon, who rode him in the Two Thousand, and who would have preferred to have ridden him instead of Thessalian in the Derby, is very sanguine that he will ride him to victory on Wednesday next. It is reported that the speculating connexions of the stable have supported him to win a large stake, and as we selected him when 8 to 1 was obtainable we shall not desert him now that he is second favourite at 5 to 1. May Duke is a fine lengthy colt, the property of "Mr. John Charlton," and he has won four races this season without having been beaten. He is said to be far superior to his stable-companion the useful Tanzmeister, who has also shown good form; still, May Duke's performance at Ascot with Versailles does not, in our opinion, suggest that he is the best colt of his year. At Ascot Dunure was unplaced, but he was not in form at that time. Mr. W. Cooper's The Lover is the next on the list. This horse has good form to recommend him, and since he recovered from his unfortunate fall at Ascot, whilst running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, he has done a real good preparation. He is a fine powerful colt, and we fancy will prove a stayer, even though his sire, Charibert, has not a character for breeding long-distance runners. It may be remembered that when he was quoted at 25 to 1 we wrote that we considered him a good outsider at that price, especially for a place; he has seen good hedging, as he is at half the price for a place now. Baron de Hirsch will have two candidates in the field, the game La Flêche, and the enormous Watercress. The former, as will be well remembered, was a most sensational yearling —being a sister to Memoir—her price was 5,500 guineas at the Hampton Court sale, and a very cheap purchase she has proved to be, as she has won the Oaks and One Thousand Guineas, besides other valuable stakes. She was second in the Derby to Sir Hugo, but, perhaps, is much improved since then. September is the "mares' month"; but possibly she has not improved so much or any more than Sir Hugo. Of her gameness there is no question, and her action is marvellous; but she is a trifle undersized. In contrast, her stable-companion Watercress is an immense colt, standing, we should guess, 16·3, with great substance and length. Being a June foal, his admirers argue that he is more likely to improve than his rivals. He won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot very cleverly, and he beat Sir Hugo on the same battle-ground over one mile, where St. Angelo cantered away from both; but we cannot think the Derby winner gave his true form on that hard ground. Sir R. Jardine will be represented by the Ormonde colt Llanthony, who, however, in our humble opinion, is lacking in class. Mr. Milner's St. Angelo is said to be a doubtful starter, rumour asserting that he will be reserved for the Great Lancashire Stakes at Manchester; but he is a colt of great speed, and has possibly been unlucky in his races. If he runs he will assuredly take his own part—that is, if he is fit and well, but at the present moment adverse rumours as to his soundness are afloat.

Colonel North will be represented by El Diablo, a horse that did not seem to us in the spring to have made much improvement since his two-year-old days. Mornington Cannon will ride him, which is in his favour; and this reminds us that we have accidentally omitted Mr. Houldsworth's Dunure, a charming brown colt by St. Simon out of Sunrise. Dunure seems to be improving, and we know that his owner fancies he has a great chance; moreover, his usual jockey, M. Cannon, would much prefer to ride this colt than his presumed mount, El Diablo; indeed, that excellent jockey has said that, with the exception of Orme, he would rather ride Dunure than any other horse in the race. It is doubtful if The Smew runs, as she met with a slight accident a short time ago. At one time W. Jarvis looked like providing three starters in this filly, St. Damien, and Bonavista, and it is most singular that all three should be prevented from starting. Prince Soltykoff's Curio has also been amiss from a cracked heel, and, though he may start, his chance will have been considerably minimized by his enforced idleness. And last, but by no means least, we come to the name of the sensational Orme. All the world knows of his mysterious illness in the spring, whereby he could not start for the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby. In fact, he was so ill that his life was almost despaired of, and his trainer told us, in the Two Thousand week, that he hardly hoped to get him to the post this year; but Orme must have a marvellous constitution, for he was able to win the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, and again to score in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. At that time he was decidedly light, and could not have been at his best; but he is said to have improved in a wonderful manner—indeed, we heard this from one who has just seen him—so that if he is all his admirers vow he will win the great Northern race with ease; but we have our doubts on the point. He is unquestionably the gamest of the game, and his victory will be most popular; but, having thrown in our lot some weeks ago for Sir Hugo, we shall stick to our guns, and go for the Derby winner, expecting The Lover to run forward and secure a place.

REVIEWS.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.*

IT will be rather curious to see whether the taboo on Landor's prose work which has been bewailed by critics will be removed by the publication of Mr. Crump's edition. It is pretty;

* *Imaginary Conversations.* By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by C. G. Crump. 6 vols. London: Dent.

it is handy; it is decidedly cheap; it is well, though not always accurately, printed; it presents a considerable, though not an exhaustive, collection of the variants which Landor's constant rehandling of his work occasioned; and it is very fairly, if not impeccably, edited. There remains no such excuse as used to be drawn from the unattainableness of the original issues and from the cumbrousness in different ways of the collections of 1846 and 1876. If the public will not read at least the *Conversations* now, it never will as far as advantages of mechanical presentations go. Will it read them or not?

To this question we shall attempt no direct answer, having neither gift nor fancy for prophecy. Landor is a subject eminently fitted for the gymnastics of "Societies" and for the construction of dictionaries like that famous one recently manufactured by Dr. Berdoe for a great friend of Landor's own. "Lady Rockminster has took him up"—that is to say, Mr. Colvin and other persons have impressed on the public how wicked it is not to read him. Perhaps it is not superfluous at this moment for those who have not needed these exhortations, but have, on the contrary, been long acquainted with him, to say something as to the effect of a critical re-reading, not for the first or the second time, of these curious compositions. Of Mr. Crump's own work it is not necessary to say much, more particularly as he abstains, on the whole, very commendably from putting himself forward. Much of what he has done is well done; and the faults of that part of it which is not well done are neither numerous nor heinous. He has done a distinct service in thus presenting Landor. And so leave we to speak of Mr. Crump.

There can, we think, be little doubt that by the *Conversations* Landor's fame must stand or fall. He has done in verse work far more exquisite than any that he has done in prose, but the bulk of that work is not large, and unluckily is scattered over, or drowned in, other poetical work the bulk of which is enormous and the average merit of which is far from excellent. There are a few incomparable trifles among thousands of trifles very comparable with other things, and, as a rule, comparable with them at a loss; some magnificent fragments, and passages of long poems which are dull and heavy as a whole. This is a severe, but scarcely an unjust, verdict on Landor's poetical work. It is important, too, to remember that by his own confession large parts of that work consist of rhymed, or rhythmed, conversations. It is in the management of the prose conversation, as such, that Landor's idiosyncrasy, his special appeal, must lie. He did not, of course, invent it, and he owes a heavy debt to predecessors, to some of whom he is (for a person who affected so high a standard of chivalry, and who, to do him justice, was in some ways so really chivalrous) not particularly just, and very particularly less than gracious. But no author of this century has worked the conversation with such a combination of industry, ability, and, as far as subject goes, versatility. These six volumes contain something like two thousand five hundred pages, and they are printed with the smallest type and in the closest arrangement compatible with a clear and pleasant appearance. Printed in the old "Library" fashion, on the usual octavo page of a "Classic," they would overrun the dozen, and advance towards the score, of volumes. It may be questioned whether any man has ever had, or rather taken (for it cannot be said that the encouragement shown to Landor, either by the publishers or the public, was warm), such ample room and verge for exercising himself in his favourite game with every possible variety of material, subject, and theme.

As one turns over the vast collection of *Conversations* proper, even excluding the "Examination of Shakspeare," the "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Pentameron," it is not surprising that the ingenuity of editors has endeavoured to classify them in some way or other. The ingenious Mr. Foster's classification is rather like that of the irregular botanist who proposed to classify flowers into blue flowers, red flowers, yellow flowers, and so on; its headings "Sovereigns and Statesmen," "Literary Men," "Greeks and Romans," and so forth, are inevitably cross-divisions. They confess their inadequacy by inviting and necessitating a huge "Miscellaneous" appendix. Mr. Colvin's projected "Dramatic" and "Non-dramatic" suggests a battle-royal as to the actual arrangement, and Mr. Crump's (who hints doubts as to Mr. Colvin's) into "Controversial," "Contemplative," and "Critical," chiefly suggests "I love my love with a C." The fact seems to us to be that attempts to classify the *Conversations* are altogether futile. Landor was a man of extraordinary gifts of expression and of no small reading. He had a wide range of interests, if not perhaps so wide a range of actual comprehension as he and some of his admirers would have us think. He was not strongly called to any distinct line of composition, and he was strongly called to a series of irregular deliverances on anything that occurred to him. His ungovernableness made the ordinary channels of newspaper and magazine writing impossible to him, and the form of the Conversation had peculiar attractions. He was absolutely unlimited in choice of subject; he had a quasi-dramatic freedom of putting his sentiments into anybody's mouth that pleased him; and he had not the slightest responsibility as to the form and plan of his work. For the truth is that, much as we hear of Landor's classical severity, he was the most Romantic of Romantics in his disregard of the definite shaping and orderly handling of a theme. What he seems principally to have wished to do was to give his opinions on everything under the sun. He had such unbounded confidence in giving them, and the form in which they were couched was frequently so admirable, that his own estimate of his own wisdom seems to have imposed itself upon his admirers. At the risk of anathema from Mr. Crump and maranatha from Mr. Colvin, we shall say that to us Landor's "wisdom" in the literary sense seems to be very little above the admittedly negative degree of that quality which characterized his life. On some of the greater and simpler problems of life on which almost every man feels justly, but on which most men have not the faculty of expressing themselves, his matchless faculty of expression makes him admirable. His perusal of the classics, the great store of just and true commonplaces, stocked him with these, to be fresh expressed in his own splendid language. But wherever judgment is required, wherever a case has to be weighed and an opinion to be formed, be it on politics, on religion, on economics, on literary criticism, Landor's judgments, stripped of their gorgeous robes, are simply babyish—they are the judgments of that minority or majority of babes and sucklings out of whose mouth no wisdom at all is ordained.

The result of this is the strangest conglomeration of bosh and beauty, of something near to the sublime and something more than near to the ridiculous, that can be found in literature. When Landor would be humorous he is almost always ghastly. Mr. Colvin—his doughtiest knight—has seen this fully, and acknowledged it partially, and it is impossible to believe that there can be two opinions on the subject among competent and not ironically speaking judges. Occasionally it is quite impossible to make out what Landor is driving at, whether he is sarcastic, or serious, or simply idiotic. Take, for instance, that conversation between the Duke of Richelieu and others which Mr. Colvin, obviously uneasy, dismisses as "very long, rambling, and heterogeneous." If we translate this apologetic rebuke into "the most intolerable and incomprehensible stuff ever written by a man of genius," we shall not go much too far. The same faithful squire or knight admits in Landor's girls a note of "false innocence and flirting archness." Say "sheer namby-pambiness and sheer vulgarity," and you come nearer the mark. "The conversations between Pitt and Canning, Villèle and Corbière, Dom Miguel and his mother," "give vent more or less felicitously," says the ever-cautious Keeper of the Prints, "to his illimitable contempt for ministers and ruling families"—say "exhibit the depths of bad taste and folly to which a combination of prejudice and ignorance can lead a man," and it will be about true.

And yet with all these heavy drawbacks—drawbacks which make the reading of Landor for any but critical purposes by any but critical readers a process less of skips than of leaps and bounds—that the "Pentameron," at least, is *merum nectar*, if not *merum sal*, is indisputable. Put aside a little of the "archness," the "giggly, missish" quality of the "Leontion and Ternissa," and it will come almost second. The most enthusiastic Landorian cannot overpraise the terror and splendour of the picture of Numantia in "Metellus and Marius." Although the dialogues of literary criticism have as a rule been much overvalued, and are often injured by Landor's whimsies and his half-knowledge, they contain personal appreciations which are from such a man precious as correctives. The "Marcellus and Hannibal," though striking a little into that *style noble* wherein Landor corruptly followed the ancients, and which, though he would have excommunicated any living man who had suggested it, undoubtedly brings him now and then near to the French classical school, is almost the masterpiece of its kind. In the "Penn and Peterborough" there is a nearer approach both to real humour and to real wisdom than in any other.

But in truth, what we have read and shall continue to read Landor for, if we are wise, is almost everywhere. It is his incomparable style and expression. It may be that he is not, on the whole, an encouraging example for those who descant on the preservative virtues of style. It has certainly, in his case, rather warned off the general public than attracted them; and it is not entirely certain that it was not something of a snare to himself, by inducing him to formulate with all the greater confidence opinions which were valueless in a style which was invaluable. Some of the Landorian things, indeed, which are most valued by some seem to us paste and not diamond. Such, for instance, is

the string of short sentences about Byron. They are the tricks by which, both then and before and since, men have acquired the reputation of cleverness by simply running their thought, or what did duty with them for thought, into unfamiliar and striking moulds. Even Mr. Colvin extols (it is true that this was in verse) as the most weighty and pointed of all his epigrams something which is a not very skilful amplification of the remark made by one Touchstone on the way in which the knight's honour remained unscathed, notwithstanding his erroneous oath about the mustard and the beef. But Landor has far better things than these. In his worst conversations he strikes the false note so clearly that it will warn any one off; in his best there are things which would make one gladly read the worst a dozen times over.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

WHY Mr. James Payn's latest novel is entitled *A Modern Dick Whittington*, seeing that any other title could scarcely be more inappropriate, is a question that must needs perplex readers who admire felicity of phrase even in titles. Between the old legend and Mr. Payn's story there is hardly one point of analogy. The story's the thing, however, and in most respects it well represents Mr. Payn's brightness of invention and ingenuity of plotting. Like almost all the stories of this prolific and versatile writer, it interests and entertains in that pleasant and persuasive fashion of entertainment that prevailed when books were not, and you think not of a book and its readers, but rather of the familiar relations of the primitive story-teller and his hearers. How this good accord is established is, we are well aware, a matter not easily to be defined, though its influence is not to be denied. There is something of a spell in this personal influence, and it is undoubtedly an extremely important element in the telling of a story. Through its soothing power you are indisposed to risk the imputation of ingratitude, which would certainly disturb your conscience if too curious an examination were to be made of the material of Mr. Payn's story. There is nothing particularly new or exciting in the staple of it nor in the development. There is a case of poisoning, for instance, detected in time and followed by the suicide of the criminal, which differs not from a number of similar mysteries in fiction. The villain of the story is not exceptionally villanous in action or character. There is a naughty but elegant baronet, of whose charm of manner it is neatly observed, "It was inadequately described as capable of luring the bird from the bough—it could lure her from her very nest." Sir Charles Walden is not precisely an addition to the portraiture of the titled wicked in fiction. But he, and the rest of the characters, are presented with admirable freshness and vivacity in Mr. Payn's moving story. These persons all live, however various their degrees of vivacity, and are not as cunningly carved figures pushed up and down or across a chess-board. Laurence Merridew—the hero, we assume, of Whittingtonian aspirations—is a member of a queer household, presided over by a grandfather, a retired Indian official, a kind of Nabob who occupies an imposing Orientalized mansion in Cornwall, living like an exiled satrap in gorgeous and uncomfortable splendour. The incongruity of house and inhabitants is excellently revealed in the humorous description of the fat old Nabob, "more like some pagod than a man," the scheming uncle Robert who tyrannizes over the unhappy Laurence, the singular *malade imaginaire* of an aunt, and her equally strange sisters-in-law. The Nabob was so very great a man in the East that Sir Charles asks if he might not be "the Grand Llama," as if he were thinking of the American beast and not of the spiritual lord of Thibet. And the baronet ought to have known, for he is said to have been a great traveller. But Sir Charles is a good fellow, despite his cynical ways and somewhat scandalous conduct. He rescues Laurence from domestic thraldom, and gratifies his ambition by arranging with a friendly editor in London for the favourable reception of his minor poetry and stories. Altogether he is a better friend, as the sequel shows, than these pleasing offices prove, and if the little game he plays is not strictly honourable, it is, like the whole plotting of the story, exceedingly lively.

Suspected is a Dutch story, possibly, it seems, Dutch in authorship, as well as in scene and character. It is marked by unmistakable power and a command of dramatic effect by no means common. The characters, too, are carefully drawn. The heroine, in particular, is a striking study of a woman whose loyalty to her lover is tried in strange ways by fate. The story of her experiences and conduct reveals, indeed, curiously sympathetic insight into the subtle weblike complications of impulse and intuition which the simple average man regards as the common fruits of feminine caprice and unreason. Anna is a much-tried young woman. She has two suitors, one of whom is a gallant and handsome naval officer, and the other is the scampish young squire of the neighbourhood. It is a case of Hyperion to a satyr. She accepts the showy and inferior man, and is forced to undergo times of suffering, caught in toils of her own weaving, as strange and contrary as any that are chronicled of the course of true love. With admirable truth is the emotional drama presented; especially with regard to the odd perversity of this woman's faith in an ideal she has long known to be illusionary, and the still stranger inspiration that moves her to acknowledge as hero and victor the man she has suspected, and does still suspect, of the murder of her lover. The story is told without the least assumption of the intervening commentator, or the airs of a moral philosopher. It has the *simplicité simple* of style which is the negation of manner.

That the average woman is more gifted in tact than the average man is, we believe, a generally accepted truism, in accordance with the popular method of estimating the truth of a statement by the persistency of the printed iteration of it. Certainly we have noted the assertion in one form or another in a very large number of the novels that have come before us for many years past. It is somewhat refreshing, therefore, since the experience of observation, which is the only possible test of the truth, leaves us sceptical, to find in *A Girl Diplomatist* an entertaining demonstration of the faith that is in us. Miss Mabel Wotton may, of course, have "builded better than she knew," but her story certainly tends to show, not unplausibly, that though women may think themselves meet for diplomacy, yet diplomacy is not for woman. Miss Barbara Thorpe is a serious and high-toned young lady with a noble determination to put to practical use her conviction that the sphere of woman needs expansion. The diplomatic profession is her absorbing admiration. Her first and only essay —and this is the humour of it—is to some extent an unconscious one, yet it results in a terrible imbroglio and a deserting lover and a well-nigh broken heart. Since he plays a somewhat priggish part we should regret his desertion not a jot, if she were not a charming girl. It all comes right in the end, but it is worth recording of this girl diplomatist that when she first meets her lover, who is a literary gent, she unwittingly denounces to his face and in strong terms the wickedness and disgusting lack of proper principles of a certain book he has written.

Towards ghost stories we must own to a disposition that is naturally most amiable, nay conciliatory. We do not loathe the profane vulgar more than we pity the incredulous one. It was grievous therefore not to find among all the spectres of *The Haunted House of Chilka* a first-class ghost, and the disappointment is intensified by the excellent opening of the story, which leaves the reader agog for fearsome manifestations. What we have is a kind of nightmare, and of a type that most people who dream have experienced. And it bears the evident marks of the improver, and of having been pieced together to a sort of coherency to make a shadow of a story. You fall asleep in a lonely house, a deserted and ruinous Indian house, a bungalow, perchance, after a private examination that reveals certain relics of former occupiers—a work-frame, a portrait, and so forth. Of these you meditate, and are suddenly awakened to find the whole place ablaze with light, and a ball in full progress. All this is excellently set forth by Colonel Skottowe, and is admirably true of the person who suffers a "nightmare rest, chest-pressed." Then the pursuit of the mysterious and lovely Marian from festive room to room is capital—you always are searching for an elusive something in a nightmare, and you wake with a horrid and lingering thrill. But, somehow, the reading of Colonel Skottowe's story moves us not at all in this fashion.

"*But Men must Work*" is a story we are fain to discuss with sympathy, simply because, as regards literary execution, it is a creditable piece of work. Miss Carey's story shows some thought and care in the design, and is also anything but ordinary in style and aim. Yet there is something of unreality in the fundamental *motif* of the story that produces a weakening effect. We may admit that a young lady with an exalted sense of duty and honour might break off an engagement on the ground that she

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* *A Modern Dick Whittington.* By James Payn. 2 vols. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

Suspected. By Louisa Stratenus. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

A Girl Diplomatist. By Mabel E. Wotton. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

The Haunted House of Chilka. By Colonel C. F. J. Skottowe. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

"*But Men must Work.*" By Rosa N. Carey. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

Branksome Dene. By Hugh Mulleneux Walmsley. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

In Part to Blame. By Haine Whyte. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Norah Grey. By L. Hartley. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

believes her brother is a fratricide and the union would disgrace her lover. But when, subsequently, her sister, younger and self-willed, follows her example, the improbability assumes monstrous proportions. And what makes the situation more intangible is that there was absolutely no evidence against the brother—nothing, indeed, but suspicion.

Branksome Dene is described as a "Sea Tale," and of sea-fights during the French war at the beginning of the century its melodramatic course includes a fair amount. But it bristles with other affairs and incidents both surprising and varied in which smugglers, preventive men, Corsicans, play lively parts, if not always persuasively. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether a naval officer should be summoned by the Government with a view to undertaking certain secret service and decline the commission because he had been privately admonished that it involved "certain capture, perhaps death," and was determined that his enemy and rival should run the risk. This little plot succeeds, so far as the commission is concerned, but we are not told how and by what means the job was done.

Melodrama of a more pronounced type, decidedly stagey in fact, is the staple of *In Part to Blame.* The villain of the piece is an adventurer, known as Don Freitas, in search of an heiress, who ends a career of crime by being paid in his own coin. He is gulled in the matter of the heiress, and, being trapped at last, expresses himself in genuine old Adelphi terms:—"A pretty sort of wife you are to help to make your own husband a prisoner. I see my mistake too late, miserable girl; and, if these men by their false swearing and evil machinations bring Don Freitas to the gallows, on your false head, Clarita, will be his blood!"

Norah Grey reveals so absolute a lack of capacity and experience, and is altogether so frankly and unconsciously childish in its imaginings of life, it is impossible to regard it seriously. Two curates figure in its pages who wear "fine black coats" and "guinea boots"!

AMERICAN HISTORY.*

OF the four books on American history now on the "cloth of judgment," as the Spaniard calls it, before us, all are not equally new, nor is the appearance of all equally justified. The earlier volumes of Mr. Schouler's four have appeared at irregular intervals since 1882. Of Mr. Adams's six we shall speak further; and, although it also will be discussed on its merits, we may say at once that the letters of Wait Winthrop appear to be hardly of sufficient intrinsic merit to require publication by an Historical Society. M. Auguste Moireau's *Histoire des Etats-Unis* is both a new book and one which requires no excuse. France can hardly be so fully supplied with histories of the United States that no room is left for another. Indeed, M. Moireau's book has been well received by his countrymen, who are to judge whether they required it or not. It is well entitled to a favourable judgment as a piece of workmanship, though we cannot say that it appears to us to be one of those works which deserve translation. M. Moireau's literary merits are mainly negative. He is not obscure nor affected. He does not impress us with a suspicion that he is endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of M. Michelet, which is a rather common weakness among the younger school of French historical writers. Indeed, M. Moireau gives himself no airs of any kind, but pounds steadily along in a rational, if somewhat pedestrian, fashion. His positive merits are the clearness which is the shining virtue of French text-books, a sense of proportion and a power of building a narrative also eminently French, and a creditable exactness in foreign names and matters of detail which is a newly acquired virtue with historians of his nationality. Sir Villiam Davenant is the only blunder which has caught our attention, and for that the compositor is doubtless to blame much more than M. Moireau. But it must be the author and not the printer who has to answer for the error of making Hakluyt "un doyen de Westminster." Hakluyt was Prebendary, and Archdeacon, not Dean, of Westminster. M. Moireau's faults are not, as a rule, those of absolute misstatement, but a certain timidity in forming definite opinions of his own, and a disposition to take things at second-hand. He takes a stock story now and then, as in the case, for instance, of that amusing and romancing person, John Smith, a little too easily. Smith has been harshly judged; but we are afraid that he did paint those adventures of his larger than life. M. Moireau writes in a reasonably fair spirit. Of course, a little well-deserved reprobation is administered to "la cupidité britannique." But this was inevitable. It would be expecting too much from human nature to ask a Frenchman to allow that, if it was cupidity in Englishmen to seize on all North America, it was something not very different in a handful of French Canadians to endeavour to make the whole Mississippi Valley, which they could not occupy, "taboo" to the colonists of English race who could. He is not over-jubilant about the glories of the War of Independence, and does not claim for Lafayette, Rochambeau, and the Comte de Grasse more than their fair share of credit for the "crowning mercy" at Yorktown. His judgments on American men and things are sensible. He does not praise the Puritans for going into the wilderness in search of religious freedom, which they did not do; but, while insisting on their fanaticism, he also sees that, if the New England settlers had permitted dissent in their earlier days, they would have given the Church a leverage of which it would not have failed to make use. A Frenchman writing on American history would be sure to take the colonial side, so we need not complain when we find M. Moireau saying that "après le grand effort victorieux fait contre les Français du Canada, la population établie sur le sol américain était assez nombreuse, assez forte, assez habituée à vivre de sa vie propre et à compter sur ses propres ressources, morales ou matérielles, pour que l'idée commençât à germer en elle qu'elle était mûre pour la liberté, en état de tenter sérieusement, sans entrave extérieure d'aucune sorte, l'expérience du *self-government.*" Agreed; but who made "le grand effort victorieux"? Not the colonists, certainly. On the great question of State rights and State sovereignty M. Moireau approximates to what we have always considered the orthodox view. His history has been carried down to 1800, and is, we presume, to be continued.

Mr. Schouler makes a confession of faith, in the preface to his fourth volume, which may, perhaps, serve him ill with people who take words in their strict sense. "It is not in my nature," he says, "to be impartial as between right and wrong, honorable and dishonorable public conduct." An historian who announces that he intends to be partial shows more valour than discretion. But Mr. Schouler does not mean that. His apparently brazen defiance of morals really only shows that, like many others, he does not know the proper sense of the word impartial. He thinks it synonymous with "unable to distinguish between right and wrong." This is a mistake which many other persons have made. The qualities of Mr. Schouler's style make us less surprised that he has erred in this matter. His metaphors and elegancies are indeed extraordinary. There are sentences which are absolute Baboo. The description of Calhoun as a "vampire dogmatizer" is good, and may possibly be due to a misplaced ambition to rival the famous "vulture with a broken beak." It wants something for complete success. But this is a comparatively feeble effort, which is pale beside this metaphorical description of Clay's compromise measure of 1833 as "this two-faced Janus which was now reared upon its legs to preach submission to the law on one side and the law's submission on the other." Neither will it bear comparison with this account of the treatment of the Abolitionists by New England society in early days:—"No such abolition eggs could be laid in New England that the good society of the place did not sit down with its whole weight upon the nest and crush them under the rustling folds of its bombazine before the brood could be hatched." New England society was much to blame for showing no more regard for so decent a stuff as bombazine. Was New England always in mourning, and what for? Mr. Schouler abounds in such graces of style as this. His history is not, we are afraid, strong enough to bear the absurdities of his language. We do not so much complain that he more than fulfils his promise not to be impartial. Partiality is a common human failing, and does no serious harm when a writer is precise in his statements, and can make things clear. But Mr. Schouler is painfully vague. As a strong Federalist he had an admirable opportunity with the nullification dispute which falls within the limits of his last volume. Moreover, as Daniel Webster and Calhoun had already made the question plain, there is no excuse for going wrong upon it. Whatever view is taken of the State rights theory of the American Constitution, it cannot, we think, be denied that Webster reduced Calhoun's over-ingenious nullification theory to powder. It amounted, in fact, to a claim on the part of South Carolina to belong and not to belong to the Union at one and the same time—which is absurd. As a strong Federalist Mr. Schouler ought to have enjoyed showing up the

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* *Histoire des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord.* Par Auguste Moireau. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette. 1892.

History of the United States of America under the Constitution. By James Schouler. 4 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.; London: Edward Arnold. 1892.

History of the United States of America during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison. By H. Adams. 6 vols. London: E. P. Putnam's Sons; New York: C. Scribner's Sons.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Sixth Series. Vol. V. Published at the charge of the Appleton Fund. Boston: published by the Society. 1892.

faulty reasoning of the South Carolina leader. He has preferred the pleasure of merely abusing him. Partiality or no partiality, this is not the way to write history. The period covered by Mr. Schouler's fourth volume is rather exceptionally interesting. It contains the beginning of the great dispute between North and South which culminated in the War of Secession; the Abolition agitation; and the dispute with Mexico. We cannot recommend it as a text-book, and still less as literature; but a reader who knows his American history already pretty fairly, and wishes to see the Federal view stated with conviction, may turn it over with some profit. Mr. Schouler, too, shows good sense occasionally—as, for instance, in his comments on the thinness of skin which caused the Americans to cry out so absurdly when criticized during the years of which he writes. We do not know that the fault has been quite amended even yet.

Mr. Henry Adams's six volumes form a work not to be approached without reluctance. Six volumes—small no doubt, but not minute—on sixteen years of American history is really too much. There are, it is true, books which deservedly rank high, though they are overgrown. The four quarto volumes of Orme, for instance, are more than sufficiently weighty; but it is no excuse to a writer that he errs with others. He must also excel with them. Now, it is easier to equal the length of Orme than to give the equivalent of his starched yet manly elegance. Mr. Henry Adams has no particular merit of style. He is free from Mr. Schouler's absurdities; but, here again, one has to point out that it is not enough to be free from a positive defect if you do not replace it by a positive merit. Mr. Adams does little more than plod along in a rational enough way, telling everything as it occurred, and at about the same length, with a terrible want of any sense of proportion. The result is one of the most tiresome books we have ever attempted to read. If we could say any particular ill of it we should really be obliged to Mr. Adams, but we cannot. His six volumes form an irredeemably commonplace account of sixteen years of not very interesting history, spun out and padded out. There are disquisitions on the Spanish Court and on Toussaint L'Ouverture, summaries of Presidents' addresses and of the speeches of English Ministers—in short, it is an example of the intolerable verbosity which is the plague of contemporary historical writing. The interval between 1801 and 1817 in American history is moreover one which cannot be taken by itself. The mere fact that Madison's second Administration came to an end in that year does not make a break, as Mr. Adams has himself to acknowledge. He leaves the history of his country in the middle of a crisis.

The papers of Wait Winthrop do not call for reading. The Massachusetts Historical Society would itself hardly expect any man to begin at the first page and go on to the last. This Winthrop was not a man of any particular mark, though he held office, and had the reputation of an honest man. His correspondence deals very largely with private affairs—his boys' colds, his brother's bargains for shingles, and the sad cases of skippers forced on shore by a "desperrate storme of winde" near St. Ives in Cornwall, and much plagued by "imbasselment" by privateers, who had also the want of shame to claim "salvedg." There are also references to public affairs of New England in the early years of the eighteenth century. A reader with an historical eye might find a useful detail in the volume here and there; but the ore wants extracting, and the rest, as Mr. Carlyle was wont to say, calls loudly for decent burial.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

MR. GILMOUR'S life in Mongolia is a somewhat melancholy record of wasted work and disappointed aspirations. We hear less of Mongolia and the Mongolians than we might otherwise have done, as he had published in his lifetime a narrative of his Asiatic travels and adventures. But, though the temperament of the enthusiastic missionary was rather serious than humorous, the biographer has been enabled to enliven this volume with quaint and amusing sketches of Mongolian manners. Naturally the biography of the self-sacrificing missionary begins with the usual indiscreet and exaggerated eulogies. Gilmour is praised for his least engaging qualities, and we are told how churlishly he met the friendly advances of the head student of an English Dissenting college, as if brusqueness, straightforwardness, and sanctity were synonymous. Laudation of the kind is the more superfluous that Gilmour's sterling qualities were as undeniable as his genuine nobility of character. Of humble birth, with no advantages of upbringing, he was too ready to confound discourtesy with independence. But few of the Catholic missionaries, from the days of St. Francis Xavier and his colleagues down to those who are now labouring among the fanatics of the Chinese Highlands, have shown greater courage or capacity for endurance. Certainly Gilmour had an allowance from the London Missionary Society, but it was never sufficient for bare necessities. He sends in his accounts apologetically, when the balance was some 30*l.* on the wrong side, and protests that he could not possibly have carried economy further. That was undoubtedly the case. It is difficult to conceive a European subsisting through scorching summers and shrivelling winters on the pittance of threepence a day. But Gilmour lived, like the nomad Mongolians, on lean mutton and coarse meal. When in the towns he would sit down by the kettle of the street hawker, and he stretched himself at night under ragged canvas in clothes that had ceased to be respectable and were scarcely decent. When he welcomed the bride he had imported from England on hearsay, his friends, who did not stand fastidiously on costume, were scandalized at his disreputable attire. So self-denying an apostle should have had his reward; but, like Elijah, he was often weary of his life, and declared that the labour in that sterile soil was simply heart-rending. We are bound to say that, had the Missionary Society shown common forethought, it would have sought a more eligible sphere. The Mongolians may be superstitious and blinded, but there is no more devout people in the world, and in fact almost to a man they are spiritual bigots. Gilmour wrote of them in his book *On the Mongols*:—"The Mongol's religion marks out for him certain seemingly indifferent actions as good or bad, meritorious or sinful. There is scarcely one single step in life, however insignificant, he can take without first consulting his religion through his priest. Not only does his religion insist on moulding his soul and colouring his whole spiritual existence, but it determines the cut and colour of his coat. It would be difficult to find another instance in which any religion has grasped a country so universally and completely as Buddhism has Mongolia." It might be supposed that the men who were sent to root up the time-honoured traditions of Buddhism were at least prepared to discuss and instruct. Gilmour knew scarcely a word of the language, and had to begin by going to school. He sought instruction by living *en pension* in the tents of the nomads. Having the gift of tongues, he made rapid progress, and he got on such friendly terms with his hosts as to be affectionately spoken of as "Our Gilmour." But, though they liked the man, they would not listen to his teaching. When he had returned for a time to Pekin, his old friends from the desert paid him frequent visits. They prolonged their calls till they tired him to death; but he could not congratulate himself on having let a glimmer of Christian light into their darkened souls. As a married man he returned to the steppes and the deserts. To give some practical idea of the life he was to lead, he invited a few friends to a dinner which he cooked himself in Mongolian fashion. One of his reverend guests flatly declined to ask a blessing on food for which he could not conscientiously feel grateful. The married couple lived in tents, and Mrs. Gilmour's delicacy as well as her digestion must have been sorely tried. Privacy was out of the question with their inquisitive parishioners. They ate, they prayed, they washed and dressed in public. Sometimes they had to face more serious troubles. Once an appalling thunderstorm was accompanied by deluges of rain; the tents were flooded and surrounded by roaring cataracts. Mr. Gilmour adds that it was not unfrequent for whole flocks and herds to be swept away with their owners. Unfortunately these serio-comic experiences culminated in a tragedy, and Mrs. Gilmour succumbed to the hardships she had endured. As for her husband, after turning his attention to the settled Mongols, he died in harness at Tientsin, having persevered to the last in his thankless toils with scarcely the sign of a harvest.

Mr. Rawnsley's *Notes for the Nile* is a pleasant and useful little companion for the cultivated traveller. He had the advantage of the personal acquaintance of the living *savants* and investigators who have done the most to enlighten us as to the antiquities of Egypt. Naturally he repeats much with which we are familiar, but he has the knack of putting his subjects in a striking way. Indeed, the narrative is sometimes hyper-dramatic, as when he describes his palpitating approach to the presence chamber of the greatest of the Pharaohs at Boulak. He brings out forcibly the most impressive and suggestive discoveries in a land of inexhaustible interest and research. He

* *James Gilmour of Mongolia.* His Diaries and Letters, edited and arranged by Richard Lovett, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1892.

Notes for the Nile. By Hardwicke D. Rawnsley, M.A. London: Wm. Heinemann. 1892.

Six Months in the Apennines; or, a Pilgrimage in Search of Vestiges of the Irish Saints in Italy. By Margaret Stokes. London: Bell & Sons. 1892.

Guide-Souvenir de Florence. Par Dr. J. Marcotti. Florence: G. Barbera.

calls attention to the footprints left in the sand by feet that may have been mummified four thousand years ago. He remarks that the pictorial art as displayed in the tombs was at its best under the sway of the earlier dynasties. He reminds us that that faithful mortuary art rather concerned itself with life than with death, as if the Egyptians believed in a continuity of conditions when they had changed this mortal sphere for another. We are introduced in these monuments to the most commonplace and trivial details of the existence of king and priest, of noble and country gentleman. We see the worthy Egyptian squire superintending his farm operations, and seated of an evening in his hall, surrounded by his dogs and his children. Mr. Rawnsley gives one of the best accounts we have yet read of the sensational discovery of the tombs of the Kings at Dêr-el-Bahari, and of the first perilous descent of Brugsch Pacha among the scowling and revengeful Arabs he was to deprive of a gainful traffic. We hear of a visit to Mr. Flinders Petrie in his primitive quarters, when Mr. Rawnsley was fortunate enough to assist at the excavation of the oldest piece of dated masonry which has yet been discovered, in the shape of an archaic temple.

Six Months in the Apennines will, in its way, be a revelation to most people. Moreover, as Miss Stokes observes in her preface, she leads us generally away from the beaten tracks which are traced out in the guide-books. Ireland in the darkest ages, a few centuries after the Christian era, was a centre of gospel light and a nursery of fervent missionaries. These holy men seem to have generally gone abroad as pilgrims on their own account, and then remained to devote themselves to spiritual labour in Gaul and Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere. Several of the most illustrious of them crossed the Alps and settled in the Lombard cities or on the slopes of the Apennines. Besides their piety, no doubt they were indebted for the reverence they received to the power of working useful miracles. St. Finnian, for example, whose name was Italianized as Frediano, diverted and straightened the course of the Serchio—a marvel which has been commemorated in several well-known paintings. The construction of a canal may plausibly explain that myth; and, in preliminary biographical notes to her letters, Miss Stokes has mingled myth and fact as they have been confounded by tradition and the monkish chroniclers. It is certain that St. Finnian and his colleagues have left their names or their mark on many of the most characteristic ecclesiastical edifices of Northern Italy. Miss Stokes, who received valuable assistance and hints from resident archæologists, has followed up the traces in stone of those energetic Celtic saints with great patience and intelligence. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs; and as the author went to work in romantic scenery and picturesque old towns, we can conceive that the artistic tour was extremely enjoyable. Comparing sites, churches, and convents with the mediæval records, she often came on exciting and delightful surprises. One curious discovery was in itself sufficient to reward her pains. Agilulph, King of the Lombards, at the close of the sixth century, had granted St. Columban a site for a monastery at Bobio, with the use of half a well. Miss Stokes asked to be shown the oldest well of the monastery, and there was still the circular tank, cut in two by the ancient boundary wall. One half the well, as the Lombard charter stipulated, is still reserved for the use of the townsfolk.

The *Guide-Souvenir to Florence*, and its environs, covers part of the ground traversed by Miss Stokes. Dr. Marcotti, who would appear to be a Florentine, has had the advantage of the help of some of the most distinguished local archæologists and men of letters. He has written a very serviceable handbook, with ample notes on the art and archæology in which the capital of Tuscany is singularly rich. The city is still more rich in romantic historical associations, and we can read the Guide-book simply for pleasure, as we come upon every page on the familiar names of the great families who were always at feud, from the Albizzi and the Pazzi down to the Medici and the Gondi. It is more melancholy to be reminded how greatly mediæval Florence was injured by being made temporarily the capital of United Italy. The volume has indifferent illustrations and some useful maps and plans.

CHINESE SCRIPTURES.*

THERE are two Chinese books which have passed the wit of Chinamen to understand—namely, *The Book of Changes* and *The Classic of Reason and Virtue*, by Lao-tsze; and this for one reason—that they are both foreign in form and, to a great extent, in substance. Both these works have been translated by Professor Legge for "The Sacred Books of the East," and in each case he has given us an excellent translation of the text as it is interpreted by native scholars. In both instances he has, by inference, demonstrated the inability of the commentators to grasp the full intentions of the authors, and has led us to look elsewhere for the true meaning which the works are intended to convey.

The Chinese profess a trinity of religions—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism—all three of which are invoked by ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen as the circumstances of their lives direct. A census would doubtless declare that there was a vast preponderance of Confucianists; but practice proves that the dry bones of Confucianism can only be made to live by the admixture of Buddhist worship and Taoist divination. A cult which is merely a system of moral conduct, without any recognition of the soul or of a future life, could not possibly be expected to satisfy the higher aspirations of the minds of men, and hence its votaries have sought in Buddhism and Taoism for those supernatural elements of which the faith which they profess is destitute. On the present occasion we are concerned with Taoism only; and, as there are many who may be inclined to say, Confucianism we know and Buddhism we know, but what is Taoism? it is necessary to give some account of its genesis. According to tradition, the founder of the faith was a certain man who has been handed down for three and twenty centuries as Lao-tsze, or "the old philosopher." Nothing is known of his parentage, and even his name is legendary. Unlike his contemporary Confucius, whose every action and habit of life are as well known as the events in the life of Christ, "the old philosopher" appears as an old man for a brief space on the stage of Chinese life, and disappears into obscurity, without leaving a clue by which we might trace his retreating footsteps or an utterance to guide us to the home which he had chosen as an asylum for his declining years. But if we are unable to learn anything of his last days, we are not without some indications of what were his race and lineage. It is said that his surname was Li, that his prænomen was *Tan*, "the long-eared," and that his features were such as to excite the wonder and curiosity of his Chinese neighbours. It is reported that he derived his surname from the fact that he was born under a Li or plum-tree. With far more probability it has been suggested that he was one of the powerful and numerous Li tribe which occupied a larger portion of China before the advent of the Chinese, and remnants of which are still to be found on the southern and south-western frontiers of the Empire. Among this and the neighbouring tribes the custom of elongating the ears is of very ancient standing. At the present time among a tribe of Lao, on the southern marches of China, the King and high officials stretch their ears until they fall three inches below the shoulder, while a sumptuary law limits the length of the people's ear to the shoulder. In Burma and elsewhere a similar practice obtains, and doubtless the Li tribe would follow the usages common to their neighbours. Lao-tsze's appearance would naturally be, therefore, of the kind which his sobriquet indicates.

As a native of the south-western part of what is now China, he would be brought into close relations with the people of Further India, who, as is well known, were at this and an earlier period in constant communication with the Northern States of the Indian Peninsula. Like the doctrines of Buddha at a later time, the philosophy of the Brahmins had already found a congenial soil in the lands to the east of the Ganges, and the Li tribe, doubtless, shared in the prevailing taste for the wisdom and knowledge of the Indian Sages. Possibly, as a missionary of Brahminism, Lao-tsze travelled into the Chinese States. There he found himself in an entirely new intellectual atmosphere. Instead of the subtle mind of his kinsfolk and neighbours, he was brought into contact with a prosaic matter-of-fact intelligence which was beginning to take a new and definite shape in the mould cast by Confucius, the great apostle of formalism.

As Professor Legge points out, there had long existed in China a philosophical school which sought to find the true "path" which was to lead them to perfect righteousness; and we know that at the time when Lao-tsze appeared on the scene there were numerous instances of men retiring from the world as a protest against the formalism and self-seeking with which they were surrounded. When, therefore, he took up his parable, he adopted as his text "the Path," a term with which the Chinese were familiar, and which represented one aspect of Brahma or the Self which was the centre of his doctrine. It was by means of this path that men were to free themselves from the succession of lives through which, like a river, all sentient beings were destined to pass. And since it was by action, whether good or bad, that this succession was kept up, it became the main object of Brahminism and Taoism, for they are one and the same, to arrive at perfect inaction and abstraction, so that it should

* *The Sacred Books of China—the Texts of Taoism.* Translated by James Legge. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

become possible ultimately to arrive at the residue of all abstraction. As Lao-tsze taught, "Men come forth and live, they wither and die. . . . There are three in every ten whose aim is to live, but whose movements tend to the place of death. And for what reason? Because of their excessive endeavours to perpetuate life." The remedy for these evils, Lao-tsze explained, was the pursuit of that Path which is thus spoken of in the Upanishads:—"Invisible is the Path, outspread, primeval, that I have reached, that I have discovered. The Sages travel along that path to Paradise, liberated from their embodiment." Further he added the advice which underlay his whole system, "Having once arrived at a state of absolute vacuity, keep yourself perfectly still." We quote this sentence from a translation of Lao-tsze's work by Mr. Chalmers (1868), who, being untrammelled by the Chinese commentators, whose lead Professor Legge was obliged to follow, has been able to reproduce more nearly the mind which was in Lao-tsze.

Being entirely ignorant of every literature but their own, the Chinese pundits are quite unable to understand much of that which Lao-tsze tries to convey, and such an idea as is conveyed in the phrase "Tao does nothing, and so there is nothing that it does not do"—an idea which is a commonplace of Indian philosophy—is unintelligible to them. In the same way Lao-tsze's assertion that "he who has in himself abundantly the attributes (of the Tao) is like an infant. Poisonous insects will not sting him; fierce beasts will not seize him; birds of prey will not strike him" is Greek to them, and yet the same thought is embalmed in the Upanishads over and over again. For example, we there read, "It (Brahma) is impalpable, for it cannot be handled; undecaying, for it wastes not away; unattached, for it has no ties; invulnerable, for it is not hurt by the sword or slain."

The inability of the Chinese to grasp the true meaning of the teachings of Lao-tsze is well illustrated in the three works which Professor Legge has chosen as being typical of the three stages of Chinese Taoism. First, we have the utterances of Lao-tsze, which express nothing more or less than the doctrines of Brahminism; next in the writings of Chwang-tsze, we are presented with the degenerate form which the philosophy took in the minds of his immediate followers; and, lastly, we find in the "Book of Actions and their Retributions" the plain system of morality which comparatively modern Taoists have succeeded in extracting from the *Tao teh ching*. Both in form and substance the writings of Lao-tsze and Chwang-tsze are entirely distinct. It is a remarkable feature of the *Tao teh ching* that from first to last no proper name occurs in its pages. It avoids narratives, and is almost entirely occupied with abstract ideas. Chwang-tsze, on the other hand, being a Chinese, adopted the Confucian system of reporting conversations between friends, or between teachers and their disciples, and the arrangement of his work is precisely that of the *Lun yu*, or conversations of Confucius. But he has done more than follow the literary method of the Confucianists. He has had the temerity to put into the mouth of the Sage words which would have been anathema to the Master, and which, if authentic, would have ranged him among the disciples of Taoism. We quote the following as an example:—

> 'Yen Hui (a disciple) said, "I am making progress." K'ungni (Confucius) replied, "What do you mean?" "I have ceased to think of benevolence and righteousness," was the reply. "Very well; but that is not enough." [The idea of Confucius approving for a moment of the forgetfulness of benevolence or of the constant cultivation of righteousness is enough to make all good Confucianists cry aloud in indignation.] Another day Hui again saw K'ungni, and said, "I am making progress." "What do you mean?" "I have lost all thought of ceremonies and music." [The notes of a particular piece of music so overcame Confucius on one occasion that he was unable to eat for three months.] A third day, Hui again saw (the Master), and said, "I am making progress." "What do you mean?" "I sit and forget everything." K'ungni changed countenance, and said, "What do you mean by saying that you sit and forget (everything)?" Yen Hui replied, "My connexion with the body and its parts is dissolved; my perceptive organs are discarded. Thus leaving my material form, and bidding farewell to my knowledge, I am become one with the great Pervader. This I call sitting and forgetting all things." K'ungni said, "One (with that Pervader) you are free from all likings, so transformed you are become impermanent. You have indeed become superior to me. I must ask leave to follow in your steps."'

This is not, perhaps, a favourable specimen of Chwang-tsze's work. Occasionally he attempts to reproduce ideas, and even passages, from the *Tao teh ching*, and he illustrates the only quasi-philosophy of which he was capable with ingenuity and skill. But as regards the system of Lao-tsze, "his perceptive organs," like those of Yen Hui, "are discarded." He is no more able to understand his Master than the Disciples at the beginning of their ministry were able to understand the full significance of the words of Christ. His mind was cast in the Chinese mould, and he was powerless to grasp the subtleties of the Indian intellect. But even the suspicion of Brahminism which clings to his writings have become distasteful to the followers of Taoism, who find in the plain teaching of the Tractate of Actions and their Retributions—to the effect that "recompense follows good and evil as the shadow follows the substance"—matter more congenial to their comprehensions.

The three phases of Taoism exemplified in Professor Legge's translations find a parallel in another religion introduced from India into China. The teachings of Buddha, like the philosophy of Lao-tsze, no sooner came into contact with the Chinese mind than they became of the earth earthy, and found their expression in the material views of the sect of the "Blissful regions of the West." Like modern Taoism also, these have resolved themselves into a system of morality of which ethical maxims and debasing superstitions form the constituent parts.

SWIFT'S POLITE CONVERSATION.*

If the characteristics of the author, and not the importance of the subject of the book, are the first consideration in the critic's estimation, then, assuredly, not among Swift's minor writings must be placed the admirable Dialogues of *Polite Conversation* that form the second of the handsome series of reprints known as the Chiswick Press Editions. A better choice, nor one that better fulfils the aim of the series, there could not be than the *Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation*, by Simon Wagstaff, Esq. It is an English classic by no means readily obtainable, until now, in separate, or single-volume form, and among the finest examples of Swift's ironical method it is a masterpiece that has few equals. We are heartily in agreement with Mr. Saintsbury, who in his editorial introduction puts the *Polite Conversation* "in the very front rank of Swift's works." If, indeed, we regard the exquisite and elaborate irony of Swift's "Introduction" apart from the three Dialogues, we know of nothing in English literature so effective and, as a whole, so effectively sustained, excepting the *Tale of a Tub* and the "Argument against Abolishing Christianity." After noting its decided superiority to its own nearest analogue, the *Directions to Servants*, Mr. Saintsbury justly remarks of the *Polite Conversation* that "It is never unequal; it never flags; it never forces the note." The pleasant fiction of the introduction is sustained with admirable art. Mr. Wagstaff, gravely discoursing on his scheme, and revealing his own character with unconscious humour, appears to be absolutely detached from the work he has at heart. There is no trace of him in the Dialogues. They are just the fruit of his observations of the conversation of the fashionable world, and convey the impression of unimpeachable veracity. The change of style from Wagstaff, introducing himself and his subject, to Wagstaff the honest chronicler, is nothing less than a master-stroke of genius. And if the Wagstaffian self-portraiture is excellent for consistency, and a genuine creation of character, the dramatic propriety of the Dialogues, especially as all the eight characters save one are drawn from the smart society of the day, is decidedly not less excellent. Sir John Linger is, of course, something of a foil to the others, as the country squire, and a well-defined type, the butt of people of fashion, just as the citizen was the butt of the wits and dramatists of previous generations. But the rest, ladies and gentlemen all—each is finely diverse, though all have gifts and graces in common.

Mr. Saintsbury finds in the complete variation of style between the two portions of the work one of the charms of *Polite Conversation*, and he proceeds to observe:—"If it were not for Miss and the dinner—two objects of perennial interest to men of spirit and taste—I am not sure that I should not prefer the introduction to the conversations themselves." Miss, indeed, is an admirable creature, and both she and the dinner have moved Mr. Saintsbury to certain acute and entirely admirable observations with regard to Swift's treatment of women, and the true inwardness of Miss's character, and Thackeray's mistaken view of that tremendous banquet. Yet we should have had no difficulty, if he had not confessed it, in understanding Mr. Saintsbury's plain preference of the introduction, on the ground that that which is most Swiftian is preferable to that which is less. The Introduction is one of Swift's finest achievements in pure irony. The Dialogues are satire, and satire humanized by a geniality of tone not frequent in Swift, and in fact and intention far less satirical than

* *Polite Conversation.* By Jonathan Swift. With Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury. London: Whittingham & Co., at the Chiswick Press. 1892.

must appear to ears polite in these days. To this extent the Dialogues are less characteristic than the Introduction. The point having been suggested, such, it seems, is the only legitimate conclusion; though, of course, as the two parts are so contrived as to make for the excellence of the whole, and their variety not merely designed but essential to that excellence, the question supplies a test for lovers of Swift, and not material for the critic. To the born ironist, as Mr. Saintsbury says, there is no satiety of irony. The notes to this edition are restricted to the illustration of obscure or dubious matters only, as is the best rule to observe in editing a work intended for the library.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

A BOOK of high value, not only to theological students but to all who take an intelligent interest in Christian theology, will be found in Mr. Knowling's *Witness of the Epistles* (1). The object of the work is to exhibit in detail the testimony of St. Paul to the life and teaching of our Lord, and to the doctrine of the Church as to His Person. This purpose, which is carried out in a most comprehensive style, involves not only a clear and keen-sighted estimate of the historical significance of the Pauline Epistles, but a valuable review of German and other opinions, a criticism of the New Tübingen school, whose attack upon the *Hauptbriefe* is the latest development of advanced thought, an estimate of Resch's *Agrapha*, and a host of interesting points concerning the character and influence of the Apostle, the origin of the Gospels, the relation of Christian doctrine to Jewish and Hellenic thought, and so forth. Mr. Knowling has given his readers, in fact, an admirable account of the great Pauline question from a thoroughly modern point of view, with an industry and precision that merit the warmest thanks of all labourers in the same field.

The chief point in Dr. Taylor's exceedingly ingenious and original treatise on *Hermas and the Four Gospels* (2) is that the well-known passage in which Irenæus insists that there could only be four Evangelists is based upon Hermas. Dr. Taylor even finds the initials of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John in the numbers of the stones in the four lowest tiers of the Second Tower. Besides this he gives reasons for supposing that Hermas was acquainted with the concluding verses of St. Mark. In this he may very possibly be right, for the same curious combination of the "rod of power" with the "preaching of the Gospel everywhere" is found also in Justin Martyr, in a passage (*Apol.* i. 45) where it is generally supposed that the disputed passage of St. Mark is referred to.

Canon Cheyne's new volume, *Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism* (3), contains five sermons on the Life of David, and fifteen on the Psalter. Readers of the Bampton Lectures know pretty well the learned author's views on Hebrew poetry. Canon Cheyne follows Kautzsch in ascribing the books of Samuel to nine different authors, and can tell us which verses were written by each member of this little army of scribes. David does not appear in a very amiable light. Canon Cheyne sits in judgment upon him much as a rather prim virgin aunt might lecture a scapegrace nephew. There is good in him, though it is not immediately obvious. It is, perhaps, a little hard that David should be taken to task for his rudeness to the Philistine giant—"there is no regretfulness in his tone, no charitable longing to bring Goliath to a better mind.' The serious side of this queer prudery is that it is one of the main foundations of Canon Cheyne's theory about the Psalter. But, if Byron and Burns could write poetry, why not David?

Few churches have a more interesting history than that of St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford (4). Down to the seventeenth century it was the house of the University, the only house that the University possessed. Here Convocation met, and the Chancellor's Court sat; here commemoration was held, professors lectured in the nave, and undergraduates were examined in the south-west porch. The primitive banking business of the University was transacted and the handful of books that formed the nucleus of the Bodleian Library found a shelter under the same sacred roof. Again, the records of St. Mary's throw a flood of light on the history of the city of Oxford, a history which is much more closely intertwined with that of the University than modern town councillors are always ready to admit. Yet again, not a movement has swept over the Church of England which has not found its clearest expression in the pulpit of the University Church, and there have been few great historical events which cannot be brought into some sort of connexion with St. Mary's. In this wide and fruitful field Mr. Ffoulkes expatiates with great learning and the ardour of an enthusiast. He tells us why St. Hugh appears with his swan on the Tower, and where to find the groove in the pillar, cut to support the platform on which Cranmer stood while his doom was pronounced from the pulpit by Cole. He takes the reader round School Street and Cat Street and shows him where the old Halls stood, and how stalls and market booths filled the Radcliffe square, a subject which must have cost the writer infinite pains and research. He traces the history of University preaching from the first sermon known to have been delivered in St. Mary's by Walter Herby down to Hampden and Newman. Mr. Ffoulkes prints sermons by Cardinal Pullen and Grossetete, the famous Bishop of Lincoln, and the light which he throws upon the history of pulpit oratory in England is a distinctly valuable feature of the book. Sometimes the author wanders a little too far afield, as, for instance, where he discusses the curious letters between one Lawerne and an anonymous correspondent, whom there is some reason for identifying with the author of *Piers Plowman*, though here too he has rendered a service to English scholarship. But, if he has sometimes given more than he promised, he has nowhere given less, and his book is one that will be received with hearty thanks by all lovers of the Church and of the University.

The History of St. John Baptist Church and Parish in the City of Chester (5) stands on a lower level of interest, nor does Mr. Scott treat the annals of his church with the skill of a professional archæologist. But the book will probably find favour with Chester people, and the extracts from the Church records give some facts that are worthy of note. For instance, the old English name for the Eucharist is preserved in the terms "houslying books," "houslying money," found in the churchwardens' accounts. Church discipline was in full life in St. John Baptist's parish as late as 1735; thus we read under that year, "paid for washing the Parish Sheet for Club's wife to stand penance in, 2*d*."

Mr. Strong's *Manual of Theology* (6) is not, properly speaking, a manual at all. The method is discursive, not scholastic, the reader would look in vain for any compendious account of the different answers that have been given to the different questions, and, if the reader was an undergraduate, he would probably rise from the perusal of the book with the mistaken idea that theology is a realm of blessed peace and agreement. Mr. Strong takes the Incarnation as his centre, and from this point of view considers successively Natural Theology, Evidences, the Doctrine of Christ's Person, the Doctrine of the Trinity, Creation, Evil, the Atonement, the Church, and Sacraments. Each chapter concludes with a select list of references to the best authorities, ancient and modern. The treatment is sympathetic and liberal, and marked by a certain brightness, which adds greatly to the interest and intelligibility. All modern difficulties are looked squarely in the face without fear or exaggeration, and those who desire a clear and comprehensive statement of modern thought on theological subjects could hardly find a better book to begin with. Mr. Strong uses his learning with great modesty and reserve, but the learning is there notwithstanding. On one point, the cardinal doctrine of the Atonement, it is pleasing to notice a distinct advance upon the very insufficient treatment accorded to the subject in *Lux Mundi*. Mr. Strong recognizes, though in rather hesitating fashion, that our Lord's death contained a vicarious element, and appealed not only to the Love but also to the Justice of God. One fine passage, in which Mr. Strong describes the right mental attitude of Christian people, will justify quotation:—"To the person who really believes in the Omnipresence of God the whole world is supernatural. He does not pursue the investigation of nature and mind as dead mechanism, and then build outside a kind of theological annexe; but he begins with God, when his thoughts are duly ordered, and sees in the uniform laws of nature and the inevitable movement of history the manifestation of the changeless Nature of God."

Count Goblet d'Alviella's Hibbert Lectures on *The Origin and Growth of the Conception of God* (7) exhibit the history of religion

(1) *The Witness of the Epistles: a Study in Modern Criticism.* By the Rev. R. T. Knowling, M.A., Vice-Principal of King's College, London. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

(2) *Hermas and the Four Gospels.* By C. Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: C. J. Clay & Sons.

(3) *Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism.* By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Scripture in the University of Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

(4) *A History of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford.* By the present Vicar. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

(5) *Lectures on the History of St. John Baptist Church and Parish in the City of Chester.* By the Rev. S. Cooper Scott, M.A., Vicar. Chester: Phillipson & Golder. 1892.

(6) *A Manual of Theology.* By Thomas B. Strong, M.A., Student and Theological Tutor, Christ Church, Oxford. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

(7) *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of the Conception of God.* (Hibbert Lectures for 1891.) By Count Goblet d'Alviella, Professor of the History of Religions at the University of Brussels. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

from a strictly evolutionary point of view. The author writes clearly, and marshals with great skill all the information supplied by folklore, archæology, and philology. He has looked with an understanding eye on the tendencies of modern thought and society, and has studied carefully all branches of his subject, except Christianity. In its own peculiar line, the book is a good book, and well worth reading. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the phenomena of religion can be adequately explained on the hypothesis of evolution, there are three main questions to which we desire an answer. What was the origin of the evolutionary process; at what point did it attain or come nearest to the truth, and to what issue is it tending? The origin Count d'Alviella finds, not in any Divine communication, nor in any Divine signature upon human nature, but in three errors, "the erroneous extension of the idea of personality, the confusion between concomitance and causality, and the failure to distinguish between dreams and reality." This being so we might think that the bubble bursts and straightway disappears. This, however, is not Count d'Alviella's conclusion. At some point this error develops into truth, and this point may be the Gospel, for "Unitarians, and the rationalistic communities of modern Christendom in general, have come to reverence the ideal in that man who seems in their eyes most nearly to approach it, even if not to realize it in all its plenitude." Count d'Alviella does not expressly say that our Lord's life marks high water in the flowing tide; on the contrary, he looks forward to further developments; yet, oddly enough, he can think of no better remedy for the confusions of our time than the coming of "a new Jesus," who is to teach again exactly what the real Jesus taught. As to the future, Count d'Alviella judges that the philosophy of evolution and the religious school of positivism may at length find some way of reconciling their differences, if, for instance, the idea of humanity could be regarded as mediator between man and the infinite, that is to say, if the shadowy God can be provided with a shadowy Christ. But the bankruptcy of revolutionary theories may issue in a reaction—in other words, Christianity may triumph after all. Upon the whole, then, we may possess our souls in patience.

Lovers of Thomas à Kempis will be grateful to Archdeacon Wright and Mr. Kettlewell for their translation of *Meditations on the Life of Christ* (8). There is, indeed, still much doubt about the authorship of the treatise. Eusebius Amort testifies that it was in existence at the time of the death of Thomas, and an anonymous contemporary writer expressly includes it in a list of his works. On the other hand, though Sommalius gives it a place in his second edition of the collected writings of À Kempis, it is not found in either the first or the third edition. Mr. Kettlewell, in his Preface, wrestles manfully with this difficulty, and decides positively in favour of the authenticity. The *Meditations* dwell chiefly on the Passion of our Lord, and have a more rapturous, sensuous colouring than the *De Imitatione*; nor is the style so strong and self-contained. Would Thomas have written "Behold what these shameless wretches, the impious Jews, did"? Or, again, "O most impious and vile slave, who daredst with guilty hands to strike the lovely face of thy Creator"? There is a note of human fierceness in these words. It is to be regretted that the editors judged it right to expurgate the volume by carefully excluding "any words sanctioning Mariolatry, and the invocation of saints and angels, or any occasional allusion to some corruption or error prevalent in the pre-Reformation Church." The question arises whether this kind of mysticism has not an inner connexion with these "errors." If it has, the editors are inflicting an injury on their readers by encouraging them to think that the one can be had without the other. Besides, if the treatise is so Roman in character, Mr. Kettlewell can hardly be right in thinking that its absence from the third edition of Sommalius is to be accounted for by authoritative suppression.

We have received also an anonymous version of the *De Imitatione* (9). This edition has the great merit of giving English and Latin, in Hirsche's rhythmical arrangement, on opposite pages. The English translation is apparently a careful revision of one already issued by the same publishers.

The *Catholicos of the East* (10) is Mar Shimun, the Patriarch of the Nestorian Syrian Church. His people are divided into two branches, those who live in Turkey and those who live in the province of Azerbaijan, in North-west Persia. The Rev. A. J. Maclean and the Rev. W. H. Browne spent some years in Kurdistan and Northern Persia, in connexion with the Archbishop of Canterbury's Assyrian Mission, and have embodied the results of their observation in a volume of moderate size, dealing with the manners, belief, and religious usages of the interesting folk among whom they laboured. The book abounds in information on all these topics, and is very bright and attractive.

The Faith and Life of the Early Church, by W. F. Slater, M.A., of the Wesleyan College, Didsbury (London: Hodder & Stoughton), is a series of rather disconnected chapters on the origins of the Christian Church. The book is not without learning and ingenuity; but it is disfigured by a constant sour polemic against the Church of England. Mr. Slater appears to labour under the delusion that he can take from Dr. Hatch and Dr. Harnack as much as will hit the Church without doing the Chapel any harm.

In the *Rise of Christian Monasticism* (London: A. D. Innes & Co.) Mr. Gregory Smith treats of the growth of Monasticism, with special reference to the Egyptian Ascetics and the Benedictine Rule, of the monastic officers and usages, and of the lives of twelve famous monks. The work is careful and scholarly, but rather dry in style for the general reader.

Two useful publications for theological students are *The Book of St. Basil on the Holy Spirit*, by the Rev. C. F. H. Johnston (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), and *The Apology of Origen*, by the Rev. John Patrick (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons). Mr. Johnston gives a carefully revised Greek text of the *De Sancto Spiritu*, with the doctrinal letters of St. Basil to Amphilochius, and a useful introduction. The notes on the text would have borne a little expansion, especially in regard to the technical terms. Mr. Patrick gives in English a full analysis of the *True Word* of Celsus and a useful account of Origen's reply. On the critical side the book leaves something to be desired.

A Short Commentary on the Book of Daniel, by A. A. Bevan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (Cambridge: at the University Press), is addressed to advanced students of Hebrew, to whose appreciation we must respectfully consign it.

The new volume of the "Expositor's Bible" is the *Book of Job*, by the Rev. R. A. Watson, B.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton).

Mr. Moule's Addresses *To My Younger Brethren* (London: Hodder & Stoughton) are admirably calculated to deepen the earnestness and increase the efficiency of pastors and preachers. Readers will know what to expect from the esteemed Principal of Ridley Hall.

Of sermons we have received two volumes of *The Selected Sermons of Thomas Fuller*, the great Fuller, the wise and witty (London: Unwin Brothers); three volumes of the "Preachers of the Age," *Ethical Christianity* by the Rev. Hugh P. Hughes, *Messages to the Multitude* by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and *The Journey of Life* by Canon Knox-Little (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.); vol. iv. of Maurice's *Lincoln's Inn Sermons* (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Name above Every Name and other Sermons*, by the Rev. C. D. Bell, Rector of Cheltenham (London: Edward Arnold); *Short Sermons*, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke (London: Macmillan & Co.); *Questions of Faith and Duty*, by the Bishop of Winchester (London: Isbister & Co., Ltd.); *The Marks of Christ's Body*, by the Rev. Griffiths Roberts, Canon of Llandaff (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co., Ltd.); and *Witnesses of these Things*, by the Rev. A. B. Tucker, with preface by the Bishop of Durham (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. Ltd.).

Professor Milligan's *Lectures on the Apocalypse* (London: Macmillan & Co.), and the *Stray Thoughts* of the late Dr. Rowland Williams (London: T. Fisher Unwin) have reached a second edition. We notice also the second volume of Père Didon's *Jesus Christ*, English translation (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited), and the second volume of Dr. S. C. Malan's illustrative commentary on *The Book of Proverbs* (London: Williams & Norgate).

We have received also *The Church Catechism: its History and Contents*, a useful manual for teachers and learners, by the Rev. A. J. C. Allen, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Book of the Unveiling*, a tiny volume of "Studies," devout meditations and reflections, on the Book of Revelation, by the author of the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family* (London: S.P.C.K.); *The Pastoral Visitation of the Sick and Suffering*, a well-arranged and serviceable *vade mecum* for parish clergymen, by the Rev. Henry Sidebotham (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible*, by John Clifford, Minister of Westbourne Park Chapel (London: James Clarke & Co.); *Evolution and Scripture*, by Arthur Holborow (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *A New Creed*, by an anonymous writer (London: Digby, Long, & Co.); *Dialogues on the Efficacy of Prayer*, by Powis Hoult

(8) *Meditations on the Life of Christ.* By Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Wright, M.A., and the Rev. S. Kettlewell, M.A. With Preface by the latter. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1892.

(9) *De Imitatione Christi.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim. 1892.

(10) *The Catholicos of the East and His People.* By Arthur John Maclean, M.A., Dean of Argyll and the Isles, and William Henry Browne, LL.M., St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1892.

(London: Chapman & Hall, Limited); *Christianity and Infallibility*, by the Rev. Daniel Lyons (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); and *The Biblical Illustrator—Exodus*, by the Rev. J. S. Exell (London: James Nisbet & Co.)

THE ENGLISH MANOR AGAIN.*

STUDENTS of English institutions have now had time to take stock of Mr. Vinogradoff's work, which we noticed at some length in the early part of this year, with a fairly mature consideration. Mr. Seebohm, to whom parts of Mr. Vinogradoff's essays were in effect a friendly challenge, has now made his reply, a very fair and candid one, in the *English Historical Review*. From America Dr. Andrews contributes a sound and useful summary of the materials and results thus far available for the earlier and most difficult period of the inquiry, that which precedes the Norman Conquest. When we give the name of a summary to this careful "study in English economic history," as the author himself calls it, we are far from meaning to convey that it is a mere digest or compilation. Dr. Andrews has not merely noted all important work, including Mr. Vinogradoff's, but has used his notes with thought and judgment. Indeed it was a matter requiring a true scholar's discretion to give us that which, to our mind, was most wanted at this time, a clear and connected view of what is really known from our evidences, what is generally accepted as proved or highly probable, and what parts of the field are still obscure. Dr. Andrews has done this exceedingly well, and his book, though hardly addressed to readers who know nothing of the subject, may be commended to students as the best general introduction yet produced. He has worked under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, whose tale of contributions to historical and political science is already nobly disproportioned to its youth.

Mr. Seebohm does not in terms abandon the extreme theories of Roman and servile origins which made his well-known book so startling to the Germanic school of historians. But he shows himself open-minded, and seems practically to give up his tendency to find badges of servitude at every turn. Thus it has been proved, as we think, that the cumbrous arrangement of a medieval holding "lying abroad" in the common fields in thirty or forty acre-strips was due to nothing more servile than an archaic working out of the maxim "equality is equity." Mr. Seebohm appears not unwilling to acquiesce in Mr. Vinogradoff's opinion as to this point. Again Mr. Seebohm is now quite alive to the fact that in the early Middle Ages the questions of a man's personal condition as freeman or bondman and of his territorial condition as holding land by free or base services are distinct, and require to be disentangled before we can safely reconstruct either the social or the legal history. On this point Dr. Andrews has some just and happy remarks. For the Anglo-Saxon—and no less, indeed, for the Anglo-Norman period—"freedom was purely a relative quantity; it was not an abstract conception; it was freedom in respect of some one or something else, either the lord, the State, the Church or the lands which the individual himself cultivated." We do not think this statement can be bettered. Mr. Seebohm's main point of difference with Mr. Vinogradoff has to do with the inferences to be drawn from the privileged position of tenants in ancient demesne. Mr. Vinogradoff argues that this position was a "survival," ancient customary law having been better preserved under the immediate lordship of the Crown than in the hands of private lords. Mr. Seebohm disputes this, partly on the ground of Mr. Vinogradoff's own documents, partly in reliance on the law of the thirteenth century as expounded in Bracton and Fleta. We think Mr. Seebohm's points quite arguable, but we also think he leans on text-book authority rather harder than it will bear. The most Bracton can tell us on such a point is what was likely to be the theory of the king's court, in the third quarter of the thirteenth century, as to the status of this or that class of tenants. Any kind of historical explanation either expressed or implied must be taken only with caution and subject to verification. Anything of the same sort in Fleta is at most the professional opinion of the succeeding generation. We do not assert that such indications are to be neglected. It would be too much to say of Bracton, as we can safely say of Littleton, that his knowledge of the eleventh century was less than ours. But we know that even before Bracton's time the king's judges were much more anxious to establish uniform legal rules and strengthen the power of the Crown (both most desirable objects) than to leave convenient historical finger-posts for nineteenth-century students. We do not even always know what Bracton's opinion really was, nor shall we be wholly safe in using Bracton for any delicate question of this kind until his text has been properly edited. We do know that the text of the printed book and of the majority of MSS. contains considerable additions by a later though perhaps not a much later hand. In some cases Bracton appears to record, as part of the system of his time, experiments that did not succeed. He seems to speak of a distinct class of tenants by "convention" who would have anticipated the modern copyholder in many respects. No such tenure was recognized in Littleton's time, and the experiment mentioned in Bracton survives obscurely, if it does survive, in occasional ancient rents or fines described as "conventionary" of which the origin is no longer traceable. Nothing but good, however, can come of Mr. Vinogradoff's work being fully discussed from every plausible point of view.

Dr. Andrews ranges over a much wider field, and makes an end of his exposition at the point of time where Mr. Vinogradoff's researches, so far as hitherto published, begin. Summing up recent discussions of ancient Germanic society, and by no means omitting to take account of Fustel de Coulanges, he is of opinion that the reasonable conclusion "simply modifies the old theory of the village community by introducing a closer bond of kinship and the element of chieftainship, and by reducing the free tribesmen to a moral, social, and political condition more in accord with the habits of a people just emerging from a state of barbarism." These are words of good sense, though we must be allowed to doubt whether they affirm anything which the real founders and masters of "the old theory" denied or intended to deny. Certainly no moderately careful reader of Kemble could be led by him to suppose that the Saxons and Angles had no chiefs when they landed in Britain. And who has insisted on the bond of kinship, real or fictitious, as a vital element in archaic Indo-European society, more constantly than Maine? On the whole the one-sidedness of Maurer and Kemble and their following is really a matter of tone and colouring much more than of demonstrable errors in fact. No doubt the work of that generation is pervaded in many parts by a spirit of democratic illusion. There has been a tendency to dress up our ancestors of the dark ages in the clothes of English Whig statesmen and German political philosophers. Dr. Andrews very justly asks, "Is there not a danger of forcing into the period of no evidence at all too exalted an idea of the democratic individuality and collective importance of the Anglo-Saxon 'folk'?" Without saying at present anything about folk-land, which furnishes the text for this remark, we feel no doubt that the danger is a real one, and perhaps has not been wholly escaped even by such scholars as Konrad Maurer. "The period of no evidence at all" has been ornamented with notions of folk-peace, folk-truth, and what not, for which we can find no warrant in English documents at any rate. Such a phrase, for instance, as "outlaw against all folk" does not show that the judgment of outlawry was supposed to proceed from the people in a collective judicial capacity. Far more significant and material is the broad fact that the king's justice, which after the Conquest became the ordinary justice of the kingdom, was something quite distinct from the justice of the county and the hundred courts, and was so far from being every man's right that it was expressly forbidden to seek it until the ordinary means had failed. Anglo-Saxon clerks were not Parliamentary draftsmen, and it will not do to catch at their turns of language as Bunyan in his struggles with the tempter caught at sentences and words of Holy Writ. On the other hand corrections and temperaments of this kind hardly bring us, we submit, nearer to being satisfied that the Manor is a Roman villa, or that everybody who was not a lord was a slave.

On the still obscure topic of Anglo-Saxon land tenures Dr. Andrews is as sound as the present state of knowledge allows, and (which is higher praise than any one who has not worked on the topic himself can understand) he is not adventurous. He might have made things clearer, perhaps, by laying more stress on the foreign and ecclesiastical origin of grants by charter or "book." The "book" was no part of an English or Germanic scheme of landholding. It was a special exercise of supreme authority, consciously following Continental patterns which themselves looked back to Rome. Until he fully realizes this, a student cannot expect to make any considerable way in the right direction. With regard to book-land and folk-land Dr. Andrews refers to a recent essay of an author bearing the name, honoured in another kind of scholarship, of Hermann. This Hermann, so far as we can gather from Dr. Andrews, appears to have contributed nothing more profitable than paradoxes, and indeed we do not understand Dr. Andrews to take his conjectures at all seriously. We find the interior economy of Anglo-Saxon peasant life worked out by Dr. Andrews in a good deal of detail. He freely supplements the well-known *Rectitudines Singularum*

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* *The Old English Manor: a Study in English Economic History.* By Charles McLean Andrews. Baltimore: the Johns Hopkins Press. 1892.

Villainage in England. By F. Seebohm. Reprinted from "English Historical Review," July 1892.

Personarum from the *Gerefa* which Thorpe (we know not for what reason) left to be published not long ago by Dr. Liebermann. In this region the scholar's trouble is by no means lack of materials. The materials are at least as full as we have any right to expect. Our difficulty is to fit this wealth and variety of economic and social facts into the meagre framework of the Anglo-Norman legal and fiscal system as we find it in Domesday. We do not know that Anglo-Norman surveyors and clerks did not find it difficult at the time. Many a one may have said to himself, as he finally made up his return, something equivalent to the modern New Englander's "Guess it'll have to do."

Dr. Andrews accepts Mr. Seebohm's opinion that the "geneát" of the *Rectitudines* is a genus including the "gebúr" and others whose duties are afterwards set forth. We are ourselves unable to accept this explanation. Anything so artificial as the supposed arrangement is foreign to the manner of tenth-century documents, not to mention that this is an English and comparatively popular document. The duties of the *geneát* appear to us to be quite as specifically stated as those of the *gebúr*; they are shorter, not because the statement is condensed, but because there are really less of them. We can see no sufficient reason for departing from the natural and obvious way of reading the text; it is a list of the duties of different classes of tenants, and the *geneát* comes first as being a tenant of a distinct and superior class. He is much more like the "riding knight" of the Anglo-Norman period than any sort of villein, as *villanus* was understood from Glanvill's time onwards. In the matter of land measures it seems to us that Dr. Andrews, like Mr. Vinogradoff, could afford to be less vague and more hopeful of definite results. We believe in the normal hide of 120 acres, and we do not believe that there was not a normal acre before 1307.

Matters of law and judicature proper stand rather in the background of Dr. Andrews's plan; but in what he gives us we find little to criticize. There is a passage in the laws of Eadgar where the buyer of strange cattle is commanded to put them into the common pasture with the witness of the township: this, by the way, is the only Anglo-Saxon authority known to us for the township having any corporate character. Dr. Andrews appears to think this ordinance was for the protection of the township common. It may be so in part, but these provisions belong to the elaborate system of precautions against cattle-stealing and dealing in stolen cattle which run through the whole of the Anglo-Saxon laws, and which, for want of being read as a whole, have by some ingenious persons been made answerable for an imaginary Anglo-Saxon law of contract. With regard to the origins of local and seignorial jurisdiction Dr. Andrews makes bold to say "It is agreed that the township, the village, had no court; that the court of the manor was no mere continuation of an original free folc- or mark-môt." For our part we agree, and we should be glad to think the point settled. Dr. Andrews is evidently disposed to think that manorial or rather seignorial jurisdiction in some form is a good deal earlier than our earliest express evidence of it in the terms of charters. This, we conceive, is the conclusion that will prevail. Mr. Adams's able thesis to the contrary in *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law* was founded on examination of only one kind of evidence, and (as it happened, by an omission which can hardly be called negligent) not a complete examination of that. But the subject is too large to pursue here. Again we commend Dr. Andrews to English students as a safe and profitable guide.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.*

IN face of a threatened epidemic of cholera, the reissue of this little book, revised and brought down to the middle of the present year, is well timed. To those persons who accept Dr. R. Koch's views of the bacterial origin of the disease, its early history, and the records of its numerous migrations from its home in Lower Bengal, are of little interest, except in confirming the view, long held in England, that the disease is spread from man to man by means of his excretions, clothes, and by contaminated water, and not through the atmosphere. In spite of the opposition of Klein and Lankester, the medical profession in this country and on the Continent is more and more inclined to accept Koch's so-called "comma" bacillus as the specific agent which causes the pathological conditions of the body known to us as Asiatic cholera, and which Koch asserts is constant in form, is present in all cases of the disease, and exists in large quantities, and is distributed within the tissues in all true cases of the disease. Koch believes, and Mr. Macnamara agrees with him, "that the presence of this bacillus in the intestines of human beings is sufficient to produce the symptoms of cholera, these symptoms being the result of a poison formed by the cholera bacillus in the intestines." Observation of the comma bacillus, when cultivated out of the body, shows that it is killed by a heat of 120° and by a cold of about 20° below zero, hence disinfection can be effected at a temperature below that of boiling water. As a rule the bacillus is destroyed by being free of moisture for a few days, but there is reason to believe that, if the fluid in which it was contained gradually dries on moistened woollen or cotton material, the bacillus may retain its vitality for some weeks, and if placed under favourable conditions it may develop afresh and form new centres of disease; hence the precautions required to disinfect or destroy wearing apparel. Koch believes that the cholera bacillus is destroyed by healthy gastric juice, and by many acids and many chemical substances. It thrives in milk and well-water, but quickly disappears from the drainage of cesspools; and we may gather from these particulars the best methods of prevention and the management of the symptoms to which it gives rise. By keeping the body in good health, not allowing the digestion to be disordered by the excessive use of stimulants or depressed by fear; by obtaining pure milk and pure water, or disinfecting by boiling those which are of a doubtful character; by the use of dilute mineral acid, such as sulphuric, hydrochloric, or nitric acid, both before and during the existence of the earlier symptoms of the disease; and by preventing the introduction of the germs into the stomach by infected hands, infected utensils, or infected clothing, any of us and all of us may fairly hope to escape the present epidemic should it unfortunately find its way to our shores. Its advent need not drive us out of the country or make us neglectful of our duties to those who may become its victims. Cholera is not communicated by the air or by contact. A person may rub, wash, and administer to the necessities of a person suffering from the disease without contracting it, provided the room in which the sick person lies is properly ventilated. Apart from its great fatality, Asiatic cholera is one of the most painful and distressing diseases to which mankind is liable, and its symptoms, when present, can only be properly treated by the prompt action of the medical man, and any medicine which pretends to meet all the symptoms is more likely to do harm than good, and should be avoided. Most of the remedies hitherto used were designed to treat the disease on empirical ground, and before its nature and origin were understood; and, if Koch's views are correct, the modes of treating the disease must be modified accordingly, and these methods must be left to the physician to develop. What concerns us as individuals and as a community is the prevention or limitation of the disease; and it cannot be too strongly impressed on the public that cholera is a specific disease, like typhoid or any other fevers, and that no amount of overcrowding, of famine, poverty, filth, or other insanitary conditions, can originate an epidemic, although they will favour its spread should one break out in situations where they exist. Before the disease can occur among people outside the home of the disease, its seeds must have been carried to them by persons suffering from cholera, or by articles of clothing which have been soiled by the excreta which patients have passed during their illness. In other words, living cholera germs must be planted among the inhabitants of an uninfected place before Asiatic cholera can develop among them. Such are concisely the views which are held by Mr. Macnamara and the majority of English medical men at the present day, and they are not only likely to lead to a more successful treatment of the disease in future, but they should serve to dispel much of the alarm and depression which a prospect of a visitation of cholera produces on persons who have hitherto lived in ignorance of them.

* *Asiatic Cholera: History up to July* 1892, *Causes, and Treatment.* By N. C. Macnamara. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is an unquestionable combination of grace and strength in the writings of M. Paul Margueritte, and if he only had a little more definite and original grasp of incident and character, few among the younger school of French novelists would exceed him in promise. The interest of *Sur le retour* (1) is double; the two lines proceeding, so to speak, in opposite directions, yet meeting in the point indicated by the title. Colonel Count de Francœur, a soldier approaching fifty, a bachelor, and, according to French standards, a man of rather rigid morals, falls in love with a Creole girl in her first youth, and with difficulty vanquishes the unequal passion; while his sister-in-law, herself "sur le retour" also, though still beautiful, loses the affection of her volatile husband, ten years the Count's junior, who falls in love with a married coquette. The position is

(1) *Sur le retour.* Par Paul Margueritte. Paris: Kolb.

not complicated, and the *dénouement* is not specially dramatic; but the handling throughout is, as we have said, at once vigorous and delicate, with none of the divergences into violence which constantly mar French vigour, and very little, if anything, of the lapses into the namby-pamby which, to an English taste, constantly mar French delicacy.

Mme. Henry Gréville's last book (2), like M. Daudet's last, is a direct charge against the present French law of divorce, and especially against the habitual evasion of that law which, if we may believe these and other painters of life, is practised. For the French law forbids the marriage of the erring wife and her lover, and this makes things very unpleasant according to the "family" ideas, which are the one thing left sacred in France. Accordingly—still if we believe our critics of life—a regular system of evasion is established whereby the husband—whose slip is held venial by society, and is visited with fewer penalties by the law—collusively takes the position of respondent instead of that of petitioner. The institution, as we may have observed before, of a Queen's Proctor seems to be urgently necessary in France; though there is no knowing whether it would not be a mere blind in a country where public opinion has fifty times the force of law, and where *respect humain* outtops its analogue, our own Cant, by as much. The opening situation of *Chénerol* is, however, a pathetic and rather strong one; for the son of the false friend and the daughter of the false wife have formed an innocent affection for one another, and the former is just going to propose when the blow falls. But, as sometimes happens, the strength of the situation is somehow at the wrong end of the book, and the interest declines instead of advancing. The earlier part is better than anything recently done by the author, except the best parts of *Aurette*; the end is less attractive. But the character of Mme. Chénerol (*ci-devant* Mme. Villeroy) only wants a few touches to make it very effective indeed as a study of a peculiarly feminine form of selfishness. Marguerite Chénerol and her husband—a *fin de siècle*, but good-natured and by no means bad-hearted, pair, something in M. Feuillet's manner—are rather pleasing; but the heroine and her lover have a little of the usual namby-pambiness attaching, as above observed, to French virtuous characters.

The longest story in the Queen of Roumania's (3) little book, that which gives it its title, is a study of a well-intentioned, but terribly limp, German Count. He loves a beautiful Italian, who is not very much better than she should be, but he marries—partly because his mother wishes it after a fashion, partly for the famous reason formulated by Leonora Galigai on her trial—an Englishwoman, who is a beauty too, who is every bit as good as she should be, who loves her husband, and has not the slightest idea of letting him go when she has got him. *La poitrine* after a certain number of years comes to the rescue of the unfortunate victim, whose wife, all for his good, has succeeded in defeating and killing her rival, and in making himself her own complete and at last unresisting slave. The story is not without pathos, but the hero is too limp. It is rather a wonder that "Carmen Sylva" did not adopt the well-worn, but here useful, plan of giving both sides of the story, and letting the wife expound her view of the situation. The remaining stories deal with districts nearer to those in which the author shares the throne, and have more local colour. If "Vengeance" depicts the character of a Roumanian vendetta truly, it can give some points to a Corsican one. The representative of one of the warring families amuses himself by cutting a pair of sandals out of one of his enemy's cattle, and ends by being upset into the river by his own sister, before whose eyes he has just cut the enemy himself, her lover, into more pieces than the cow. "Dans les Carpathes" is one of those chants of lamentation and mourning and woe, pure and simple, to which "Carmen Sylva" is greatly given. "Mareilli" and "Horia" are slight, not ill done, and apparently true tales, showing, the one how a girl falls upon her feet in foreign climes by being good; and the other how a Roumanian David killed a big bear that had meddled with his pet donkey. On the whole, the book contains rather better work than the Queen's earlier volumes.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE ancient feud between the landscape-gardener and the architect is exemplified in very interesting form by Mr. William Robinson's *Garden Design, and Architects' Gardens* (John Murray), which comprises two reviews, with illustrations, "to show by actual examples from British gardens that clipping and aligning trees to make them 'harmonize' with architecture is barbarous, needless, and inartistic." These reviews deal with two recent publications, *The Formal Garden in England*, by Messrs. R. Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas, and Mr. J. D. Sedding's *Garden Craft, Old and New*. The reviewing of a review of a controversial kind is seldom, we think, an undertaking that promises a practical *rapprochement* of the opposing parties; but it is especially unpromising when men of ability employ terms, such as "nature" and "art," without any common agreement among themselves as to the import and interpretation of those terms. The history of landscape-gardening in England proves conclusively that there must be perfect accord between the designer of the house and the designer of the garden, or their respective works will present discordant or positively antagonistic results. So well understood was this truth that landscape-gardeners like "Capability" Brown and Repton, moved by ambition, or despairing of the other profession, turned architects; and architects like Thomas Sandby took to landscape-gardening, designing, and embellishing on a scale that might have moved Brown to envy or admiration. And of such examples of the invasion of their respective fields of labour much mischief has resulted even to this day. For, although everybody is agreed that the house and the garden should be so designed as to promote artistic harmony, the architect and the landscape-gardener are as far as ever from realizing the ideal, and working together in amity. "Are we," Mr. Blomfield asks, "in laying out our gardens to ignore the house, and to reproduce uncultivated nature to the best of our ability in the garden?" Mr. Robinson replies, "No sane person has ever proposed to ignore the house." But he proceeds to observe, "the house is often so bad that nothing can prevent its evil effect upon the garden," and he further observes, with unimpeachable truth, that "there is plenty for the architect to do without spoiling our gardens." Now it is necessary to distinguish in this matter of the "formal garden." The formal garden, or "architect's garden,' of Mr. Robinson's aversion is altogether distinct from certain old examples, of which Mr. Blomfield treats, from Elizabethan times to the date of Dutch William, with their terraces, balustradings, steps, sunken plots, pleachings, clipped yew and box, and low wall of small bricks such as you see in Holland. Such old gardens are often extremely beautiful. It is conceivable that, if the architect's design and the situation were favourable, and if the architect would but condescend not to be original, but simply to reproduce such a formal garden, Mr. Robinson might not be tardy in approval, though one objection that suggests itself is the time that must elapse before this garden should have acquired the colour and tone that are among the chief charms of the old formal garden. Perhaps Mr. Robinson might accept the case suggested as an exception to the rule he would enforce against the "imitation" of the formal garden. His vigorous protest against giving up the garden ground about a house to the architect, with the view of reviving, according to architectural notions, the formal garden, would then have our unqualified sympathy.

Furze Blossoms, by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (Fisher Unwin), is a miscellany of verse and prose, described as "Stories and Poems for all Seasons"—an ascription at once pleasing and comprehensive. And pleasant reading the book is, though the stories have neither the elaboration nor the prescribed scope of stories, but are better described as sketches. But they are graceful and expressive in style, and present within slight limits some pretty illustrations of character and incident. The verse, too, is attractive, without sentimentality, and the devotional tone of much of it is marked by sobriety and sincerity. Most of the themes of the sketches are associated with the North country, or with the Western Highlands, Callander, and the Ochil Hills.

In two stout volumes, well qualified to test the "heart" of the stout novel-reader, we have *The Deluge*, "an historical novel of Poland, Sweden, and Russia," by Henryk Svenkiewicz (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), translated by Jeremiah Curtin, who rightly speaks of the wars described by the Polish novelist in this work as complicated and significant. Not since the late James Grant undertook, in *Philip Rollo*, to carry the breathless reader through the Thirty Years' War, has a subject of such magnitude received such conscientious treatment in fiction. Indeed, Grant's book, though by no means unskilful, is a small matter in comparison, though the campaigns of the Poles described in *The Deluge* lasted but thirteen years.

There are who are sceptical as to the existence of Grub Street and regard Bohemia also as a fabulous country, although there are chroniclers of the former and those who have dwelt in the latter. Mr. Fergus Hume has collected certain papers—*When I Lived in Bohemia* (Arrowsmith)—which, we fear, will not lighten the darkness of doubters in any considerable degree, and will convince all readers of Murger that the *vie de Bohème* is greatly degenerated and decidedly dull. Here and there, at very rare

(2) *Chénerol.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.
(3) *Marié.* Par Carmen Sylva. Paris: Perrin.

intervals, there are passages not uncheerful in the volume, and Mr. Hallward's drawings are not without spirit; but, on the whole, we are forced to agree with Mr. Fergus Hume, who observes, "No! believe me, sir, this country is not a desirable one."

Our Trip North, by R. Menzies Fergusson (Digby, Long, & Co.), describes the experience of a party of tourists in Northern Britain as a tale that is told. It is pleasantly written and well illustrated by Messrs. Denovan Adam and Austen Brown. But Mr. Fergusson, who writes as one who loves letters and antiquities, should not spoil Hudibrastic metre and rhyme thus:—

A dark lantern of the spirit
Which none can see by, but he who bears it.

Mr. W. A. Clouston's *Some Persian Tales from Various Sources* (Glasgow: Bryce & Sons) is a small and interesting collection of Oriental fiction, of the non-supernatural kind, and forms a volume small enough to go into the waistcoat pocket. The stories, eight in number, are derived from the Persian collection, *Mahbub-al-Kalúb*, and "scarce old Indian publications," none of which have been translated into any other European languages, though in other forms some of them are familiar to the general reader.

The subject of dietetics for dyspeptics is considered from an eminently practical standpoint in *Digestion and Diet*, by Dr. Thomas Dutton (Kimpton), a handbook that deals with the important matters of food and cookery with admirable good sense and in a serviceable form. Altogether, this is a very useful and liberal-minded little book.

The Year-Book of the Imperial Institute (John Murray), compiled by Mr. J. R. Fitzgerald, with a preface by Sir Frederick Abel, is a comprehensive record of statistics concerning the products, resources, and commerce of India and the Colonies, similar in its leading features to the Victorian *Year-Book*, the *Year-Book* of Canada, and other publications of the class. The work is to take an annual form, and this, the first issue, commemorates the completion of the Imperial Institute very appropriately. The information is arranged after an excellent plan, and is illustrated by numerous useful diagrams and a valuable reference map of the world.

We have also received *A Pocket Book for Miners and Metallurgists*, by Frederick D. Power, F.G.S., a manual "for field and office use" (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *Chemical Theory for Beginners*, by Messrs. Leonard Dobbin and James Walker (Macmillan & Co.); *An English Grammar*, by S. E. Stronge, M.A., and A. R. Eagar, M.A., "for teachers and higher classes" (Sampson Low & Co.); *Inductive Coils*, a practical manual, by G. E. Bonney (Whittaker & Co.); *Mensuration*, Parts I. and II. (Blackwood & Sons); *Key to "A First Latin Verse Book,"* by W. E. P. Pantin, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Ethical Songs with Music* (Fisher Unwin); *The Magistrate*, a Farce, by Arthur W. Pinero (Heinemann); 1849: *a Vindication*, by W. Ashton Ellis (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Easy Stories and Exercises in German*, by A. A. David (Longmans & Co.); *An Illustrated Map of London* (Smith & Son); *America Abroad*, a handbook for American travellers (Forster Groom), and *The Norwegian Railway and Steamer Time Tables, &c.*, a handy guide for English-speaking tourists.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed to* Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, *or to the* OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. *A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.*

The SATURDAY REVIEW *is duly registered for transmission abroad.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.
ADMISSION DAILY ONE SHILLING.
GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY,
By Messrs. C. T. BROCK & CO., every Thursday, at Eight o'clock.
Repetition of Great Pictorial Device, representing the GRAND DURBAR AT DELHI, in 1877.

SUN LIFE OFFICE
BONUS, 1892.
The Managers have the pleasure of announcing that the profits belonging to the policy-holders for the period since last valuation (viz.: Four-and-a-half years) are again remarkably large, and amount, after making ordinary and special reserves of greatly increased stringency, to a sum of £225,850 in cash. This very satisfactory sum will be distributed amongst participating policy-holders only; and, as evidence of the successful character of the management, it may be stated that an aggregate return will thus be made of an amount actually in excess of all the loadings charged in the premiums for expenses, profits, and contingencies.
This statement, astonishing as it may appear, is nevertheless easily proved. The premiums received under participating policies during the period were £698,372, and the loadings thereon for expenses, contingencies, and providing bonuses amounted to £185,027. Now these policyholders are about to be apportioned a sum of £225,850, as stated above, in cash bonuses, which returns to them
UPWARDS OF £40,000 IN EXCESS OF THE LOADINGS IMPOSED.
For further particulars write to the Chief Office, 63 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.
HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS,
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SHIPPING.
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.
THE ORIENT LINE MAIL STEAMERS
LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above Colonies, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO. STEAMERS among the LARGEST and FASTEST afloat. High-class Cuisine, Electric Lighting, Hot and Cold Baths, Good Ventilation, and every comfort.
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For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

PLEASURE CRUISE
TO THE
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The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large, full-powered steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on the 3rd September, for a 46 days' Cruise, visiting Cadiz, Malaga, Palermo, Ancona, Venice, Cattaro, Corfu, Nauplia, Piræus (for Athens), Santorin, Malta, Gibraltar, arriving at Plymouth on the 17th October and London 18th October.
Passengers can leave London as late as the 20th September, and by travelling overland overtake the steamer at Venice.
The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.
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Gentlemen who appreciate the luxury of a perfect-fitting SHIRT should try
TAAFFE & COLDWELL'S PERFECTA,
Six for 33s. post-free.
30 per cent. under usual retail prices. Send 5s. 6d. for Sample, stating size of collar, chest, and height. *Money returned if not approved of.* Made to special measure or pattern, no extra charge.
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CELLULAR AERTEX
UNDERWEAR AND SHIRTS.
Invaluable for affording perfect ventilation to the body, combined with freedom from the dangers of chill and cold. Made in Cotton, Silk, and Merino, and mixtures of these.
"THIS IS THE TRUE AND NATURAL PRINCIPLE OF CLOTHING."
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Illustrated Price-List of full range of Cellular goods, with names of 180 Country Agents, sent post-free on application.
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TO INVALIDS.—A LIST of MEDICAL MEN in all parts willing to receive RESIDENT PATIENTS, giving full particulars and terms, sent gratis. The list includes Private Asylums, &c.—Address, Mr. G. B. STOCKER, 8 Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.

THE NATIONAL SHIPWRECK DISTRESS RELIEF FUND.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

NO SHIPWRECK or DISASTER of the SEA can occur without the promptest charitable aid being available for the shipwrecked sailor himself, or the urgent necessities of his desolate widow and orphans, &c., at the hands of the SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN and MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, founded over fifty years, as the National Maritime Relief Organization of the Empire, with about 1,000 Local Agencies.

Through this National Institution the wrecked survivors are thus instantly cared for on the spot and at once forwarded home; and the bereaved dependents of the drowned immediately sought out and helped in their need. Total relieved, 426,484 persons.

Instituted 1839; Incorporated 1850; under patronage of H.M. the Queen, and presidency of Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

FUNDS are earnestly APPEALED for by the Board of Management. Bankers—Williams, Deacon, & Co. Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, London, E.

SPECIAL DISASTER FUND.

This charitable fund, for further essential aid of destitute families of the drowned, is now overdrawn through the recent shipwreck disasters. Contributions to meet the pressing need will be most gratefully received by the Society, and, as usual, disbursed intact for the full benefit of the sufferers.

WEST LONDON HOSPITAL, Hammersmith Road, W.—£40,000 wherewith to increase the number of beds from 101 to at least 200, are urgently REQUIRED in order to adequately provide for the cases of accident and sudden illness arising in the enormous population of nearly 500,000 persons for whom this is the nearest hospital. The necessary freehold land has already been secured.

R. J. GILBERT, *Secretary-Superintendent.*

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields, Southwark.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Upwards of 220 Blind People receive the benefits of this Charity. Candidates, totally blind, between the ages of 7 and 20, are elected by votes of Subscribers, and (free of all costs) are received for about six years, during which they are taught a trade, and to read, write, and cipher; a few having marked ability being trained as Organists. An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscription 10 Guineas.

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FUNDS are earnestly requested for the Junior Branch School erected at Wandsworth Common.

R. P. STICKLAND, M.A., *Chaplain and Secretary.*

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CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

President—LORD ABERDARE, G.C.B.

1,815 children have been rescued from infamous dens.

5,000 are in industrial homes, to which grants have been made.

7,750 children have been aided by the Boys' Beadle.

Particulars of how the children have been rescued by the other officers of the Children's Aid Society will be sent on application.

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Office, 32 Charing Cross, S.W. ARTHUR J. S. MADDISON, *Secretary.*

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SPECIAL CLASSES are held in the subjects required for the PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC and the INTERMEDIATE M.B. (London) EXAMINATIONS.

Fee for the whole Course, 10 Guineas.

A SPECIAL CLASS is also held for the Primary F.R.C.S. Examination.

These Classes will commence in October, and are not confined to Students of the Hospital.

MUNRO SCOTT, *Warden.*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

LECTURESHIP IN HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The COUNCIL is prepared to APPOINT a LECTURER in HISTORY and POLITICAL ECONOMY. The stipend of the Lecturer will be £200 per annum. Applications, together with printed copies of testimonials and references, should be sent in on or before September 20. For further information apply to

Cardiff, August 9, 1892. IVOR JAMES, *Registrar.*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

DEMONSTRATOR AND ASSISTANT LECTURER IN BIOLOGY.

The COUNCIL is prepared to APPOINT a DEMONSTRATOR and ASSISTANT LECTURER in BIOLOGY, at a stipend of £120 per annum. It is necessary that candidates should have a special knowledge of Botany. Applications, together with printed copies of testimonials and references, should be sent in on or before September 20. For further information apply to

Cardiff, August 9, 1892. IVOR JAMES, *Registrar.*

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will begin on Monday, October 3, 1892.

Students can reside in the College, within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations.

For further particulars, apply personally or by letter to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.

SESSION 1892-93.

The SESSIONAL COURSE of INSTRUCTION will commence on WEDNESDAY, October 5. The Chair will be taken by Veterinary-Colonel LAMBERT, C.B., and the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS delivered by Professor McFADYEAN, B.Sc., F.R.S.E., at One P.M.

Lectures, Clinical and Pathological Demonstrations, and General Instruction are given on the Comparative Pathology and Diseases of the Horse and other Domestic Animals, including Epizoötics, Parasites, and Parasitic Affections; also on Bacteriology, Physiology, Histology, Chemistry (General and Practical), Materia Medica, Toxicology, Botany, Therapeutics, and Pharmacy, Hospital Practice, Obstetrics, Operative Surgery, the Principles and Practice of Shoeing, &c.

Students are required to attend Three Complete Sessional Courses of Instruction before being eligible for examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The College Entrance Fee of Sixty Guineas, payable as a whole or in the following proportions: Twenty Guineas on entry, Twenty Guineas at the end of the first period of Study, and Twenty Guineas at the end of the second period of Study, confers the right of attendance on all the Lectures and Collegiate Instruction during the prescribed Terms of Study.

The Matriculation Examination will be held at the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 28 and 29, at Ten A.M. Candidates must attend on Tuesday, 27th, for the purpose of paying the fees.

A Scholarship of £25 per annum, tenable for two years, dating from October 1892, will be awarded at the close of the Summer Term of 1893; and an additional Scholarship of the same amount in each succeeding year. A "Centenary" Scholarship, of the value of £21, will also be awarded annually.

Medals and Certificates of Merit are awarded, in addition to the Coleman Prize Medals and Certificates.

Class Prizes are given in each division of the Student's studies.

Certificates of Distinction are likewise conferred on Students who pass a superior examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

A Prospectus containing the Rules and Regulations of the College, and copies of the Matriculation Examination Papers set last Session, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

RICHARD A. N. POWYS,
August 1892. *Secretary.*

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, HEIDELBERG.

Thorough PREPARATION of Candidates for ARMY and other EXAMINATIONS, also for COMMERCIAL LIFE. Special attention to French and German, with commercial correspondence. Chemical Laboratory.

"RECENT SUCCESSES."

Within the past few years the pupils of the College have gained the following successes direct from Heidelberg College:—

Woolwich Entrance. December 1891. First.
Sandhurst Final. December 1889. Third.
India Civil Service. June 1890 Sixth.

Dr. A. HOLZBERG at present in London.—Address, Craven Hotel, Craven Street, Strand.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.

Four Scholarships and One Exhibition, respectively worth £150, £75, £75, £50, and £20 each, tenable for one year, will be competed for in September 1892—viz.: One Senior Open Scholarship of the value of £75 will be awarded to the best candidate (if of sufficient merit) in Physics and Chemistry. One Senior Open Scholarship of the value of £75 will be awarded to the best candidate (if of sufficient merit) in Biology and Physiology.

Candidates for these Scholarships must be under twenty-five years of age, and must not have entered to the Medical and Surgical Practice of any London Medical School.

One Junior Open Scholarship in Science, value £150, and one Preliminary Scientific Exhibition, value £50, will be awarded to the best candidates under twenty years of age (if of sufficient merit) in Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Biology. The questions for the Scholarship of £150 will be of about the range required for Honours in the London University Preliminary Scientific Examination, and those for the Preliminary Scientific Exhibition will be of about the range of the pass questions in that examination. The Jeaffreson Exhibition (value £20) will be competed for at the same time. The subjects of examination are Latin, Mathematics, and any two of the three following languages—Greek, French, and German.

The Classical subjects are those of the London University Matriculation Examination of July 1892.

The successful candidates in all these Scholarships will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination. The Examination for these Scholarships will be held on September 26, 1892.

For particulars, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Monday, October 3.

The Hospital is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, and contains nearly 800 beds. Number of in-patients last year, 9,458; out-patients, 112,092; accidents, 10,846.

Surgical operations daily. Major operations in 1891, 1,144.

APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons, &c. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.—Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Numerous Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

FEES.—120 Guineas in one payment, or 130 Guineas by instalments. A reduction of 15 Guineas is allowed to the Sons of Members of the Profession.

The Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, East London, and South-Eastern Railway Stations are close to the Hospital and College.

For further information apply, personally or by letter, to

Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, *Warden.*

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on October 3.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. MERCIER, at 4 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes by Sir ALBERT K. ROLLIT, M.P.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60 and £40, and one of £20 for Dental Students on Examination, September 26 and 27.

FEES.—£115 in one sum on Entrance, or £120 in two payments, or in six payments of £27 and £17 alternately. Special fees for partial and Dental Students.

The Hospital has a service of over 200 beds, and the usual special departments.

Special Classes for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." EXAMINATIONS of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, and for the first F.R.C.S. Examination.

The New Prospectus shows fully the changes which have been made in the instruction given at the School and Hospital to meet the requirements of the new (five years') curriculum.

Prospectus and all information on application to

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CRYSTAL PALACE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE—LADIES' DIVISION.
THIRTY-THIRD SESSION, 1892-93.

Education of the highest class for Ladies, by Tutorial Instruction, Private Lessons, and University Lectures and Classes; the Art and Scientific Collections of the Crystal Palace being utilized for Practical Education.

Faculties of Fine Arts, Letters, Music, &c. Distinguished Instructors.

There is a JUNIOR SECTION, with inclusive fee.

Particulars in the Library, next Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.

THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.
NEXT TERM OPENS Monday, September 5.
I. MECHANICAL COURSE. II. CIVIL ENGINEERING SECTION.
III. COLONIAL DIVISION. For preliminary Practical Training of Young Men for Colonial Life.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MARINE AND MINING DIVISIONS.

Prospectus of the undersigned, in the Library, next Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.

F. K. J. SHENTON, F.R.Hist.S.,
Superintendent Educational Department.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
PADDINGTON, W.

The WINTER SESSION BEGINS on October 3, with an Introductory Address at 4 P.M. by Dr. LUFF.

The Annual Dinner will be held about the middle of October, on the same day as the laying of the FOUNDATION STONE of the "CLARENCE MEMORIAL WING," by their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. The exact date will be duly announced. Mr. H. W. PAGE in the Chair.

HOSPITAL STAFF AND LECTURERS.

Consulting Physician—Sir EDWARD SIEVEKING.
" *Surgeon*—Mr. H. SPENCER SMITH.
" *Physician Accoucheur*—Dr. BRAXTON HICKS, F.R.S.
" *Dental Surgeon*—Mr. HOWARD HAYWARD.
Physicians—Dr. BROADBENT, Dr. CHEADLE, Dr. LEES.
" *To Out-Patients*—Dr. PHILLIPS, Dr. MAGUIRE, Dr. LUFF.
Surgeons—Mr. NORTON, Mr. OWEN, Mr. PAGE.
" *To Out-Patients*—Mr. PEPPER, Mr. SILCOX, Mr. J. E. LANE.
Physician Accoucheur—Dr. MONTAGUE HANDFIELD-JONES.
Ophthalmic Surgeons—Mr. CRITCHETT and Mr. JULER.
Aural Surgeon—Mr. FIELD.
Surgeon to the Skin Department—Mr. MALCOLM MORRIS.
Surgeon Dentist—Mr. MORTON SMALE.
Physician to the Throat Department—Dr. SPICER.
Anæsthetist—Mr. HENRY DAVIS.
Mental Diseases—Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE, F.R.S.
Physiology—Dr. WALLER, F.R.S.
Chemistry—Dr. ALDER WRIGHT, F.R.S., and Mr. LEON, B.Sc.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

One of £105 }
*Five of £52 10s. } will be awarded by Examination on September 26 and 27.

[* Two of which are specially open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge.]

Numerous CLASS PRIZES and SCHOLARSHIPS are given by competition at the end of each year; and there are, moreover, annually Sixteen Resident Medical and Surgical Appointments in the Hospital, open to Students without expense or charge. There is daily Clinical teaching by the Physicians and Surgeons. Frequent Classes are also held by the Medical, Surgical, and Obstetric Tutors. The School provides complete preparation for the higher Examinations and Degrees of the Universities.

The Residential College is at present at 33 and 35 Westbourne Terrace, W. Students received at a charge of £60 for the Academic year. Warden, E. W. ROUGHTON, M.D. and B.S.Lond., F.R.C.S.

THE CLARENCE MEMORIAL WING
will contain

(1) A NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT.
(2) LYING-IN WARDS.—St. Mary's is the only London General Hospital making provision for the reception of Lying-in Women as In-Patients.
(3) A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE for Medical Officers and Students. The latter will then be close to their work and more directly under the influence of the Medical School.
(4) ADDITIONAL SPECIAL WARDS.
(5) A NURSES' HOME.

This will add 100 Beds to the Hospital, making 381 in all, at an estimated cost of £100,000.
The Prospectus may be had on application to Mr. F. H. MADDEN, the School Secretary.

G. P. FIELD, *Dean.*
A. P. LUFF, M.D., *Sub-Dean.*

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. AT the end of last week and the beginning of this there was little or nothing doing in home politics, though here and there the horns of Gladstonian triumph were still blowing, blowing, over the last contests necessitated by the elevation of Mr. FLOWER and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR to the peerage, and the remarkable fact that a meeting had been held at Woodford, in Ireland, without disturbance or police interference. The hearts of patriots (or some of them) in Ireland have been saddened by the news that Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN is, like Mr. WHIFFERS, "going to "resign." Rude men connect this with certain little sums of costs due to Mr. BOLTON and to Lord SALISBURY; while Mr. REDMOND, as the mouthpiece of the other patriots, has said very unkind things about Mr. O'BRIEN.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Foreign news in the earlier part of the time covered by this Chronicle was rather plentiful than important. Cholera reports generally improved. The quarantine orders in America practically stopped emigration when they reached Europe, but they had meanwhile been justified by the breaking out of the disease on board several ships New York bound, the crews and passengers of which were accordingly quarantined on the islands in New York harbour. It was announced on Tuesday that the criminal inaction of the Hamburg Senate was to form the subject of regular diplomatic representations, which, if the EMPEROR is really minded to express his opinion of the conduct of these magnificoes, will give him a good opportunity.——France has been chiefly occupied by President CARNOT'S visit to Savoy to celebrate the centenary of the grabbing of that country by the first Republic. The proceeding was in more ways than one in very doubtful taste, and was crowned by a most absurd farce—the solemn embracing by the PRESIDENT of a little child dressed up in Russian clothes.——Indian and Afghan news was vague, and few reasonable persons will derive much comfort from the assertion that the CZAR is angry with Colonel YANOFF. The kind of anger which praises, promotes, and gives opportunities for repeating offences already committed may be useful to the person who shows it, but is not of much use to those whom it is intended to placate.——Details arrived of the formal annexation of the Gilbert Islands. Minor subjects were supplied by the MONTAIGNE and COLUMBUS anniversaries (the Genoese dockyard men, by the way, with the usual gracious sweetness of contemporary "Labour," had selected the latter date for a strike), the movements of EMIN PASHA, and so forth.——On Tuesday morning a long "cracking up" of his own administration by President HARRISON, especially in reference to the MCKINLEY tariff, was telegraphed from America.——On Wednesday a report as to the occupation of Egypt which had been spread abroad, and which receives further notice elsewhere, was contradicted. Russian newspapers, noticing Professor VAMBÉRY'S remarks on the Pamir question, differed somewhat in tone. Some took the impudent line, and asserted (we suppose on the "thousand miles" principle) that the brush with the Afghans had taken place on "territory subject to Russia," while others declared that Russia does not in the least want the Pamir, but only "an outlet to the Indian Ocean." To which all that can be replied is that till English statesmen take leave of their senses she cannot have one. It would be bad to have her at the foot of the Hindu Koosh; but it would only be the badness of bad neighbourhood. The Russianizing of Persia (which "an outlet to the Indian Ocean" means) would bar for ever that land-route to India which England, if she is not to dwindle and disappear, must one day open and possess. There was more news of the Arab rising against the Congo State, and in France a heavy sentence was inflicted on GREINER, the alleged accomplice of the American Captain BORUP in betraying official documents. The sentence (twelve years) is said to be intended as a warning to diplomatists, which, as Captain BORUP got off scot-free, seems a little hard on GREINER. The curiously petty spite of Portugal towards England for having left her in Africa a great amount of territory to which she has the vaguest claims by tradition, and none at all by fact or power of management, has been shown by the levying of margarine duties on Irish butter. Now we have no foolish tenderness for bad things because they are Irish. But Irish butter is not bad, and it is not margarine.——A full report from Captain LUGARD on affairs in Uganda was published on Thursday morning, and may be said to furnish, as might have been expected, a justification of the saying that one story is good till another is

told. Nor is it a mere case of story against story; for this second version simply confirms the inferences which all good judges drew from the statements on the other side. We are afraid that there are too many instances in the history of missionary enterprise of zeal having swallowed up, not merely discretion, but common decency and Christianity. But the conduct of the French Mission on this occasion can only be characterized as among the most disgraceful on record. Meanwhile, in France itself the newspapers were hugging themselves on the fact that, while Lord SALISBURY intended to send seven ships to do honour to Italy at the COLUMBUS celebration, Mr. GLADSTONE has sent only three. For a great nation, now, is not this a very little small? It was said that the revolt in Yemen had been at last suppressed, and the Pamir matter, the French Dahomey expedition, and other things, were briefly referred to.——A South African Exhibition was opened at Kimberley on Thursday. The strike at Carmaux in the Tarn is noteworthy, because its cause—the claim of a Mayor who is in the employ of capitalists to absent himself from work as he pleases—is only an extension, and hardly a caricature, of things that we hear in England.

Meetings. This has been a very heavy week for Congresses and festivals. The Trade-Unions Congress met at Glasgow on Monday at a time very suitable, though apparently in a temper by no means disposed, for justification of their ways to GOD and man. The Congress of Orientalists (whether ninth, nineteenth, or ninety-ninth, we shall not say) also met and listened to Mr. MAX MÜLLER, as President. ——On Tuesday the other President at Glasgow had his turn, and discoursed less harmlessly than the Oxford Professor. Mr. JOHN HODGE hugged himself on the decay of "servility" (which, being interpreted, means good feeling, contentment with your wages, and an abstinence from "bashing" those who are content with theirs), and very naïvely ended up by avowing "one aim and one purpose, the advancement "of the class to which they belonged." O candid Mr. HODGE! After this there was a wrangle about the everlasting Eight Hours in the shape of a grumble at Mr. FENWICK and the Parliamentary Committee, and the Congress ended its day by nationalizing royalties. Why not nationalize labour too? The Orientalists had on this day the felicity of seeing some square inches of a very old papyrus of the Septuagint, listened to Professor E. B. COWELL'S sectional address, and heard Dr. EDKINS, Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE, and other specialists talk of their specialities. On this same day the Welsh National Eisteddfod opened at Rhyl, and was addressed by the LORD MAYOR.——On Wednesday, the Trade-Unionists chiefly wrangled in their usual orderly fashion; the Orientalists, besides hearing about all things, from Fiji to Tel-el-Amarna, were enabled to listen to a paper written, though not read, by Mr. GLADSTONE, the chief point of which was the endeavour to fix upon *anax andron* the meaning as of headman or commissioned chief, the commission proceeding from Egypt. It was like many of Mr. GLADSTONE'S theories—Homeric and other—ingenious; but, also like most of them, a curious example of the *intellectus sibi permissus*, and ranging amid conjectures without troubling itself very much about evidence. ——On Thursday the Trade-Union Congress provided even less that is noteworthy than on Wednesday, though there were more squabbles. The most important paper read at the rival meeting was one by Major WINGATE, the first authority on the Soudan. ——A successful festival of the Three Choirs has been held at Gloucester during the week.

The Law Courts. The series of courts-martial on the officers of the ships which met with accidents in the manœuvres ended in the finding of negligence in all cases but one. Nothing, however, but reprimands followed in the way of sentence, on the ground, we suppose, that it would be rather hard on the unlucky actors in this mimic warfare if the Admiralty said, "We insist "on your making omelettes, but on your heads be it "if you break any eggs." Another court-martial on the chief engineer of the *Sharpshooter* (which, it may be remembered, arrived in port with about as much water inside of her as out) was subsequently held, but was avowedly in the nature of an inquiry only.——On Wednesday an inquest was held on a young woman who had thrown herself over Dover cliffs because she had been jilted by a young man, who, she was convinced, "would have been ennobled mentally and "morally by alliance with her." This is the kind of canting gabble which is common now in speech and article, in sermon and drama. And here are the fruits of it.——On Thursday a verdict of death by misadventure was brought in in the Clapham Junction collision case.

Racing. The Doncaster meeting opened on Tuesday with good fields, fair weather, and excellent racing, the three most interesting events being the Fitzwilliam and Champagne Stakes and the Great Yorkshire Handicap. Eighteen ran for the first-named, which was secured by Mr. KILSYTH'S Sprightly. In the Champagne the Duke of PORTLAND'S filly, The Prize, just beat Mr. BAIRD'S Silene, with Perigord and Queen's Pardon close up. Milford, once highly thought of, could not get a place. Mr. HOULDSWORTH'S Springtime won the Great Yorkshire very well.——On Wednesday there was some good racing besides the St. Leger, but the general interest was, of course, concentrated on this. Nor did La Flêche's comparatively easy victory surprise those who had brought study of her actual performances to support the general theory of the "mares' month." Still less surprising was the complete failure of Orme to stay at the end of the race after he had held his own well for the first mile or mile and a half. Sir Hugo ran well; but his failure to get up to La Flêche confirmed those who declared that her former defeat was due to bad luck. Watercress and May Duke were both in front of Orme. There was a good field for the Cleveland Handicap, which was won by Mr. TAYLOR'S Exhalation, while Mr. MERRY'S Stirrup Cup won the Tattersall Stakes for two-year-olds particularly well.——Thursday was something of an off day, but the racing was good. The largest field was for the Portland Plate, which was won well by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S good horse Marvel, while, for the Alexandra Plate, Worldly Wise cut down the field from the first, and won easily. Of the other events, the best race was the Corporation Selling Plate, which was fought hard for by Daft One and Miss Bendigo, and just won by the former.

Cricket. The regular series of County Cricket Matches was finished last week, or rather it came to an end, for no match begun in the latter half of the week was allowed by the weather to be concluded. According to the system of scoring now adopted, in which losses are deducted from wins, and drawn events do not count, Surrey ranks first, Notts second, and Somerset third. Yet Notts has beaten Surrey in both the matches wherein they met. This practical result of the system is, perhaps, more anomalous in appearance than in reality. A worse fault in it may be indicated by putting a supposititious, but not impossible, case. A county which drew in every match would score nothing at all; and yet it would pretty certainly be one of the best Elevens of the year. This week, as usual towards the close of the season, has seen some mixed matches of interest. At Scarborough, Mr. THORNTON got a very good Eleven together to fight with Surrey. But few of them scored, except Mr. E. SMITH, who made 122. The Surrey batsmen, however,

were not more fortunate on the first day. Meanwhile at the other end of England, on the Portsmouth ground, an excellent East and West match had been got up, the Somerset team contributing most of the strength of the West, while the East had good men out of divers Elevens from Yorkshire to Sussex, Mr. WRIGHT and ULYETT doing most of the batting for it in the first innings, and Mr. NEWHAM in the second. The all-round batting of the Western team, however, and the bowling of Mr. WOODS, were too much for their opponents, and the West won by 48 runs.——Rain stopped the match at Scarborough.——A North and South match began at Hastings on Thursday, wherein the North were prevented by LOHMANN and Mr. WOODS from reaching the hundred in their first innings.——We are able most unfeignedly to assure a Lancashire correspondent, who complains that we did not mention the victory of his county over Notts, this day fortnight, that the omission was purely accidental, and in no way intended as a slight. The Lancashire Eleven has had decidedly bad luck this season; and this last victory was a good one, and well deserved.

Yachting. As far as the South of England is concerned, yachting may be said to have come to an end this week, and this end was more than ordinarily weak. The yachting fleet usually "sheds" a good many of its members as it works westwards; but, probably owing to the very bad weather met with off the coast of Devon, the last meeting, that of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club at Falmouth, was so badly attended that there was no competition in any class, and in only two did a single boat—the *Queen Mab* and the *White Rose* respectively—present itself to sail over.——On Wednesday an interesting series of matches between two "cracks" among the small yachts, which are now in fashion—Lord DUDLEY'S *Dacia* and Mr. HENDERSON'S *Natica*—began at Torquay, the *Dacia* winning on the first day. Her rival turned the tables next day, leaving the rubber for yesterday to settle.

Correspondence. To most of the subjects which have been recently discussed (we do not refer to the correspondences *pour rire* which some papers get up at this season) there has been added this week the very important one of the possibility of growing corn in England under present fiscal arrangements. There are those hardy ones who maintain that it is possible to make it pay even at thirty shillings a quarter, while no less an authority than Mr. MARTIN SUTTON takes the other side. It is certainly a pity that English Free-traders, as a rule, refuse even to argue the question, and that not merely on the ground—a fair one enough—that after the last fifty years the remedy would be worse than the disease, but on the mere pooh-poohing denial that it is a remedy at all.

Miscellaneous. A salt strike in Cheshire, which had begun with a lamentable display of violence, was terminated on Tuesday by the good offices of the Bishop of CHESTER. A lock-out among tailors ended on Wednesday, but one in the cotton trade was threatened. On the same day an Isle of Man steamer went ashore; but what might have been a terrible disaster—for, at this time of year, these steamers are crammed with passengers—ended well enough, all on board being got safely ashore.——At Grindelwald the Bishop of WORCESTER presided over the Reunionists, and came to the conclusion that reunion of the Church of England with Nonconformists was at present impossible. *À la bonne heure!* But, in that case, what was the Bishop doing in this particular galley?——The new Cunard steamer *Campania*, the largest afloat, and ranking next in size to the *Great Eastern*, was launched on Thursday.

Obituary. By the death of Mr. J. G. WHITTIER, Dr. HOLMES is left almost alone as a prominent American man of letters who had made his name before the middle of the century. Mr. WHITTIER himself was a most estimable man and an earnest fighter for things that he considered of good report. But he was certainly not a great poet, and it requires something of a stretch in charity or a connivance in criticism to call him a poet at all.——General CIALDINI, whose name rather more than thirty years ago was in every one's mouth, and who, after his soldiering days were done, was prominent as a statesman, had for the last decade lived a life of almost complete retirement.——Mr. J. G. MCCARTHY, as Irish Land Commissioner, discharged the duties of a difficult, not to say impossible, office with a great deal of probity and judgment.——The terrible disease of which Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, M.P., died, makes it unnecessary to say more than he was one of those Liberals who, having stood firm at the disruption of the party, six years ago, afterwards fell away. His majority at the last election had been greatly reduced by Colonel CHESTER-MASTER, and there should be a good chance of securing the seat for the Union.

Books, &c. Books of interest continue few in number; but one which has appeared this week, though a "book that is no book," in the severe estimate of LAMB, cannot pass without notice here. This is the useful *Dod*, that old favourite of the public, *Dod* (WHITTAKER & CO.; GEORGE BELL & SONS), which has duly made its appearance for the second time this year, wrought up to the new Parliament and the new Ministry.——Some *Rescued Essays of Thomas Carlyle* (Leadenhall Press) bear tolerably sufficient internal marks of genuineness, but are issued (a very bad practice) without the slightest information as to their origin or credentials.

THE TRADE-UNION CONGRESS.

THE earlier sittings of the Trade-Union Congress, at Glasgow, have been mainly remarkable for the candid selfishness shown by the speakers and the votes. According to the general, though not uniform, rule in this country, there has been no sign of that rabid hatred of the capitalist which is universally found in meetings of Continental workmen. The delegates even cheered with emphasis when one speaker said that many employers are meritorious persons. But though they have not been rancorous or revolutionary, the members of the Congress have shown a quiet and convinced selfishness which possesses a certain grandiosity. They expressed no wish to slaughter capitalists in heaps, nor did they in so many words propose to confiscate property generally. A resolution was, indeed, passed to make royalties and wayleaves payable to the community, but the delegates have apparently persuaded themselves that royalties are not property, but "an impost." No doubt it would be possible to go very far on this road, but it is only fair to recognize the comparative moderation of the Congress. It might have voted for giving the mines to the miners, and, like ROBIN HOOD, it is entitled to praise for the mischief it did not do. The resolutions generally were not of marked novelty. There were the usual motions in favour of more inspection of everybody and everything, and for the payment of members of Parliament. Various delegates have a direct, and many feel that they have a potential, interest in that reform.

The spirit of the delegates is of more interest than their resolutions—and that, as we have said, was one of selfishness so calmly assured of its own excellence that it did not feel the need of advancing any excuse. There was not a word said to show that the speakers had ever thought it necessary to consider the interests of any class except their own. It was not left certainly for the Trade-Union Congress to make this application of the principle that charity begins at home. A very little research will discover cases in

which landowners, farmers, or the mercantile classes have been selfish enough. But they have generally at least affected to believe that what was for their good was also for the general interest. Considering the natural inclination of mankind to think that when they individually are comfortable it is a very good world, there was probably little or no hypocrisy in this contention. In any case, it gave those who opposed the claims of the classes named a certain hold upon them. With the Trade-Union Congress there is apparently no such thing as the general interest at all. There are only the Trade-Unions and the rest of the world. The world has duties to the Trade-Unions, but the Trade-Unions have no duties to the world. It often happens that a very small thing will display the views of a body of men in a peculiarly lively manner. In the course of the proceedings of the Congress Mr. RUDGE gave a curious little illustration of the views of his party. He argued that the system of empanelling juries ought to be modified, because "there ought to "be some protection for Trade-Unionists. Under the "present jury system there was no such protection for "them, because, as a rule, juries were not composed "of Trade-Unionists. What was desired was that "Trade-Unionists should be tried by their peers." Mr. RUDGE is clearly in complete sympathy with a certain ship's cook who was about to be tried by court-martial. He was bewailing his hard lot and probable fate in the hearing of a captain who had also to face a court-martial. The officer bade him be of good heart and trust to the justice of the tribunal. To this the cook replied, "It is all very well "for you to talk. You are going to be tried by a "court-martial of captains; but I am not going to be "tried by ships' cooks." We are afraid that a Bill "dealing with the empanelling of juries" which would satisfy Mr. RUDGE would be difficult to frame so as to give equal satisfaction to other people. Employers and "blacklegs" might also claim "to be judged by "their peers." Of course Mr. RUDGE would reject any such absurd demand with contempt. Trade-Unionists, he would point out, are to be protected, but other people are to be controlled for the benefit of Unions—and that makes all the difference. Trade-Unionists must try themselves for their own protection, and others for the same reason. On the following day it was unanimously carried, on the motion of Mr. WILSON, M.P., that workmen should sit on juries, and that all jurymen should be paid 10*s*. a day. At present it is all workmen who have a right to vote at a Parliamentary election who are to sit on juries. This loose definition will, no doubt, be corrected in time by an amendment to the effect that only Trade-Unionists are to be counted workmen. It is equally characteristic that on Thursday substantial support was found for a motion that during the course of a strike not only foreign workmen but foreign goods should be prohibited from entering the country.

Mr. RUDGE'S plea and Mr. WILSON'S last motion were not the only manifestations of the Trade-Union spirit in the Congress. They were more than kept in countenance by the ill-tempered attack made on Mr. FENWICK. This was, indeed, handsomely beaten by a majority of more than two to one. It is none the less discreditable, and the fact that it found 121 supporters speaks very ill for the spirit of a large proportion of the delegates. A motion was made to censure Mr. FENWICK, the Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee, for his opposition to the Eight-Hours Bill last Session. The Chairman ruled it out of order, but allowed it to be replaced by a general censure of the Committee, notoriously aimed at the Secretary. What made the attack discreditable was the undeniable fact that Mr. FENWICK'S opinions on the subject of the Eight-Hours Bill were perfectly well known before he was elected Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee. Indeed, he was not only elected, but re-elected, when it was known that he would oppose an Eight-Hours Bill, and after a majority of the Congress held at Newcastle had voted in favour of this measure. Yet an attempt has now been made to censure him for speaking and voting in the House of Commons in support of his opinions. The more moderate of his assailants were content to argue that Mr. FENWICK should have resigned as soon as he found himself in disagreement with the majority of the Newcastle Congress. To this there is the very sufficient answer that Mr. FENWICK'S disagreement with the views of the majority on this point was known when he was elected, and that he was under no kind of obligation to conceal his own beliefs, and still less to act against them. The real feeling of those who endeavoured to censure him was doubtless expressed by the speaker who said that "those who "pay the piper have a right to call the tune." In the opinion of this Trade-Unionist the Secretary of the Union was to be expected to abdicate his independence, and to subordinate not only his conscience, but his duty to his constituents, to the will of the majority of the Congress. It will not be disputed that the majority has a perfect right to elect a Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee who is of its own way of thinking. This is self-evidently true; but it is also a very different thing from the pretension that, when it has elected a Secretary who is known to have opinions of his own, it may insist on his changing them at dictation. This was, in fact, the theory of the minority which voted for Mr. WOODS'S motion. Mr. FENWICK defended himself with spirit, and argued very properly that in his place in Parliament he was to speak and vote for the opinions which he had defended before his constituents, and which they had presumably returned him to Parliament to maintain.

This is undoubtedly a check for the "New Trade-"Unionism"; but too much may easily be made of it. The party and the views represented by Mr. WOODS have grown steadily in power of late. It is the object of that party to bring the Unions into a state of discipline modelled on that of an American political party. They wish to establish the rule that the will of the majority is to be binding on all the members of the minority in whatever capacity they act. In practice the will of the majority is always found to mean that the real power is in the hands of the managing officials. The new Unionists are aiming at an organization in which all the Unions would act together under the direction of a small central committee of officials. They are making rapid strides towards the attainment of this ideal. In several Unions it has already been reached. Within the last few weeks we have learned that the Lancashire weavers, who were united in opposition to the Eight-Hours Bill last year, have now been suddenly converted to it. The conversion is said to be the work of the officials, who have been induced to believe that an eight-hours day will prevent a fall in the rate of wages. The weavers have on this theory shown the most sheeplike docility to the orders of the officials. There is, it is true, another explanation of the conversion—namely, that the bulk of the weavers were always in favour of the compulsory eight-hours day, and that it was the officials who secured the vote against it. But this only shows how helpless the members of the Union were last year to control the officials. If all the Unions can be got to act in obedience to the word of command as they do individually, they will constitute an immense force in politics; and it is clear that this force will be at the disposal of men who are very ignorant of the great interests at stake and utterly indifferent to the good of any class except their own.

TWO SINGERS.

THE memory of a singer in music and of a singer in words may be aptly mated in a tribute of admiration and regret. And a few words may now be added to what has already been said of Mme. TREBELLI. Mme. TREBELLI, as an artist, was one in a thousand. A singer with, according to some authorities, a made voice, she sang with extraordinary art, and with every appearance of inspiration. And the quality of the voice, made or not, had in it a pathos which was unaffected and therefore convincing. With an absolutely perfect style of vocalization Mme. TREBELLI combined an air of spontaneousness which had a wondrous charm. And with this as an actress she had unique merit. To leave singing alone, no one has played SIEBEL or ARSACE as Mme. TREBELLI did. To speak of these two parts is to speak little. Lovers of music will remember her in other parts, and lament, as we do, that Mme. TREBELLI is not now on the stage to interpret the parts that we hope to find written by rising composers who, in their turn, will miss the greatest mezzo-soprano of this generation. Mme. TREBELLI, as singer and actress, may be—and we must hope will be—matched, but can never be surpassed.

A very different singer in a very different kind of singing was the veteran American poet, JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, who died this week at the age of eighty-four. We have said elsewhere that there are difficulties in the way of ranking Mr. WHITTIER as a great poet, or even, if the lines are drawn with great precision, as a poet at all. The late Mr. BRIGHT thought him a poet, and a great one; and it is fair to say that Mr. BRIGHT thought highly of MILTON; but then he also thought highly of Mr. LEWIS MORRIS. The truth was that the substance of Mr. WHITTIER'S verse—his "Hicksite" Quakerism, his Abolitionism, his moderate Republicanism, all appealed to Mr. BRIGHT; and Mr. BRIGHT was one of those happily, if not critically, constituted persons who feel no difficulty about the representation if they like the thing represented. There are some, of course, who will indignantly vociferate "Maud Muller" and "Barbara "Frietchie." All we can say is that a really amiable and accomplished *advocatus dei* who objected "Maud "Muller," and was confronted with its opening after not having read it for many years, "cohorresced and evaded" like an honest man as he was. It is a pretty piece, but rather shallow and very facile. "Barbara Frietchie" (in the same metre) has more distinction; but the writer never perceived that he had made much more of a hero of STONEWALL JACKSON than he made a heroine of BARBARA FRIETCHIE. However, it was never difficult to grant to Mr. WHITTIER a *succès d'estime*. He was thoroughly honest; he was never pretentious; he was never vulgar; and his verse, if it lacked, as it always did lack, not merely scholarship, but distinction, inspiration, and the charm of rendering the common uncommon, had a power of appeal to the general in his own country which fairly earned for it the title of at least a substitute for poetry. Indeed, his sentiment was constantly poetical in quality, if his expression was not poetical in degree. And it must always be counted to his credit that, voluminous as was his work (a convenient edition of which, by the way, has just been published, or republished, by Messrs. WARNE in England, while a handsome one in several volumes was recently put forth both in America and here), he never stooped below a certain decent level of form. The most accurate criticism, perhaps, in the concrete kind that can be pronounced on Mr. WHITTIER is that he was in reality just the kind of poet that hasty and uncatholic judges have often pronounced Mr. LONGFELLOW to be. When LONGFELLOW was at his least good and WHITTIER at his best, they walked pretty closely side by side; but WHITTIER never reached the upper slopes of Parnassus, on which LONGFELLOW, if he could not climb its summits, often trod.

ANAX ANDRON.

MR. GLADSTONE'S appearance (*per pro*, as far as actual delivery went) as a paper-reader at the Oriental Congress on the "Phœnician Elements in the "Homeric Poems" was an interesting and agreeable one. It did not need Mr. MAX MÜLLER'S well-meant, but rather fulsome, exultation over the fact that they had kings and princes before, but never a Prime Minister; over Mr. GLADSTONE'S "colossal humanity," and over the certainty that HOMER would have decreed to Mr. GLADSTONE the epithet or title which formed the chief subject of study. We are, indeed, rather inclined to commiserate Mr. GLADSTONE upon the ruthless thickness of this butter, which was not in the least required to make a crisp, if not exceedingly solid, slice of speculation go down. Nor can any one say that the address resembled Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S famous one to his brother magistrates in being rather a compliment and a testimony of presence and goodwill than a contribution to the matter in hand. Mr. GLADSTONE, whether he may agree or not with Mr. KIPLING, in a line of the best piece of verse of its kind written for many years—

> Oh! East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet—

agrees with learned persons in thinking that they once met very closely, Greece being the servant of Egypt, Phœnicia the agent of communication between the two. The character of ODYSSEUS is an embodiment of Phœnician character; while, on the other hand, *anax andron* (which Mr. GLADSTONE takes the greatest pains to prove to have been common to Greeks and Trojans, to have been heritable, and to have denoted membership of a class rather than tenure of an office) is traceable to Egyptian sources, and signifies originally a sort of satrap or proconsul sent by Egypt to govern Greece and other dependencies.

Now this would be an ill place to examine minutely certain minute points of Homeric language which do not seem quite to make for Mr. GLADSTONE'S contention, such as the use of *ἄναξ* in addressing gods, of the feminine *ἄνασσα*, of the verb *ἀνάσσω* more particularly, and of the compound employment of the term in such proper names as IPHIANASSA. It seems, in particular, quite unintelligible that if, in HOMER'S time, *ἄναξ* referred to class, not office, he should join *ἀνάσσω* with such words as *πεδίοιο, δώμασι, κτήμασι*. Duke, Earl, and so forth, have with us long undergone the transformation which Mr. GLADSTONE supposes in *ἄναξ*, but has it since occurred to anybody, otherwise than in burlesque, to speak of duking an army, earling a district, or viscounting a property? To us the whole use of the class of words in HOMER himself seems to indicate a very direct "official" sense. But this is not quite so odd as another part of the matter. Suppose that *anax andron* had become a title of honour rather than a designation of office. What evidence of any sort whatever does Mr. GLADSTONE produce, what evidence is there in HOMER or out of him, that it was originally derived from Egypt? The only thing that he produces is the rather Fluellenic argument that AGAMEMNON, who is called *anax andron*, had to do with Mycenæ, and that at the tombs at Mycenæ things have been discovered recalling Egyptian burial-usages. Stay; there is another. ÆNEAS is called *anax andron*, and he was a Dardanian, and the monuments tell us that in the fifteenth century B.C. the Dardanians

fought as allies of Egypt. We fear that there is about this a strong flavour of the Thackerayan genealogy of DE MOGYNS. You may prove most things that way. Indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE, with very agreeable candour, after avowing at the outset that his knowledge is really confined to HOMER, declares that "we are not to ex-"pect in HOMER any willing indication of the preva-"lence in his already glorious country of a foreign "rule." We shall not dwell on the disquieting indication of the sapping of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Homeric faith which this phrase gives. "Already glorious" might be twisted by the Accuser into a terribly late dating of the Homeric poems. But that is no doubt only a slip of words. What is really remarkable is that HOMER gives us no indication—"willing" or otherwise. This interpretation of *anax andron* is, when the paper is calmly read, evidently and obviously the result of pure conjecture. "An impression" Mr. GLADSTONE prefers to call it. But an impression must be derived from the subject itself, not from something else; and there is most assuredly nothing in HOMER—at least Mr. GLADSTONE has produced nothing, and we know nothing to add to what he has produced—which gives any idea of a foreign, much less of an Egyptian, origin of the term *anax andron*; while there are in HOMER many things which are almost hopelessly incompatible with the notion of a "class," not an "office," sense of the term in Homeric times.

EGYPT.

IT is probable that few people took very seriously the announcement, made in some newspapers on Tuesday, that the evacuation of Egypt, or the reduction of the army of occupation to a merely nominal strength, and the concentration of some of it in Cyprus, had been resolved upon. The elements of improbability and of probability of the wrong sort were too obviously combined in it. Even Mr. GLADSTONE would hardly be likely to decide on such a step without a Cabinet Council, or even more than one, with his Foreign Secretary hardly yet *au courant*, and before even the whole of his colleagues had presented themselves to their constituencies for re-election. On the other hand, everybody could see, or should have seen, why the rumour was started at this particular time. The season of Indian reliefs has begun, or is beginning, and one of the regiments now in Egypt was likely to be, and we believe actually is, under orders to go further East. It was obviously probable that, if the ill-advised step of evacuation should ever be taken, it would be done in some such way as the telegram indicated—first, by the removal of the garrison from Cairo to Alexandria; then by its more or less gradual diminution, and, lastly, by the concentration of some of it in Cyprus. Again, every one knew that the French Chauvinists and jobbers have had their hopes raised high by the accession to power of a Ministry which is headed by Mr. GLADSTONE, which contains Mr. MORLEY, and which—as we all know now—would have contained Mr. LABOUCHERE but for those regrettable "incidents." Yet again, it is the "shave" season; the Bourses, if not active, are open, and there are little pickings to be made out of even a contradicted announcement of this kind by an operator who is sufficiently wide awake, and not more than sufficiently scrupulous. Indeed, it seems that some pains had been taken to ground-bait the swim by "gossip" for a week beforehand. Most people know what this sort of gossip means, and how it can be set about before a rumour is based on it, and the rumour is put upon the wires. Last of all, as we are duly reminded by Gladstonian newspapers, there are unfortunately such things as Tories, and, in a world infested by Tories, anything detrimental to the government of Mr. GLADSTONE is certain to be believed, and only too likely to be invented.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to dismiss the matter as a mere wild duck of the wild duck season. For it must be remembered that, whatever confidence may be placed in Lord ROSEBERY'S good sense and power of staying the rashness and informing the ignorance of his leader and his colleagues, the present Ministry is in a very awkward position in regard to this matter. It is, indeed, a wholesome rule that the individual utterances of Ministers when out of office do not bind the Ministry of which they are members when in office. If it were otherwise, the conduct of affairs would be impossible. But the present Gladstonian Ministry is in the position of having, if not unanimously, yet by a majority of its principal members, found distinct fault with the Egyptian policy of its predecessors. If Turkey or Russia or, most of all, France approaches Mr. GLADSTONE and says, "Please, when are you going?" the sins of his own mouth and of his colleagues will rise up against him most uncomfortably. Moreover, though he may still have a holy horror of the Turk, and may have lost that love for the Russ which was once convenient to him, he has himself lost no opportunity, either directly or under transparent disguises, of intimating his desire for a closer understanding with France. Now a closer understanding with France is not possible without some concession to French vanity on the one side, and French cupidity on the other, in the matter of Egypt. We do not ourselves believe that the maintenance of things as they are will ever result in any serious inconvenience to Great Britain from the French side. The French do not care enough about the matter for that, and despite that strangely undignified courting of Russia which they are at present carrying on, the lesson of 1870 is still too fresh in their minds for anything like a venturous or aggressive policy to find favour in the eyes of the majority of them. But so long as England directs the affairs of Egypt, and so long as, among other results of that direction, the country is shut to those little affairs of more or less shady business in which Frenchmen delight, more perhaps even than Jew or Greek, they will sulk with England. And though it is the profoundest of mysteries why their sulking with England should matter one jot to Mr. GLADSTONE (unless it be that for obvious reasons they are the only Continental nation of importance that does not think his Home Rule policy infatuated), it seems to hurt Mr. GLADSTONE that they do sulk with us.

There are difficulties, too, in Egypt itself, independently of the avowed French party, or even of those who, like M. JOSEPH REINACH, want to see Egypt neutralized. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if English influence were altogether popular in the country; for the reasons of possible unpopularity are numerous and by no means wholly discreditable. Everybody who is worth his salt has some dislike for foreign domination. A very young ruler like the present KHEDIVE—one moreover whose education, though in a country friendly to England, was not English—is more likely than another to find a certain irksomeness in a tutor, even if the tutor have the tact and experience of Lord CROMER. No sensible Englishman can feel aggrieved if Egyptian statesmen, Egyptian officers, Egyptian officials sigh for a rather greater amount of elbow-room than is good for them. We know that no greater amount is good for them, and such of us as are not hypocrites would frankly confess that, if it were good for them, it would not be good for us. But we need not be angry with them for being a little restless. To this excusable, if not very acute, discontent is to be added another kind of discontent which deserves no mercy, but which is un-

doubtedly considerable in volume, and by no means inconsiderable in power. This is the discontent of all those natives and foreigners who have an interest in the bad government of Egypt, who see in the reforms already effected curtailed opportunities of gain or of the exercise of capricious authority and desire, and who fear to see further curtailment by further reform. The foreign horseleech and adventurer is, of course, an irreconcilable foe, and perhaps the native intriguer and petty tyrant is not much more reconcilable. It is a well-known, if a somewhat paradoxical, theory that even the governed classes of Oriental populations positively prefer unjust, tyrannical, and lavish government, with its ups and downs, to the moderate, regular, uninteresting pressure of Western administration. It is perfectly certain that the governing classes (which, if we include those who have a chance of governing, are very widely spread and ill defined) feel this preference very strongly indeed.

Therefore, if Lord ROSEBERY has not yet had to put his foot down, he will, in all probability, pretty shortly have to do so. It is certain that the proper moment for the evacuation of Egypt by England, even if all other nations were kept out, and a force were maintained in Cyprus ready to reoccupy at the shortest notice, is not yet. Great as are the improvements effected in internal administration, it is impossible, even in ten years, to remove the effects of centuries of misgovernment and millennia of serfdom, crowned by the mad extravagance of such a *régime* as ISMAIL'S. Only when the debt of Egypt is so far reduced that she can maintain a considerable army can she hope to stand alone; and every obstacle is being interposed, by France more especially, in the way of her reducing her debt. Only when her people have grown by years, almost by generations, of practical freedom to possess the instincts of independence can she be safe from relapse into slavery. And only when that country to the southward of her which for her safety must inevitably be hers, or in assuredly friendly hands, is reduced to order, can she have leisure to develop her own resources fairly. Until the entire course of the Nile is in Egyptian or English hands, it never will be safe for the lower reaches of it to be left to the unsupported defensive powers of Egyptians. Just at present the forces of Mahdism run small; but they may at any moment rise again, and a repetition of the defeat of HICKS PASHA somewhere about Wady Halfa would throw the whole country into chaos. Our own frequently expressed opinion is that it is quite time that an attempt to pacify and reoccupy the Soudan, to fix its frontiers, to regulate its trade, and to keep off the incursions of Arabs and European explorers were made. But be this as it may, one thing is certain. Until such an attempt is made, and made successfully, Egypt cannot stand alone in her present confined and threatened territories.

THE STRANDING ON THE SKELLIG.

THE practice of running HER MAJESTY'S ships ashore appears to acquire steadily a greater degree of toleration in the service and of approval from the Admiralty. Within quite recent times one big ironclad has been sent to the bottom in the not unknown waters of Malta, with no very serious consequences to the officers responsible. The flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron has run aground in a notoriously unsafe Greek anchorage which she had no valid reason to enter. On this occasion a reprimand was administered; but distinguished officers were loud in condemnation of those persons who thought that something more serious might have happened to gentlemen who were responsible for what, it seems, we are to understand is a very venal oversight. Only the other day the flagship of the Pacific Squadron was rendered unfit for service by stranding at Vancouver. What sentence will be passed by the court-martial in this case remains to be seen. The officers concerned should, however, take heart when they read the decision of the Court which has just tried the six officers accused of endangering or damaging three ships at once on the Great Skellig. The acquittal of Lieutenant TORLESSE was, indeed, undeniably proper. But the reprimand administered to the other five officers is a punishment which, in our opinion, errs both in amount and in want of discrimination.

The *Forth*, the *Naiad*, and the *Apollo*, together with the *Arethusa* which fell out on account of defects in her machinery, and need not be further mentioned, were despatched from Belfast Lough, with orders to make their way to Queenstown. This was part of the late game of naval war. Everybody was supposed to act as if he was in actual warfare; which, to judge from the result, would appear to mean that he was to show less than ordinary care. We certainly gather that this was the view taken by Captain HULTON, of the *Forth*, the senior officer. That his course was laid with insufficient care is proved not only by the result, but by the doubts of the officers of the *Naiad* and the *Apollo*, which followed the *Forth*. The navigating officer of the *Naiad*, Lieutenant TORLESSE, expressed his belief that the course they were ordered to follow would take the ships nearer the Skelligs than was safe in foggy weather. He said so, as it was his duty to do, to Captain POWELL, of the *Naiad*. Captain POWELL was entirely of the same opinion as his navigating officer, and did take measures to warn his superior, by signalling the depth of water, which he thought indicated that the Squadron was in a risky position. That he did not say so explicitly must, we presume, be due to the habitual unwillingness of naval officers to appear to presume to their superiors. Captain POWELL'S signals only drew from Captain HULTON the critical remark that the *Naiad* seemed to be anxious about the course. Captain HULTON would now probably agree that the anxiety was not without justification. He was, perhaps, not quite at ease himself, for he warned the ships behind to be prepared to follow if he swerved suddenly out of his course. As a sudden swerving could only be due to the presence of some danger which it was necessary to avoid, we presume that Captain HULTON felt that his course was not absolutely safe. When the Great Skellig was seen from the *Forth* the fog was so thick that the *Naiad*, at a distance of two cables' length, or four hundred yards astern, was not visible from her bridge. The swerving of the leading ship, therefore, though quick enough to save herself, was of no use to the ships behind. The gun which Captain HULTON caused to be fired at once was merely a vague indication of danger, which was neither speedy nor precise enough to save the *Naiad* from damaging herself very severely, and the *Apollo* from damaging herself to a less degree.

We are not unaware that it may appear ungracious to object to the tenderness shown to an officer when tried on a charge which may ruin his career. It is so much easier in these cases to be good-natured and to look for excuses. But we cannot overlook the fact that the "default" for which these officers were reprimanded did endanger three ships and the lives of hundreds of men. This is not a small matter, but a very serious one. Moreover, there are other considerations which, in the opinion of those who can understand that good nature to Captain A may mean no small cruelty to two hundred and fifty officers and men, to say nothing of the interest of the country, ought to have weight. The increasing frequency of strandings in the navy cannot but appear to be connected with the extraordinary tenderness in the findings of courts-

martial. It really seems as if an officer's character was in no wise injured by a known liability to run ships on shore. Captain HULTON is himself a case in point. It was stated in the court-martial by the Judge Advocate that he had been reprimanded for running the *Dragon* ashore in the West Indies, tried again for allowing her to go ashore and acquitted for want of evidence, then in 1889 tried and "severely repri-"manded" for endangering the *Amphion*. On this occasion he was, indeed, complimented by the Admiralty for the energy he showed in getting the ship into dock. Now he has been reprimanded for endangering three ships at once. Captain HULTON appears to affect the character of the daring pilot in extremity who, for a calm unfit, will steer too nigh the rocks to show his wit. We do not deny nor wish to undervalue the vigour he showed when the danger had arisen. But it ought never to have been incurred. The court-martial, too, showed a strange want of discrimination in inflicting the same penalty on the officers who were directly responsible and on the subordinates whose fault was that they did not expostulate firmly enough with their superior. If Captain POWELL, of the *Naiad*, Captain POORE, and Lieutenant HENDERSON, of the *Apollo*, were properly reprimanded for following their chief too blindly on a course which they felt to be dangerous, some more severe penalty ought to have been inflicted on Lieutenant WROUGHTON, of the *Forth*, who did not see the danger of that course, and on Captain HULTON, who decided to take it. If any aspiring young officer, reviewing the whole story, were to come to the conclusion that to be reprimanded for putting HER MAJESTY'S ships in peril, and then praised for energy in getting them out, is the most certain way to secure promotion, we do not know that he could be blamed for bad reasoning.

Here we might fairly leave a very deplorable business if it were not for the amazing excuse made for Captain HULTON, indirectly by himself and directly by others. It is this—that, as he was to consider himself as engaged in actual war, he is not to be blamed for displaying less caution than he would be fairly called upon to show in peace. There are implied in this two astounding suppositions. The first is, that war is an excuse for want of caution in navigation; or, in other words, that when there is the greatest need for ships, it is excusable to take the less care of them. It is surely unnecessary to insist that there is no ground for any such belief in reason or experience. NELSON did, indeed, say that an officer who was too careful of his own ship would do little damage to the enemy. But that very great Admiral was thinking of actual operations, in which an enemy was to be destroyed, or at least distressed. He would, no doubt, have approved of an officer who, like MARRYAT'S Captain M—— in the *King's Own*, threw his ship away in order to effect the destruction of a bigger enemy. Here there was a definite object to be obtained by the sacrifice. The second supposition is that an officer is justified in risking a whole squadron, in order to arrive at a given spot a few hours sooner, when there is no certainty that anything will be gained by the haste. NELSON would never have approved such rashness. The object to be obtained was not worth the risk. As the result shows, such haste as this commonly ends in the less speed. So far from reaching Queenstown before the enemy could stop him, Captain HULTON would in real war have been at the mercy of the slowest tub of an ironclad afloat. He could not steam more than four knots with the *Naiad* in tow, and the *Apollo* in not much better case. Attacked by any battle-ship which could steam six knots, he must either have run, leaving his consorts, or have remained to be destroyed with them. And this was incurred in order to save a few hours which might well have been of no use when saved. It is not clear that an officer who has been three times court-martialed already for stranding or endangering ships, and twice reprimanded, has any right to plead the influence of the manœuvres. Yet they doubtless had some effect on his conduct. From a sentence in Captain HULTON'S defence we learn that he made a quick passage round Ireland before, and was praised for it. Apparently he was eager to equal or break his record, and, therefore, went deliberately nearer the Skelligs than is considered safe in foggy weather. If anybody holds that this proves that the manœuvres as conducted hitherto have a wholesome influence, he must be left to his opinion. Their effect seems rather to be to promote a habit of "showing off," and a desire to get talked about in the papers and at Whitehall. The moral of which effect and desire is the need there is to put a stop to them in their present theatrical form, and replace them by "squadrons of evolution," in which officers and men can be kept at work by an admiral, and not at play, with a strategical newspaper correspondent to supply the stimulus.

MR. MAX MÜLLER ON ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

IT may not be very easy to say anything new about Oriental studies, and Mr. MAX MÜLLER, at the Congress of Orientalists, certainly said divers things which may even be called hackneyed. Many and many a large and warm provincial audience has heard the very tale which Mr. MAX MÜLLER again repeated to the listening earth. Yes. Oriental philology discovered that the Sepoy into whom DONALD MACDONALD drove his bayonet was a far-away cousin of DONALD'S own, remote beyond even Highland reckoning. Their fathers did not feed their herds so near together, as the old woman says in *Waverley*, as to cause any scruples in the Celtic mind. Yes; we knew, on philological authority, that "the ancestors of the "poets of the Veda and of the prophets of the Zend "Avesta shook hands and conversed freely with the "ancestors of HOMER," but the ancestors of HOMER did not communicate HOMER'S secret to the poets of the Veda. *Connu, connu!* Mr. MAX MÜLLER'S audience may have murmured to themselves, for this amount of knowledge would be deemed familiar by an audience in St. Kilda. We are also well aware that a hundred years ago Egyptian and Babylonian records could not be deciphered, whereas now they can be interpreted. On the other hand, we do *not* know that "the Veda has revealed to us the "earliest phases in the history of natural religion." That is only Mr. MAX MÜLLER'S private opinion. The Veda represents an advanced society; its religion is also advanced, complicated, peculiar, highly differentiated, and already in its sacerdotage. A provincial audience, say in Glasgow, may not be aware of this, but surely the Orientalists knew all about the matter. If they did not, it was not for want of telling. They were, at all events, not ignorant of the Greek opinion that the Greek alphabet is borrowed from the Phœnician, of which Mr. MAX MÜLLER reminded them. The constant preparation of intellectual pap for ignorant popular audiences appears to have become a fixed habit with the learned lecturer; but an audience of specialists might well have resented the *crambe repetita*. We only come to matters more recent in the tables of Tel-el-Amarna, not unfamiliar to readers of the newspapers. Egypt and Babylon, it is now notorious, had a good deal of intercourse; Mr. MAX MÜLLER thinks that Egypt and India had none. Consequently, we presume, Egyptian tales cannot be borrowed from India, which several

scholars still regard as the central manufactory of these wares. However, even if there was no formal intercourse, it is plain that there has never been any absolute break, between one people and others. Merchandise and slaves have ever been handed on from one nation to another; and, no doubt, ideas passed with the merchandise.

Oriental studies, then, have assuredly cleared up the history of the Old World. We know more of Egypt in 3,000 B.C., or of Babylon 2,000 B.C., than we do of Scotland 400 A.D. We may trace a *Preparatio Evangelica* in the whole history of the Orient, as Mr. MAX MÜLLER does, if we are so disposed. The historical conquests of the Orientalists are vast, and almost startling, especially if Greek "prehistoric" history is elucidated by Egyptian excavations—a new, a fresh, and a curious point, on which (perhaps because it is comparatively new) Mr. MAX MÜLLER had scarcely a word. The very place, Tel-el-Amarna, which yielded the diplomatic correspondence between Egypt and Babylon supplies pottery which, according to Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE, attests early Greek intercourse with Egypt. This, if true, is infinitely more interesting than all the marriage bargains of barbarians; but the learned lecturer left it almost out of view, perhaps as too debateable matter. Mr. MAX MÜLLER certainly avoided the happy plan of the Natural Science men, who at the meetings of the British Association fire off the very newest theory of the Origin of Life. Most of Mr. MAX MÜLLER'S facts are familiar to every reader of his many books and of the daily papers. This is decidedly disappointing. Yet we must agree with Mr. MAX MÜLLER when he states a fact, also familiar, that England does comparatively little for Oriental studies. She has, indeed, fostered him as well as Germany might have done, and has been the mother of BIRCH, BUDGE, SAYCE, WILKINSON. But what does England do, what do her Universities do in their corporate capacity, for Egyptian and Babylonian and Indian and Chinese learning? Individual enterprise makes men like GEORGE SMITH Oriental students, and the British Museum has been a centre of materials and of opportunities. But "we are deficient in providing instruc-"tion in Eastern languages, such as is offered to young "men in Russia, France, Italy, and Germany, at the "expense of the State." Even commerce suffers by this neglect no less than knowledge suffers. That this state of affairs should be remedied is the practical gist of Mr. MAX MÜLLER'S Address, concerning which we have only to complain that most of it was entirely familiar to every one, that it pointed to no very fresh advance in Oriental lore, that it was, in fact, very much what any one of us could have written if requested to prophesy concerning the speech from the Presidential Chair.

CARMAUX.

THE Labour trouble at Carmaux is a very serious matter to the French; but for us it is mainly interesting as a reduction to absurdity of a form of claim frequently made by workmen. We have never seen anything quite like it; but that is rather because the things differed in degree than because they differed in kind. The French case is really only an aggravated example of the common outcry raised by our own Unions when one of their members gets into trouble with the police or is dismissed from his place. On these occasions it is always argued that the poor fellow's real offence is not assault, or bad work, but the purity of his Unionism. At Carmaux a Socialist workman who has been elected Mayor by universal suffrage has been dismissed from his place by a mining Company on the ground that he made his municipal duties an excuse for not coming to work. It has been asserted by the miners that the alleged reason for this person's dismissal is a mere excuse, and that, in fact, he was dismissed for his Socialism. Therefore, they have struck, and have also earned the sympathy of the "Labour "party" throughout France.

So far the dispute does not differ from many which we have seen here. M. CALVIGNAC was, indeed, rather more outrageous in his pretensions than the most highly-strung young democrat could well be in this country. He may even be said to have exaggerated the already sufficiently bold claim made by the "three "thousand young women employed in the shops in "Paris," who voted a resolution that the Chambers do forthwith pass a law securing them six weeks' holiday before and after contingent disability—with, we presume, full pay and increased allowances. This might be said to represent the claims of Labour as emphatically as is possible. But M. CALVIGNAC has outdone the three thousand young women. The pleasing pain that women bear is not, on the average, incurred more than once a year, and they were not therefore demanding more than three months' holiday out of twelve. M. CALVIGNAC'S municipal duties confined him from one year's end to the other, and in the meantime he expected that his salary was to run on; in consideration for which he agreed to put in a day's work from time to time. This seems to be really too much even for an agitator who comes from the neighbourhood of Albi, and whose name ends in "ac." None the less it was made, and the friends of Labour have supported it by this beautiful process of reasoning. M. CALVIGNAC cannot live without money, even though he has been elected Mayor. If the Company will not pay him the salary for which he does no work, it will make it difficult for him to continue to be Mayor. This is tyranny, and a defiance of the will of universal suffrage which has elected M. CALVIGNAC Mayor of Carmaux.

This is the martyr, and the cause for whom and for which the town of Carmaux is practically in a state of revolt under the leadership of MM. CALVIGNAC and the deputy BAUDIN. The miners have gone on strike, and have insisted, with violence, on the resignation of the Company's manager. The offices were invaded by a mob, which was openly encouraged by the Mayor, and after standing out for as long as he could without mere rash folly, the manager signed a resignation under threat of violence. Since then the town has been in the hands of the strikers, who announce that, if force is used against them, they "will defend "themselves in the same way." M. BAUDIN heads the night-patrols of the strikers, and when he and they are invited to retire, replies "that the workmen are "obeying only their own sense of right and wrong." In this matter it is certain that M. BAUDIN is a strictly truthful person. This is exactly what the workmen are doing. Nor does it appear that the public authorities are preparing to take any steps to compel them to square their conduct by any other standard. When "le ventre de Paris" was threatened by a strike of the bakers, the Government took effective steps to keep order, and even to fight the strike. Nor was any great outcry made by the Radical deputies, who wanted bread for breakfast like other people. But a miners' strike at Carmaux is another guess business. In this case the Radical deputy's love of the people can have full swing—and the Ministry knows what that means. It also knows that Paris will care not a whit whether a coal-mine Company in the Tarn is left without protection. So the Company is left without protection, and is in receipt of a great deal of cowardly advice to "be moderate"—or, in other words, to save the Government a little trouble by submitting to the dictation of M. CALVIGNAC. If the Company is wise, it will do nothing of the kind.

MARS.

IF among the planets there be any other inhabited world besides our own, it is most likely to be Mars. This is all that can be judiciously asserted on the subject. On Mars the conditions essential to the support of organized life appear to be present; everywhere else in the solar system, except on the dædal globe with which we are intimately acquainted, they are almost certainly absent. Mars, accordingly, rivets the attention of pseudo-scientists, perennially demanding a solution of the perennially insoluble problem of the plurality of worlds, and, as the planet most accessible to observation, engages, on the periodically recurring occasions when he can be observed to the best advantage, the unremitting study of astronomers.

Now one of these occasions came round this autumn. On August 4 Mars stood right opposite to the sun in the sky—a conjuncture which, indeed, takes place every 780 days, as the earth overtakes her slower-moving neighbour. But this time the eccentricity of his orbit brought him nearer to the earth than he had been since 1877, when his famous miniature-moons were discovered. His distance, accordingly, which at unfavourable oppositions may reach sixty-one, was no more than thirty-five millions of miles. No wonder, then, that his ruddy splendour made a show throughout August in the southern heavens, enabling one to realize the formidable glare which created a European panic in 1719. Unfortunately, however, he rose in these latitudes to so short a distance above the horizon that the chance of viewing him at closer quarters than usual was practically lost for Northern observers, and fresh information must be gathered mainly at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, in California, and at the mountain-station near Arequipa of the Harvard College Observatory.

Already a good deal more is known about Mars than about any of the other planets, all of which—with the possible exception of the sun-sheltered Mercury—veil themselves against scrutiny in dense cloud-envelopes. But the atmosphere of Mars is sufficiently transparent to allow the solidified, and probably terraqueous, surface of the planet to be clearly visible, with a good telescope, through its thin and scanty strata. The ground-tint of this surface is a sort of brick-red, assumed to be characteristic of Martian land; but for no plausible reason so far alleged. The hypothesis of an inherently red soil offers a simple, if somewhat crude, solution of the difficulty; red vegetation should show periodical variations depending upon the seasons which are certainly absent; and as for algæ, meteoric dust, and the like, *credat Judæus Apella*.

These rosy continents are diversified by greenish-dusky spots, representing, there can scarcely be a doubt, seas and inlets. For the spectroscope shows aqueous vapour to be an ingredient of the Martian air; mists have been seen to form in it, and again to dissolve; and polar snows display themselves obviously as such, by melting freely under the growing power of summer suns. But where snow melts, showers fall, and mists rise, there must be water; and hence an approximate certainty that the dark markings on Mars indicate the substantial existence of oceans, straits, and bays. Fundamentally, they are of invariable shapes; drawings of some of them made by Hooke and Huygens upwards of two hundred years ago are still perfectly recognizable. The details of their contours, however, are far from exhibiting the same fixity. The contrasted colours distinguishing—there is good reason to believe—areas of land and water are not everywhere bounded by hard-and-fast lines. Mutual encroachments apparently take place, and take place with great rapidity. Considerable tracts of surface have been observed to exchange the hues which serve as the badges of their characters between one opposition and the next. Perhaps owing to the occurrence of inundations on a prodigious scale, or through the desiccation of countries previously under water; for the moist and the dry seem, in certain portions of the planet, to be always ready to alternate.

The distribution of land and water is everywhere very peculiar. Two polar oceans wash a great continental mass, belting the planetary globe between 50° north and 50° south latitude. This, however, is everywhere broken up and cut across by the intrusion of surfaces of water most various in form. The most curious among them, as well as the most difficult to see, are the so-called "canals" discovered by Schiaparelli at Milan in 1877. They appear as perfectly straight dark lines, sometimes two or three thousand miles in length, the narrowest of them being about as broad as the Red Sea. They invariably start from one extensive sheet of water and terminate in another as if for the purpose of establishing communication between them across wide tracts of land. They can hence hardly be anything else than the gigantic watercourses they seem. They possess the additional peculiarity of following Martian great circles; and this might lead us to suspect them to be a system of gaping fissures in a partially cooled globe, by means of which its entire water-supply will eventually subside into the interior, leaving it in the hopelessly arid condition exemplified by our moon.

The most wonderful feature, however, of these Martian "canals" is their occasional duplicity. Each, at certain times, is provided with a twin running a strictly parallel course at an interval of from two to four hundred miles. So unexampled, so apparently unmeaning, is this phenomenon of "gemination," noticed by Schiaparelli in January 1882, that it has up to this aroused even more incredulity than surprise. Yet its reality seems in a fair way to be triumphantly vindicated. On the 17th of last August three astronomers at the Lick Observatory independently perceived the "Ganges" in duplicate; and the Fons Juventutis had during a week or two previously borne the same anomalous aspect. Now the Ganges was among the canals doubled by Schiaparelli in 1882; yet in 1888 he was totally unable to resolve it with a much larger instrument. This apparent inconsistency was, nevertheless, in accordance with his view that "gemination" is a transient condition that comes and goes with the seasons. It makes part, if this be the case, rather of the meteorology than of the geology of Mars. The spring and autumn equinoxes are the seasons supposed to be favourable to its development; but the southern hemisphere, just now turned towards the earth, is well advanced in summer—the solstice will occur October 18—so that the Milanese astronomer anticipated, during this opposition, no doubling of his enigmatical canals. The "Ganges," then, has done more than was expected of it in the way of refuting scepticism. All the "canals," however, detected at Arequipa with Professor Pickering's fine telescope showed as single.

The detailed interpenetration of land and water on the surface of Mars makes it fairly certain that there is very little difference of level between them. The solid and liquid elements, in short, may be considered as incompletely separated, and floods on the required vast scale may rationally be resorted to for the purpose of explaining the discoloration of certain areas, and the modifications in form of others. Mountainous regions, however, there are, too, though little is distinctly known about them. Equatorial peaks have been discovered at Arequipa; bright spots and streaks, resembling lunar peaks lit up by the first rays of a rising sun, were obvious with the great refractor of Mount Hamilton, in June 1890; and the brilliant projections, from the south-west limb, noted there this year, were most likely of the same nature. The silly fable as to their designed character, concocted in New York, and greedily swallowed by a certain class of readers among ourselves, was stamped with the familiar features of astronomical "sensations." It was, however, conceived in an even more audacious vein than usual. Interplanetary signalling, indeed, belongs to the Jules Verne school of science; its discussion may afford amusement to the credulous and the ignorant; but it deserves no serious consideration.

What is certain is that, if Mars nurtures any astronomers, their view of the earth must be limited to the "cloud of all-sustaining air" which enwraps and protects her. None, or almost none, of the light reaching her true surface can win its way back to space. It is all consumed by dispersion or absorption within the sphere itself. The reflected rays, by which the body is seen from without, have been struck back from clouds or dust-particles floating in the higher regions of the atmosphere. The terrestrial scenery visible is, at the most, constituted by the summits of a few snow-mountains. Our atmosphere is, then, like the atmosphere of Venus, practically opaque. That of Mars is transparent for two reasons—because it is exceedingly thin, and because there is very little of it. Hence it is for the most part free from clouds, and those that do form in it are of a flimsy and ephemeral character.

There is an excellent reason, on the face of it, why Mars should be poorly supplied with gaseous appurtenances. The insignificant dimensions of a globe only 4,200 miles in diameter, combined with a mean density less than that of

the earth in the proportion of 73 to 100, give it a mass only *one-ninth* the terrestrial. Similarly, its surrounding air might be expected to weigh no more than one-ninth the terrestrial air. Surface-gravity, moreover, has barely two-fifths of the power we are accustomed to feel the effects of. Thus, a small mass of air, being subject to very low pressure, must be throughout of extreme tenuity. Mr. E. W. Maunder has indeed calculated that the density of the Martian atmosphere at the surface of the planet, admitting the aerial mass to be such as we have supposed, must be just one-seventh the density of our own atmosphere at sea-level. To reach air so rarefied, we should pile Chimborazo upon Mount Everest, or ascend, if we could, to the region of the highest cirrus-clouds.

But this deficiency in atmospheric covering adds greatly to the difficulty of accounting for the anomalous mildness of the Martian climate. An atmosphere literally protects the body it envelops against the cold of space. Apart from the help thus afforded in the way of impeding radiation, sun-heat is of almost no use for the purpose of establishing genial conditions. To convince ourselves that this is so, we have only to look at the moon, frost-bound, it is believed, under vertical sunshine; and to remember that perpetual snow may be found above the very equator of our own globe. Mars, then, if he were as near to the sun as we are, ought, by all reasonable anticipation, to be vastly colder, owing to the slightness of the means he is supplied with for storing sunbeams. His position in space, however, is so far from being equally favourable with our own, that he receives from the sun less than half the light and heat poured upon the earth. His theoretical mean temperature, indeed, as estimated by M. Christiansen, is −34° of centigrade, and would be lower still, but that allowance is made for his absorption of a large proportion of the radiations he receives. But a mean temperature of −34° implies permanent and intense glaciation. Hardly even within the tropics of the planet, unless during some transient hours, could water be found in the liquid state if cold so rigorous actually prevailed. In point of fact, however, Mars seems, by authentic observations, to possess a climate milder than our own. Water, so far as can be judged, remains unfrozen throughout the winters of his middle latitudes; snow, except when it transiently caps the equatorial mountains just discovered by Professor Pickering, does not appear to fall outside his polar regions; and his polar snow-hoods themselves are both less extensive and less enduring than our Arctic and Antarctic accumulations. They are, indeed, from the rapidity with which they melt in summer, presumably composed rather of simple snow-fields than of ice-masses. Moreover, the process of growth through snow-fall has been photographically detected. Of two sets of impressions of the planet taken by Professor W. H. Pickering from the summit of Mount Wilson, in California, on two successive nights of April 1890—April is a winter month in Mars—the first gave the effect of a snowstorm progressing over a southern polar area as large as the United States; the second reproduced the stainless sheen of sun-illuminated, fresh-fallen snow.

Can it, then, be that the Martian atmosphere, its rarity notwithstanding, possesses some inherent quality rendering it a particularly effective trap for sunbeams? Nothing is really known of its composition beyond the fact, ascertained by Dr. Huggins in 1867, that aqueous vapour forms one of its ingredients. It is remarkable that the continents, dull red when viewed centrally, turn yellowish as they approach the limb, and so become covered by thicker atmospheric layers. This might be held to imply that red light is chiefly absorbed by the Martian air, although our rosy sunsets teach us plainly enough that blue rays are stopped by preference on their terrestrial aerial journey. The inference, however, is precarious. More probably the yellow tinge borrowed by objects near the limb of Mars results from the admixture with their native red light of such scattered blue beams as make the azure of our skies.

Internal heat is another factor in producing planetary climate, even at the advanced geological stage reached by the earth, and presumably by Mars. The earth annually parts with an enormous store of this form of energy, which, slowly reaching the surface by conduction from the interior, is eventually dissipated in space. Yet not without paying toll on its passage through the atmosphere, which undoubtedly owes a sensible proportion of its warmth to this forced contribution. Mars, it is true, is assumed to have considerably outrun the earth on the road towards effeteness. This, however, is by no means certain. His progress may have been retarded through the identical cause to which he is now indebted for his exemption from glacial rigours, and he may in consequence still possess a good store of native heat, retained in his atmosphere in larger measure than might at first sight appear compatible with its tenuity.

As regards temperature, at any rate, dwellers on Mars claim no commiseration. A terrestrial visitant would hardly need to carry his greatcoat. Nor would he be likely to notice any difference from what he was accustomed to in the alternations of day and night; while the changes of seasons would only surprise him by their comparative slowness, prescribed by a year of 687 days. He might, too, enjoy the sensation of lightness produced by the sudden reduction of his weight to less than two-fifths its normal amount, unless he were first asphyxiated by the want of respirable air. Robert Hooke, experimenting upon himself in an exhausted receiver, was probably beyond comparison better off, as regards the function of breathing, than he would have been if transported to the surface of Mars.

The work of creation, however, includes that of adaptation. Infinite intelligence is not limited to one set of means for carrying out its designs. The worlds of space are multiform both in themselves and in their possible inhabitants. Could we by chance or favour secure a specimen of the denizens of Mars, he might considerably surprise us. Casual conversation would possibly be impeded by unforeseen difficulties, and fundamental ideas possessed in common might have to await for their exchange the invention of some unimaginably recondite process. But the non-existence of any such beings is almost assured by the absence of any perceptible trace of vegetation on the globe speculatively appropriated to them. A fauna presupposes a flora, and Martian forests and corn-fields, turning from green to tawny with the progress of the year, have, at any rate, yet to be discovered. But changes of colour over large tracts of country in correspondence with the seasons could scarcely fail to have betrayed themselves ere now to telescopic scrutiny. That they have not done so may fairly be taken to signify that they do not occur.

SKETCHES OF STUDENT-LIFE IN MILAN.

FARABUTTI AND *DEBUTTI.*

IT will be remembered how it was said in a previous article that the tribe patronizes a certain caffè near the entrance of the Galleria and spots from this coign of 'vantage eventual victims. The *farabutto* is a great connoisseur of human nature, and he knows the peculiar constitution of singers admirably; so well, in fact, that he hardly ever varies his methods of imbroglio, never leaving out of sight two points—the singer's vanity, and the fact that those who come to Italy to make a début will not leave the country before they, he, or she, exhaust all means of making one. He knows, besides, the average expenditure of students, such as board, lodging, and lessons; he draws subtle conclusions from the cut of one's clothes, the look of a watch chain, the style of refreshments one takes at caffès, &c. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye, and once a promising victim is chosen and the *farabutto* machinery set in motion, there is no escape for the poor wretch until he or she is laid by the heels and left panting and penniless to meditate over his or her fate or folly. That is how the thing is done. A student, say a baritone, receives one day the visit of a decent-looking old man described on his visiting-card as *ingegnere*; the visitor is very profuse in his apologies for intruding, but he is so passionately fond of singing, and experienced so much genuine delight the other day when he heard by mere chance the young artist's voice, that he really could not resist the temptation of seeing *in personâ* the happy possessor of such a unique organ, and here he is. Would the youngster forgive an old enthusiast, and, as token of pardon, would he gladden the heart of the intruder by singing "Eri tu che macchiavi"? The state of feelings of the object of so much admiration is easier imagined than described; there is nobody to accompany the aria on the piano, but that is of little moment, and off he goes, "Alzati, là tuo figlio," &c., in the best Louisville style. Why is not the whole of Kentucky here? And to say that his old fool of a teacher told him only yesterday that, with time and patience, he might make a very fair bootmaker—a singer never. Well, here is an Italian gentleman, may be a princely

patron in disguise, and as fine as they make them, who not only does not let a phrase pass without *Bravo! Benissimo! Ostia, che voce!* &c., but who encores the *f*'s and *g*'s, and actually bursts into tears over the last bars of the aria. What a glorious day for the Stars and Stripes! But Jim Croaker, from Louisville, Ky., is a practical man, and thinks it good biz to keep warm a customer of so much impulse; an appointment is made for the next day at lunch-time, and Jim will see what the *Signor Ingegnere* has to say. In the meantime he sends home a full description of what has occurred, and misses his lesson, first because he does not feel as if he wanted one, and, secondly, so as to have an available five-franc piece for to-morrow's lunch. And now affairs progress rapidly. Signor Ruffiani, the *ingegnere*, is anxious to know when Jim will make his *début*; true, he has not been to an opera since Tamburini, Lablache, and other great ones have gone; but wherever Jim will sing he will follow him. Jim says he must study yet—at least, his *maestro* says so. True, *maestri* always do; but if Jim will take the advice of his friend, he will go among the agents, give hearings, and before a week is over he will have a fine *scrittura* in his pocket; should nothing turn up there is always time to resume the lessons. Of course nothing does turn up; but, as luck would have it, an intimate friend of Signor Ruffiani, an *architetto*, Cavaliere Roberini, has just taken a theatre in the South of Italy, for a freak, to amuse himself, and has sent an agent to Milan to engage a company, and to hire the scores from N. N. Jim will be engaged at 500 francs a month; as customary, he ought to make a present to the agent, say 50 francs, and give him 10 per cent. of his salary. A mere trifle, considering the opportunity. Here go 100 francs, in exchange for a piece of paper where is duly stated how Signor Giacomo Crocherini is engaged as *primo baritono assoluto*, for such and such a season, at the Teatro Civico, to sing in operas of his repertory, with so much salary and a *serata d' onore* (gala night). Jim knows only—in a way—the *Ballo in Maschera*, and it is understood that he will make his *début* in that opera; of the three operas stipulated by the subscribers of Cav. Roberini, one is *da destinarsi* to the choice of the *impresario*, and, of course, *Ballo* will be chosen. Jim sends a copy of his *scrittura* to Louisville, Ky., and begins stage lessons with a *maestro*, recommended by Signor Ruffiani; of course, singing lessons went *ad acta* a long time ago. Suddenly there occurs a hitch; the proprietor of the score has heard that the *impresa* Roberini has engaged a wonderful baritone for the *Ballo*, and asks treble the usual price for the hire of the music; it is downright robbery, but what is to be done? A few years ago the *Favorita* was let for the San Carlo at Naples for 800 francs for the season; the next season, when Gayarré was to sing Fernando, the *impresa* had to pay 12,000 francs! There is no remedy here, and Signor Ruffiani is very sorry, but under the circumstances he cannot ratify the engagement. What will they say at home? Is there no remedy? There may be one, but Signor Ruffiani is dead against these things; what is it? Well, let the *impresa* pay the usual figure, and let Jim make up the difference. How much? One thousand francs! Jiminy cracker, 200 dollars! Never mind, Amico, have patience and something else will turn up. But Jim has no patience; he has written already to all his friends, had his *scrittura* announced in all Ky. papers, has subscribed to a dozen theatrical journals in Milan, has paid several hundred francs for lessons, for his *scrittura*, for photos in costume, &c.; he decides to part with the 200 dollars, and starts at last with Signor Ruffiani for the place of his destination. Once there, during pianoforte rehearsals, he is given to understand that unless he squares the *maestro direttore*, the *maestro concertatore*, and the prompter, he will be protested at the first orchestral rehearsal. Jim parts with a few more bank-notes. Then, costumes go wrong, nothing fits him, everything is old and shabby, and he has to make alterations or new costumes at his own expense. Then he has to make arrangements with the *camorra*, alias blackmailing *claque*; he has to square the local press—all money passing through the obliging hands of Signor Ruffiani; and, by the time he has done all this, he finds one day that the *impresa* has disappeared, that *Ballo in Maschera* was never hired, and that the few performances of *Lucia* or *Linda* which actually took place were carried on with his money, and that his friends the *ingegnere* and the *architetto*, the agent who signed his *scrittura*, the *maestri*, and in fact *everybody* with whom he had to deal in this first venture of his, were but a pack of thieving *farabutti*, neither at their first nor at their last *coup*. Poor Jim returns to Milan a poorer and a sadder, but hardly a wiser man; and, if he does not go back to his native land, he turns a *farabutto* himself.

The above case is neither extreme nor rare, but can be practised with impunity only on beginners who combine a total inexperience of matters theatrical with only an average amount of credulity and vanity. But even clever and well-guided *débutants* cannot escape the ignominy of paying for their *début*. The importance of a theatre, its reputation and personal talent, are no safeguards against this scourge, and, as a matter of fact, *anybody* can get an engagement for any theatre in Italy—a mere question of £ *s. d.*

The simplest and least complicated way of performing this robbery consists in making you pay for the hire of the score; but the ways of the *farabutti* are as varied as the people with whom they meet. There are *impresarii* who have been running small theatres in Italy for over twenty-five years, and who never have made a company in a regular agency. A legion, nay an army, of *farabutti* is on the look-out for prey. They go round the singing-masters (conscious of the state of things, but helpless), boarding-houses, hotels, or simply watch new faces at the entrance of the Galleria, and pick their victims with the greatest ease. Ladies and American baritones or basses are the greatest sufferers under this system. The former, however, make sometimes a good thing of it; the latter never.

There is one consolation in this desolation; the *farabutti* do not prosper, for they have to divide their ill-gotten earnings with too many of their confraternity, the theatrical *camorra*. Where that begins and where it ends Heaven only knows; but a few illustrations may put the reader on the right track. This is the opinion on the actual earnings in the Italian career of the busiest and most important *impresario* there:—"Out of all the singers at present, there are not more than twenty who make their 800*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year, and out of that sum they do not put more than one-quarter in their pockets; the rest goes for the *claque*, subscriptions to theatrical newspapers, paid insertions, and theatrical agents. There are but two *artistes* in Italy who pocket all their earnings."

This is the explanation volunteered by a well-known Italian tenor:—"I get 40*l.* a night. Out of this I have to give 10*l.* to my agent, 10*l.* go towards insertions in various papers, and 10*l.* for the *claque* each time I sing; so that only 10*l.* remain to me out of 40*l.* But, if I did not do all this, I should not get even 5*l.* a night, and so I find that I am doing good business after all." Well may one ask, Why these sacrifices? *cui bono* all this trouble and humiliation? There is but one answer from *débutants* as well as from *artistes*—it pays. It pays to sing in Italy or make a *début* there; for Italy is the only place where singers can get a proper market-value for exportation. And, in fact, no sooner has an *artiste*, Italian or foreign, made his mark in Italy than off he goes abroad, and never returns to sing in his lovely native land.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE recent failures, and the decision to wind up Sir Titus Salt & Co., have added to the feeling of uneasiness prevailing in the City, and indeed throughout all commercial classes. The circumstances which finally decided the Directors of Sir Titus Salt & Co. to wind up have not been disclosed. Representatives of the press were not admitted to the shareholders' meeting, and only a very guarded announcement has been published. But it is believed, whether rightly or wrongly, that there were differences of opinion upon the Board as to the proper management, that the Company had also been seriously affected by the depression in trade, and that the Directors therefore thought it desirable to wind up before the difficulties of the Company were increased. The failure of Messrs. Redfern, Alexander, & Co. is, no doubt, very largely traceable to the banking crisis in Australasia. The house had been long engaged in the New Zealand and Australian trade, and naturally it was affected by the depression in that trade and the crisis through which the colonies are passing. Quite recently, too, one of the principal shareholders died, and it is understood that his capital was withdrawn from the firm. It is said, likewise, though we do

not, of course, vouch for the correctness of the statement, that a Spanish railway brought out a couple of years ago by the house was not a success. Considering the effects of the Baring crisis and the serious troubles in Spain there is nothing improbable, however, in the report. The failure of the London and General Bank surprised no well-informed person. The so-called bank was, in truth, not a bank in the English sense of the word; it was rather of the type of concern of Messrs. Barker & Co. It received deposits at high rates of interest, and it carried on a considerable number of undertakings upon its own account. For a considerable time past it was reported that the Company was in difficulties, and the announcement that it had closed its doors, therefore, did not surprise the City. For the rest, the matter is not of much importance to the City proper, though, of course, depositors, and indeed all connected with it, will probably suffer. But all these events coming so close together have tended to increase uneasiness and to strengthen the fear that other suspensions are likely to take place. Some departments of trade are exceedingly depressed. Considering all the circumstances, it is wonderful how well the home trade has kept up; but undoubtedly the great cotton industry and the iron and steel trade are very bad. The shipping trade, too, is bad, and farming prospects are exceedingly gloomy. The recent heavy rains, high winds, and cold nights have injured all the grain crops not yet carried. Even barley, which promised so well a couple of weeks ago, is said to have suffered considerably; wheat will be a very short crop, hay was a failure, oats are not good, and it is said that disease is spreading in potatoes. Prices are unremuneratively low, not only for grain, but for cattle and sheep, and the number of pigs has been very seriously diminished. Altogether the outlook for farmers is discouraging, and there is no immediate prospect of an improvement. Furthermore, the crisis in Australasia has not yet come to an end. Trade in the Far East is disorganized, and the fall in silver has increased apprehension and prolonged the crisis. It is a matter of course, therefore, that failures should occur from time to time; but there is no ground for fearing, so far as we can see, that there will be a serious crisis. None of the conditions which bring about a panic are now present. Speculation has stopped for a long time past, prices both of commodities and of stocks are comparatively low, there is very little being done upon borrowed money, credit everywhere has been restricted for fully two years, and, in addition to all that, the banks have immense amounts of unemployed money. There is no reason to fear, then, a panic, or even a severe crisis, but that there will be failures from time to time is only too probable. We may hope, however, that even the failures will be less numerous, and less serious, than the public just now is anticipating. If the American Government would once for all make up its mind that its silver experiment has been a mistake from the beginning, and would without délay stop the purchases of silver, it is very likely that relief would soon be felt. No doubt silver would fall sharply, and a feeling of alarm would prevail for a while; but after a little time the silver market would steady itself, trade with the silver-using countries would be adapted to the new conditions, and people would see that the worst had happened. Then courage would revive, credit would improve, and trade would once more become profitable. It is hardly to be expected, however, that the American Government will do anything till the Presidential election is over; but it may be hoped that when Congress meets in December decisive action will be taken. If it is, then it is not at all improbable that early next year there will be a decisive improvement; but until the silver problem is settled, one way or other, it is impossible that there can be a real revival of business.

In face of the uneasiness that exists it seems at first sight strange that the money market should be so very quiet. Bankers find it difficult to lend even for a week at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The rate of discount for three months bank bills in the open market is little better than $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., and that for six months bills is only about $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. All this, however, is but further proof of distrust. Those who have good credit and are able to offer unquestionable security can borrow at almost any rate; but then they do not want accommodation, they are unwilling to engage in new risks of any kind, and are more anxious to strengthen themselves against contingencies. On the other hand, those who really need assistance—those, that is to say, whose credit is not first-rate, and who have not unexceptionable security to offer, can hardly borrow on any terms. And this state of things is likely to last as long as the silver problem remains unsolved.

That problem is in practically the same state as it has been for months past; but the market for silver has been very quiet all through the week. The holders of the metal, particularly the great mining Companies, have found from recent experience that they cannot sell freely, that to attempt to force sales merely results in sending down the price, and in increasing alarm. Sales, therefore, have practically ceased, and the market has been fairly steady. This has given some little encouragement, and more demand has arisen for India. But whenever selling upon a considerable scale begins again there will be fresh alarm and a further fall. The only real solution is the stoppage of the purchases by the United States, and an announcement by the Indian Government that no change will be made in the currency. When that happens, though we may have a short and sharp crisis, there will be a speedy recovery, and we may hope for a dissipation of uneasiness.

On the Stock Exchange business is as utterly stagnant as it has been for weeks past. Investment is on an exceptionally small scale, and there is no speculation. During the week, it is true, there has been some recovery in South American securities. Next month the President-elect of Argentina will come into office, and it is hoped that all danger of revolutionary movements is now over. The belief is growing, too, that in Uruguay there will be no revolt. At the same time the exports from this country to South America are decidedly larger than at this time last year or the year before. Still there is little disposition to buy, and it is evidently too early for a revival of confidence. In the United States the alarm created by the cholera has subsided, and for a day or two past a fresh attempt has been made to raise prices upon the Stock Exchange. But the attempt is little likely to succeed. The cholera scare proves that the market is in a very sensitive state; in other words, that a very large number of financially weak operators have bought more stock than they can pay for. Besides, the currency troubles are increasing, and will continue to increase, until the purchases of silver are finally stopped. The Continental Bourses, on the other hand, are still strong. The cholera has not had as much effect in Germany as might have been expected, and the great financial houses in Paris are doing their utmost to keep up prices. Apparently they are assisted by the Finance Minister. In August of next year the Four and a Half per Cents will become redeemable at par. They amount to about $271\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, and it is said that the Finance Minister intends to attempt a voluntary conversion in a couple of months. To deal with so large a sum as nearly 300 millions sterling compulsorily and at once is a serious matter, and it would obviously be desirable, therefore, to induce some of the holders to convert voluntarily as soon as possible. But a conversion is hopeless unless prices can be kept up.

The Board of Trade returns for August are somewhat better than those for the previous months of the present year. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures is a little over 20 millions, showing a decrease compared with August of last year of 619,000*l.*, or nearly 3 per cent. For the first eight months of the year the decrease exceeds 15,300,000*l.*, or about $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. The chief falling off is in yarns and textile fabrics, machinery and mill-work. It is to be recollected, however, that in August this year there were only four Sundays, while in August last year there were five. The value of the imports last month increased $6\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. For the eight months the increase is only about $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

In the best investment stocks there has not been much change during the week, but the changes have generally been upward. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $96\frac{15}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$. India Threes closed at $96\frac{5}{8}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$, and Canadian Three and a Halfs closed at $104\frac{3}{4}$, likewise a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. In Home Railway stocks, on the other hand, the movements have generally been downward. Great Western closed on Thursday at $165\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; but Caledonian Undivided closed at $119\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. North-Eastern closed at $156\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Midland closed at $154\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the American market the movements have likewise been generally downward. Speculative stocks showed little change, but amongst invest-

ment stocks Lake Shore closed on Thursday at 135, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{3}{4}$, and New York Central closed at $112\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Reading securities have recovered slightly after a fall of 5 in as many weeks, and there has been some demand for Louisvilles and Denvers. Mexican Railway stocks, which were sustained throughout the recent sharp fall in silver by the pooling arrangement with the other Mexican Companies, have given way sharply this week. The Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at $23\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{4}$; Second Preference closed at $41\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of 3, and the First Preference closed at 85, a fall of $3\frac{1}{4}$. Argentine railway stocks have scarcely moved, but Argentine Great Western Debentures closed at 47–8, a fall of 2. On the other hand, the Government stocks improved. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at $63\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 58, a rise of 2. Amongst inter-Bourse securities Greeks gave way. Thus the 1884 Loan closed at $64\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 2; but most other stocks advanced. Italian closed on Thursday at 92, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; Russian closed at $97\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$; and Hungarian closed at $94\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. French Three per Cent. Rentes have been over par in Paris most part of the week. On Thursday they closed in London at $99\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$. Spanish once touched $66\frac{1}{8}$, but have reacted on realizations.

THE NEW DANCE.

MANY persons have vaguely wondered why, when a dancing-master writes a little book, about four inches by three, to teach you how to dance, he goes through a long list of alleged dances, less than half of which have any real existence in polite, or moderately polite, ball-rooms. The reason probably is simply that dancing-masters do not go to the balls where their pupils disport themselves. Here is Mr. C. J. Melrose, who has given to his little square pamphlet the following portentous title :—"*Dancing up to Date.* Ball Room Dancing Taught on Scientific Principles. Exhaustive and Lucid Treatment of the Waltz Step and all Modern Dances, including the American Barn Dance, &c. Careful Explanation of all the Set Dances. All can learn without a Master." (London : Hart & Co.) Moreover, the outer cover of the opuscule is headed by the phrase, "Self-Instructor." Of the bulk of Mr. Melrose's work, it is enough to say that it is written, as such works always are, in a facetious spirit, that the author writes contemptuously, as nearly all such authors do, of all his rivals in the same field of literature, and that among those rivals not one is more obscure than he, or presents a more impossible task to the person who is supposed to teach himself to dance by studying his little book in the privacy of his chamber.

The interest of Mr. Melrose's pamphlet lies in the circumstance that he is aware of the existence of the "Barn Dance," and, to give him his due, dimly aware, as it would seem from his title-page, of its importance. Yet he disposes of it in a paragraph, and gives as much to the "Iolanthe," the "Redowa," "Der Styrien," the "Alberts," and the "Circassian Circle." Now the "barn dance" is not, like these, and others in Mr. Melrose's collection, a mere figment of the literary dancing-master's fervid imagination, or a weird exercise unresistingly learnt by little girls at a dancing-class, and unhesitatingly forgotten by them as soon as they emerge from the schoolroom, but an actually existing dance, and the only new one which has really got a footing in actual ball-rooms these twenty years or more. It is generally spoken of in places where they dance, and always described in programmes (if any), as the *Pas de quatre*, on account of its being particularly well suited by the music of the *pas de quatre* which was the most popular feature of the last burlesque but two or three at the Gaiety Theatre. During the past season it has occupied a position comparable with that of the polka, and its success may be considered analogous with the almost contemporaneous development of Somerset as a cricketing county. Mr. Melrose describes it incorrectly, asserting that "Both [partners] commence with the right foot," whereas, in fact, the essential feature of the first part of the movement is, that the outside feet of the dancers as they stand side by side—namely, his left foot and her right foot—move together, and the inside feet (his right and her left) also together. The practice as to which begins is not yet invariable, but in our judgment the correct beginning is with the outside feet, and the first "kick" consequently with the inside. Whether the barn dance, either by that name or by the perfectly inappropriate but historically interesting one of *Pas de quatre*, will achieve such permanence as the waltz, polka, and lancers, only the gods know; but it may fairly be considered to have already surpassed the galop, which never occurs twice in the same evening, and often not at all, and to have a considerable advantage over the Highland schottische, inasmuch as the arduousness of the latter exercise would probably have brought about its extinction before now but for the patriotism of the Scots, by whom, almost alone, it is conscientiously and honourably performed. Therefore all philosophical lovers of dancing should watch its career with interest. It is not probable that the supremacy of the waltz will be endangered, and it would be deplorable if anything were to deprive that noble and incomparable pastime of its due proportion of, say, seven out of eleven dances; but the barn dance would always be a good exchange for a galop or —on the rare occasions of its appearance—a polka mazurka (which it slightly resembles), and might suitably be used as a substitute when the caprice of the moment is too strong for the people who want to get up a second lancers.

THE TALENT AND GENIUS OF MR. BARLOW.

THERE has of late been a sort of fungus-growth of magazine articles on the subject of the decadence of the British stage, and the sad and hopeless condition of things dramatic and histrionic has been set forth in every phase of journalistic regret. There was Mr. Archer in the August *Fortnightly*, and now there is Mr. George Barlow in the September *Contemporary Review*. The pessimistic elephant which bears up Mr. Archer's pessimistic world, is found by Mr. Barlow to rest on a still more pessimistic tortoise. In "The Drama in the Doldrums" Mr. Archer found but little to admire in the various "estates of the theatrical realm," but Mr. Barlow finds no rest at all for the sole of his critical foot. According to him, no person, no method, no system is right, and even the poets—Mr. Barlow is, as we all know, a poet—seem inferentially to have gone on a wrong poetic tack. "It is not the poets of to-day who are wanting, it is the people, the English nation, who . . . are becoming every day . . . more and more gross and material in their aims and aspirations, less and less heroic, and therefore less and less artistic." It is a startling doctrine which Mr. Barlow here propounds—that heroism and art are in the history of a nation to be seen in direct ratio. It is to be presumed that he is able to support it by instances of the artistic work of the Icelandic Berserkers, the Amazons of Dahomey, the warriors of the Zulus, and the braves of the Sioux and Apaches, all of whom, individually and collectively, are as fine specimens of heroism as can be required. Their art-work has yet to be judged; but, doubtless, Mr. Barlow has some special sources of information regarding this and other things.

Mr. Archer was tender in his judgment of certain of the critics; but Mr. Barlow has no such weakness, he does not dissociate the "new criticism" from the old, but thus contemptuously delivers himself :—"Again, what are we to say of the critics whose one cry during Sarah Bernhardt's season was that the frockcoats and evening suits of the actors in her company were not well cut?" For the English actors he has seemingly no language bad enough to do them justice. "First of all, the true method of declaiming verse has been completely lost sight of in England." "There is much of Shakspeare which would be magnificent were it not delivered for massacre and mutilation to the actors at the Lyceum." "In the present degraded condition of the English stage, of those among us who pass for actors and actresses, very few, indeed, possess in any real sense the acting brain and temperament." "Nearly all that we dignify with the name of acting in England is merely, at its highest, the acting of carefully-educated talent, and not the acting of genius at all"; the one exception given to this sweeping condemnation is the late Mr. John Clayton. "Shakspeare, except that he is dressed out sumptuously, loses by being acted in England." The difficulties which the actors have to encounter in the proper rendering of poetry is hinted at. "In reciting verse, special

expression may be given *either* to . . . the dramatic music of the verse, or to the syllabic music. The two methods are not wholly compatible; one must sometimes be pursued at the sacrifice . . . of the other. The modern method is to sacrifice everything for the dramatic music; to bring out the dramatic sense at all costs, however destructive of the rhythmical structure of the verse this process may be." It would be well if Mr. Barlow would supply some sort of running comment on his article, so that readers who are not poets, and who have been educated in ordinary fashion, may be able to follow what he is pleased to consider his reasoning. It would be a positive boon, for instance, if he would explain what he means by "dramatic music," and what by "syllabic music," and how the latter comes in touch with the rules of prosody relatively to the English language. If one may be permitted to guess at his meaning, "syllabic music" must mean that settled emphasis of syllables, without reference to accents or pauses, which regulate the efforts of badly instructed schoolboys at penny readings. There is an added difficulty in comprehending the drift of Mr. Barlow's argument regarding "dramatic music," as he so shifts his ground, and even his judgment, upon what he speaks of that one can hardly discover from what quarter his intellectual breeze is blowing; this, indeed, veers and backs with such startling rapidity that the weathercock is kept in a state of perpetual agitation. For instance, speaking of the poetry of Mr. Swinburne's *Bothwell*:—"We have only to fancy some of Mary's speeches . . . upon the tongue of Sarah Bernhardt . . . in order to realize how grand would be the effect of perfect poetic eloquence perfectly rendered upon the stage"; whereas he has already said of Mme. Bernhardt's declamation of poetry that she "in her moments of excitement treats the carefully weighed and balanced lines of Racine and Hugo as though they were prose, heaps together word upon word and line upon line till we are no longer able to tell that we are listening to poetry. . . . I am not sure that after all . . . a prose piece does not suit her style better. Prose she can divide and dissect and deal with at her restless pleasure . . . verse . . . has its own rules, and when she violates them, it is not only the verse that suffers—the acting suffers also."

This is no isolated specimen of Mr. Barlow's logic; he thus describes his joy at the good houses drawn by Mme. Bernhardt to the English Opera House in Shaftesbury Avenue:—"I remember, to their credit, that my countrymen and countrywomen filled the Opera House night after night during burning summer weather to admire and do honour to the genius of Sarah Bernhardt. When one afternoon I saw the long queue of well-dressed people patiently waiting till the doors of the theatre were opened, I said to myself, with a kind of pang of relief, 'At any rate, some reverence for great art still survives in this misguided country; at any rate, there are some hundreds, perhaps thousands, among us who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and whose gods are not the gods who make hideous the groves and valleys of Philistia.'" Will it be easily credited that only two pages earlier in his article he has already described this "well-dressed crowd" who thus supported the intellectual honour of England as an ill-managed, loud-voiced crew, seemingly but few of whom knew French at all, and who "cried out," or "spoke very loud," their idiotic comments. He even describes certain of them who "at the close of that most tragic scene [*La Tosca*] were so prodigiously amused that they were obliged to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to stifle their laughter." What strange sort of emotion must this conduct, so different from that habitual in any decently conducted London playhouse, have caused to the man who felt "a pang of relief" at seeing the eccentric audience waiting to go in? In ordinary fields of knowledge Mr. Barlow fails to display that plenitude of information which made the other Mr. Barlow so capable an instructor of youth. Hear him when, incidentally touching on the science of ethnology, he tries to show how the Briton alone of all men does not, as he should, get absorbed in a play:—"Failing this state of passionate absorption (*which foreigners pass into without any difficulty*)." What an instructive lesson in patriotic self-belief is here; what a tribute to our insular calm! So long as a man is not British he may expect to develop, under suitable opportunity, this quality of "passionate absorption." Be he Calmuck, Esquimaux, Ethiopian, Mongolian—of any nationality (except British), from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand—the fact of his being a "foreigner" is enough to protect him from the stigma. In the regions of more trivial fact Mr. Barlow is scarcely more happy, and accuracy of detail is quite below his notice. As he undertakes to judge of the contemporary stage, and incidentally to speak to music-halls, it would not be out of place to be somewhat more exact. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that he should know better than to speak of "the contortions of the White-eyed Kaffir," whom assuredly he has never even seen. The friends of Mr. Chirgwin will be surprised to hear of this new development of the powers of that very clever and very musical mime. Mr. Barlow should, however, know better than to have penned the following phrases:—"to gloat over *hideous girls* indecently clad at the Empire or the Gaiety," "to witness the revolting gambols of *unsexed women*." To the ordinary frequenters of the music-hall or the Gaiety, it would seem that the very last additions to the staff which the ballet-master would venture to suggest to the management would be "hideous girls" and "unsexed women." Mr. Barlow's crowning absurdity is his statement as to what he calls "the Puritan revolution." "The Puritans have robbed us of the taste for true poetry and noble acting, giving us instead . . . the taste for extravagant expenditure in dresses and decoration, and insufficient expenditure in—petticoats." *Solvuntur risu*—and perhaps, therefore, Mr. Barlow has done a good deed very unawares.

THE ST. LEGER.

NEVER did the Doncaster Meeting open with better prospects than this year. The glass was rising, and men confidently looked forward to a fine week. The Leger furnished much food for contemplation and speculation on the first day, which was one of the best we have ever seen. The Fitzwilliam Stakes produced a field of eighteen, and found Colonel North's Nitrate Queen favourite from Ram Lal and Bullion. A pretty race ended in the victory of Mr. Kilsyth's Sprightly, who started at 20 to 1, and was bought in for 660 guineas. The Chamber Stakes gave a hot favourite in Newmarket, who, however, was beaten a short head by the undefeated two-year-old Philanthropist; but we think Newmarket should have won had Watts kept him nearer the leaders at the bend. The Champagne Stakes will long be remembered as having produced one of the most exciting races ever seen. Seven two-year-olds went to the post, and The Prize and Silene were favourites, with Milford and his Sandown conqueror, Perigord, next in demand. It was said that The Prize had proved herself 10 lbs. better than Mrs. Butterwick in a trial, and, considering what the last-named little filly had done at Derby, it made The Prize really good. Sir R. Jardine's Queen's Pardon had not been seen in public since Ascot, and he was much admired, having thickened out marvellously. He is a short-legged, muscular colt. There was a most exciting finish, The Prize just holding her own and winning by a head from Silene, who was the same distance in front of Perigord, with Queen's Pardon fourth, another head only separating him from Perigord. Milford was next, but his heart is evidently not in the right place, and he has been a lucky horse to have won the large stakes he has done. Never in the history of its existence has the time-honoured Champagne given us such a wonderfully exciting contest. The Prize is a fine bay filly, by Bend d'Or out of Satchel by Galopin out of Quiver (Memoir and La Flèche's dam). So that her blood is the bluest of the blue. The Glasgow Plate, a nursery handicap, again brought out a large field; and Sir J. Blundell Maple supplied the winner in a very neat Saraband colt named Gangway, bred by Mr. Best, and purchased last year at Doncaster by his present owner. Mrs. Butterwick, who is a very small filly, ran very well with her heavy burden of 9 st. 5 lbs., and finished third.

The Great Yorkshire Stakes came next with fourteen runners, and the unlucky St. Benedict, on the strength of his York form, was favourite; but he was unplaced, and Mr. Houldsworth's Springtime, who did not seem to stay in the Ebor Handicap, one mile and a half, in this race of one mile and three-quarters stayed on well, and won cleverly from Petard, who had been well tried, and was much fancied. But the best performance was that of Tanzmeister, who, with the big weight of 8 st. 13 lbs., ran third. After this the backers of May Duke for the Leger were in good spirits, as it was known that the last named had acquitted

himself well with Tanzmeister in a gallop last week. After Gloss had won a selling race, Colonel North's Iddesleigh won the Doncaster Welter Plate; but perhaps he was a little fortunate to win, as the erratic Chesterfield only took it into his head to gallop at the finish, and was catching the winner very fast. It was truly a great day's racing. At the Rooms in the evening, attempts at speculation were mostly confined to offers—indeed, the bookmakers were so liberal that it might have been possible to back all the likely starters and win on the Leger. A rumour had been going around that the veteran John Osborne, who has not been seen in the saddle for a year, had been asked to ride Watercress, and had agreed to do so.

Wednesday opened dull, and a slight rain fell during the morning. Business in the Sale Rings was brisker than yesterday, a very beautiful filly by Royal Hampton out of Loversall falling to the bid of Sir J. Blundell Maple. Rain fell more or less until a departure was made to the Town Moor. The crowds seemed as great as ever, and that John Osborne would again ride in the Leger was a source of gratification to the sport-loving Yorkshiremen. The Rufford Abbey Plate opened the proceedings, and Nunthorpe was a hot odds-on favourite, and right well did Colonel North's old slave carry his big weight with his 7 lbs. penalty home. A lot of smartish platers competed for the Milton Stakes, of which Mamosa proved the best, and then a general move was made for the Paddock. The first horse we saw was The Lover, who had been for long our hope for a place. He looked a picture of health and condition, but he went badly in the betting, as it oozed out that his stable very much doubted his staying powers. Sir Hugo also looked well trained, and was the best-looking horse in the field. El Diablo looked nervous and sweated a good deal. May Duke is not a very taking animal to the eye, as his back is rather long, and he is a light-middled, shelly colt, but his condition left nothing to be desired. To the disappointment of hundreds—we might say thousands—the Kingsclere trio were not on view in the Paddock; but when we did see them it was evident that La Flêche was thoroughly trained, that Orme was stones heavier than at Sandown or Goodwood, and that the massive Watercress was fitter than he had ever been. In the preliminary, Sir Hugo, Orme, and La Flêche gave the most satisfaction. The masses of people on the course gave John Osborne cheer after cheer, once more demonstrating what a popular idol he is in his own county. After a few false starts the flag fell, Sir Hugo at once showing in front; he made running for a mile or so, when Orme took it up, but, coming round the final bend, it could be seen that La Flêche would win, which, indeed, she did easily, with Sir Hugo and Watercress fighting for second place, which was gained by the Derby winner; May Duke a good fourth, and Orme fifth. From the result, it seems as though Orme cannot really stay. It must be remembered that he had never galloped the distance in any race before, and so may have attained a false position in the estimation of the public. That most people's hopes were centred in him is probable, but La Flêche had many admirers and backers. Truly, she has well repaid the spirited purchase Baron Hirsch made when she was a yearling. She is not a big one, but all quality, and a lovely mover; and, by running second for the Derby, and winning the Oaks and the St. Leger, she has proved herself the best of her year. And so the one hundred and sixteenth St. Leger is over, and the powerful Kingsclere stable has scored in another classic race.

The Cleveland Handicap brought out a good field of handicap horses, wherein Alec Taylor furnished one of his surprises in Exhalation, who started at 100 to 8, and won comfortably from Chater. The Tattersall Sale Stakes was interesting, as Fealar—who has shown good form—was opposed by the staying Concrete and the York winner, Stirrup Cup. The latter won, with Concrete second, and Fealar third, but the latter was making up his ground so rapidly at the finish, that we think he ought to have won. The last race showed Galeopsis to have gone to the bad, as he never looked to have a chance with his moderate opponents.

THE THEATRES.

THE opening of the autumn season seems to threaten us with a flood of more or less comic opera. Managers are beginning with feverish energy to play the old game of "Follow my leader," with what financial result we must await the end of the season to know. On Wednesday night *Cigarette*, a romantic opera, with a large, if not particularly strong, comic element, was produced at the Lyric Theatre after a short preparatory tour in the country. To-night the first performance of *The Wedding Eve* will mark the opening of the new theatre, which, being situated well up St. Martin's Lane, is called The Trafalgar Square, and entertainments of a similar kind are in preparation at the Savoy, Prince of Wales's, Lyric, and one other theatre, while, in addition to these, a revival of *La Grande Duchesse* and kindred works is also contemplated. Even assuming, which we are by no means justified in doing, that all these productions will be of the first excellence, none can reasonably contend that the supply is not greatly in excess of any possible demand, leaving out of consideration the fact that, Signor Lago having taken the New Olympic for a short run of opera, Sir Augustus Harris intends to open Covent Garden with a similar programme at "popular" prices.

Cigarette is composed by Mr. J. Haydn Parry, who conducted on Wednesday evening; the plot, such as there is, has been supplied by Mr. Barry Montour; and the libretto, by which we suspect the lyrics are meant, is announced to be by Mr. Warham St. Leger. The story is extremely simple, though from its manner of presentation one would hardly think so. A Montagu and Capulet feud exists between the father of the hero and the mother of the heroine; the heroine goes into a convent, the hero enlists in the army, covers himself with glory in the accepted manner, and is wounded at the siege of Ratisbon; returns, to be presented with the estates which his father has forfeited, and which he, of course, gives to his father again. This artless plot is complicated, in the mildest manner possible, by the introduction of Cigarette, a vivandière who arouses recollections of some incidents in one of the best known of Charles Lever's novels, and who falls in love with the hero as she nurses him. It is hardly necessary to say that this does not prevent Romeo and Juliet from marrying and living happy ever after; nor, even after so brief an indication of the story, to refer to points of contact with the works of other authors. Mr. Haydn Parry's music, if unambitious, is sufficient. Though it can lay no claim to striking originality, it runs brightly and melodiously through the three acts of the opera, is sufficiently various not to become tiring, and serves its purpose as an appropriate vehicle for the story it has to illustrate. It would not be reasonable to demand more. The composer has evidently studied in the school of modern French comic opera, and caught its spirit with some degree of aptitude. He has, moreover, with the author, complied with the requirements of the English taste which Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert have taught to look for the rapid "patter song." The duet for Messrs. Collette and Evelyn, and a trio, are very fair examples of this class of composition, both in music and words. The awakening of a sense of contrition, it is to be hoped, is the motive for the omission from the printed book of the absolutely senseless chorus to the duet. Mr. St. Leger's lyrics display an excellence rarely to be found in works of the kind. He is neat and workmanlike throughout, and is frequently graceful both in fancy and expression. Cigarette, a part which was allowed to have remarkably little influence on the course of the story, was played for all it was worth by Miss Florence Bankhardt, who worked with such untiring energy that it seems a little ungracious to warn her that she should cultivate moderation in her posing and gesticulation. That her articulation was not clearly defined almost assumes the character of a virtue by comparison with the hardness which robbed some of the other voices of all their natural music. We are far from decrying the value of distinctness; but the watchman's rattle is not a good model for a musical instrument. Mme. Albu's voice is not distinguished by remarkable power or volume; but her songs as the heroine were well within her power, and she rendered them pleasantly and with appreciation. Mr. Joseph O'Mara was a rather heavy hero; but his songs met with a very favourable reception, and he must to that extent be considered efficient. A young actor who has previously been seen in London as a comedian, Mr. Oswald Yorke, played the hero's father skilfully and impressively. It was hardly the class of work one would expect to encounter in light opera, but Mr. Yorke attacked it firmly, and made it stand out clearly and artistically against the contrasted surroundings. We cannot omit all mention of Mr. Charles Collette's Nicotine, "a village braggart." We have long been taught not to expect any very

brilliant wit or humour in comic opera, especially when it is intended for provincial performance; but we did not expect to be confronted with such stuff as the comic dialogue in *Cigarette*. We do not regard the patter of Anglo-Dutch-American variety artists as a very exalted form of wit. It is dazzling compared with the diluted parody of it put into the mouths of Mr. Collette and Mr. Evelyn.

REVIEWS.

SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE design of Mr. Eyre-Todd in his Abbotsford Series, whereof this is the third volume, is a highly commendable one. With very rare exceptions both England and Scotland have permitted their ante-Renaissance writers, in prose and verse, to lapse almost out of sight and reach of readers who want to buy and have not overmuch money to spend in auctions and old book shops. The Early English Text Society for many years and the Scottish Text Society for the last dozen have, indeed, done excellent work. But Societies, with all their merits, are not for every one's money. Unless you join at the beginning, there is a bulky and costly arrear to be made up; it is almost impossible that the yearly guinea should not bring to every man but a professed and omnivorous student a great deal that he does not want as well as something that he does, and even where—a sin of Society publishing not unknown—the complement of each year's ration is not delayed by the laziness of editors or by accident, other delays of this or that kind will keep the several works supplied in an unfinished condition for an annoying number of years. We pass over that most unsatisfactory case in which a man finds that his guineas have gone to copying or preparing, not the books which he expects to receive for them, but others which he may possibly receive if he goes on subscribing, or which others may receive at his expense when he is choked off or "under the mouls." (Let us observe that neither of the Societies above referred to is glanced at by this remark, and that the Scottish Text Society in particular has been a very model of punctuality and just dealing.) Still, the drawbacks just referred to, and others, do certainly attend the Society system. The other, that of private and individual enterprise, is obviously exposed to even greater difficulties. No man has carried it out with greater public spirit or greater success than Mr. Arber, and yet for some years Mr. Arber has been unable to give what was expected of him, and in particular the long-desired edition of Hawes, one of the chief contemporaries and analogues of the very poets here before us, has been on the stocks for the best part of a decade.

Mr. Eyre-Todd's pluck, therefore, and that of his publishers, deserve hearty recognition. He has not, indeed, attempted substantive reprints of the whole of his authors. But the bulk and variety of his drafts on them differ remarkably from ordinary selections, and though the genuine lover of books will always have a sort of dislike (with which it is difficult not to sympathize) for anything that is not complete, few better substitutes for completeness will be found than Mr. Eyre-Todd has given. Except in the case of very long poems, he has usually given entire pieces; his space admits of an average of nearly fifty pages for each of the authors he has here furnished; he has reduced the difficulties of reading to a minimum by side-notes of a glossarial character which the eye takes in without effort; his other notes are few (a blessed thing, for "many notes many nuisances" should be the motto of the scholar), and, while his introductions supply all necessary biographical and a fair amount of bibliographical information, they attempt comparatively little criticism. This is as it should be, for we gather that criticism is not quite Mr. Eyre-Todd's strongest point. His own remarks are generally sensible, but some of those of others which he quotes with approval can hardly be allowed so much praise. Now we take it that the selection of precedent critical remarks is itself one of the chief notes of the critic. He never, unless he is a boor and a bad critic, unnecessarily tramples on his forerunners. But he also never cites them, where it would be sufficient to give a well-considered opinion of his own, unless their *dicta* are exceptional in form and substance, or unless it is necessary to deal faithfully but politely with them in the way of correction. Mr. Eyre-Todd errs in the right direction, but he errs. For instance, when somebody said that "while much of the contemporary and earlier poetry of Scotland is now read only as an historical illustration of the development of literature, that of James V., if he really wrote the pieces attributed to him, is read for its native merit," he made a perfectly true statement. But to call it a "trenchant remark" seems to indicate an odd estimate of trenchancy.

This, however, matters little or nothing at all. What does matter is that Mr. Eyre-Todd has done a real service. He had, it might have seemed, a rather less grateful task before him here than in his two earlier volumes. Blind Harry and Barbour are very interesting people to read for their matter; Thomas the Rhymer, if others have sung about him better than he sang himself, is *maximi nominis umbra*; James I. is a charming school-poet; Dunbar something very like a great one; Henryson one not small. Against these, though the fifth James is, in vigour if not in elegance, much more than a match for the first, and though Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, is a great name in Scottish literature, Bellenden, Maitland, Alexander Scot, and Alexander Montgomerie may seem to have little to show. But the lover of poetry will hardly acquiesce in this "seeming." It is true that the Scottish poetical genius, which had in the fifteenth century flamed so far higher than the smouldering ashes of the great Chaucerian blaze in England, was getting something low on the hearth. Mr. Eyre-Todd urges, with a kind of semblance of truth, that even the English Renaissance, which was to put for a time Scottish poetry out altogether, or to reduce it to a mere reflection, did not begin till almost all his present authors had done singing. This, indeed, is technically true of all but Montgomerie, who cannot have been Spenser's senior by more than seven years. But when Montgomerie was in his cradle, Wyatt and Surrey were writing, and when he was a schoolboy, Sackville was printing, work which showed what was coming. In the whole of this poetry before us, charming as it is, there is no *avenir*, no sign of anything new. The Scottish makers agree with their only two English contemporaries of note before Wyatt—Skelton and Hawes—in either echoing the past, or else—for King James here corresponds to Skelton—in starting a rough, vigorous vein of their own, which was of no particular time.

Poetically speaking, King James and Montgomerie, with Scot, perhaps, beside them, are the most interesting of the authors here drawn upon. Lyndsay is, as has been said, a considerable name and an interesting person. He had the trick of the style of verse in which he wrote very fairly; he was a keen observer and a man of decided humour. But the *Dream*, the *Testament of the Papingo*, and the rest suffer from the inseparable disadvantages of all satirical poetry that is not absolutely of the first class. The author does not sufficiently transcend his subject; he is too much in earnest. The same fault, in a different way, is perceptible in "Kitty's Confession." The title and subject of this will remind a few students here and there of the French *farce-fabliau* called *La Confession Margot*. Margot is much naughtier than Kitty (who is not herself a model or moral character), but she is, oh! so much funnier. On the other hand, "Squire Meldrum's Jousting," in which the author most properly, from his own point of view, takes good care that the English dog shall not have the best of it, is spirited and excellent—a good story of a good fight, such as is always welcome, and the well-known "Satire of the Three Estates" excellent. Bellenden is of the allegoric-moralizing school—a good example of it, but penetrated with its defects. Sir Richard Maitland exhibits in his dealings with "Town Ladies," "Thieves of Liddesdale," and so forth, almost all the shrewdness of his famous son, with a freedom from that son's preference for crooked ways. But the three others are on a higher level. There is both fun and pathos in Alexander Scot, and the piece "Qhuen his Wyfe left him," the opening line of which is

> To luve unluvit it is ane pane,

has the dolorous simplicity and touching truth of the line itself. It just, and only just, falls short of poetic perfection. He could sing on more strings than one, but that of "O Waly Waly" (which might be his own work or a paraphrase of it) was that which he could touch best. As for the author of *The Cherrie and the Slae*, he, indeed, must have been more indebted than Mr. Eyre-Todd seems to be aware to the French poets who just preceded him. "The Night is neir gone," a most charming piece, is probably in the main original, but the author who wrote

> A bonny "No" with smiling looks again

was too frank in giving a "light" as to his indebtedness to Marot's

> Un doux nenni avec un doux sourire

for any doubt to be left on the matter; while the beautiful sonnet "To his Maistres" is an equally clear adaptation of the more beautiful rondeau "En la baisant" by the same poet. In another direction Montgomerie sins by following the ancients in

* *Scottish Poetry of the Sixteenth Century.* Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: Hodge & Co. 1892.

succumbing to alliteration's enticements. Twice over in these limited selections does he commit himself to the statement that he had seen "hurcheons and hairis" (hedgehogs and hares) together; indeed, on one occasion, he vouches for their being "in pairis." This is altogether too much like Noah's ark and Mr. Lewis Carroll. Nevertheless Montgomerie is a most agreeable writer, and if he has less nature than Scot, he has much more art.

As for the author, or presumed author, of "Peebles to the Play," of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and, above all, of the two delightful ballads of "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jolly Beggar," not the faintest mistake is in any way possible about him. The resemblance in tone of both the shorter and the longer pieces to Burns is unmistakable, and though it is only on the later and greater poet's "daffing" side, it is none the less valuable and interesting for that. The whole spirit of the two longer poems is that of "The Jolly Beggars" and the "Holy Fair," while as for the shorter, it is impossible in reading them not to think that the King took an ungenerous advantage of his rank in coming two hundred and fifty years before the Exciseman, or else that the Exciseman owed "royalty" in more senses than one to the King.

Altogether, Mr. Eyre-Todd has made a very interesting and agreeable book. It stands to reason that those who cannot read Burns will be even more terrified, despite the editor's help, at a dialect which is to Burns very much what Chaucer is to the Elizabethans; while others may feel to the plain speaking of some parts of the work the same disgust which in an unhappy hour provoked so good a critic as the late Mr. Lowell to speak unadvisedly with his lips of Dunbar himself. But those whose taste is more catholic and who do not know the Scottish poets of the sixteenth century will be delighted to

Cut frae a new cheese a whang,

while those who do know them will still be glad to possess a considerable sample in a form so convenient, cheap, and well edited.

NOVELS.*

THE Count Tolstoi who is the author of *The Terrible Czar* must not be confounded with the Count Leon of the same title, whose novels are so well known. Count Alexis has been dead more than fifteen years, and this particular romance was, as the author informs us in his preface, begun early in the fifties and not finished till 1863. Count Alexis attributes this delay to the state of mental distress into which he was thrown by study of the historical records of the period, and the atrocities therein revealed. Ivan the Terrible is, indeed, a fearsome personage to approach even in the pages of a novel. His complete biography, personal and political, could not nowadays be printed for general reading. The translator, Captain H. C. Filmore, makes no mention of excisions; but there are certain breaks and inconsequent passages which seem to point to a judicious pruning-knife. As a picture of a wild and violent time—not lawless, indeed; for Ivan's will was law, but devil-governed—of passions unrestrained, and cruelty beyond the ordinary nineteenth-century imagination, the story of *The Terrible Czar* has lurid interest. What strikes the English reader as most strange is the attitude of society in Russia towards this demon-haunted Emperor. The people deemed him sent to rule by Heaven, and they not only endured but adored him. In England "pricked by the papal spur we reared, and flung the burthen of the second James." The inhabitants of Mars, whom some suppose to be making as yet unintelligible signals of an algebraic nature to us just now, cannot differ more widely from ourselves than the Russian race. We regard slavery as contemptible; but these are all but noble slaves. They lift submission into heroism by making it endurance. Times are changed, and Ivan the Terrible could not terrorize to-day; but much of the feeling that made him possible lingers in the Russian peasantry still. Captain Filmore's task as translator has not been an easy one, and the rough, somewhat archaic style he has caught from the original suits the story well. Each character stands out distinct in its outline, and the touches here and there of natural description are sympathetic, and not without poetic grace. The book is a powerful and impressive record of a condition of things, political and domestic, in Russia in the sixteenth century now almost incredible, and happily no longer possible.

Nothing better in the shape of a good novel can be wanted than a story of Scotch provincial life, when to the Scotch plain good sense is added the Scotch pawkyness of humour. When the latter quality is deficient grimness is apt to predominate. *Quixote, the Weaver*, is grim. Mr. Hugh Boswell, of Queenshope, an ancient valiant city, now occupied with the trade of weaving flax, is quixotic in his ideas of making his "hands" comfortable and happy, giving them warmed and ventilated workshops, providing them with libraries and night-schools, and entertaining them with amateur music. The quixotism of his behaviour is proved by the readiness with which not only his "hands," but his personal friends, turn upon and rend him when he is unfortunate in business, and the amazing facility they display in accepting against him wild and inconsistent charges of various kinds of crime. Babes are not more innocent than Mr. Hugh Boswell is, and has been all his life, spent amongst the citizens of Queenshope, and Don Quixote not more pure and sanguine in his projects; yet the general verdict is "proven" the moment he is accused of cowardly, cruel, and mean actions. There is a want of knowledge of the world shown in this and in other aspects of the story; but the studies of individual character are excellent. Had they been tempered with tolerant humour they would be more entertaining even than they are. There is distinct dramatic talent in the drawing of Lindsay Lorimer and Isabel Carfrae. Lindsay, so long as she is surrounded by the small carping jealousies of the Queenshope folk, develops only her sarcasm and biting wit; directly she encounters a kindred artist spirit her generosity and deep tenderness come to the front. Isabel appears only gentle and feeble until her husband's troubles arrive; then the heroine in her shows herself. The men are not so well done. They are all Scotch, all dour, all rude; residence in London and cultivation of ingenuous art had not so softened Mr. Basil Warrender's manners as to prevent him being ferocious in his behaviour to Lindsay Lorimer; and conduct so shabby as Dr. Lorimer's to his sister in sending her to borrow money from a man she detests, and who wants to marry her, is unusual, we trust, even among Scotch doctors. From this lack of appreciation of manly notions and from certain weaknesses of construction we suppose the author, C. G. Furley Smith, to be a novice in fiction and to be a woman. There is no lack of evidence that she is remarkably clever, and if this is her first effort much may be expected from her next.

Here, again, is another Scotch story, but one of a totally different quality. The Queenshope people were essentially Caledonian—somewhat "stern and wild," like their country, but not to be mistaken for any other nationality. The gentle beings who glide through the lady-like pages of Leslie Keith's novel, *In Spite of Herself*, have none of these rough characteristics. Mr. Douglas's seven daughters live in Scotland, but they are no more Scottish lassies than are the denizens of South Kensington. Douglas and Bruce are grand names, and Archie Jardine is *ben trovato* and Sir Peter Johnstone not at all improbable; but their claims to have been born over the Border end in their titles. The girls are all pretty but one—Decima—and she is clever; the men are excellent illustrations of what good women ought to be, and none of the incidents excite terror or pity. It is a very nice, pretty, well-behaved little novel.

The incidents of Miss Dora Russell's last story, *An Evil Reputation*, are so tremendous in themselves and so rapid in succession that the senses become, as it were, deadened; and before the end is reached crime is regarded as merely the ordinary detail of life. First of all there is the suicide of a ruined speculator, and immediately after the shipwreck of a bridegroom almost in sight of his young wife. These incidents give to the mansion by the sea, North Hall, in and near which they happen, its "evil reputation." Worse soon follows, for Mr. James Winton Brooke fells his beautiful wife to the earth, and, leaving her for dead, decamps with his colleague in villany (who is also his *chef*) in the night. As these gentlemen are coiners in a very large way, have to carry their instruments in "huge boxes," and have only one horse to drag them to the distant railway station, the flitting from North Hall must have been troublesome. An odd scene occurs a few weeks after this, in a London drawing-room, where the slayer of Isabel Brooke, who is now paying his addresses to an heiress, is requested to take his murdered wife (who had got better, and is passing as Mrs. Keith) in to dinner. Then there is a daylight abduction from Maida Vale, and imprisonment of Isabel in a lonely cottage by the sea. Here the *chef*, inspired by Mr.

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* *The Terrible Czar: a Romance of the time of Ivan the Terrible.* By Count A. K. Tolstoi. Translated by Captain H. Clare Filmore. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1892.

Quixote, the Weaver. By C. G. Furley Smith. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

In Spite of Herself. By Leslie Keith. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

An Evil Reputation. By Dora Russell. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

The Fascinating Miss Lamarche. By C. C. Fernival. London: Trischler & Co. 1892.

Brooke's example, and not deterred by his ill-success, murders *his* wife, and buries her in the sands, which are faithlessly blown away, leaving "two small white hands" to protrude. A second abduction and imprisonment follow, making less impression in consequence of their frequency, several people are shot, some have fevers, Mr. Brooke is arrested on the day he had married the heiress, Isabel is rescued, and on the last page we leave her, greatly exhausted but happy, in her second and, we trust, more fortunate matrimonial venture. If Miss Russell's style reached the greatness of her conceptions, tragedy would not be in it with her. But it does not. Neither terror nor pity follows her flights of fancy.

The science of cheating in all its branches, with copious illustrations from the turf, the gaming-table, the theatre, the club-whist party, and the trainer's stable, forms the subject of Mr. C. C. Fernival's novel, *The Fascinating Miss Lamarche.* Most of the individuals described are fraudulent, and the remainder are defrauded. The motive is treated—we will not say *con amore*—but with earnest interest, and at considerable length; for though there is but one volume, it is closely printed and the pages are thin. Since, therefore, an author is found so deeply versed and interested in roguery as never to allow his story to deviate into any other development of human faculty, there may be readers with similar tastes, and to such we cordially recommend the history of Miss Lizzie Lamarche.

THE PENTATEUCH OF PRINTING.*

THE title of Mr. Blades's posthumous work is a little too fanciful. We can understand the Genesis of printing, and even its Exodus; but what is its Leviticus, or its Numbers, or its Deuteronomy? As to the Genesis, whatever may have been the lamented author's original opinion, the new discoveries and arguments as to Haarlem must have shaken it, and evidently he had never quite made up his mind on the subject. His premature death, following so closely on that of Mr. Bradshaw, leaves us without the counsels of the two men in all England who knew most and were best entitled to give an opinion. The first book of this new *Pentateuch* gives forth but a very uncertain sound, and we are left in the dark as to whether printing was first practised in Holland or in Germany. So that the Genesis of printing is no Genesis. The question is certainly and is likely long to remain unsettled; but we had a right almost to expect from Mr. Blades at least a strong, if not a positive, opinion. He does make one assertion which carries conviction with it. This is when he refutes the idea of Dr. van der Linde and others that the art of printing was discovered and elaborated by one man's mind. On the contrary, it was "an end successfully accomplished after numerous efforts and gradual advances." On the whole he seems inclined to think that the block books with written texts come first—he does not say where; then the grammars, with cast metal texts, produced in Holland; and lastly, the finished art of Mentz. Dr. van der Linde would go almost as far as this, but made the mistake, according to Mr. Blades, of thinking the text of a Dutch Donatus was "block-printed." Mr. Blades, with the practised eye of the printer, pronounced all the Dutch Donatuses to have been printed from type. By way of reconciling the conflicting views, and giving an opportunity for a positive opinion, he might have gone a little further, and pointed out the difference between the squalid little sheets of broken letter-printing shown in these school books and the clear, clean typography of the Mazarine Bible—a typography that may, indeed, be imitated, but cannot be surpassed at the present day. The finest book ever printed is the Mentz Psalter of 1457; yet it is only the second or third effort of Gutenberg's mature art. The colour-printing alone in that book is beyond praise. It may be worth mentioning that the first piece of work to which a date can be assigned is a German indulgence, printed in 1454.

In the second chapter, called "Exodus," Mr. Blades describes the gradual spread of the great art, and details the career of William Caxton, who first brought it to England. We cannot agree with Mr. Blades when he says positively that there was no scriptorium in Westminster Abbey. On the contrary, the little wainscot studies of the writers are well known to have stood in the north walk of the cloister, and the marks left by them were only removed a few years ago by Scott, of course as a "restoration." There can be little doubt that Caxton was largely patronized by the Abbot, and that Mr. Blades understates the case when he would have us believe the relation between them was only that of landlord and tenant. But Mr. Blades made a hero of Caxton, and could not bear to believe he owed aught to any man's patronage, however exalted, and he forgot that the Lord Abbot, a peer of Parliament, and the recipient of an income which would now be reckoned 60,000*l.* a year, was a far greater man than Caxton ever aspired to be.

In the Leviticus of printing Mr. Blades describes the rules of typefounding, composing, and presswork, and shows how they gradually grew up. In the chapter called "Numbers" he gives us biographical notices of great printers. In Deuteronomy he speaks of the regeneration of the art from the introduction of the steam printing machine. There is an appendix on bibliography, which, to bear out the analogy, is described as "A Chapter on Judges." The whole volume, which is beautifully printed and illustrated, is prefaced by a short biography of Mr. Blades, by Mr. Talbot Baines Reed. He was born at Clapham in 1824, just when the really absurd bibliomaniac movement, of which Dibdin was the leader, was at its height. "There was more zeal than knowledge." The fine writing, the amusing anecdotes, and the book-making were tempered by profound ignorance and by "a touching confidence in second-hand evidence." William Blades was apprenticed to his father, a printer in the City, and early showed a turn for learning the little that could be considered authentic in the history of the press. About 1858 he began the studies which transformed bibliography, and especially that part which concerned Caxton, and going to work in a different fashion, and from practical acquaintance with the subject, was able to shut up his Ames and his Dibdin, and to assume that, so far, nothing had been done to elucidate clearly the career of England's first printer. His discoveries were numerous and of the greatest interest, and he lived to become a very popular author on a subject too often made dry by ill-treatment. In April 1890 the jubilee of William Blades as a printer was about to be celebrated by his many friends, when he was taken ill, and died on the 28th of the month.

* *The Pentateuch of Printing.* By William Blades and Talbot B. Reed. London: Stock.

TWO SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.*

THE Palæontographical Society has issued its forty-fifth annual volume, which contains instalments of the following three memoirs:—The Jurassic Gasteropoda, by Mr. W. H. Hudleston; the Inferior Oolite Ammonites, by Mr. S. S. Buckman; and the Devonian Fauna of the South-East of England, by the Rev. G. F. Whidborne. It contains twenty-eight plates, with descriptions of the species figured, and other notes. The number of subjects covered by this volume is rather less than is customary, but for this their general interest is a compensation. The plates, as usual, are admirably executed, and the volume, as a whole, maintains the high standard of its predecessors. The list of subscribers prefixed indicates that the Society has a fair number of members, but it deserves to be yet more generally supported, for its publications are of the highest value, not only to palæontologists, but also to all who take an interest in geology and desire to encourage the progress of the science.

In a small volume of 124 pages, very clearly printed and well illustrated, Dr. Hatch gives a short outline of mineralogy. He describes the most important distinctive characters of minerals, such as crystalline form, hardness, cleavage, optical properties, &c., and gives a succinct account of the species and varieties which most commonly occur. These are grouped under the following heads:—(1) the rock-forming minerals; (2) the ores and vein-stones; (3) salts and other useful minerals; (4) gems and precious stones. As might be anticipated in anything from Dr. Hatch's pen, the book is very clearly and accurately written, and it cannot fail to be of much service both to beginners and to those students of geology who do not desire more than a slight acquaintance with mineralogy. It would be well, in any future edition, to add a brief explanation of the system of lettering the faces of a crystal which is generally adopted in France, since it is frequently met with in books of reference, and is occasionally used in the present volume.

SOME RECORDS OF CRIME.†

THAT an officer usefully employed for many years in the pursuit and detection of bands of Asiatic scoundrels must have collected interesting particulars of crime might be taken for

* *The Palæontographical Society.* Vol. XLV. (Issued for 1891.) 1892. *Mineralogy.* By F. H. Hatch, Ph.D., F.G.S. (Library of Popular Science.) London: Whittaker & Co.; George Bell & Sons.

† *Some Records of Crime; being the Diary, Official and Particular, of an Officer of the Thuggee and Dacoitie Police.* By General Charles Hervey, C.B., sometime General Superintendent of the Operations for the Suppression of Thuggee and Dacoitie in India. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. (Lim.) 1892.

granted. With Thugs we are tolerably well acquainted and we are always ready to welcome revelations about Dacoity or Gang Robbery. Unfortunately General Hervey seems to have been overpowered by his abundant materials. Of the necessity of sifting and compressing the long-winded narratives of approvers he has not the faintest notion. The lives and adventures of certain outlaws and proclaimed criminals are described piecemeal, and particulars of their exploits and escapes are spread disjointedly all over the two volumes. Then General Hervey favours us with the most trivial incidents of his daily life and of his travels. That he felt drowsy under the punkah; that he was much refreshed by a mug of beer at one rest-house, and by some claret and soda-water at another; that he dined at the Club at Simla in company with the brother of an old schoolfellow; that he adheres to the venerable fashion of removing the cloth at the end of dinner; that he wrote an article on the death of Outram and published it in a Calcutta paper—these and other matters must almost have ceased to have the smallest interest, even for any member of the author's own family. Nor is he always accurate in his reminiscences of well-known events. He confuses the present Chief Justice of England with his distinguished father, the late Sir J. Coleridge. Lord Coleridge could not have been trying prisoners at an assize in Somersetshire in 1845, when he had recently left Balliol. The Rajput States are eighteen, and not nineteen, in number. The animal that annoyed General Hervey in his afternoon walks was not an ounce, but an hyena—the *lakra bagh* of natives. The detection and punishment of the Nawab who procured the murder of Mr. William Fraser is ascribed to the late Major Skinner. It is one of the earliest feats of the late Lord Lawrence, and is told in detail and without any exaggeration in Mr. Bosworth Smith's Life of that Viceroy. At page 91 of vol. i. there is a fair account of the celebrated Sambhur Lake in Jaipur, from which the Maharaja once derived a yearly revenue of four lakhs of rupees. When the salt used to be conveyed into British territory it was subjected at the frontier to a duty of three rupees in the maund. But General Hervey does not seem to know that, under an excellent arrangement due mainly to Sir John Strachey, in the time of Lord Lytton, the whole system has been altered; the barrier is thrown down; no duties are levied on salt carried into our territories; adequate compensation has been made to the Maharajah; and the British Government is, for all practical purposes, the owner of the Sambhur Lake and of all the salt tracts. The abolition of the rite of Suttee was certainly carried out under the rule of the "Good Old East India Company," and some interesting details of Suttees are supplied from the mouth of eye-witnesses. But why omit the part of Hamlet in this melodrama? Has General Hervey never heard of Lord William Bentinck?

Divers remarks about the late Lord Lawrence seem to us rather captious and irrelevant. General Hervey is also fully convinced that many urgent reforms in various departments were only waiting for his controlling hand, and if it had not been for the perverseness and obstinacy of high authorities, the Superintendent of Thuggee and Dacoity might have had his own way in following up criminals in native States, in exacting compensation from Rajas when our mails were robbed, in the precise kind of evidence admissible in a Court of Appeal for the conviction of Dacoits, as to the chaplain's sermon, and as to the conduct of the Abyssinian campaign, which, *pace* Lord Napier of Magdala, he says might have been easily accomplished by a force of two or three thousand men. The Portuguese occupied the capital of Abyssinia a couple of centuries ago with four hundred men and some cannon, and why should we not have done the same? Lest these remarks should seem to press hard on an officer who worked conscientiously and zealously in an important department, of which the operations extended from Belgaum in the Bombay territory, to Central India, and from Central India to Lower Bengal, we subjoin an awful specimen or two of General Hervey's style. It reminds us of a Dutch waggon trekking in the sands of South Africa, of a palanquin carried on the necks of slaves for a whole night at three miles in the hour, or of a budgerow towed against the current of the Ganges in the height of the rains.

At vol. ii. p. 330 we are told about the right of asylum and the duties of the Paramount—*i.e.* the British—Power:—

> 'But the British Government, in the exercise of its high prerogative, could not recognize the right of sanctuary in any country to the habitual robber and assassin whose crimes should not be confined to the country in which they resided or in which they sought the asylum; and thus, however much local officials and landlords of every degree had converted this privilege of an asylum, when conceded to their chiefs, into a revenue for themselves with a view to present and prospective advantage from so doing, and would never arrest, or assist in arresting, them if they could possibly avoid it—which unfortunately is still their ruling conduct—the principal chiefs themselves were fully alive to the necessity for an acquiescence, or the semblance of it, with the aims of the Suzerain power for reclaiming from every State the disturbers of the common weal.'

Again, premising that he has to go more than once over the whole ground of his frequent explanations, he gravely admonishes Judges and other obscure individuals as follows:—

> 'In minds so adversely predisposed, the scope, the meaning, the intent of the Legislature in devising the exceptional law which provides for the reception of the evidence pointed to, by which to be able to cope with those combinations, those associations for the purposes of crime, are not properly comprehended or taken in, until at length, with maturer reflection, but after many disappointments to the special department charged with the executive work of suppression, a correcter appreciation is formed; yet not without its drawbacks, too, the tendency being then to run into the opposite extreme—in short, then generally to pass extreme sentences indiscriminately, as though by order.'

Surely these lumbering periods could never have been penned at Longwood on the cool heights of Simla? They must have been written in the plains during the hot winds, when the servants had forgotten to throw water on the *kuskus* screens, and the therma antidote had struck work. And yet there is a good deal of rough material in these two volumes which, in more skilful hands, might have been worked up into an imitation of Colonel Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.* Particulars as to the planning and execution of Dacoities show how the robber and the receiver work harmoniously for a common object. The caravan, or the mail, or the bullock cart, starts from some commercial centre in our own provinces. It is accompanied by apparently bold and stalwart guards armed with swords and muskets. All goes well till the party, at midnight, jaded and footsore, reaches some particular river or turn in the jungle, or a group of trees on a large plain; a *maidan* so wide that to use a common native expression, a solitary bird is not seen to open its wing there, and what need can there be to talk of human beings? At a given signal armed men start out of the ground; a shot or two is fired; a blow is struck in defence of the treasure by one guard braver than the rest; he is cut down; the others bolt, and the robbers, seizing their booty, go off on ponies or camels and are far beyond pursuit before morning. It generally turns out that the Dacoits have had knowledge of the exact amount of treasure sent on a particular date by a particular route. This useful information has been imparted by a cousin, relative, or a friend employed in the post office or, it may be, in a private banking or commercial house at Calcutta, Hyderabad, or Delhi. Of course he has bargained for his share of the loot, and he takes very good care to get it. It is almost superfluous to say that this worthy person passes for a most respectable character. His linen is of the whitest and finest. His address and manners defy criticism. He is largely trusted by Englishmen. He gives feasts to Brahmans, contributes to the digging of wells and tanks, is kind to the poor in seasons when corn is dear, and beautifully mutters his *mantras* at his morning ablutions at the Ghaut. An eminent judge, still among us, once charged an Irish jury in a case where the character of a prisoner at the bar, accused of theft, was spoken to most favourably by a host of his townsmen. "Gentlemen, according to the evidence for the defence, the prisoner is all that is excellent and respectable, but he stole that pig!"

We can speak more favourably of General Hervey's visit to and account of the Rajpoot State of Bikanir. The capital of this State lies out of the way. The country is all sand, ribbed by the action of the wind as by the waves of the sea. It has no permanent rivers; or, more correctly, the beds of streams only hold a little water in the rains. Instead of forest or jungle, there is brushwood and scrub. There is one salt lake and two freshwater lakes. Water, when it can be got, is sweet and of excellent quality, but you must in some places, notably at the capital, dig four hundred feet before you find it. No wonder that the inhabitants are described as being very dirty in their persons and their habits. Bikanir, like the province of Sind, suffers from the extremes of heat and cold. Incautious travellers in the daytime are prostrated by sunstroke and overwhelmed in sandstorms. In winter vegetation is cut down by sharp frosts. A population of half a million, in which Muhammadans are reckoned at fifty thousand, is ruled by a Maharaja whose family dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. But he is a Rahtore and is a branch of the old house of Jodhpur. The rulers of Bikanir have invariably been contented and loyal, and were very useful to Mountstuart Elphinstone when he went to Peshawar in 1804, in the two Sikh campaigns of 1845

and 1848, and in the Sepoy Mutiny. General Hervey agrees with other writers in describing the appearance of the capital. It is situated, he says, on an elevated range of *kunkar* amidst rolling sands. There is a fort, and a palace with a broad staircase, long passages, and a fine apartment with pillars of white marble supporting arches. The author does not specially mention the celebrated cremation tomb, three miles out of the city, where deceased sovereigns were cremated with their wives and concubines; but he was favourably impressed by the demeanour of the reigning sovereign, who sent him a hot dinner sufficient for the wing of a regiment, received him courteously, and drove him out to his country seat or hunting-box fifteen miles from the capital. That Bikanir is the residence of merchants and bankers whose *hundis* or notes would be readily cashed all over India, and even in the marts of Central Asia, is well known. General Hervey testifies to the corpulency of these Banyans, to their fine muslins and their green tunics, to their easy good-nature and their effusive charities. We need only repeat that, by judicious compression and some attention to style, a happier result could easily have been attained.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S ESSAYS.*

THE present volume of miscellanies differs, as the miscellaneous must differ, from the two volumes of essays by Mr. Saintsbury lately published—that on English Literature and that on the French Novelists—both of which treated of set subjects and observed the unities. The difference, however, is not wholly one of variety. These *Miscellaneous Essays* are drawn from periodical contributions extending over some twenty years. They form a selection, and a "designedly various" selection, although something more than the various entered into the design. Themes that are of very diverse nature are discussed from a definite and uniform point of view—such is the author's claim, and it is, we find, a well-founded claim. Decidedly there is in all three volumes a certain community of method and thought and conviction. Those who hold that criticism is for the critical will observe in these essays a full measure of the vigorous qualities that distinguish the companion volumes. There is the same admirable use of the comparative method. The illustrations of that method are fully as effective and judicious. And there is the fine adjustment of the relations of subject and form in the work criticized, which is not the least notable, perhaps the rarest distinction of the critic. But if, with regard to the characteristics of criticism, the book does not differ from the two previous volumes, it has another kind of interest in the more extensive scope it presents, by treating of subjects of more immediate attraction because more rousing and debatable. Most of these essays deal with contemporary matters and with certain aspects of the literature of the day and the criticism of the day that appeal to others besides the critical. This more general appeal may be said to embrace even the general reader, who is popularly supposed to be perfectly content with what he can get, careless of first principles of art or criticism, so long as there are enough new novels in the libraries to go round. This kind of reader, however, is something of a critic in his way. He is always ready, like your superior and moral reviewer, with his emotional likes and dislikes. Mr. Saintsbury's essay on the "Present State of the English Novel" can scarcely prove less interesting and suggestive to readers of novels than to makers, using the term in its old poetic sense. That essay is the most recent of the series, being but of to-day's date, and likely, we think, to bear a present-day significance for some time to come. We are by no means assured, seeing how averse novelists are from profiting by the counsel of critics, that the readers are not most of all concerned in the matter, and that the novel-reading public, stimulated by Mr. Saintsbury's excellent and moving discourse, may not rebel against their daily food of the libraries, and insist upon the provision of nothing but works of art. You can never foresee what an educated public, addicted to the higher criticism, might effect in revolutions of this kind. It might prove a surer stay of the evil of overproduction than the slow and dubious working of an obscure economic law.

There are other essays in the selection that possess, in varying degrees, a stirring and not unprovocative element. The name of M. Renan is not calculated to induce a millennial season of accord in places where men of letters do congregate, and Mr. Saintsbury's study of that distinguished writer, especially where it bears upon his historical method, is decidedly not conducive to languor and calm pulses. "Thoughts on Republics" and "A Paradox on Quinet" have certain points of view in common—the latter is a very telling exposition of the fruits of Quinet's faith in the one and indivisible republic as revealed in his writings. Most persons, generally in youth, have cherished an idea of a republic, and there are who cling to it regardless of logic and the lessons of history. The "Thoughts on Republics," with its forcible illustrations of the irreconcilable nature of republican theory and republican practice, must be uncomfortable reading for such. It is a striking proof of the insistency of ancient ideals that, though republics are always with us, and "carry on" in ways that might be expected to wither the enthusiasm and faith of youth, ideas of a republic continue to thrive. There is also a degree of permanency in such present-day views of English literature as are formulated in the essay on "Modern English Prose," and in that on "The English Novel," and incidentally put forth in the essay on Baudelaire. The first of these papers was written as long since as 1876. But, putting aside Mr. Saintsbury's ingenious and interesting observations on the anatomy of the sentence, and the essentially distinct rhythmical characteristics of prose and poetry, the essay might have appeared yesterday. Speaking generally, and taking a broad view of the subject, the then present state of English prose presented very much the same features that the actual present state does. Certainly we may now witness the operation of the same educational forces—not to mention the force of example in high places—that were productive of effects thus summarized:—

> 'Differences; sacrifice of the grace of literary proportion to real or apparent clearness of statement; indulgence in cut-and-dried phrases; undue aiming at pictorial effect; gaudiness of unnatural ornament; preference of gross and glaring effects *en bloc* to careful composition.'

Then, too, in the essay on Baudelaire, also written in the seventies, the plentiful lack of manifestation of the artistic conscience in the prose of that day is the theme of observations that have lost nothing of their force and reasonableness in the present. "A hundred years ago," says Mr. Saintsbury, "style was not an unknown thing among Englishmen; at the present day it would be easy to count on one hand the living writers who think of anything but of setting down the first words that occur to them as capable of clearly and grammatically expressing their thought." Can it be said we are in better case now? If we have taught the French in the past, once or twice, how to tell a story, have we more followers of the French in the art of writing the story? In the matter of style our prose-writers compare, we think, indifferently well, at the best, with the standard of excellence observed by the great writers of the eighteenth century, who, if they did not give laws to English prose, codified those laws.

In other respects, however, Mr. Saintsbury's essay on Baudelaire is extremely suggestive at this hour. It was written at a time when the name of the French poet was as a battle-cry on both sides of the Channel. Mr. Saintsbury entered not into the fray, where many rushed in who had no fear, and some inspired only with the Philistine's mission. What he did, as the essay here reprinted shows, was to recognize in Baudelaire the most original of French poets of the day, and in his work, both prose and verse, an exemplar, of the highest value, of flawless execution in the art of writing. What Mr. Saintsbury urged seventeen years ago, all in the way of the eternal protest against dulness, as to the necessity of cultivating that art is as pertinent now as then. We have still to lament the oblivion or neglect of the art of writing, and the singular ineptitude of the average critic is still too aggressively present among us to cause any wonder. For all the growth of appreciation and the lapse of time, Baudelaire's work is still something of a touchstone, or critic-test, as he was reported to have been in his converse with his fellows. It is incredible to a kind of critic whose judgment of works of art is dictated by the *parti pris* of a purely ethical standpoint, that the author of *Fleurs du Mal* should be, as critic and poet, a model as to style and art. No doubt, it is intolerable to him that his prejudices should be so affronted. And when a critic of Mr. Saintsbury's equipment proceeds to set forth the excellence of the model, and then actually recommends Baudelaire as an example for artless British authors, the burden becomes insufferable to him who likes or dislikes works of art by a mysterious process of intuitional morality. "A bad man, my dear," is still a critical verdict, it seems, and a word of power. And still the random abuse levelled at Baudelaire is deemed a worthy substitute for criticism and reason. "Nor can we wonder at this if we look at the singular ineptitude in this matter of the average critic." Thus, if only on this ground, the republication of Mr. Saintsbury's essay on Baudelaire is an excellent service to art and letters.

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* *Miscellaneous Essays.* By George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

ARABIA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

SOME of the greatest triumphs of English scholarship are due to men who were not professional scholars, but who devoted the leisure they could spare from business to the prosecution of learned researches. The *locus classicus* for this statement is of course Grote's History, but many other examples might be adduced. Of late, however, the race of learned men of means has appeared to be dying out, and the attractions of sport and travel, and (such as they are) of Parliament, have seduced the leisured class from the severe delights of study. Yet we have still some notable exceptions. Mr. F. Arbuthnot has recently been playing the part of Mæcenas to Eastern letters by inaugurating a new Oriental Translation Fund, and, better still, paying for its publications; and, besides encouraging other students, he has himself made some useful, if not very profound, contributions to his favourite subject. In Mr. Kay, however, we find once more the ideal type of the learned banker who is able and willing to devote years of patient study to a complicated and abstruse branch of research, and whose learning is equal to his perseverance. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Kay's book on mediæval Arabia stands clearly in the front rank of Oriental historical scholarship. From the merely literary point of view, its form, arrangement, and sometimes its style, may be open to criticism; but as a learned commentary on an obscure and difficult text, it is a monument of industry and thoroughness. Mr. Kay has spent most of his life in Egypt, and his familiarity with Arabic and with Eastern modes of thought has enabled him to grapple successfully with difficulties which might have overwhelmed an English-trained scholar. He has edited and translated a badly-written and often imperfect manuscript with accuracy and insight, and his notes throw a flood of light upon one of the least-known periods of Mohammedan history.

It is singular that the country which produced Islâm should have retired into complete obscurity almost immediately after the death of Mohammed. Scholars like Fresnel and Caussin de Perceval have devoted all their best energies to investigating the history and wars, the life and literature, of the Arabs before Islâm; and dozens of writers have busied themselves with Arabia as it was at the time of the Prophet. These same Arabs, no doubt, went on in much the same way as before, fought their battles and sang the deeds of their tribal heroes for many centuries after the Hijrah; but scarcely any one has taken the pains to find out what they were about, who were their rulers, or what sort of civilization they enjoyed. Mr. Kay remarks that the only work that exists in English treating of the Arab dynasties of the Yemen is Mr. Lane-Poole's *Catalogue of Oriental Coins in the British Museum*, and the notes and explanations in this solitary authority are, of course, limited mainly to the purview of the numismatist. The standard general history of Southern Arabia has long been Johannsen's Latin version of Deyba's abridged chronicle of the rulers of Zebîd—a slight, imperfect, and now scarce volume. D. H. Müller has handled certain portions of the historical and geographical problems of the Yemen with consummate learning. But the whole subject was in a fragmentary condition until Mr. Kay lighted upon a MS. of 'Omârah's history, acquired by the British Museum in 1886, and forthwith set to work to edit and translate it, and to enrich it with a wealth of commentary which must be the admiration of all who are competent to realize the amount of research involved in such a task.

'Omârah was himself a Yemenite, and was born about 1120. He was trained in theology and jurisprudence, whence he obtained the title of Fakîh or Jurist at the College of Zebîd, in Tihâmah. Thence he proceeded to Egypt, where he was executed in 1173, by order of Saladin, on suspicion of intriguing for the restoration of the recently deposed Fatimite Khalifs. It does not appear that he was ever, like the Fatimites, a member of the Isma'ilite sect of Shiahs; but he was certainly quixotically zealous in his eulogy of the fallen dynasty, and at that critical moment when Egypt had at a single stroke been transferred from the Shiite to the Sunnite communion, a man might lose his head for a trifling political indiscretion. 'Omârah's history, written shortly before his death, may fairly claim to be the prime authority for events in the Yemen during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries of the Hijrah. It is the earliest surviving chronicle; for the only previous authority cited in its pages, that of Jayyâsh, a prince of the Beni Nejâh, has not come down to us; and of the authorities quoted by the other two leading historians of the Yemen, El-Jenedi and El-Khazraji (both fourteenth-century writers), what little survives is mainly derived from 'Omârah. In his work we have, therefore, what the Germans call a *Hauptquelle*, and one of the highest value. Mr. Kay, however, has not contented himself with merely publishing this important document. He has compared it minutely with El-Jenedi's *Kitâb es-Sulûk*, as preserved in a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris; with El-Khazraji's *'Ukûd*, which exists in the India Office, and with his *Kifâyeh*, preserved at Leyden, of which work Johannsen's brief history was an epitome. Besides these Mr. Kay has collated his text with every available Arabic authority bearing on his period, and given the results of his comparisons in the notes, which practically contain all that can at present be discovered from existing manuscripts. In addition he has printed Ibn-Khaldûn's summary of Yemen history, which gives a connected view of the period by an accomplished historian—the Oriental Gibbon—whose lucidity materially assists the study of 'Omârah's somewhat rambling narrative, whilst a chapter from El-Jenedi on the Karmathian rising in Arabia completes the materials. Nothing more thorough or exhaustive has been done for many years in the field of Oriental scholarship.

The picture of Arabian history in the tenth to the twelfth century set before us after so much labour, if of small importance politically, or in its relations with other countries, is interesting in many ways. The chronology and conflicts of various dynasties of petty princes, chiefs, and imâms, may be of little significance; but the numerous side-lights cast upon Arab life in the middle ages are valuable and sometimes unexpected. It has often been stated that Mohammed destroyed Arab life when he founded the Empire of Islâm. It is clear from 'Omârah's pages that he did nothing of the sort. Undoubtedly, Islâm brought some changes into the Arab character; but this happened chiefly among the people who carried the Holy War into the lands of the infidels, and those who were within the immediate influence of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina Further south, in the Yemen—from El-Mahjam, down the coast, past Zebîd to Aden, with the cities of San'a, Jened, Ta'izz, Zafâr, &c., further inland—the Arabs remained Arabs of the genuine old brand, despite their Muslim creed. We read of hand-to-hand fights, exactly resembling the deeds of derring-do which exultant poets of the "Days of Ignorance" extolled in their Kasîdahs. We are continually being reminded of the poems of the *Mo'allakât*. Here is a scene that might have come out of the romance of Antarah:—

> 'I have been told by the Dā'y Muhammad ibn Saba that he was out on one occasion with a reconnoitering party for Saba. They came in sight of 'Aly ibn Abi'l-Gharāt and of his uncle Manī' ibn Mas'ūd. No horse, said the son of Saba, ever carried braver or bolder men than these two. "We took to flight," he continued, "but we were overtaken by Manī' ibn Mas'ūd. 'Tell your father, O youth,' he shouted, 'to stand firm, for this evening there shall surely be kisses bestowed upon us by the Jushamite maidens within his tent.' When I informed my father of these words, he rode forth in person, and addressed the Banu adh-Dhīb, who were present and who were his nearest kinsmen: 'The mercenary Arab horsemen (their allies) were not equal,' he said, 'to the heat of battle. Fire can be mastered only by him who kindles it. Meet your kinsmen and bear the fierce heat of battle yourselves, otherwise there is nought before you but defeat and disgrace.'
>
> '"The two armies joined in action, and one of our horsemen, charging Manī' son of Mas'ūd, dealt him a thrust with his lance, which divided his upper lip and nose. The battle raged on both sides with lance thrusts, heavy blows of the sword, and the destruction of horses. The assembled Arabs looked eagerly on, but the Banu Hamdān at length charged, and interposed themselves between the two parties. At the same moment the combatants were separated by the Lahj, which came rushing in a torrent down its bed. The two parties stood on either bank of the stream, conversing with one another. The Dā'y Saba . . . . turned towards Manī' ibn Mas'ūd. 'What sayest thou,' he asked, 'O Abu Mudāfi', of the Jushamite maidens' kisses this evening?' 'I say of them,' answered Manī', 'as has been said by the poet al-Mutanebbi—
>
> Lance-thrusts to those that love them are as kisses.'"'

This is pre-Islamic in its spirit. So is 'Omârah's story of the two horsemen who pursued him at full gallop with levelled lances over the desert, merely because they had been disputing whether the tribe of the Beni Wâïl or that of Kureysh were the nobler, and had agreed to abide by his decision; when they had got a rather ambiguous verdict, they rode off satisfied. The old contests of poets were still in vogue, just as they were at the Fair

* *Yaman: its Early Mediæval History.* By Najm ad-dīn 'Omārah Al-Hakami. Also the Abridged History of its Dynasties by Ibn Khaldūn, and an Account of the Karmathians of Yaman by Al-Janadi. The Original Texts, with Translation and Notes, by Henry Cassels Kay, M.R.A.S. London: Edw. Arnold. 1892.

of Okadh before the days of Islâm. One of the Zurey' princes was a poet himself. "He treated men of culture and learning with generosity, and often introduced verses in his conversation. I saw him once on a feast day in the Musalla, outside the city of al-Juwwah, seated on the spot where he suffered from the hot rays of the sun. Poets were present who strove with one another for liberty to recite their verses. 'Tell them,' he said to me, 'and raise your voice so that they may hear, that they need not crowd around me, for I will not leave this place till they have finished.' The poets were thirty in number, and he rewarded each one." On another occasion, this prince was so intoxicated with joy at the acquisition of various castles and wives that he encouraged a veritable poetic orgy, and spent 5,000 pieces of gold upon the fortunate bards.

The notices of Arab ladies in 'Omârah are peculiarly interesting. Just as in the old pagan days, ladies of exalted rank were allowed to appear unveiled. They often took an important part in the government, and the histories of two queens, the Lady Asmâ and the Lady Seyyideh, are extremely romantic. The latter plays the same part in the chronicles of the Yemen as Nûr-Jahân did in the Moghul Empire. Her husband, like Jahângîr, gave himself over to wine and music, while Seyyideh took charge of the kingdom, which she repeatedly saved from disaster. She was "of fair complexion, tinged with red, tall, well proportioned, but inclined to stoutness, perfect in beauty, of a clear-sounding voice, well read and a skilful writer, her memory well stored with history, with poetry, with the chronology of past times. Nothing could surpass the interlinear glosses inserted in her handwriting on the pages of books." No wonder so accomplished a Princess demanded (and was refused) a separation *a thoro*, on the plea of business. The Arab women of 'Omârah's history belong much more to the pagan than the Mohammedan period; the women of Islâm, with rare exceptions, possess infinitely less character and charm. There is a delightful story here of the singer Wardah, which shows that the Arab love of music had not lost its force in the twelfth century. Many of the anecdotes remind us of the Arab (as contrasted with the Persian) element in the *Thousand and One Nights*, and one is constantly expecting Ibrahîm El-Môsili and Harûn Alrashîd to come on the scene; while the description of Surûr's daily life (p. 122) is worthy of the best days of the Khalif Abu-Bekr. But it is impossible to refer to a tithe of the curious and interesting matters contained in Mr. Kay's book. The sway of Abyssinian Vizirs, the employment of Mamlûk guards with territorial grants, the building of wondrous palaces and mosques (where are they now?), the enumeration of treasures of Bilâl, the momentous game of chess which overturned a dynasty, the Arabian Charlotte Corday, who risked her virtue and poisoned the tyrant with a Nessus shirt—these and many other strange things will be found minutely related. Amongst others is the tale of the disputed inheritance of Ruzeyk, which was a worse Chancery cause than "Jardine *v.* Jardine." Ruzeyk was proverbial for his capacity of eating—"no man could eat as much as he." He left thirty children and many grandchildren, so that there were fifty-one separate interests, and the rights of succession were so complicated that no jurist in Arabia was able to divide the estate. At last an old man of Hadramaut was called in, whose poverty was so great that he believed every one a liar who said he had seen a hundred dinars. Such a sum was altogether beyond his ken, but he solved the division of Ruzeyk's property on the spot. After which he performed the pilgrimage, and died.

Mr. Kay is a little merciless in his arrangement of his materials; he does not make his history easy reading. A brief synopsis of the events of the period, tables and genealogies of the various dynasties, and a comparative scheme of contemporary rulers, like the excellent tree he has given of the Imâms, would have immensely helped the student. He might have made more use than he has done of the evidence afforded by coins. For example, in his note on 'Aththar and 'Aththarîyeh dinars he does not seem to know that gold coins of 'Aththar have been published. His transliteration of Arabic names is careful, though we do not like the accent he uses to indicate hemzeh; and it is difficult to see why 'Aly should have a y, and Sulayhi an i. "Mu'âwiyah" is, of course, wrong, and Tiberi*us*, on p. 50, and Seyid*d*ah, in several places, are misprints; whilst 'Amr*u* is not so pronounced. The frequent use of the coined word "unparagoned" as a translation of *el-Auhad* is surely a mistake for "unparalleled." The number of trifling blemishes of this sort is, however, insignificant.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.*

THE author of this somewhat bulky volume describes it as "an attempt to reduce avian season-flight to law," and he claims for it importance as the first essay which has sought to grapple with the entire phenomena which we call migration. Mr. Dixon is a well-known ornithologist, against whom we have no other charge to bring than that he is too fond of adding to that immense library of casual natural history which the successes of Richard Jeffries have brought forth. This time we are glad to welcome from his pen a serious contribution to zoological literature on a theme which never fails to excite curiosity. Charles Kingsley considered that as a man found his powers of mind failing, he should concentrate the remainder of them to natural history, "retaining God's truths, and letting man's lies slip." Without endorsing too fully this dictum of the agreeable professor of history, we may admit that our weary age shows no tendency to lose its interest in the simple arts of zoology. But what has Mr. Dixon to say that is of lasting importance?

So far as we gather what his position is, he seems to insist that migration is not the result of an instinct but of a habit; that is to say, that birds do not migrate because, at a certain moment, an irresistible longing seizes them all to seek a different and a more convenient climate, but because from the earliest times it has been their custom so to change their country. There is a difference here, no doubt; though it is rather a small one upon which to construct so large a book. The following deductions give the essence of what Mr. Dixon asserts with regard to the facts of avian flight:—

> 'First, that incipient and short migration flight indicate movements to correspond with comparatively small variations of climate necessary to requirements and consequent supply of food, together with gradual extension of range longitudinally, not essentially dependent on climate, and that these movements are the most recent in geological time. Second, that moderate and long migration flight are the result of a gradual extension of summer range, chiefly longitudinally, owing to modification of climate, with consequent increase of individuals, leading to an expanse of winter area, and are of much older institution. Third, that extended migration flight implies a complete change of breeding-ground, more or less Inter-Polar, and is decidedly the most ancient of all.'

Some of the arguments by which Mr. Dixon defends his view of migration as a habit, not an instinct, are certainly interesting. As he truly says, the popular notion of the unerring certainty of migration flight is founded on erroneous observation. "Birds blunder like human beings," and hosts of them constantly die in consequence. We do not understand Mr. Dixon to deny that the habit of migrating had become so deeply rooted in the course of ages that it cannot now be resisted, and is transmitted so distinctly that it really amounts to an instinct. In fact, we do not think that his theory of a mere habit is supported even by his own illustrations, nor can we discover in his book anything the novelty of which quite justifies the solemn blowing of trumpets in the preface. But he is a practised ornithologist, and he has put together a great number of important data, which we are glad to possess in this form. Nowhere is he more interesting than where he insists on the perils which await migration. He tells us that of every ten birds which fly south and west in autumn, not more than four or five return even under peculiarly favourable conditions. The birds are lost partly by fatigue, dropping through mechanical exhaustion before the necessary journey is completed; by their natural enemies, who take advantage of their weariness to destroy them; and by the mistakes which they themselves make in the direction of their flight. Mr. Dixon speaks of having seen a flock of quail sink upon a troop-ship in the Mediterranean, and perch upon the sleeping soldiers, ready to rest anywhere, and saved from drowning only by the accident that a ship was near. But that the birds blunder on their road is certainly the most curious fact. It is of little service to the stork to know her appointed times, and to the turtle and the crane and the swallow to observe the time of their coming, if they are not sure of the route as well.

This is the freshest portion of Mr. Dixon's volume. The list of the British avi-fauna is swelled with the names of birds that, so to speak, have taken the wrong train, or have failed to change at the right junction. The Siberian ground thrush and the black-throated ouzel come to us from Northern Asia when they fancy they are travelling to China or Borneo. One minute species, the yellow-browed willow wren (*Phylloscopus superciliosus*), sometimes pays England an unsolicited visit when it imagines, poor little dupe, that it is journeying from its breeding-station in the valley of the Yenisay towards the south of India. Our own birds stray

* *The Migration of Birds.* By Charles Dixon. London: Chapman Hall.

quite as unaccountably; the corn crake has been known to turn up in New Zealand, the woodcock in Virginia, and the redwing in Greenland, each of these wayworn innocents being due at that moment, and doubtless awaited by anxious relatives, in some southern county of England. Of facts of this kind Mr. Dixon's interesting volume is full, and if we do not take his theories quite so seriously, perhaps, as he is inclined to do himself, we are glad to recommend *The Migration of Birds* as a welcome contribution to popular ornithology.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. several new songs, one or two of which deserve to be widely known. "I had a Flower," by Mr. Lawrence Kellie, is very pretty, although not up to his usual level. The melody has, however, that rare quality—distinction. "O beautiful Star!" a serenade by the same composer, is a setting of a sonnet by Mr. Oscar Wilde. The music is much above the average of such work. "The City of Night," words by Mr. Mowbray Morris, is an excellent song, but the accompaniment will be found a trifle too difficult for amateurs. This is distinctly a concert song, and as such it should become popular. "Crossing the Bar" is the least satisfactory of Mr. Kellie's new songs. The time is lugubrious. "In Years to Come" is a pleasing ballad by Miss Madge E. Conway.

"For Old Sake's Sake," by Mr. Farquharson Waller, is a setting of Kingsley's well-known words; which, by the way, on account of the alliteration, are not particularly easy to sing. The accompaniment to this song is quite original. These songs are issued by C. Barth & Co., who also send us a fairly good waltz, "The Myee," by the same composer.

Messrs. Morley & Co. have recently published "So Sweet a Dream," with English and German words, by H. S. Hichens, set to music by Otto Cantor. The words are striking; the music is not without merit, and is singularly free from any effort to produce effect by the usual tricky means. A good song for baritone voice is "King Davy," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by Joseph L. Roeckel. It is, as its name suggests, a sailor's song, and the monarch of the name of Davy is he of locker fame.

"The Crystal Sea," by W. H. Jude, is a graceful ballad with the usual arpeggiato accompaniment, which is inevitable in songs which deal with a placid sea and a happy voyage across it.

"Sancta Maria," by Miss Clara Ross, is a sacred song for soprano with a mandoline or violin accompaniment. The mandoline is a charming little instrument, but scarcely of sufficient weight for a song of this class. However, the firm of Phillips & Pace has taken the mandoline *au sérieux*, and publishes a great deal of music for it—several waltzes and polkas; "Le Triomphe" is one of these, and is a capital Spanish waltz by Señor Juan Gomez. To this class of music the mandoline adapts itself admirably, and its numerous admirers and performers will welcome this excellent series of mandoline music, which has the advantage of being showy, and by no means difficult.

From Messrs. Wickins & Co. we have received a fresh series of the admirable Grosvenor Albums containing a number of classical songs by the great masters. These Albums are well selected and printed in excellent type. They will be found useful by students.

There is not much to be said for "If a Maiden loves a Lad," by Mr. J. St. Eldon. The words are silly and the music simple. "The Old Bude Haven" and "Cœur de Brave" are taking songs by Mr. Merton Clarke, whose "Smuggler's Wooing" is a capital man's song, which should be popular not only in the drawing-room but on the concert platform. The words, which are by Mr. F. E. Giles, are excellent. These songs are published by Messrs. Kay & Co.

"My Counsel Take" is a new setting of Mrs. Bundle's song in Dibdin's *Waterman*, by Mr. Alexis Beaumont (Charles Woolhouse), and is a very charming little song, appropriately dedicated to Miss Sims Reeves. If ever this celebrated nautical farce is revived, this song ought to take the place of the original, which is not particularly effective. A setting of "A Hymn to Diana,' one of Ben Jonson's finest songs, reflects credit on Miss Clarissa Mallard, one of our most promising lady composers. It is a two-part song for treble and alto voices.

Messrs. Novello & Ewer have recently published the score of *The Lotos Eaters*, by C. H. H. Parry; "A Communion Service," by E. Silas; "The Tercentenary Ode," by R. P. Stewart; "All the Year Round," a Cantata, by Gustav Ernest. This last is intended for school use, and is a pleasing, if not particularly interesting, composition. Mr. Henschel's "Progressive Studies" for the voice are commendable as the result of a thorough knowledge of the art of singing. The series in question are for "low voice." They are well graduated. The best are contained in the volume devoted to florid singing, in which Mr. Henschel wisely follows the school of Handel. This set of *vocalizzi* should be in every student's hands. A fine choral ballad, "The Death of young Romilly," by J. F. H. Read, is a setting of Wordsworth's celebrated ballad.

Among the latest violin music published by Messrs. Novello & Ewer are fourteen pieces by Purcell, which will be cordially welcomed by lovers of this delightful old master. The Chacone, No. IX., is remarkably fine. These pieces are not at all difficult. Eight pieces by De Beriot, for Violin and Pianoforte, are only intended for artists and advanced amateurs. Finally, we have ten pieces by J. B. Poznanski, which are original, and one or two of them of considerable merit.

Messrs. Novello have also published in album form Mr. Edward German's music to *Henry VIII.*, which we have already noticed in terms of eulogy on a former occasion. The same may be said of Mr. Henschel's music to *Hamlet*, which, however, is less interesting as transcribed for the piano, being not very tuneful.

The organ works of John Sebastian Bach, edited by Dr. Bridge and Dr. J. Higgs, will be of great service to organists with whom the compositions of this illustrious master can never be too familiar. Bach may be described as the king-composer for the organ. Needless to say that the editing in this instance has been carried out with much success. A series of original compositions for the organ by English composers will be found of great service in churches, especially as none of them are particularly difficult.

COINS OF EGYPT UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

NEARLY ten years ago Mr. R. S. Poole published a valuable Catalogue of the earliest Egyptian coins, those, that is, which were struck by the Ptolemaic Kings from the time of Alexander's General Ptolemy Lagus down to the close of the existence of Egypt as an independent kingdom in the reign of Augustus. In this new Catalogue Mr. Poole gives us an excellent description of the later coins of Egypt issued under the rule of Imperial Rome, from the time of Augustus down to the beginning of the fourth century A.D.

The coins of this later series, though frequently possessing very interesting types, are, on the whole, exceptionally poor as works of art. There is a special coarseness of execution in the Egypto-Roman coinage, with its high "stilted" relief, its thick flans, and its rough edges, not only in the case of the bronze coins, but also in the *billon* or white alloy coinage which in Egypt took the place of silver. Even the portraits of the earlier Roman Emperors, which are often of very great beauty on the coins of Rome itself, on the provincial Egyptian coinage are not only artistically very poor, but are remarkably bad as portraits. This Mr. Poole explains by the fact that Egypt, being a distant province, was seldom visited by the Emperors, and that, therefore, the moneyers had little chance of being able to produce a good likeness. Sheer want of skill was, however, most probably the chief reason, since it would have been very easy for clever die-engravers to make a good copy of the very noble heads which they must have seen on imported specimens of Roman *aurei* and large brasses. One interesting feature in this Egypto-Roman coinage, described by Mr. Poole in his introduction, is the unusual fact that many of the coins are dated with the year of the reign of the Emperor under whom they were struck. The system of dating used is that of the Alexandrian Era, which began in the year 30 B.C.; and the first year of any Emperor is the part, however small, of the Alexandrian year in which the Emperor began his reign. Except on the earlier coins of Augustus, the date is preceded by the symbol L for "year." This symbol is of uncertain origin; it has been taken for the initial of an obscure Macedonian word, ΛΥΚΑΒΑΣ, meaning "year"; but, as Mr. Poole tells us, it is more probably a conventional form of the Egyptian sign for year in the Demotic character. The numerals used are the later Greek alphabetic numerals, which came into use in the fourth century B.C., in place of the less convenient system of employing initials of word-numbers, as, for example, H for hecaton = 100, Δ for deca = 10, and the like.

Some of the coin *reverses* of this series are interesting as representing celebrated statues of deities, which were noted either for their sanctity or for their beauty as works of art. The famous colossal statue of the river-god Nilus, an ancient copy of

* *Catalogue of the Coins of Alexandria and the Nomes.* By Reginald Stuart Poole, LL.D. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. 1892.

which is now in the Vatican, is represented on coins of Trajan, Hadrian, and other Emperors, which are illustrated by Mr. Poole on Plate XIX. Mr. Poole remarks of the Vatican Nile group that it "is either an original of the later age of the Ptolemies, or a very fine copy"; but it can hardly be the original work, since it is of white marble, whereas Pliny tells us (*Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 58) that this statue, which was dedicated by Vespasian in the Temple of Peace, was carved in hard iron-grey basalt (*basanites*). A good description of this statue, or rather group, is given by Mr. Poole in his introduction, pp. lxii–lxiii.

Another interesting *reverse* on a large bronze coin of Hadrian (see Plate IV.) has a representation of the famous chryselephantine statue of Athene Parthenos by Pheidias. The goddess stands holding her shield in one hand, and in the other a small figure of the winged Nike. Another coin of the same Emperor has a curious variety of this; instead of the figure of Nike, Athene holds her sacred owl in her outstretched hand, the owl being a kind of reminiscence of the primitive time when Athene was actually an owl-headed deity. A similar example of this kind of development occurs in the form of the Egyptian god Anubis, or Hermanubis, who is at first represented as a man with a jackal's head, and then, in later times, as an ordinary man with a jackal by his side.

In his plates Mr. Poole has adopted the system of arranging the coins according to the subjects on the *reverses*, not under the issues of each Emperor. This makes the plates exceptionally interesting to the student of mythology, and is an excellent arrangement for purposes of study. It is very remarkable how little technical or artistic difference there is between the coinages of the various Emperors during a space of about three centuries, and there is, therefore, less reason for arranging their coins in the more usual way. A large mass of valuable information about the Egypto-Roman deities and their myths is given by Mr. Poole in about one hundred introductory pages, and he has succeeded in giving much interest to his description of what is at first sight rather a dull numismatic series.

THE FRENCH WARS OF RELIGION.*

MR. ARMSTRONG must have been singularly fortunate in his audience during "the Oxford University Extension Summer Meeting of August 1892" if these lectures of his were listened to with profit. They are not bad lectures to be delivered to a class which had been well grounded beforehand in the books. Mr. Armstrong avoids the subordinate religious side of these so-called wars of religion, except in so far as it is necessary for him to explain to what extent it was subordinate, and why. Few who have any knowledge of the time will dispute his judgment that religion was of small moment to the great bulk of the fighters on either side. The rivalry of Châtillon and Guise, the ambition of the princes of the blood, the restlessness of the small nobles who could not work, and who were thrown out of honourable military employment by the cessation of foreign wars, were the main causes of the convulsion to which La Réforme contributed only one element. Mr. Armstrong also notes the tendency of these wars to take the form of agrarian revolt against the nobles in the country districts, and of revolutionary outbreaks in the towns. He makes the usual, and indeed obvious, comparison between the Day of the Barricades and the similar scenes of the Great Revolution. It is, as Mr. Armstrong says, only necessary to change a few proper names in order to make the description of the one apply to the other. But the lecturer gives no narrative of events, and indeed could not do so if he was to find room for his general consideration and his criticism. But if the audience was not well grounded in the books, what effect could such lectures as these produce on it? We are very much afraid that they could only serve to foster that habit of talking at large about matters of which the speakers have a very superficial knowledge, which is too likely to be promoted by University Extension lectures in any case. Mr. Armstrong has endeavoured to correct this defect when printing his lectures, by supplying genealogical tables and a useful chronological summary. His style is not animated, and there are phrases which do him little honour.

* *The French Wars of Religion: their Political Aspects.* An Expansion of Three Lectures delivered before the Oxford University Extension Summer Meeting of August 1892. By E. Armstrong, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS.*

"THERE'S nothing new in that, my dear stick," is a saying which occurs to one after having read and re-read Mr. Garner's book about the speech of monkeys. Mr. Garner has believed from childhood—in which he is not singular—that all kinds of animals have some mode of speech by which they can talk among their own kind, and he has also wondered often why man never tried to learn it. Mr. Garner's *naïveté* in this matter may possibly be part of the great American joke, as to which we have as yet no absolute explanation; but let us now do Mr. Garner the fullest justice we can. To quote from his own book (p. 192), he asks this question:—"Why should it be thought strange that monkeys talk?" Well, it is not thought strange by any sensible person. Any sensible person knows that all birds and beasts talk. Théophile Gautier proved, to the discomfiture of certain men of science, that fishes talk. All creatures talk; and, for all we know, all plants talk.

Mr. Garner has discovered that monkeys talk. The discovery of this remarkable fact was made long before Mr. Garner's time. What Mr. Garner has done as a new thing is the interpretation of the speech of monkeys by means of the phonograph. And this is to Mr. Garner's credit. But he has so far applied this to monkeys alone; and, though the concluding chapter of his book shows a knowledge of the language of dogs, though not of cats—and the language of cats is very varied and instructive—one cannot but think that Mr. Garner has made a mistake in studying monkeys alone out of the animal kingdom. To take another point of view, it is evident that Mr. Garner has never read *Melincourt*. It is also likely that he is unacquainted with a play on words quoted some time since in these pages. The équivoque referred to occurred in a play by H. J. Byron, produced and played by Sothern, who represented the part of a supposed dupe, and to the question "What will you bet? What do you say to monkeys?" replied, "I never say anything to monkeys; what would be the use?"

One thing more there is to say. Mr. Garner is assuredly the twin brother of Mr. Hardfur Huttle, the great creation of the brothers Grossmith in *The Diary of a Nobody*. Here is proof convincing from p. 182:—"Heresy is the author of progress, and I confess myself a heretic on many of the current doctrines of the science of sounds."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT was only proper that after Raffet had been "done" in the "Artistes célèbres" (1) his master Charlet, once the more famous of the two, should have his turn. M. Lhomme, who undertook the pupil, now undertakes the master, and has done him with that thoroughness of execution and absence of pretension which characterizes most of his work, whether artistic or literary, that we are acquainted with. He admits that Charlet "a été surfait" by the men of his own day; he thinks (wherein we are prepared to go some way with him) that he has for some time been undervalued. But he does not, so far as we have noticed, quote the most remarkable piece of criticism on Charlet with which we ourselves are acquainted, that of Baudelaire in his "Quelques caricaturistes français", which originally appeared in a periodical some ten years after Charlet's death, and is reprinted in *Curiosités esthétiques*. Baudelaire was very fond of caricatures, he was thoroughly up in the technical criticism as well as the jargon of the atelier, and he was by no means wont to take his opinions at second-hand. His verdict on Charlet, though severe, is very interesting to compare with the pieces presented by M. Lhomme's book. With the poet's criticism of the painter's subjects we need not much trouble ourselves. That Charlet was a sort of exaggerated Béranger of the pencil, that he had scarcely any gospel but an almost imbecile Chauvinism, Bonapartism, anti-Clericalism, is all true enough. But Baudelaire would have been the first, in some moods at least, to admit that this mattered very little. It is in his execution that Charlet is really weak. He would seem to have studied Gillray (M. Lhomme admits that before Waterloo the English had the pre-eminence in caricature), and, though he has little of Gillray's force, he follows him in the astounding roundness and puffiness of his faces and figures. Baudelaire's objection, that his drawing is "toujours des ronds et des ovales," is quite sound. He is right again in saying that the artist's best things are some quite early series of military costumes; and he is right once

* *The Speech of Monkeys.* By R. L. Garner. Lon William Heinemann.

(1) *Les artistes célèbres—Charlet.* Par F. Lhomme.

more in accusing him of having more and more condescended to a "vulgaire crayonnage."

Nevertheless, Charlet is a very interesting person. There is no doubt whatever that he helped very mainly to bring about the Second Empire—not a good deed, certainly, but a remarkable one in history. There is no doubt likewise that he, or at least his art, was a kind of embodiment of that intense, and almost innocent, vanity which leads the Frenchman, not like the Englishman, to take for granted that he is at the head of the universe, and make no bother about it, only incidentally betraying the consciousness, but to assert, and screech, and howl the fact of his headship. A more intensely comic design than his famous "Grenadier de Waterloo" is difficult to conceive. The grenadier, leaning against a shattered tree, with a ferocious countenance, one arm in a sling and the other hand bound up, covers, with his sabre in the less injured hand, a comrade, who rather unheroically kneels at his feet and clasps him round the waist, while he "eyes over" with more than Tappertitian ferocity an entire battalion of oncoming Englishmen, whose officer is so astonished at the grenadier's bravery that he is in considerable danger of stumbling over a dead man in front and being stuck by his own men's bayonets from behind. A critic whom M. Lhomme quotes admits that this absurdity is "un peu théâtrale," but says that it is "with these theatrical compositions that one catches hold of a nation by its entrails." Perhaps. But Charlet must not be judged merely by his entrail-catchers such as this, or as the numerous barricade pieces, which represent particularly villanous-looking *ouvriers* clasping the hands of neat private soldiers. As M. Lhomme frequently admits, he was no master of composition, properly so called. He could draw single figures admirably—it is almost impossible to overpraise those of the series above mentioned for *crânerie* and accuracy combined. But directly he began to put them in action he became theatrical or weak. Nevertheless he was a great master of lithography in its palmy days, a very popular and fertile artist, as it seems an excellent fellow, at times no bad caricaturist pure and simple, and a capital designer of children.

Attention has been drawn to the tercentenary of Montaigne's death, which fell, according to ordinary computation, on this day week, new style. The writer of a well-informed, chiefly biographical, article in the *Times* is quite right in saying that a great deal has been done of late years for Montaigne's biography, but it is odd that there is as yet no thoroughly complete standard edition of his works. The limitation which has hitherto shut the admirable "Grands écrivains" series, the best edited series of classics in European literature, to those writers who appeared before "Malherbe vint" is particularly unfortunate in this case. The edition of M. Lemerre's sixteenth-century series, uniform with Rabelais and Agrippa d'Aubigné, began well some twenty years ago, but, like its companions, hung on hand terribly, and did not originally contemplate the inclusion of the rather enigmatical but important Italian Notes. There are, of course, numerous other editions, almost any one of which will do for the wise man who really wants to read Montaigne, that of M. Jouaust being the prettiest, and that of Louandre the cheapest and most convenient. But there is no such edition as M. Regnier and his staff could and would have given us if they had chosen. Now this is a pity, for it is scarcely necessary to say that, both in matter and form, there is hardly a writer in any language, and certainly none in French, who gives such scope for sober but diligent and well-informed commentary as Montaigne.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO that extremely unequal series of books known as the "Story of the Nations," Mr. C. W. C. Oman contributes *The Byzantine Empire* (Fisher Unwin), concerning the merits of which, and the author's qualifications for the undertaking, Mr. Oman's preface is unusually explicit. On these points the preface is so frankly informing that we find there is little or nothing to add on our part in the way of acknowledgment or commendation. Any recognition of the industrious research that distinguishes Mr. Oman's book must needs appear a trifle thin in comparison. For it is obvious that fruitful and authoritative should be the work of a writer who claims "some acquaintance with Ammianus, Procopius, Maurice's Leo the Deacon, Leo the Wise, Constantine Porphyrogenitus, Anna Comnena, and Nicetas," even though he does not pretend to have "grappled with all the chroniclers of the Eastern realm." But the chiefest virtue of his work, in Mr. Oman's estimation, is that it attempts "to tell the story of Byzantium in the spirit of Finlay and Bury, not in that of Gibbon." We hardly know whether there is more to amaze or more to amuse in this lofty statement of a superior aim. Decidedly, the casting out of the new historical spirit by the spirit of Gibbon is about as improbable as any spiritual transmigration we can conceive. What Mr. Oman means by not writing in the "spirit of Gibbon" amounts simply to this—that the temptation to dare to contradict Gibbon, to use his own phrase, has proved too strong for Mr. Oman. Gibbon, he declares, has branded the successors of Justinian and Heraclius as "a series of vicious weaklings." The rule has its exceptions, and unless you can multiply the exceptions very considerably the rule is unaffected. The daring of Mr. Oman's contradiction of Gibbon's generalized view of Byzantine rulers may be accurately gauged by the plentiful use in his book of such epithets as "feeble," "wicked," "shameful," "cowardly," "wretched," and the like, applied to these same rulers.

In *Sandy and Other Folks*, by Mary Newton Mann (Glasgow: Hodge & Co.), there are some capital sketches of Scottish character, presented under the beneficent influence of love and wooing, which for fidelity and humour, and a certain nicety and sobriety of touch, may claim kinship with the "Annals of a Parish." Love rules the manse where Sandy McNab serves as gardener and beadle, and Mysie Blaelock as confidential servant, while Miss Janie, the minister's daughter, is the object of the young doctor's devotion. Each member of this quartet of lovers is an interesting study, but the humour of the book is concentrated in the courtship of the old servants. The scene of Sandy's triumph is a delightful piece of comedy. He and Mysie might have been married any time, but they are extreme canny, and "hing on whaur they are" in single-blessedness, partly because just to ask and to have seems so easy. It proves a very different business when Sandy plucks up heart, through a simple device of Miss Janie's, and with characteristic circumlocution opens the campaign.

Letters and descriptive articles make up the staple of the *Life of the Rev. Samuel Savage Lewis*, by Agnes Smith Lewis (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes), yet, although not a biography, in the strict interpretation of the term, the book is satisfactory as a memorial of the late Librarian of Corpus Christi. Of Mr. Lewis's life in Cambridge Mrs. Lewis has not much to tell; but the correspondence, and her own records, which are pleasant reading by the way, of travels in Greece, Syria, Algeria, Sicily, and other lands, show somewhat of the energy and zeal with which Mr. Lewis pursued his antiquarian studies in the field.

Canon Brownlow's *Slavery and Serfdom in Europe* (Burns & Oates) is composed of a series of lectures originally addressed to the Natural History Society of Torquay, and now published in expanded form. So complex a question cannot, of course, be treated, historically, in all its bearings within the limits of one small volume. The author has given a sketch of the subject, which is well knit and abundantly illustrative, and chiefly designed, it seems, to set forth the influence of Christianity.

Under the title *Arakan; Past, Present, Future* (Blackwood & Sons), Mr. John Ogilvy Hay has collected much documentary proof, in the shape of correspondence and newspaper articles, of his activity in promoting communication by railway between India and Burmah *viâ* Arakan, which he regards as the natural highway and trade route between India and Burmah and China. Mr. Hay contends that this scheme might, and should, be carried out by private enterprise, encouraged, of course, by the Indian Government, and that it offers the best line of communication possible, would facilitate migration of the teeming Bengal population "to the rich but waste lands of Arakan and Burmah," and would lead to the development of Akyab. Mr. Hay considers Akyab to be the finest natural port on the eastern seaboard of the Bay of Bengal—vastly superior to Chittagong—and he has certainly put forth not a little evidence in support of this claim.

The art of epitome is exemplified after the very strictest, not to say constrictedest, fashion in the Rev. Dr. Pope's students' manual, *A School History of India* (Longmans & Co.) This textbook is designed to meet the requirements of the examination systems. It is a digest of history condensed to facts, names, and dates, the whole put forth in the briefest style of expression possible. With such a handbook and the memory of a Macaulay, the student, we should say, must needs triumph, be the papers set him never so ingenious or recondite. He will not fail to give the names of Mahmûd of Ghasai's successors, of the Ghôrian dynasty, of the Slave Kings of Ghôr, of the Tatâr Khiljis, the members of the House of Tughlak, the Mogul emperors, and all the rulers of the Deccan—or Dakhan, as Dr. Pope spells it. The history of the Punjab, Mysore, the Mahratta States, British dominion down to the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin, the French and Portuguese in India—all are epitomized and in separate summaries. The chronological tables are useful as a kind of

index to a book which is itself an index and key to the history of India.

Mr. Paul Neuman's book of parables—*The Interpreter's House* (Fisher Unwin)—comprises "parables" of two kinds, neither of which can be considered successful illustrations of an extremely difficult branch of literature. Either the hidden meaning of Mr. Neuman's parables is so effectually concealed as to call for the master's own interpretation—as in "The Black Sailor"—or it is not hidden at all, and of trivial import—as in "The Fat Little Jew," "The Sins of the Fathers," and others. There are touches of imagination, however, in "The Black Sailor" and "The Second Manhood of Amos Dale" that may indicate fiction pure and simple as a more promising field for Mr. Neuman's pen.

Lake Country Romances, by Herbert V. Mills, with illustrations by Cuthbert Rigby (Elliot Stock), deal with historical material rather than with local legends—as romantic spirits might surmise of the title. "The Wooing of Katherine Parr," and its sequel, "A Tragic Coronation," are fair specimens of the historical tale, with sketches of illustrious personages, like Henry VIII., quite up to the Ainsworthian standard observed in the *Tower of London*.

From Messrs. John Walker & Co. we have three little books for general reference:—*A Pronouncing Dictionary of Mythology and Antiquities*; *Just the Word Wanted*, a handbook of synonyms; and a *Handy Guide to Correct Pronunciation and Spelling*. The second of these has for page-heading "The Right Word in the Right Place," which, of course, no book can indicate. No doubt, to quote the title, "an appropriate selection can be made" from the words grouped together as synonyms, but the propriety of the selection must obviously depend upon the selector. From the third book we give some curiosities of "correct pronunciation." You are directed to pronounce "Coupon kōō'pong, *not* kōō'pon"; "dol'or-us, *not* dō'lor-us"; "Calf, käf, *not* kaf"—but why not calf? "Calve, käv, *not* kälv"; "Calm, käm, *not* kam"—and, again, why not calm? "Path, pāth, *not* path."

In Messrs. Percival's "English Classics for Schools" we have, in Grade III., Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, edited by C. E. Vaughan, M.A., with notes and introduction; a selection from Lamb's *Essays*, by L. E. Upcott, and in Grade II. a selection in two volumes from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, by R. P. Horsley, with notes, map, and a sketch of the author's life.

A Debt of Honour, by Mabel Collins (Eden, Remington, & Co.), is a short story of a thoroughly conventional type, with "characters" that are best described as of the "property" kind. There is the youth of wealth and position, the darling of a mother whose time is fully occupied in checking her son's taste for gaming and the village alehouse. The young man falls in love with the landlord's pretty daughter. But Jack Falconer's mother and sister contrive that he shall not marry her. Luckily there is Lady Drusilla, who is "a woman of thirty," and though "not exactly plain," for she was really rather handsome, "decidedly forbidding," and of a "repellent" kind of beauty. This combination, we are told, was due to the fact that she was a great heiress—"Little do the poor imagine of the misery of possessing much money!" Yet in another page we read, "Oh, how easy money makes life! Those who have it cannot imagine the want of it." Jack is induced to marry the forbidding lady, who thereupon pays his debt of honour—a gambling debt due to her brother, Lord Dane Hazleton, who is engaged to Jack's sister, and the end of it all is that the landlord's pretty daughter drowns herself.

We have also received *A Reading Book for Standard V.*, dealing with the Tudor Period (Macmillan & Co.); *Die Werke der Barmherzigkeit*, by W. H. Riehl, edited by A. Vægelin, M.A., "Elementary Texts" series (Percival & Co.); *Indian Types of Beauty*, by R. W. Shufeldt, reprinted from the *American Field*, with illustrations; *Factors in the Irish Problem*, by the Hon. R. Russell (Hazell, Watson, & Viney); *Ireland's Woes*, "from a Foreigner's point of view" (Williams and Norgate); *A Liberal's Appeal to Liberals* "for the Toleration of Christian Morality and Religion in some of the Schools of the State," by Joseph Henry Hawkes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Beeches*, a novel, by G. F. Turvey, popular edition (Dunn & Wright); and a *Souvenir of the Grand Hotel, San Francisco*, a little handbook for travellers (San Francisco: Crocker & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. IT was announced this day week that the Duchess of BUCCLEUCH would not, as had been rumoured, retain the Mistress-ship of the Robes, but that the office would be put in commission between two dowager Duchesses—of ATHOLE and ROXBURGHE. In Ireland, for the first time for many months and some years, apologies were publicly made for transgressing boycotting decrees—a delicate compliment to Mr. MORLEY, who had just assumed his office. Lord ROSEBERY prattled pleasantly on the Press this day week at Edinburgh to the Institute of Journalists; while Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, taking up the tale from Lord ROSEBERY, addressed the same body (which seems to be peripatetic) on Monday at Glasgow, and, as was to be expected of him, was more serious than that light-hearted peer.——Two contributions of considerable and rather funnily contrasted interest were made to the subject of home politics on Tuesday morning, when an address from Mr. GLADSTONE (who had taken a trip to Sir EDWARD WATKIN'S iron shanty on Snowdon) to the Carnarvon Liberals, and a letter from Mr. LABOUCHERE on the great things that will have to be done next Session, if he, Mr. LABOUCHERE, is not to "paint the town," were published side by side. We could not do justice to these documents here, and they are accordingly treated in their own place, but they afford by no means unamusing reading. On Tuesday Mr. GLADSTONE supplemented his Church bribe to Wales by a Land bribe, for which also we must refer to another place. In Ireland that notorious and reverend bully, Father HUMPHREYS, was committed to prison for gross contempt of Court before the Tipperary magistrates. Perhaps Mr. MORLEY will let him out? It must certainly have been expected that he would do so, when next day he and his LORDS JUSTICES revoked such remaining proclamations (most of them had done their work in Mr. BALFOUR'S time, and had been recalled) as existed under the Crimes Act. While this was being done on the one side of the Channel, Mr. GLADSTONE was scaling that English Matterhorn, Snowdon, on the other, attended by a guide, four policemen, a mare named Polly, a pony named Tommy, and other appliances and means. The virgin peak, however, resisted his ascent, and Polly, Tommy, the guide, the four policemen, and the rest appear to have gone back or gone on without him. But the record of the essay remains for history. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN addressed his constituents at Glasgow, and comforted himself and them by the remarkable assurance that many persons who have voted Liberal-Unionist and Conservative will be very sorry if Home Rule is not carried. Now, if he had said that many Gladstonians will be far from delighted if it is, there might have been something in it. ——A meeting at Birmingham on the subject of Early Closing, at which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK attended and spoke, was, perhaps, hardly in strictness political; but nobody in these days seems quite to know what is politics and what is not. We dare say early closing is all right; but it makes the streets extremely hideous, it is sometimes very inconvenient, and incorrigible questioners may sometimes wonder whether those who would be employed in the shops are much better employed wherever they chance to be.——On Thursday Mr. GLADSTONE journeyed from Snowdon to Barmouth, and was again addressed there. He remarked that those who addressed him "had not "put in much politics." They had put in absolutely none; and the address was simply one of hospitable good feeling, in which any Unionist might, and probably some did, join. Therefore Mr. GLADSTONE put to his own reply a political *coda* which was a direct insult to Unionist feeling.——Lord GEORGE HAMILTON spoke at Acton, on the same day; and Mr. HARRY LAWSON, the rejected of St. Pancras, was chosen by the Gladstonians to fight Colonel CHESTER-MASTER for the late Mr. WINTERBOTHAM'S seat in Gloucestershire. This, with proper management, may be secured for the Union; though there is a majority—once heavy, and still considerable—to pull down, and the time of year is not the best.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. At the end of last week French Chauvinists, as was to be expected, had made up their minds without any difficulty that Captain LUGARD was even a wickeder man than they had thought, and were very angry with M. BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE (one of the few Frenchmen who really understand foreign affairs) for declaring that England ought not to evacuate Egypt. The Genoese fêtes, the Carmaux strike, the cholera, and a few other things made

up the budget of the day.——On Monday morning some not unimportant items of news respecting Indian affairs were published. The death of the Mehtar of Chitral will make it necessary to see that English influence is well maintained in an independent or quasi-independent State, which is just at this moment of more importance to us than ever. Russian newspapers were still taking the high-and-mighty line about "Afghan and Chinese encroachments" on the Pamir; and the news from Afghanistan was, on the whole, bad. European news was on this day of little moment.——On Tuesday there was a rumour that the Russians had withdrawn from the Pamirs, but had concentrated on the Murghab. It has been pointed out with truth in some quarters that this announcement is not a little ambiguous because "the Murghab" runs *through* "the "Pamirs"; but it is fair to observe on the other side that, if "the Murghab" is construed as we in England construe it, a reasonable settlement is not unattainable. For this branch, called otherwise the Aksu, of the "majestic river" that has "its high mountain "cradle in Pamir," is, on the whole, the best dividing line that can now be insisted on; and, while it would involve the sacrifice of a small part of Roshan, it would keep Shignan nearly intact for the British sphere, together with the Alichur, the Great, the Little, and all the other Southern Pamirs. Only Lord ROSEBERY must keep himself and other people wide awake, and must, if possible, leave nothing open. The chief other item was that of the violent opposition of the mainland neighbours of the islets off New York Harbour—which had been selected as sanatoria for the healthy passengers by infected ships—to the said passengers taking up their abode there. Unluckily, the rioters secured a provisional injunction from a judge, and kept the unfortunate passengers for many hours on tugs entirely unprovided with all the necessaries of board and lodging; so that when they were at last landed, under the protection of a strong force of artillery and infantry militia, many of the women and children were in a state of great exhaustion. There was much talk in France on Tuesday and Wednesday of the remarks of M. DE MOHRENHEIM (Russian Ambassador, and discharger of the honourable office of Sir PANDARUS of Troy between TROILUS-CZAR and the Republican CRESSID) to M. DE MORÈS about the Paris press being "under the control of Englishmen "and Jews."——On Thursday morning there was more news about the high-handed conduct of the Russians to British sealers. An unusually high Nile was causing some apprehension and many precautions in Egypt. The HODISTER disaster in the Congo State was (though not so to Commander CAMERON'S thinking) confirmed, and the Carmaux strike was still occupying a good deal of attention in France, where deputies of the Extreme Left were behaving even as their congeners in this country. The *Mephitis Politica* is a beast of no country in one sense; in another of all.——Despite all the precautions at New York, it would appear that Asiatic cholera has somehow got in, the victims being in every case not new comers, but residents of old standing.——It was said yesterday that the Russian retreat in the Pamirs was chiefly due to the difficulty of provisioning troops in the highlands, which, indeed, must have been considerable; and the long-talked-of arrangement by which an Anglo-German Company is to work Damaraland was said to be completed. This is rather like going back as a servant to the house where you have lived as a master, but is, perhaps, better than nothing.

Meetings. The Welsh Eisteddfod was wound up successfully yesterday week, what time the Trade-Union Congress again affirmed Eight Hours and ten hoops, and showed its sweet reasonableness by hissing and groaning out of the hall the delegates of a Glasgow Union who were suspected of the deadly sin of accepting a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. The Orientalists discussed Paradise, Persepolis, Papyri, and Mr. PETRIE. The Trade-Union Congress ceased to be last week. The Orientalists—later to meet and more loth to depart—prolonged themselves into Monday. They were succeeded, or overlapped, by an assembly of the Sanitary Institute at Portsmouth, which was addressed by its president, Sir CHARLES CAMERON, in a speech of much ability, but, of course, waving the flag of *omnia sanitas* with some pardonable forgetfulness that that flag is still sometimes a trifle yellow. A Congress of Librarians—English, but held in Paris, and presided over in the first place by that excellent English scholar, M. BELJAME—also met on Monday. The Sanitary Institute and the Librarians Association continued to meet during the week. Later the Dockers held congress at Swansea. In Switzerland, a country second only to England for Congresses, the Old Catholics succeeded the motley body of English Reunionists.

The Law Courts. The new Common Serjeant, Sir FORREST FULTON (who was properly congratulated on taking his seat), presided over the Central Criminal Court this week in the absence of the Recorder. The calendar was heavy, but the most interesting case, that of the Lambeth girl-poisonings, was held over till the next sessions.——The madman, ruffian, or victim of a singularly unfortunate mistake, who is charged with an unintelligible assault on two young ladies at Bickley, was committed for trial on Monday.——In the course of the hearing of the charges of fraud in connexion with the Lyric Club, Mr. WONTNER mentioned that forged bills in two names to the amount of nearly a quarter of a million are known to be flying about London. There is something interesting in this, and luckily the class of sportsmen who pursue these kites is one whose misfortunes, if they come, need not cause pain to even the tenderest heart.——The hopes of the believers in "a new day" for everything and everybody when Mr. GLADSTONE should once more be in power have been cruelly dashed by Mr. ASQUITH, who has declined, regardless of British folly and American impertinence, to recommend HER MAJESTY to extend still further the mercy already shown to Mrs. MAYBRICK.——A solemn affirmation of the doctrine "once a barrister "always a barrister" occurred in the Revision Court at Kensington, on Tuesday, when the Conservative representative was objected to, and disallowed, because he had been called to the Bar, and the statute says that parties may not appear by counsel, though he himself had long ceased to practise, and appeared not as counsel for, but as paid secretary of, the Association he represented.——The curious case in which a child of ten, having broken open his mother's strong-box and obtained a considerable sum in notes, spent the money like a gentleman in entertaining young persons of the other sex of years not much less tender than his own, and carrying them about the country, was heard on Wednesday. It ended in the conviction of everybody, though the older receivers alone seem likely to be punished.——The *Sharpshooter* court-martial or, more properly speaking, inquiry opened on Wednesday.——A pleasing testimony to the innocence of the young persons who are good enough to attend at Post-offices was given in the Central Criminal Court on Thursday. A man was tried for a series of atrocious libels by telegraph, and the Judge expressed natural surprise that the words had been allowed to pass. It was as naturally explained that the operators did not understand them. This is as it should be; but it supplies something of an argument for not exposing them to the choice of corruption or incompetence.

Racing. There was very good racing on the last day of the Doncaster Meeting. Mr. FENWICK'S Gantlet and Colonel NORTH'S Lady Hermit met once more in the Park Hill Stakes; and, though the betting

ignored the lesson of the Yorkshire Oaks, Gantlet again won. There was a good race for the Cup, and Mr. DAVIES's Chesterfield, again contrary to betting expectation, beat Thessalian, Ragimunde, Houndsditch, and others. Mr. VYNER's Marcion won the Prince of Wales's Nursery without much difficulty; and Dunure had none whatever with the Doncaster Stakes, in which only Colonel NORTH's Primrose Way opposed him. The racing of the earlier part of this week was abundant, but calls for no notice. There was, however, some interest in the Ayrshire Handicap run on Thursday, because the favourite, Alice, was giving a stone to the heaviest, and two stone and a half to the most lightly weighted, of her opponents; but this good mare won with perfect ease.

Cricket. The North *v.* South match at Hastings turned out a very hollow thing for the South, which won yesterday week by an innings and ten runs. The teams in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match which followed it were both strong, if not quite exhaustive of the material respectively available; and the Gentlemen, going in first, hit up a good innings of over two hundred, chiefly due to remarkably fine batting from Mr. READ and Dr. GRACE. The Players did not do nearly so much in their first innings, and, Mr. WOODS bowling uncommonly well, they had next day to follow on. This, however, was in a way fortunate for them; for their opponents were not over-well provided with bowlers, and the strain on Mr. WOODS's powers made him less effective in the second innings. The contrast was striking. The first three wickets, which had fallen for but thirty on Monday, fell on Tuesday for 180. Next day the advantage was maintained even better, Dr. GRACE, Mr. WOODS's chief assistant, being unable to bowl. The Players "declared" at the seventh wicket with 286 to the good, but they had stayed a little too long for the strong batting team against them, and though the match was drawn decidedly against the Gentlemen, some of whose best bats again made little, others—especially Mr. PALAIRET and Mr. O'BRIEN—played the time out. And so ended the cricket season—a decidedly good one, on the whole—of 1892. Mr. HEWETT tops the list in run-getting with 1,407, though his average—a somewhat delusive test—is exceeded by Messrs. SCOTT and PATTERSON and by SHREWSBURY. In the same way Mr. WOODS took more wickets than any professional, except J. T. HEARNE, and nearly double as many as any other amateur; but his average falls below that of Mr. HEDLEY, who did not take a third as many lives, and bowled less than a third as many overs.

Yachting. The *Dacia-Natica* rubber was decided yesterday week in favour of the first-named, a foul, however, being claimed. A sort of postscript to the Channel Regatta season was held at Southampton this day week, but the racing fleet had for the most part dispersed, and the *Corsair* sailed over for the principal event.

Correspondence. The venerable subject of Stonehenge added itself this day week to the other matters of epistolary discussion.——On Tuesday morning the Bishop of WORCESTER was severely and, as it seems to us, justly called over the coals, for his Reunion utterances at Grindelwald, by Mr. HENSON of Barking.——Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply to a question in reference to some statements of his to the alleged effect that a doctor might, like the Emperor NAPOLEON in VICTOR HUGO's great poem, cry "L'avenir est à moi!" remarked, "I rather think that I should have added "some qualifying or limiting expressions." And, indeed, this *is* rather his way.

Miscellaneous. An extraordinary run took place on the Birkbeck Bank this week, consequent, it is thought, on the recent failures of divers Building Societies and financial institutions connected with them. The Birkbeck, however, stood the strain well, handing over to its depositors their money "all ticketed "and docketed and ready to be pocketed," like Sir ROGER REDNOSE of Peacockian memory. It was ready to be pickpocketed too, and the professionals of that mystery, attending punctually, relieved many depositors from any future danger of anxiety about the safety of their deposits. Also the picturesque reporter gloried and wrote deep on the scene. The run continued till Wednesday, when it practically, and Thursday, when it wholly, ceased; every demand having been satisfied, and something like a million of money paid over the counter without any loans, guarantees, or assistances, but by the old-fashioned process of selling securities. It is true that, in order to sell securities, it is necessary to hold them, and to hold them of the right kind; and in this respect the Birkbeck, though rather patronisingly regarded by regular banks as a sort of "savings bank" only, seems to have held a position inferior only to the Bank of England itself, and to the two largest joint-stock banks.——A new set of football rules was proposed and adopted at the meeting of the Rugby Union on Thursday.

Obituary. The Earl of ESSEX, who died at the end of last week, had reached his ninetieth year.——Mr. SIDNEY WATSON was a yachtsman very well known in the South of England, and owner of the yawl *Lethe*, one of the best racing-cruising craft afloat.——Dr. MEDLEY, Bishop of Fredericton, and Metropolitan of Canada, had taken his degree nearly seventy years ago, and had been a colonial prelate for nearly fifty.

Books, &c. The chief books of the week are Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS's *Diplomatic Reminiscences* (London: CASSELL); and Dr. FENNELL's *Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases* (Cambridge: University Press).

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD.

MR. GLADSTONE is getting on. To say that during the two first days of his sojourn with Sir EDWARD WATKIN he committed himself on the two awkward subjects of the Welsh Church and Welsh Land would be perhaps too much. It is scarcely an exaggeration of fair argumentative admission to allow that a man who is invariably prepared to wriggle out of whatsoever meaning is assigned to his words never can "commit himself." It has, indeed, been maintained by charitable and curious students of human nature that Mr. GLADSTONE's well-known mode of evasive expression is not so much a preconcerted device for avoiding difficulties as the result of a strange and rather heroic faculty of never making up his mind at all until the cat has finally jumped, and the bread is finally buttered on one side. Then, when the jump is made, the butter spread, he brings his previous assertions, or prophecies, or promises, into harmony with the final decision, very much as our friend Mr. PUNCH is at times pleasantly wont to point out that he indicated the winner of the Derby in words exactly intelligible to any wise man days or weeks beforehand.

Still, the remarks at Carnarvon on Monday, and at Cwmllan on Snowdon next day, if not uncomfortably binding on Mr. GLADSTONE's own conscience, are certainly not free from that other kind of obligation which exists in the ear of the hearer, if not in the speaker's mouth. The Welsh, whether their eyes chiefly turn to the saintly Mr. GEE, or rather seek the young and politic Mr. ELLIS, will certainly think that on Monday and Tuesday they were promised a slice of the Church for a whet and a slice of the Lard

as relish to it. Indeed, the word "earnest" was actually used by Mr. GLADSTONE. Even the next Session of Parliament was "not to be allowed to pass "without our being enabled to give some earnest to the "people of Wales of our desire to deal with, and, as far "as we can, to promote and push forward [how do you "promote by pushing back?] the realization of their "just demand" for Disestablishment. Of course, no hint is given of what the earnest is. It may be a measure for starving the Welsh clergy out by making it impossible for them to recover tithe; it may be a reduction (*more Hibernico* also) of Welsh bishoprics; it may be anything to weaken the Church, to whet Welsh appetites, and to please Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. But Mr. GLADSTONE has solemnly pronounced the Welsh demand for Disestablishment "just," and has all but signed a six-months bill for something on account of their claims. That is pretty well; but perhaps next day's work was better. Here Mr. GLADSTONE turned from the Church to the Land, and discovered that the complaints of Wales were just here too, and that here, too, something must be done. Those who, looking first at the short abstracts of his speech, saw that there was "a contrast [with England] to "the disadvantage of Wales which deserved, and would "receive, the attention of the Legislature" must have turned to the full text with no small interest. For it need hardly be said that, in respect of the tenure of land, there is, barring accidental and individual differences which may here as everywhere exist, absolutely no contrast between Wales and England whatsoever. The real or supposed peculiarities which differentiated the relations of Irish landlords and tenants from the relations of English landlords and tenants have, in the case of Wales, no counterpart. There have been no conquests of Wales, no rebellions of it, no settlements, resettlements, plantations, clearings, or the like, for more than half a millennium at the very least. There are, again, speaking as a rule, no customs there which in any way estate the tenant in his holding, or which put him in any position differing for the worse or the better from that of the English tenant. There is no "ques-"tion" such as existed or was invented in the Highlands and islands of Scotland. There is, in short, as far as tenure is concerned, no contrast of any sort discoverable between one side and the other of Offa's Dyke, between one shore and the other of the Severn Sea.

Yet Mr. GLADSTONE has discovered one. It is not, we believe, though a simple man might be excused from thinking so from the opening of his speech, the difference between English and Welsh music. But it is something which, though less obviously, is still, perhaps, not much less really farcical. There has been, as we all know, agricultural depression of late. (Some say that this depression is not altogether unconnected with the legislation of Mr. GLADSTONE; but no matter for that.) The depression has been there; and it has been met in the most generous way by reductions of rent on the part of landlords. It is needless to say that such reductions of rent are a matter of which no sane Legislature can take any sort of cognizance. They are essentially either a free gift on the part of the landlord, or a prudent recognition on his part of the fact that if he does not make them he will get worse tenants, or no tenants at all. Even their real value must, in all cases, vary immensely from their apparent value, according to circumstances. Some landlords may prefer, and do prefer, pretty high nominal rents, and pretty liberal and constant reductions; others may prefer low rents with rare reductions, or no reductions at all. Depression, too, will hit different parts of the country more or less hard. When the great depression is in the price of wheat, as it has been recently, a country which like Wales grows very little wheat in comparison will suffer little. Altogether the test is practically no test at all. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE bases his promise that the Legislature will, or his assertion that the Legislature must, "turn its attention" to Welsh land-tenure, on the fact, or alleged fact—sole, single, and without support from any other source—that while remissions of rent in England averaged 24 per cent., they averaged only 7 in Wales, and that in some counties in Wales the rents were even raised. And this Mr. GLADSTONE said standing on an "improvement" of his host's which will render access to the top of Snowdon easier. Now put case. Sir EDWARD has made it easier for tourists to get to the top of the Wyddfa. This will make the land of Sir EDWARD and Sir EDWARD'S neighbours more valuable for the erection of hotels, boarding-houses, music-halls, coffee-palaces, roundabouts, Aunt Sallies, and the other structures and objects which delight the hearts of tourists and add to the beauties of a mountain region. Therefore the rent of this land will in all probability go up. Will Mr. GLADSTONE, turning to some land in Kent or Essex where rents go steadily down, observe with "great astonishment, surprise, and pain" that the Legislature must turn its attention to this? Perhaps he will. Socialism, if he lives a few years longer, may have baits for him, as Disestablishment has now. But will even he argue that the bare contrast of the increased and lowered rents justifies interference with the former? Perhaps he will do that too.

Meanwhile, as Mr. GLADSTONE stood on Snowdon and talked thus, Mr. LABOUCHERE, in distant Cadenabbia, had been relieving his mind to the Chairman of the Northampton Radical Association, partly on the past—that *insanabile vulnus* of his not being offered office which, we fear, has lost for the general public the interest that it still retains for himself—and partly on the future. The earlier part we must allow to pass. We cannot take a side in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S contention that "Providence made him what he is." Providence has not been heard. But it is interesting to know Mr. LABOUCHERE'S "irreducible minimum." There is not only to be no coercion in Ireland, but no "piratical "intervention" in Egypt. The villagers are to be "masters in their villages" (and the landlords, farmers, parsons, &c., servants, of course?), and to possess the soil. The Welsh Church is to be disestablished to-day and the English Church to-morrow. The "hideous monopoly of brewers" is to go. There is to be non-intervention (only we are to love the French Republic), and something terrible, though vague, is to be done to the House of Lords. All this is to occur between January and December in the next two years at most; there are to be none of those earnests, those "on accounts" that Mr. GLADSTONE prattles of, but the thing is to be done straight off, slick away. The rich will "dam the Democratic tide," if they can; but, never mind—Mr. LABOUCHERE is there, and Mr. GLADSTONE has got to do what he wants.

So the Dweller on the Threshold of the Gladstonian party. And though we acknowledge, and indeed most fervently insist, that it would be madness to trust the Democratic tide to dam itself, and that the utmost activity and engineering ability will have to be used to effect that most desirable object, we are bound to admit that Cwmllan and Cadenabbia between them should afford an Opposition leader subjects, not for presumptuous anticipation, but for quiet and tolerably cheerful hope.

H.M.S. *FOUDROYANT.*

IF the English naval historian were not a person who "prophesies with the organs of an ass," such a scandal as the sale of the old *Foudroyant*, to be turned into German firewood, might never have been

heard of. The thing is not only the fault of the authors of the disgusting compilations called naval histories. Official stupidity and want of imagination have something to do with the disgrace. There is probably not another country in the world in which such utter want of feeling would have been shown by people more or less responsible for the national dignity. If room had to be made by removing an old ship, surely it might have been possible to select one not directly connected with the most glorious period and the most illustrious chief in the history of the English navy. But the blame falls on others as well as on the official people. There is probably no other nation in the world which is so careless of its historical monuments. In spite of Societies for their protection, they continue to disappear before the most greedy and tasteless kind of vandal. English travellers can be severe enough about the neglect of their monuments shown by foreign nations. But even neglect is better than destruction. The Spaniard allows his buildings to be destroyed slowly by fire and want of care, but he does not pull them down. Now we, in spite of outcries and opposition, go on pulling down. The French restore with ferocity, and the Italians have become very destructive since they turned modern and progressive. But we have no right to excuse ourselves by the sins of other people. In a way, the fate of the *Foudroyant* is particularly disgraceful. She has been sold for her materials to a foreigner. An old ship with a history is as much an ancient monument as a church or a hospital. To sell her for her materials is as infamous as it would be to sell the stones of St. Bartholomew the Great in order that they might be set up again at the Chicago World's Fair.

That would probably be too much for the most callous official person, and so perhaps would the sale of the *Foudroyant* if the English naval historian would allow himself to be read, which he refuses to do. The name would suggest too much to permit of the profanation. It is a very famous one in our navy. A *Foudroyant* got into our list in the seven years' war in the most magnificent fashion. She had been La Galissonière's flag-ship in Byng's lamentable battle. Needless to say that this is not why we take an interest in her. But it happened that Byng had as flag captain an officer of a very different stamp from himself—Captain Gardiner, who did his best to make his superior fight to some purpose on that shameful May 20, 1756, and appeared wholly to his honour as a witness in the court-martial. The memory of the battle rankled in Gardiner's mind, and he had sworn to attack the *Foudroyant* wherever he met her at sea, and at all odds. In 1758 he was as good as his word. He then commanded the *Monmouth* (64) in Admiral Osborn's squadron in the Mediterranean. Osborn was watching M. de la Clue at Carthagena. A squadron of which the *Foudroyant* was one was sent from Toulon to reinforce La Clue. It was sighted by Osborn's very superior squadron, and chased. Gardiner picked out the *Foudroyant*, and stuck to her. They ran the other ships out of sight, and then buckled to by themselves. The odds were heavily against the *Monmouth*, for the *Foudroyant* was an eighty-gun ship, one of the first, if not actually the first, built on two decks. In real strength she was equal to an English first-rate. But Gardiner attacked her at once, and at very close quarters. The French historians declare that, by one of those tiresome accidents which have persecuted the French navy from the beginning, the captain of the *Foudroyant* could not fight one of his decks. He could use guns enough to kill and wound one hundred and fifty of the *Monmouth's* men, and dismast her completely. In the meantime he had lost two hundred men himself and was beaten to a standstill. Gardiner was killed; but his first lieutenant, Carkett, was another who also was not sealed of the tribe of Byng. When the *Swiftsure* and the *Hampton Court* came up, the French captain surrendered his sword to Carkett. In that way did the *Foudroyant* come to form part of His Majesty's fleet. The *Monmouth*, too, was, by the way, a famous fighting name. In the war of the American Rebellion there was a *Monmouth* (60) which covered herself with glory in the West Indies, and also in the East. In the West Indies she behaved so well in Admiral Byron's battle near Grenada—a dreadfully confused, ineffectual business—that the French officers drank the health of the "little black ship." Her captain then was Robert Fanshaw. Then she went to the East Indies under Captain Alms, and there helped, with others, to make good the honest pedantry of Sir E. Hughes against renowned Suffren. It was Captain Alms's good fortune to indicate the limits which confine the tactical principle that when you concentrate a superior force on an inferior you must beat it. Suffren concentrated three, or even five, ships on the *Monmouth*; but he did not beat her. Captain Alms went on fighting with a quite brutal contempt for tactics only to be paralleled by the unscientific obstinacy of King of the *Exeter*, who did the identical same thing in another of these battles. There is certainly luck in ships' names. Either something in "Monmouth" had power to attract the right men, or to inspire the men who came. Of the four who fought so well in the *Monmouth*, two certainly rose from the ranks—Carkett, who had been a foremast hand, and Alms, who, though he entered in the regular way, was the son of a footman.

When next the name *Foudroyant* turns up in our navy she was commanded by Jervis. The future Earl St. Vincent had her through nearly all the American War in the Channel Fleet. She was in the battle, such as it was, off Ushant, in 1778; and in successive reliefs of Gibraltar, under Rodney, Darby, and Howe. Together with other qualities of a great commander, Jervis had one which Napoleon ranked high. He was very fortunate. He gained an earldom by the cheapest of naval victories won by the spontaneous action of Nelson, and his reputation as a disciplinarian by (to borrow the license of an Irishman) suppressing a mutiny which never broke out. In the American War he chased and took the *Pégase*, 74. The *Pégase* was a smaller ship than the *Foudroyant*, under-officered, and ill-manned by a crew mainly of landsmen, who were afloat for the first time in their lives. She ran, and could not well do aught else. The *Foudroyant* pursued on the lee quarter, overtaking her fast. The *Pégase* put her helm up, and turned off to leeward. Then the *Foudroyant* shot astern, raking her, and was alongside in a moment. It was all over very shortly, with five men wounded aboard the *Foudroyant*. In Hawke's time or Nelson's the capture would have attracted little attention. But in the American War the Channel Squadron had been compelled to stand much on the defensive, in face of greatly superior numbers. Positive successes were rare, and proportionately welcome. It must, too, be allowed that the *Foudroyant* was in apple-pie order, and that Jervis made the most of his superiority. He became Sir John for this feat. He deserved his K.B. for the admirable efficiency of the *Foudroyant*, of which the easy capture of the *Pégase* was the proof and the reward.

The connexion of the name—it was the name only, not the same ship—with Nelson's was brief. He transferred his flag from the *Vanguard* to a new *Foudroyant*, in the Mediterranean, in June 1799. She had a share in the captures of the *Généreux* and the *Guillaume Tell*. Nelson left her at Leghorn, when he was about to come home in the train of Lady Hamilton—a lamentable procession. Emma performed

her famous postures on the road, and the Admiral looked on—not in a happy frame of mind—but finding consolation in talking shop to any chance seafaring man who fell in his way. The *Foudroyant*, therefore, is associated with that part of his life which could well be spared, the interval between the Nile and the Baltic. He was thrown off his balance a little by the wound in the head he received at the Nile, more by the intoxication of the flattery poured on him at Naples, which HAWKE would have despised, and RODNEY, who had lived in the great world, would have rated at its true value. Most of all, he was disturbed by the now opulent charms of EMMA. One would rather—if the chance were given us—preserve the *Agamemnon*, or the *Captain*, or the *Vanguard* for the Nile, or the *Elephant* for Copenhagen. But, after all, NELSON did walk this *Foudroyant's* deck, and it is a scandal that a ship which has formed part and parcel of the history of England should go to make fires for Germans.

THE CRIMES ACT PROCLAMATIONS.

EVERYBODY is supposed to know how he himself likes to be treated, and there is a certain impertinence in attempting to suggest to him that his friends' conduct in his regard is not quite the thing. At the same time, if we were Gladstonians, we should prefer that our publicists should either possess a little more knowledge, or presume a little less on our own ignorance, or both. The action of Mr. MORLEY and his Lords Justices in revoking the proclamations under the Crimes Act in Ireland was not unexpected, and far be it from us to say that it was not unwise. But when it is described as The End of Coercion, as the "*permanent* suspension of that iniquitous statute," even by one sapient Gladstonian journalist as "The Revocation of the Crimes Act," the amount of ignorance which must actually have lain behind the pen of the writer, or which is presumed to lie behind the eyes of the reader, becomes rather stupendous. In the first place, annoying as it may be to Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON and other perfervid persons, what Parliament has done with the assent of the Crown only Parliament with the assent of the Crown can repeal. It is open to Mr. MORLEY to restore, and it is quite possible, to say the least, that it will become imperative on him to restore, the very provisions which he has now suspended. Further, his action, wise or unwise (of which more presently), is simply the continuation and complement of the action taken by the late Government. For a long time past that Government, having by intelligent use of the Act restored order in Ireland, had been restricting and limiting its operation, and, to the best of our belief, very few districts remained subject to its most stringent provisions. The action, therefore, of Mr. MORLEY scarcely justifies the howls of delight with which it has been received; for, though it is improbable, it is quite conceivable, that it might have been taken by the strongest advocates and most successful organizers of "coercion" itself.

Let us hasten, however, to acknowledge that, though the good persons who have been screeching over it betray the profoundest ignorance of the subject, they are not mistaken in their estimate of the nature though they are wofully to seek in their estimate of the magnitude of the sop that has been thrown to MM. les Assassins. Though many powers of the Crimes Act remain untouched with the Act itself, and though all could be at any moment exercised by another such stroke of the pen as has just suspended their exercise, a very decided encouragement has been given to murder, robbery, and all other kinds of outrage by the action of the CHIEF SECRETARY. And it has been reinforced by the actual restoration in one case, and the threatened restoration in others, to Commissions of Assize of the names of persons recently excluded from them as not trusty, and, if well-beloved, not well-loving, subjects. The documents to which Mr. MORLEY has set his signature, and which The MACDERMOT (no doubt vowing secret vengeance for the insult of giving precedence to a Saxon) has underwritten, are a kind of "Go it, NED!" to murderers and rent-stealers, to boycotters and cattle-maimers. And it is in the highest degree probable that NED will be duly encouraged by the words of cheer. To do him justice, he has not waited for their formal utterance; but between the expulsion of Lord SALISBURY'S Government and the accession of Mr. GLADSTONE'S has begun operations with not inconsiderable vigour. We know, of course, the Gladstonian argument on this subject:—"Once let the poor fellow have the chance of murder-"ing and rent-stealing, of boycotting and cattle-"maiming, without much danger of punishment, and "he will not do so." Perhaps. The waters may have begun to run uphill, and the grass of the Green Isle may have resolved on simultaneously turning blue. But, on that presumption of the ordinary course of nature which used to be thought legitimate, it will be otherwise. During the coming winter the legs of certain Irishmen will make the acquaintance of shot, their daughters' hair will be cut off, their cattle will be subjected to the processes once more familiar in Abyssinia, and so forth. Here, again, we know the Gladstonian argument:—"If it be so, it is because "the poor fellows have not yet got Home Rule." "Perhaps. But, foolish as many Englishmen are, we rather doubt whether, if NED "goes it" in this fashion to any great extent, it will be quite convenient for Mr. MORLEY. And in that case he will have to galvanize the coercion which is "dead," to rush hastily to disinter the "iniquitous statute" which is buried, to proclaim and change venues and the like, to be as Mr. BALFOUR, and much more also. In that case we shall be sorry—for the innocent persons who will have suffered, and for nobody else. We shall certainly not be sorry for Mr. MORLEY. He is a well-read person, and he ought to have remembered one of the cleverest things said or written by a man who wrote many clever things:—"It's a grewsome thing is premature interment!"

THE FESTIVAL AT GENOA.

THERE is, perhaps, a touch of irony in the fact that Genoa is now honouring the memory of the prophet of whom she took little notice in his life. If she did not actually stone him, that was, it may be, partly because her most illustrious son gave her so little opportunity. The learned, we understand, cannot quite agree whether COLUMBUS applied to the Doge and Senate of his native city for the means to carry out that idea of his which other men found so very easy of application when once he had shown the way. It is not probable that he can have expected much help from Genoa for the execution of a plan which must ruin still further the trade of the Italian cities with the East. But, after all, Genoa did not stone COLUMBUS, and may therefore honour his memory with a clear conscience, and remember without pangs of self-reproach that the great explorer did not forget his native city in his will and on his death-bed. Moreover, Genoa did more for the discovery and settlement of America than give birth to COLUMBUS. Many of the Portuguese and Spanish voyages were not only commanded by Italians, but the ships were partly manned by seamen and equipped by capital supplied from Italy. The connexion of Genoa with Spanish America was peculiarly close. The Kings of

the House of Austria banked with her. In return for the accommodation she gave them, she enjoyed the monopoly of the supply of negro slaves to Spanish America. The lucrative privilege was held till it was extorted from Spain by England at the end of the war of the Spanish Succession. Whether this interesting fact was mentioned during the celebration does not appear from any reports accessible to us. Probably not. Genoa naturally prefers to fix her attention today rather on COLUMBUS (who, by the way, did some slave-trading himself) than on the once-renowned firm of LOMELLINO. Liverpool, we have observed, is not fond of talking about the peculiar cement which GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE reminded the audience who hissed him had been used for its bricks. None of the guests on the recent auspicious occasion can have chosen this as a subject for remarks. You must not talk about halters where the head of the family was hanged. Besides, all our ancestors were hanged with that rope.

Genoa, too, could find plenty to talk about without going back on unpleasant reminiscences. She has suffered less than any Italian city by the discoveries which turned the trade of the East from the Mediterranean. She still builds ships in numbers, and of large size. Her trade is still great, and is growing. Her seamen share with the Dalmatians the reputation of being the best in the Mediterranean. Without thinking of the past at all, the Genoese may congratulate themselves that such a festival as this can be held in their city. The loyal reception given to King HUMBERT is itself one of the many proofs that Italy has ceased to be a geographical expression. There must be men—and not very old men either—in Genoa who can remember a time when the troops of VICTOR EMMANUEL had to suppress a rising in Genoa. Now Turin itself is not more loyal to his son. The Republic was one of the leaves of the artichoke which the House of Savoy had swallowed one by one, but has also assimilated. Contrary to all probability and the predictions of sagacious people who really reasoned correctly on such evidence as they had, the artichoke has taken very kindly to the process. The Italians are too cool-headed to overrate the meaning of the visit paid by the war-ships of so many nations to Genoa on this occasion. But, after all, the visit is made to united Italy, and these war-ships have been visited in return by an Italian King who is as safe on his throne as any ruler in Europe. There was nothing but civility in the innumerable salutes which have kept the harbour lively for the past week. We could wish that the English flag had been represented by a larger squadron. It is not a very important matter, no doubt; but for all that one could wish that the French had not been allowed to make a more imposing display than any other nation represented at Genoa. We are not aware that any pressing duties called for the presence of the Mediterranean Squadron elsewhere. If it had all been at Malta, it would have cost no more than it did, and have been as ready for service as it was. Since the courtesy was worth doing, it was worth doing splendidly. Italians and Englishmen know that the friendship between them is based on identity of interest, and the absence of any cause of quarrel. Whether the English flag was represented at Genoa by one ship, or three, or twelve, would make no real difference. Still, when friendly visits are paid on an interesting family occasion, it is advisable to use the handsomest carriage and the best pair of horses.

The political importance of the gathering has been mainly fictitious, and the work of ingenious journalists, for the most part French. Newspapers of that nationality have attributed a great importance to the presence of their Mediterranean Squadron at Genoa. They have discovered it to be the outward sign that the Triple Alliance is no longer what it was, if it has not quite ceased to be. It is difficult to reconcile this rather ambitious explanation with the undeniable fact that the visit was made in return for one paid by the Italian squadron to Toulon two years ago. To have sent no French ships to Genoa would have been an act of deliberate discourtesy, and the decision to send them is really no more than a proof that the French Government has had the modest amount of good sense necessary to avoid committing an unprofitable act of sulky rudeness. Still, the thing has been done with a good grace, and accompanied by friendly assurances which may, perhaps, indicate a real desire to put a stop to the "strained relations" which have now existed for some few years. It is not so sure that French naval officers and newspapers have taken the most effectual way to forward these supposed intentions of their Government. By allowing his flag-captain to receive a deputation of Italian workmen, with their declaration of fraternal feelings towards the French people, Admiral RIEUNIER has gone very near practising with His Majesty's Opposition. The papers have not been able to abstain from mingling their friendly comments with intelligible hints that Italy is at last coming to see the error of her ways. Several of them have drawn a pointed contrast between the acts of the Italian Government and the feelings of the Italian people, which are supposed to be humbly affectionate and deferential towards France. There has been a marked anxiety shown to make the most of the late very injudiciously expressed sympathy of the Austrian and German Church parties with the POPE. The Italians have, in fact, been made to understand that, if strained relations are to cease between them and the French, it is in the hope that they may be replaced by equally strained relations with the Central Powers.

HOW TO LEAD THE DONKEY.

IT was by a pleasing coincidence that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was reported in the papers on the same day as Messrs. MANN and BURNS. They spoke out the Socialism for which they are agitating. He indicated the Socialism by which it is hoped that the partisans of the real thing will be kept quiet—while Mr. GLADSTONE attends to other matters. Incidentally Sir GEORGE gave a compact and really interesting little demonstration that Home Rule is quite superfluous for any of the purposes which any of its partisans other than the Irish dare to avow. He pointed out to what an extent all local Scotch interests are under what is "almost an independent Parliament, and a Scotch "Minister." Nothing more, then, we gather, is wanted for Scotland, nor yet for Ireland, if the Irish will only be as sensible and loyal as the Scotch. If they are not, it is manifest insanity to trust them with power. This is a sign of grace in Sir GEORGE. With the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND taking this sensible view, and a certain ebullient Gladstonian loud for shooting the Poles, the conversion of the enemy seems to be more hopeful than seemed likely a little while ago.

But this was only by the way. When Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN came to the main subject of his speech, he fell back into his familiar self. It was his purpose to convince the Glasgow Radicals that they have now a really satisfactory Ministry in office. This he did in a fashion very characteristic of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN —namely, by promising that something very handsome is going to be done for the Highland Crofters. The Ministry does not, indeed, know how it is to be done; but it does know what is to be done. "Parlia-

"ment," he said, "had declared in the Crofters' Act of "1886 that the Crofters should be put back by law in "the rights and privileges of their predecessors, pay-"ing in one shape or another, as these predecessors "paid, a fair and adequate rent." What the rights and privileges were, and what is a fair and adequate rent, the speaker did not say—perhaps for a reason which will suggest itself at once. Whatever these things are, the Crofters are to have them or do them, as the case may be. To make this the more sure, the Ministry is about to appoint "a Commission of a "manageable number of competent and practical men, "who will not advise it on policy." The Ministry has made its mind up on policy. What it now wants "to "get at is the practical detailed information about the "amount of land there is in the Highlands suitable for "the purpose for which they intend to legislate." This illustrious Ministry has, in fact, made its mind up before it knows the facts. It must be a trying thing to have Sir G. TREVELYAN to speak for one. In truth, the policy of the Ministry is not so foolish as this most compromising SECRETARY represents it to be. Interpreted into current business English, what Sir GEORGE said really means this—that the artful Ministry will make vague promises, and appoint a Commission which, having all the Western Highlands to poke its nose into, may be trusted to spend a summer or two in inquiring. In the meantime, perhaps the Scotch Radicals will keep quiet.

The English Labour party, as represented by Messrs. TOM MANN and BURNS, is not less merrily confident than the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND. They, like the Ministry, have quite made their minds up on their policy, and are in an even stronger position, for they do not want any inquiry into the facts. Indeed, they have made their mind up about the facts as well as about the policy. The recent dock strike, said Mr. BURNS—who omitted apparently to add that it is not so recent as the Durham miners' strike—"has "sounded the trumpet outside the walls of Jericho—"the Jericho of unscrupulous commercialism, which "too frequently means for the labourer long hours "and low wages." Something is to be done to commercialism, something exemplary. Mr. MANN knows that we can reduce the hours of labour safely, whether other nations do or not—and if Mr. MANN is sure of that, of course it is true. So Labour demands its bureau and its Eight Hours Bill, and will not be satisfied till it gets them. So we learn from the Annual Congress of the Dockers' Union held at Swansea. The Trade-Union Congress at Glasgow was not quite so clear on this point, by the way. It was for eight hours, but it did not quite know how. Therefore was it the more like the Ministry, which again includes a Secretary for Scotland. That, in one sense of the word, great body would like to satisfy Labour, and Wales, and all men or things that clamour. But it does not very clearly know how to go about it, unless promising to appoint manageable Commissions, and hinting that the endowments of the Church in Wales, the rents of the Welsh landlords, the land of the Western Highlands, and the profits of an unscrupulous commercialism shall all go to the good Gladstonian masses at some indefinite future period, and in a way to be hereafter revealed.

THE MYSTERY OF ER.

THE American critics have been flippantly accused of writing in too solemn a style about "The Short "Story" and "The Dialect Story." As literary matters, indeed, those productions are seldom of much pith or moment. The recipe for "a dialect story" is simple. Bring together a number of ordinary rural persons, let one of them be contemned or scouted as an idiot or weakling, let him then crown a career of lifelong futility by an act of self-sacrifice. Readers of *In Beaver Cove*, by Mr. MATT CRIM (DOUGLAS), will recognize the accuracy of this description. We forgot to add that, as in Miss WILKINS'S romances, all the characters of the "dialect story" must make "*ter*" the staple of their conversation. They cannot say "*ter*" too often. And this brings us to the really solemn and scientific part of the topic, which we have ventured to call "The Mystery of Er." Why do the characters in American dialect stories say "*ter*," also "*er*," so much? The effect to an English, and therefore corrupt and aristocratic, taste is a little monotonous, and even disgusting. We keep thinking, "If it could only be stated "as an axiom that characters in dialect stories always "do say '*ter*' when they mean 'to,' and if, afterwards, "'to' could be printed, dialect stories might be less "vexatious and repulsive." But this only shows how little we have really encouraged our consciousness to play freely round "*ter*" and "*er*." We have now made an elaborate comparative analysis of "*ter*" and "*er*," as employed in Mr. CRIM'S tales (otherwise unalluring), and are prepared with a table of facts, and a kind of GRIMM'S (or rather CRIM'S) Law as affecting *er*.

In dialect stories, then, "er" is used:—

1. As the equivalent of "of." Thus "Whooping "came on the heels *er* that."

2. "*Er*" is used as a kind of expletive, or as an equivalent for rural stage English, "ha'." Thus, instead of "would ha' died," the dialect story has "would *er* died, if we hadn't *er* happened *ter* had some "dram in the house." This is a very brilliant constellation of "ers," illustrating not only "er" as synonymous with "ha'" or "have," but "*ter*" as synonymous with "to"; "in*ter*," of course, being equal to "into."

3. *Er* does duty for Old English "a" with the participle. In place of "Your mind keeps a running on "him," CRIM'S Law gives "your mind keeps *er* running "on him."

4. *Er* is also used as the indefinite article "a"; thus, in place of saying "It's a fact," the author of a dialect story says "It's *er* fact." Obviously "ha'" for "have," which=*er*, must have lost the aspirate, and so="'a," and thus both "ha'" and "'a" find their dialectical equivalents in *er*.

5. "A" in composition becomes *er*; thus, in place of "about," a true master of the dialect story makes his characters say "*er*bout." Incredible as this outrage on the decency of language may appear, "*er*bout" will be found in Mr. CRIM'S book. (*Op. cit.* p. 64.) Also *er*way for "away," p. 65.

6. As to=*ter*, so, by CRIM'S Law, "together" must be written "*ter*gether" in a dialect story. (*Op. cit.* p. 65.)

7. In some cases we read "he might 'a' wandered "off an' *er* died."

Here *er* seems frantically and fantastically superfluous, unless *er* has artistically set up as an independent particle. "Might 'a' died" only shows that the Americans drop their aspirates, and contract "have" into "'a'," when they do not use their favourite *er*, as "might *er* died." But "wandered off an' *er* died" appears meaningless in the present immature state of philology as applied to dialect stories.

8. *Er* appears in "I *orter* love him," for "I ought "to love him, poor fell*er*." In brief, almost any vowel may become *er* in a dialect story. Thus:—

9. "E" may become *er*, as "they *er* fresh *er*nough." As "for" becomes f*er*, we see no reason why a dialect story should not be called a dialect st*er*y, or why a character says "*ter* be shore" (to be sure) in place of "*ter* be *sher*."

10. "Er" is most unexpected when it turns up thus:—"Years *er*go," in place of "years ago."

As a mere independent particle it shows finely in "You've got *er* home now, if you *er* mind *ter* take it." Why *er* mind; or is *er* here equivalent to "a"?

The broad result of our inquiries is, the "er" may be used, and should be used, whenever the sounds of "a" and "o" occur in English and in many other places. Hence springs the simple native charm of a dialect story, which, indeed, seems to have been anticipated by that true "man talent," Mr. DOLLS, in *Our Mutual Friend*, when he professed to be "er man "er do it." But possibly *er* arose as a protest against the negro "a." The negro said "Massa," when he meant "mast*er*"; the white says *er* where he means "a." But now that CRIM'S Law has been, so far, elucidated, might not its rules be placed at the head of all dialect stories, which might then be printed in decent human speech? Or do the pathos and humour entirely depend on the mystery of *er*? To writers of this school we may say, "If yer wish ter sorter erblige "us, string no more of yer dialect stories together, and "print them inter er book." That is good dialect, and not bad criticism of a prodigiously dull and uncouth affectation.

THE IRREVERENCE OF GOVERNOR FLOWER.

THERE have been two features of some interest in the late disgraceful exhibition of selfishness and fear on Fire Island. As for the selfishness and cowardice of the Long Island people, we are afraid that they are very common human failings. It is by no means certain that an English mob, in the enjoyment of temporary immunity from police control, would have behaved any better. The Americans may be left to express their own moral reprobation for themselves, all the more because the right course has at last been taken, and that in a very spirited fashion. The things that we do take an interest in are the intervention of Judge BARNARD and the final action of Governor FLOWER.

The intervention is not an incident of which we profess to understand all the details. The dispute is, perhaps, not finally settled even now; but there is no reason why we should wait for the absolute end. It is enough to know that the judge gave an injunction forbidding the landing of passengers from the cholera-stricken ships at the Fire Island quarantine, that he gave it at the request of the panic-stricken mob which was already offering armed resistance to the landing of the passengers, and that the action was overruled by a majority of the judges of the Supreme Court—the minority, in fact, seems to have consisted of Judge BARNARD. It is very natural to believe on looking at these bare facts that the judge has acted as a pure partisan in this matter. His action indicates the existence of a danger from which the United States may suffer greatly, and from which we ourselves are by no means certain to remain free. In a country in which all judges, except those of the Supreme Court, are elected, a popularity-hunting judge may easily and safely use the powers of the Court to further the interest of his own faction, or merely to please it. However improbable it may appear that his example can be followed in England, it would not be surprising to see the like done in Ireland, if vacancies on the Bench are to be filled in accordance with the wishes of the Nationalist party.

As a set-off to the misbehaviour of Judge BARNARD, the attitude of Governor FLOWER has been "an "example to Europe" at least as worthy of imitation as that conduct of the Dutch on pay-day which moved Captain DALGETTY to enthusiasm. When they came to implore him to go softly because there was a chance of offending the Democrats in Long Island, he answered in a manner to be expected rather from an ancient Roman than a Governor of the State of New York, with a Presidential election close ahead. "I do "not," said Governor FLOWER, "care a —— for votes. "I am going to put law-breakers down, and the State "into possession of its property." The form is colloquial, and would assuredly gain if turned into Latin by a competent hand. But the sense, the weighty sense, is beyond all praise. It gives, in fact, all the duty of modern governing men in a nutshell—not to care a —— for votes, and to put down law-breakers—it is really nearly all the law and all the prophets. As long as the United States can produce Governor FLOWERS they may escape suffering from their Judge BARNARDS.

EARED SEALS AT THE ZOO.

ONE of the latest additions to the collection of animals at the menagerie in the Regent's Park is an example of the sea-bear, known as Steller's sea-bear, or—more technically—as *Otaria Stelleri*. This particular species is one that has never before, in the course of the sixty-six years that have elapsed since the foundation of the Zoological Society, been exhibited to the public. The animal did not arrive direct from its habitat on the coast of California or the Aleutian Islands. It was deposited by the owners of a travelling menagerie in the hope that it might regain health and strength in the more natural surroundings afforded by the large pond at the Zoo. An itinerant menagerie is hardly the most desirable situation for a creature of this kind, which requires plenty of elbow-room. When the animal first came it was weak through a persistent refusal to take food; this obstinate fit lasted for some days, until, in fact, there was considerable doubt as to whether the creature would not have sufficient strength of purpose to starve itself to death. In this critical state of affairs Mr. Bartlett devised a scheme as ingenious as it proved successful; the seals were temporarily evicted from their quarters, and Steller's sea-bear was put in their place, along with a quantity of live eels which were liberated into the pond. The pleasures of the chase induced the sea-bear to become resigned to his lot; and, having once begun to feed upon eels, it consented to continue with chopped whiting—the usual diet supplied to these marine carnivora. There are at present three distinct species of sea-bears at the Zoo; besides the new arrival, there is a Patagonian sea-lion which has been with us since 1879, and a small Cape sea-bear, whose extraordinarily active habits lead one to respectfully suggest to the authorities that it should be occasionally allowed to swim in the big pond, instead of being always limited to the tiny little basin of water in its own proper enclosure. The term "sea-lion" is advisedly restricted to the Patagonian animal, for it differs so much more from any other Otary than any two of these do among themselves that a separate name seems desirable.

The general term of "Otaries," or eared seals, is applied to the whole group, and distinguishes them from the seals proper, with which the public, at any rate, are apt to confound them. It will be noticed that the eared seals are so called on account of their possessing a small external ear totally wanting in the true seals; they have, furthermore, the nostrils placed at the extremity of the snout, and directed forwards instead of upwards, which is the case with the seals; finally, the limbs are more suited for progression upon dry land; a sea-lion can even run with some rapidity, while a seal can only flop along upon its stomach. There are probably eight or ten different kinds of Otaries; but this is the most moderate estimate; fifty names or so have been given to supposed species. There is no group in the animal kingdom concerning which the systematic zoologist has flooded the literature of the science with a greater amount of useless material; unfortunately it is the fashion in zoology to pay the same respect to anything written that the Chinese are reputed to do; everything is carefully saved from what would be probably in many cases a deserved oblivion, and accordingly no one dares to write about these animals without a solemn discussion as to the errors of his predecessors, and in the course of years we get by accumulation a story like that of "The House that Jack Built." As to the grouping of the animals, there has nothing been

done that is sufficiently decisive to admit of being popularized; they may be conveniently, though not scientifically, divided into "Hair Seals" and "Fur Seals"; the latter are, of course, the animals which provide us with "seal-skin"; the paradox, therefore, is true, that seal-skin is not the skin of a seal. But the "Hair Seals," although they are without the soft under fur which is of such great commercial value, are, unfortunately for themselves, by no means exempt on this account from a life of alarms. Steller's sea-bear is one of the most persecuted of animals; it provides meat and clothing and almost every necessity and luxury of life to the natives of the coasts which it frequents; indeed, it almost takes the place there that the reindeer does among the Laps. The flesh is eaten; it is said to resemble veal in flavour. It is a curious fact that all strange meats are said to taste like veal. Another person has compared the flesh of the sea-bear to fish; this seems likely to be a better comparison, especially when it is borne in mind that the animal is almost exclusively a fish-eater, using fish in a wider and non-zoological sense to include crabs and mussels. Occasionally the sea-bear catches a sea-bird; but this would hardly alter its flavour. The fat, which is very abundant, particularly upon the neck of the male, giving it that bull-necked appearance which is so characteristic, is, of course, the local substitute for coal and gas, for the storing of which the stomach when dried forms a convenient receptacle. The skin when denuded of hair is converted into a covering for boats; the gullet becomes the boots of the huntsman, and the intestines when sewn together supply him with a waterproof and nondescript garment used when on the chase; nothing is wasted except the skeleton, and even this sometimes finds its way into museums.

These useful facts do not, however, much concern our specimen at the Zoo. We are by no means bent upon utilizing him after death; the chief object is to prolong his life to the utmost extent. Unfortunately, rare and expensive animals have an unpleasant knack of dying off immediately after their bill has been settled. This is what happened to the young gorilla exhibited some years since, and to a more recent purchase, the snow-leopard. It will be interesting to see, if the fates are propitious, whether the keeper of the sea-lions will succeed in instructing the Steller's sea-bear to the same pitch of perfection as the Patagonian animal. At present it must be admitted that this seems a little doubtful; the animal is so exceedingly bad-tempered, and keeps up night and day a continual barking, which is as different as possible from the "deep, grand roar" stated by Mr. H. W. Elliott to be the characteristic utterance of the beast. Many will remember the intelligent behaviour of the Patagonian Otaria under the tuition of Leconte, who was for many years in charge of these animals at the Zoological Gardens. His successor in the post of keeper has been no less successful, and at 2 P.M. the *Otaria jubata* goes through a performance for the amusement of the public, which indicates a very considerable intelligence on the part of the performer. It may be gratifying to those whose pursuits lead them in that direction to learn that marine creatures compare very favourably with their land relatives in brain development. The sea-lion has a more "convoluted" brain than bears, which are near relatives, and possibly, therefore, has a greater capacity for receiving instruction; the brain of the Steller's sea-bear has not yet been examined; but there is little doubt that it will prove equally well formed. (Unfortunately, we have to add, at the last moment, that the sea-bear has, after all, confirmed the fear expressed above, and has departed this life.)

MONEY MATTERS.

THE suspension of the London and General Bank following so quickly upon that of Messrs. Barker & Co., and resulting so soon in the failure of the Liberator Building Society and the House and Land Investment Trust, has naturally alarmed depositors in similar institutions. For a week or two it had been felt that a run upon some of these was imminent, and curiously enough the Birkbeck Bank has been the first that suffered. No one would be surprised if there had been a run upon any of those more or less connected with the London and General Bank. But the Birkbeck Bank was not so connected, and it is not easy to understand why it has been singled out, for it has always been believed to be well managed and to be thoroughly sound. However, when depositors are excited it is little use reasoning with them, and early last week withdrawals of deposits began upon a large scale. An actual run took place upon Saturday, and on Monday it became worse. The Directors wisely decided to pay out freely, and they kept the bank open until 10 o'clock on Monday night, furnishing readily withdrawal forms and scattering amongst the crowd copies of the last balance-sheet published. It was hoped that, as the balance-sheet was certified by several of the greatest banks in the City, the alarm would subside; but many of the crowd remained all night watching the bank, and as soon as it was opened on Tuesday morning it was found that the run had lost little of its seriousness. The panic, however, gradually abated, and now, it may be hoped, it has quite ended. The institution was originally started as a Building Society, the bank being afterwards added; but recently it has done only a small Building Society business, and its assets have been invested for the most part in thoroughly sound securities. Moreover, it has not allowed upon deposits the recklessly high interest that was allowed by such institutions as Barker & Co. and the London and General Bank. According to the last balance-sheet published, the total assets amount to nearly six millions, of which 430,000*l.* are mortgages on houses, 438,000*l.* premises and mortgages on freehold ground-rents, a quarter of a million cash, and the remainder investments in securities. Investments in Consols and securities guaranteed by the British Government amounted to 1,638,000*l.*, in Indian stocks and Egyptian Unified bonds to 603,000*l.*, in Colonial stocks to over 706,000*l.*, the remainder being in American, British Indian and Colonial railway stocks, in foreign railway obligations, and in Corporation stocks and bonds and Financial Trusts. It will be seen that the investments were made with sound judgment, and that by far the greater portion of them are of a kind that can readily be realized. Consols and other such securities guaranteed by the British Government, for instance, can be sold freely, or loans can be obtained on them from any bank. Indeed, it is said that on Monday over a quarter of a million of Consols were sold, causing only a fractional fall in the price. If the depositors had not been panic-stricken, they would have been reassured by the balance-sheet; and in any case it is clear that the bank is sound. In March last the assets exceeded the liabilities by about 300,000*l.* The Birkbeck is not a "bank" in the City sense of the word, and its troubles, therefore, do not directly affect the City; yet they testify to such a spread of distrust that it would be vain to deny the significance of the incident. For over two years now the feeling of uneasiness has continued in the City. In the early part of this year it seemed to be passing off, and the best observers were looking forward to a speedy revival; but the currency troubles in the United States and the fall in silver renewed apprehension, and now it is vain to deny that in the City, as well as amongst depositors in banks like the Birkbeck and in Building and Friendly Societies, distrust is as great as it has been at any time during the past two years. That being so, it is useless to speculate as to what may happen. No one can foresee where alarm may spring up at any time, or who may be made the target for injurious rumours. That there must be some failures can hardly be doubted, and that a real recovery cannot be looked for until the United States Government finally decides to stop the purchases of silver seems clear. That would for the moment, perhaps, intensify the alarm; but very soon it would be followed by a much better feeling; the gravest of all existing dangers would be removed, and great capitalists would recover confidence.

The run upon the Birkbeck Bank was so unexpected, and betokened so much alarm amongst depositors, that it naturally increased uneasiness in the City. Nobody could foresee how it might result, or whether other depositors might not take fright, and consequently other banks be assailed. Still, the influence upon the money market was not great. As the week is drawing to an end, however, the tendency is towards a slight rise, the rate of discount in the open market being now about $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. In addition to the distrust, there is the fact that the demand for gold for the Continent is increasing. It is expected that the negotiations between the Austro-Hungarian Government and the Rothschild group of bankers will begin immediately, and that a loan for 20 millions sterling will be brought out in November or December. The loan is to obtain gold, and though the instalments, it is said, will be spread over two or three years, still the purchases of gold will be on so large

a scale that they may disturb the money markets of the world.

The price of silver has been fluctuating during the week about 38¼*d.* per oz. Probably there will be little change for some time yet, but the best opinion is that there must be a further fall. It is reported that the Canadians are showing a very strong disinclination to take United States silver dollars. A considerable quantity of these dollars is in circulation in Canada, and until quite recently they passed from hand to hand at their nominal value. Now it is said that bankers will accept them only at about 70 cents. If that be so, United States silver money is already at a discount in Canada of about 30 per cent. It may be expected, therefore, that the silver will be sent back as quickly as possible to the United States; and that may have such an effect upon American opinion as to hasten the stoppage of the silver purchases.

Upon the Stock Exchange business is utterly paralysed. At the fortnightly settlement, this week, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at from 1¼ to 1¾ per cent., and their loans were on a very small scale. The settlement showed, in short, that, small as the account open for the rise had been before, it has been decreased during the past fortnight. The Home Railway market is fairly well supported. Speculators are inclined to sell; but the stocks are almost all in the hands of investors, and investors show no disposition to part with them. In the American market early in the week there was a considerable decline; but there has since been some recovery. Evidently there is much nervousness in New York, and in spite of all the great operators may do, the probability is that there will be a fall; any material recovery, at all events, is very unlikely. The Continental Bourses, on the other hand, show great strength. In a few stocks there has been some decline; but, generally, prices have been well maintained. Negotiations are still going on between the Greek Government and a group of bankers in Greece, Turkey, Paris, and London. The bankers are willing to lend a million and a half sterling for the purpose of reducing the amount of paper money in circulation, provided a special revenue is mortgaged to them. M. Tricoupis is as yet unwilling to agree to this, as he maintains that the general resources of the country are quite sufficient guarantee. The Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas has concluded the loan of 2 millions sterling to the Spanish Government, enabling it to pay the next coupon, but that does not in the least improve Spanish finance. The crisis in Italy is as bad as ever, and the reports from Russia are very gloomy. The Russian Government is continually issuing more paper money, and the value of that money is falling in Berlin.

The Executive Council of the Cotton Spinners' Federation met on Tuesday to consider the replies sent in to its proposal to the members of the Federation to insist upon a 5 per cent. reduction in wages. It is said that 80 per cent. of the members approved of the reduction; but, before the month's notice is given for the reduction, the Council has decided to have a meeting with the representatives of the operatives. As far as can be judged, the workpeople will not accept the reduction in wages; but their decision will not be announced until after the meeting with the Federation has taken place. Even then the operatives themselves must be consulted. The general impression in Lancashire, however, is that the proposal will be resisted.

In the beginning of the week Home Government securities and Colonials gave way, but there has been a recovery, and Consols closed on Thursday at 97⅛, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{16}$. India Threes closed at 96¾, a rise of ⅛. In Colonial securities there is little change. Home Railway stocks have been generally well maintained, but the changes for the most part are downwards. London and North-Western closed on Thursday at 172¾, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ⅞. Great Western closed at 163¾, a fall of 1¾; and Brighton "A" closed at 158⅜, a fall of 2⅛. In the American market there has been a very general, and in some cases a sharp, fall. To begin with the purely speculative securities, which investors should not touch, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 36⅞, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1¾; Erie closed at 25¼, a fall of 1⅝; Union Pacific closed at 37⅜, also a fall of 1⅝; and Reading shares closed at 27½, a fall of ¾. Coming next to the dividend-paying shares, Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday at 67½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Lake Shore closed at 133, also a fall of 2; Illinois closed at 99½, a fall of 1½; and New York Central closed at 111½, a fall of 1. Mexican Railway stocks have fallen sharply. The First Preference closed on Thursday at 80¾, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4¼; and the Second Preference closed at 38¾, a fall of 2½. Argentine securities have changed little. Argentine Great Western debentures closed on Thursday at 44–5, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; but Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 68–71, a rise of 2. Amongst other South American securities Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday at 67, a rise of 2. In the inter-Bourse market the changes have not been great, except in Greeks. The '84 loan closed on Thursday at 61½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3. Bank shares have generally given way during the week. For instance, London and Westminster closed on Thursday at 63, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1.

The Governor of the Bank of England at the half-yearly meeting on Thursday stated that during the preceding six months the total liabilities of the Baring estate had been reduced from 7,017,000*l.* to 5,113,000*l.*, of which the debt to the Bank of England was 5,045,000*l.* The total assets are still 8,391,000*l.*, according to the valuation put upon them in October 1890. The Governor does not venture to hope that the liquidation will be completed in the three years originally arranged for.

ANOTHER THEATRE.

THE condition of the theatrical world in London is curious. That there are too many theatres is a natural surmise from the fact that several of those which now exist are closed, and several others are half-filled—when their managers succeed in attracting a sufficiently large audience. And it is at this moment that new theatres are springing up in various directions, wherever, apparently, there is room enough to build one, and in some cases where there is not. Theatrical managers are evidently a sanguine race, a circumstance which would be more explicable if there were any special demand just now for theatrical entertainments. This is not so, however, one reason not improbably being that a good deal too much has lately been made of the actor and his surroundings. There has been a theatrical boom, and its projectors have carried it to excess. Every known player—and a good many players who had previously been unknown—was in turn interviewed, described, paragraphed, and held up to the public gaze under a species of journalistic search-light. Illusion has thereby been destroyed; the subject has been made cheap; we have had just a little too much of the player at home to care about the player in his proper element—the element, that is to say, in which he may be properly discussed. And then there are those melancholy people, the apostles of the New Drama, who seek to persuade a weary world eager to be entertained that the theatre is no place for entertainment; that we go there to learn moral lessons in a nauseous fashion. Furthermore, in answer to an invitation issued by an evening paper, a number of novelists are telling the world, often in clumsy and involved phraseology, that all literary art is in their books, and that the theatre is naught. For one reason and another, therefore, the play is not so much the thing as it was a year or two ago. There are, of course, a few managers who stand beyond the war of words, and whose enterprises are in no way affected by the strife; but it does not appear that these are precisely the days for the launching of new theatrical ventures.

This prelude has encroached considerably on the space that can be devoted to the new comic opera *The Wedding Eve*, at the new Trafalgar Square Theatre; but there is still left amply sufficient room to do the fullest justice to all the artistic qualities which are to be found in that work. There is really little that can profitably be said about it. The story of *The Wedding Eve* is so indistinctly set forth that an observant audience can make nothing of it, or may make what it pleases. The scenes which were chiefly relied upon in the original—the genesis of the adaptation we do not think it worth while to trace—have been suppressed, owing

to the good taste of manager and adaptor; unless, indeed, the suppression is due to fear of that excellent and very valuable functionary, the Examiner of Plays. In the work as it stands there is no offence, which is an excellent thing, and no fun or humour, which is a drawback to the enjoyment of a comic opera. The plot deals with the amours of an elderly lord, who seeks by terrorism to win the promised bride of a virtuous young peasant; but this lord should be diverting, and unhappily he is not. The comedians had no straw provided for them, and could not make bricks without it. Yet a little mirth is an excellent accompaniment to a comic opera. The part of the heroine, Yvonnette, was, however, very prettily played by Miss Decima Moore, who sings with taste, and is provided with some few pleasing numbers, notably a rondo by the French composer, M. Toulmouche, which rondo the translator calls "Come apricots on garden walls," and a romance, "Was ever artless maid in such a plight?" composed by Mr. Ernest Ford, an accomplished young musician who has lent his abilities to the new theatre as conductor. Mr. Joseph Tapley sings agreeably as Yvonnette's lover Kernöe. There is also some tuneful dance music to commend, the work of a composer who signs "Yvolde." Those who are afraid of the literary drama need not hesitate for a moment about visiting *The Wedding Eve.* Yet it really did not bore us seriously, and we should like to add something more than has been said in its favour if we knew what could be added conscientiously.

MEDICINES FROM ANIMALS.

THAT "divers medicines arise out of every part of every beast almost" was universally believed from the earliest times of which we have any record, until comparatively quite recently, so recently indeed, that Dr. Brookes, in his *History of Quadrupedes*, speaks of their properties and uses in medicine, and he wrote late enough to quote "Mr. Buffon" and "Linnæus." This belief is now, however, except among the uneducated classes, nearly extinct, and happily so for those unfortunate enough to require medicine. Although, as has been pointed out by Mr. Hudson in his delightful book *The Naturalist in La Plata*, some of the animal specifics used by the vulgar, and formerly laughed at by learned physicians, now have honourable places in the pharmacopœia—pepsine for example, of which he says, "The Gauchos were accustomed to take the lining of the rhea's stomach, dried and powdered, for ailments caused by impaired digestion . . . science has gone over to them, and the ostrich-hunter now makes a double profit, one from the feathers, and the other from the dried stomachs which he supplies to the chemists of Buenos Ayres. Yet he was formerly told that to take the stomach of the ostrich to improve his digestion was as wild an idea as it would be to consume bird's feathers in order to fly." Dr. Brookes gave many curious prescriptions, but was careful not to give them on his own authority; for example, he says, "There are grave physicians who affirm, that if those who have a whitlow put their finger into the ear of a cat, it will certainly cure it." But the Rev. Edward Topsell, or rather his authority, Gesner, had no such scruples, and without doubt believed implicitly in all his marvellous remedies; for in "the first epistle of Conradus Gesnerus," in the *Historie of Foure-footed Beastes*, we read, "The beastes do offer many profitable medicines for the cure of men; which the skilful Phitisian must borrow from them if he will be perfect in his art and conscionable in his profession. . . . And I have proved, by the inspection into this knowledge, that herein is layed the largest foundation of Medicine." Of course, in the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth centuries medical science, as now understood, was practically non-existent; and the authorities for the remedies to be found in the *Historie* range from Hippocrates downwards.

The following are a few of the recipes, taken almost at random, choice being only made of those prescribed for diseases and afflictions which are perhaps as common as any to which flesh is heir. To those who suffer from toothache—a complaint which few escape—we commend the following simple remedies:—"The teeth which were first ingendered in a horse have this vertue in them, that if they should touch the teethe of a man or woman who are molested and grieved with the toothache, they shall presently find a finall ende of their paine: if in like manner a child doe kisse the nose or snowt of a horse he shal never feele paine in his teeth," "the tooth of a hare layed to that part where the teeth ake easeth them," or "if the liver of a Bull be boiled on a soft fire, and put into ones mouth that hath the tooth ache, the paine will goe away so soone as ever the teeth touch it." In cases of earache and deafness, "The fatte of a Dormouse, the fatte of a hen, and the marrow of an Oxe melted together, and being hot, infused into the Eares, doth very much profit both the paines and deafenesse thereof." Gout was a common complaint in the days of Topsell, as is evidenced by the large number of prescriptions for the cure and "easing" of it that he has handed down to us. The following, which form but a very small part of those given, are sufficiently quaint for repetition:—"The Oyle in which a Fox is baked either alive or dead, doth either altogether cure and make whole those which are troubled with the gout, if so be that the disease or sicknesse be greene or new, or at the least not of to longe continuance, it doeth so cure them, although it may happen to returne againe yet it will be much more milde and gentle then it had beene." "A Fox sod in water till nothing of the Foxe be left whole except the bones, and the Legges or other parts of a gouty body washed and daily bathed therein, it shall drive away all paine and griefe, strengthening the defective and weake members." After this prescription, however, our author adds, "Neverthelesse, such bodies are soone againe replenished through evill dyet, and relapsed into the same disease againe." "A fat cat sod" is also prescribed, "first taking the fat, and annoynting therewith the sicke part, and then wetting Wooll or Towe in the same, and binding it to the offended place," and "A Woulfe being sodden alive untill the bones doe only remaine, is very much commended for the paines of the goute," though how the remedy is to be applied does not appear. "The dust of a living Weasell brent, mingled with wax and rose-water, and annointed with a Feather upon gouty legs," we are told, "cureth the same disease"; but all the above prescriptions are simple in comparison with the following gruesome recipe:—"If ther shal be any flesh or bones of men found in the body of a dead Hyæna, being dried and beaten to powder, and then mixed with a certain perfume, they will bee very excellent to help the gout." Topsell quaintly adds:—"The vanity of the Magi or Wise-men which is witty in nothing but in circumstance of words, doth say that the best time to take Hyænaes is when the Moone passeth over the signe called Gemini." "For giving great ease unto the gowt the skinnes of beavers burned with drie Oynions and liquid pitch put into the soles of shooes," or soles made of "Badger skins," are very much commended.

The prescriptions for the cure of coughs are almost as numerous as are those for gout, but three examples must suffice. "The liver of a fox washed in Wyne and dryed in an earthen pot in an Oven, and afterward seasoned with Sugar, is the best medicine in the world for an old cough, for it hath bin approved to cure it; although it hath continued twenty yeares, drinking every day two sponsfuls in Wine." "The broath that is confected of goat's fat sodden helpeth the cough being tempered with new sweet wine, that an ounce may be put in a goblet and so mixed with a branch of rue"; or "the fome of a horse being 3 or 4 times taken in drinke doth quite expell and drive away the cough. The same also being mingled with hot water, and given to one who is troubled with the cough, or consumption of the lunges, being in manner past al cure doth presently procure health." Should any of our readers, however, think of trying this prescription, we advise them not to obtain the necessary "fome" from a horse that they value, as the death of the horse "doth instantly ensue" upon the cure of the patient. The approved medicine for the Squinancy, or quinsie, is compounded as follows:—"Take a live cony and burn her in an Earthen pot to pouder, then take a spoonful of that pouder in a draught of wine, and drink the most part there of and rubbe your throat with the residue and it shal cure with speed and ease." In cases of colic we learn that "Tenne sprigs of Lawrell, seaven graines of Pepper, and of Opponax as big as Pease, the skin of the ribs of a Hedghog dryed and beaten cast into three cups of Water and warmed, so being drunk of one that hath the Collicke and let rest, he shall be in perfect health; but, with this exception, that for a man it must bee the membrane of a male Hedgehog, and for a woman a female. The ashes, also, of a horses hoofe, being mingled with wine and water

doth greatly ease and helpe the disease called the collicke." Smallpox can hardly nowadays be reckoned as one of the common diseases, but the following recipe is too good to be passed over:—"The shaving of a Goates skinne, being rubbed with pumice stone, and mixed with Vinegar, is an excellent good remedy for the smal pox."

The medicines of animals were not only considered useful for the cure of actual disease, but were thought equally efficacious in minor complaints, such, for instance—to take two examples only—as nightmare and baldness, for both of which we find a large number of remedies suggested. For example, "One of the great teeth of an Hyæna being bound with a string unto any that are troubled in the night times with shadowes and fantasies, and which are frayed out of their sleepe with fearful visions, doth very speedily and effectually procure them ease and rest," or "the right eie of a beare dried to pouder and hung about childrens neckes in a little bag driveth away the terrour of dreames." Both of these were, no doubt, more in the nature of charms than medicines, and could certainly do no harm if they did no good, which can hardly be said of the following prescriptions, which, if indigestion and nightmare represent cause and effect, would surely tend to increase the mischief they were said to cure:—"He which doth eate the skinne of a woulfe well tempered and sodden, will keepe him from all evill dreames, and cause him to take his rest quietlie," or "the flesh of a Lyon being eaten will very effectually worke him ease and quietnesse." "For those which are troubled with the casting and shedding of their hair there is an excellent remedy, which is this—to take mice which inhabite in houses, and to burn or dry them in a pot, and then beat them; and being so used, to mixe them with oyle of Lawrell, and to rubbe the haires which are like to fall or shed with garlicke, and to put them altogither into a Frontlet or fore-head cloath, and daily to keepe the same medicine or plaister unto them, untill the haire do grow fast, and they be ridde of that disease." There is also another remedy for the same disease, which is this:—"To burne a mouse and beate him into powder and then to mingle the same with hony and greace of a Beare, and so to annoint the head, and this is accounted for a very speedy and effectual cure"; or, "if the woole of a hare be burned to ashes, and mingled with oyle of myrtles, Buls gall, Beaten alume, and so warmed and annointed uppon the heade, it stayeth the falling away of the haire." In cases of actual baldness, the "blood of a mole being killed, spread or annointed upon the head, wil very speedily renew and bring the haires againe"; or "the skinne of the hedgehog being rosted with the head and afterwards beate into powder, and if you add thereunto Beares-grease it will restore unto a bald man his head of haire againe, if the place be rubbed untill it be ready to bleed"; and, lastly, "If one make a small candle of paper and cowes marrow, setting the same on fire under his browes or eyelids, which are balde without haire and often annoynting the place he shall have very decent and comely hair grow thereupon."

In conclusion, we can only say that if the terrible mixtures—prescribed in all good faith by Topsell—of which those given above are but a very small and random collection, were used by our ancestors, we can only marvel at their wonderful faith and hardihood.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

WHOEVER the Committee of Management of the Gloucester Festival may be—no names are given on the programme—they are to be congratulated on their courageous, and in the main successful, attempt to render the meeting of the Three Choirs once more true to its name. For some years past a strong detachment of Yorkshire singers—sixty or seventy strong—with further aids from Cardiff, Oxford, and Cambridge, had been annually imported to give backbone to the local choristers. The quality of the latter at recent meetings suggested that their numbers might be increased to such an extent as to render extraneous aid unnecessary, and at the instigation of Mr. Lee Williams, the Gloucester organist and conductor, it was decided to signalize the present gathering by dispensing entirely with the Yorkshire singers, and to confine the choir to residents in the three shires of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. A powerful contingent, mustering nearly 100, was furnished by Bristol, and the results were in the main so encouraging that there is every reason to suppose that the new arrangement will be repeated at Worcester and Hereford. The Three Choirs are grateful to the Yorkshiremen for the splendid services rendered by the Leeds contingent of late years; but the indefinite continuance of this plan of importing foreign succour was fraught with serious disadvantages, and the new move is likely to give a powerful stimulus to the development of choral-singing in the West of England.

For the rest, Gloucester is to be congratulated on having secured, in the new oratorio of *Job*, composed for the occasion by Dr. Hubert Parry, a native of the county, a novelty which will bear the test of comparison with any new work produced at an English Festival within the last generation. The composer, as in the case of his previous oratorio *Judith*, has had the temerity to dispense with the services of the universal provider of librettos, and to compile and write his text himself—a task performed with conspicuous skill and excellent taste. He has also shown a refreshing disregard for the tyranny of tradition by assigning the *rôle* of Satan to a tenor, and omitting female singers entirely from his cast of soloists. The fact that they were not wanted would, with the ordinary composer and librettist, have been a *raison de plus* for their introduction. Dr. Parry's deviation from the conventional groove is therefore to be commended, at once for its independence as well as for its deference to the fitness of things. But the praise due to him for his virtues of omission is small in comparison to that which is extorted by the signal force and beauty of his constructive genius, as displayed in every page of this admirable and impressive work. There is not a single weak number, hardly a single weak moment, in *Job*. The high level on which the composer starts, in the beautiful and majestic opening theme for orchestra, is maintained to the close. The narrative passages that ensue are simple yet massive, while in the dialogue between the Creator and Satan a fine sense of contrast is shown between the solemn phrases for male chorus and the restless utterances of the tempter. The pastoral ballad in the second scene, for which Dr. Parry has written simple yet thoroughly appropriate words, is ushered in by a delightful clarinet solo, and is full of tranquil charm. Satan's invocation of the winds is a splendid piece of fiery declamation, and what may be called the whirlwind chorus, with its affecting sequel, "Lift up thy voice, O Son of Man, and cry," is as fine a piece of choral-writing as Dr. Parry himself has ever penned. *Job* is a short work, lasting little over an hour in performance, and a full quarter of this is devoted to the "lamentations" of the afflicted patriarch. The "lamentations," assigned to the bass soloist, are probably the longest solo in existence—certainly outside the domain of opera—and yet such is the beauty and originality of the music that no sense of tedium is engendered by their performance. The text, which contains some of the most noble and affecting poetry in the Bible, is of the nature which either inspires a composer or exposes his incompetence. Dr. Parry has emerged from the ordeal with signal success. The music of the "lamentations" has the real tragic accent, and whether in the moments of passionate reproach or of contemplative melancholy, it invariably serves to reinforce the majesty of this superb chapter. The long chorus in which God answers Job out of the whirlwind is a masterly and brilliant effort, the orchestration showing a notable advance in picturesqueness and variety on any of Dr. Parry's previous works. Hitherto his music, though admirably and compactly made, has been marked by a certain sameness of tint. His scores, from the orchestral point of view, might be compared to Aberdeen, all built of granite. But here we observe a greater wealth of colour, and a greater fertility of resource in the orchestral accompaniments. Such crudely imitative devices as those which occur in the *Redemption* are rigorously avoided. But the recital of the various manifestations of the Creator's power is attended with a wealth of appropriate illustration, the elasticity of the rhythm being as remarkable as the distinction of the harmony. One particular passage, where the verse descriptive of the ice is followed by three great sombre chords in the strings, is a veritable stroke of genius. The unconventional ending of the Oratorio, with a passage for the narrator, has proved a sore stumbling-block to some critics, who protest against it as an undramatic anti-climax. These worthies forget that *Job* is not an opera, but an oratorio, and that

the conclusion adopted is quite in keeping with the epic nature of the story. The new work was, in the main, admirably performed under Dr. Parry's direction. The chorus sang tunefully and with vigour, Mr. Watkin Mills was a dignified narrator, and Mr. Lloyd gave the music of Satan with intrepid zeal. A Hereford choir-boy distinguished himself by his unaffected delivery of the Shepherd's song, and the band, though occasionally careless and perfunctory in individual instances, rendered fair justice to the orchestration. A great burden was laid on the shoulders of Mr. Plunket Greene, who was cast for the *rôle* of Job, but he proved fully equal to the occasion. Purists may take exception to his excessive use of the open tone in his upper notes; but, apart from this fault, his performance left no room for adverse comment. It was impassioned, pathetic, dignified, and artistic, and will remain in the memory of all who heard it as the most remarkable individual achievement at the Festival. A very eminent man of science who attended the performance of *Job* expressed his desire at the close to hear it all over again. He, like many others, had been profoundly moved by the fresh beauty added to a sublime theme by the noble music to which it had been wedded. Such a work, indeed, exerts that purifying influence on the minds of its hearers which Aristotle declares to be the true function of tragedy.

Of the remaining novelties, only one, Mr. Lee Williams's *Gethsemane*, invites comment. Mr. Lee Williams is one of those who look forward to the restoration of orchestras as an integral part in the musical equipment of our cathedrals and churches, and it is to further this movement that he has written *Bethany* and *Gethsemane*—"Church cantatas," as he calls them, as they present no difficulties which may not be overcome by a competent church choir. Mr. Lee Williams does not aim very high, but he nearly always hits the mark. His music is thoroughly well made, while it avoids all display of pedantry, and but for one cheap and *ad captandum* effect, where a harp solo announces an angelic visitant, the spirit of the work is genuine and the taste excellent. Dr. Bridge's motet, built on Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante's paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, proved a solid piece of *Kapellmeistermusik*, while Miss Rosalind Ellicott's new cantata, though wanting in science, was redeemed from insignificance by some pretty thoughts. For these Miss Ellicott deserves all the credit, as *The Birth of Song* is quite one of the worst and most wooden effusions of the muse of Mr. Lewis Morris. Mr. Clifford Harrison has just told us in his pleasant book that the bard in question is one of the three authors whose works he finds the hardest to learn by heart. We can quite believe it after a careful perusal of *The Birth of Song*, some of the lines in which are the very death of rhyme and reason.

Before concluding this brief record of the most noteworthy features of the Festival, we may be permitted to notice the welcome absence from the programme-book of the performances of the public analyst of music, and the significant fact, which we commend to the notice of Sir Augustus Harris, in view of his intention to revive *Cavalleria Rusticana*, that the Intermezzo failed to gain an encore.

A FOSSIL TOWN.

FEW travellers pause in the Nivernais. Among the "Eaux," which multiply so rapidly over the inland parts of France, Pougues is a favourite; but its renown has not yet crossed the sea. Holiday-makers are daunted by the heat in summer, and by the dread, almost groundless, of mosquitos; while winter tourists hurry past to scenes more famous or more lively in the South. Nivernais is a charming country, however, and full of interest. Nowhere in Southern France does the English traveller recognize such homelike scenery. Big bare fields and grey hills are alike absent. There are vineyards in plenty, of course; but wine-making is not the great industry of the district. The olive does not flourish in these lowlands, where people use oil expressed from walnuts—and an excellent substitute it is. Walnut-trees, therefore, make a "feature" of the landscape surrounding every village and farmhouse, standing in line across the fields, which would be thought rather small even in England. Pretty lanes, deep and shaded, just such as are familiar to our eye, wind through the landscape. There is no scientific farming here. Quickset hedges, broad and straggling and delightfully unkempt, enclose the little green meadows and the crops of wheat and barley which are scarcely yet touched in this first week of August. But they make short work of the harvest here when they begin, assured of a cloudless sky and a blazing sun day after day, with rarely the break of a thunderstorm; until the Northern stranger, at least, would find some consolation in a deluge. Certainly it is hot; hotter even than in those lands to south where the glass marks a higher figure, for the region is windless. But not so hot that any man or woman deserving the name of traveller should be deterred from visiting this Nivernais, even at Midsummer, if so inclined.

A country so remote, where the Revolution took a milder form than elsewhere generally, must needs be full of curious, old-world spots. One of them, the little town of La Charité, is famous among students of archæology. The only scene like it with which we are acquainted is that most striking relic, Villeneuve, by Avignon; but the circumstances are very different. Many notable events have occurred at La Charité, but its most striking claim to distinction is generally overlooked. This was the most northerly point held by the Moslems when they overran Provence in the ninth century. The town stands within the fortified enceinte of the great Benedictine monastery, which was the most powerful religious house in France. Much of its walls remains; the church is still used; a great number of funnel-shaped towers rise here and there among the thick-pressed roofs; but the form of the building has perished so utterly that the most painstaking and ingenious of antiquarians could not identify the plan by any traces that survive. This is not to suggest that such traces are few; on the contrary, it is the bulk of them, the enormous extent and variety, which puzzle the explorer. They are everywhere, in fact, great façades, sculptured doorways, masses of wall, ponderous vaults, towers, staircases, blocks of carving, groups of columns, arches, and gateways. But the connecting links have vanished, pulled down or masked by walls constructed of their own masonry. No help is to be obtained from modern townsfolk. Doubtless they have legends enough, but impersonal, as one may say. If asked about this or that impressive fragment, they can answer only that it formed part of the *couvent*—what part, the meaning of it, is lost. Such a shattering break in history was the Revolution. Hundreds of people there must be in this healthy little town whose fathers saw the edifice in its glory, and they could hardly fail to hear such details as the site of the grand entrance, for example. But even points like this have become dubious now—with the inhabitants of La Charité, that is. There is a stately façade in the main street, with traces of a ponderous archway on one side, now broken off. A pleasant veteran assured us that this archway was the great gate of the monastery. But another pleasant veteran, listening with interest from his doorstep, asked how his comrade knew; when it appeared that a "gentleman" had told him. Each of these men had lived all his life in the town, and their fathers before them.

But although one feels inclined to say, after wandering up and down, that the town is, in brief, the ruined convent, that would be a gross mistake. Gaps have been filled, the little hilly streets have been aligned, no doubt, by pulling down or taking in bits of the enormous edifice or detached structures pertaining to it; but the town itself is mediæval, of unknown date. It is this which gives unique interest to La Charité. Elsewhere you find "bits"—a house of this or that century—here they stand in line, four hundred yards each way, perhaps, from the river bank, up the hill by the "Quatre-vingt-quatre"—thus vaguely they describe the lofty staircase which mounts within the thickness of the prodigious wall—from the foot of the main street to the plateau above. Little shops have been made in the lower floors, bright and cheerful enough; windows have been enlarged; but most of the houses remain untouched—endless study for the antiquarian. Even in the modernized buildings he may find details to rejoice his heart—even, indeed, in the shops. In the window of the chemist we marked two old vases of Moustiers or Nevers pottery; the one inscribed, in quaint writing, on the neck, "Antidotus Orneriani. Ad venena securrism: Alexipharmacum"; the other, "Deakermes viperinum ab altiss: medicinâ." It seems improbable that a chemist of the nineteenth century dispenses these mysterious medicaments, but the titles thus displayed are

in admirable accordance with the surroundings. Elsewhere one observes dim sketches of the stock-in-trade painted upon the wall beside the entrance—a sign of an age when few could read, and every shop was a "general store." The church has little interest save for an architect of archæological tastes, for it has been stripped bare to the walls; but no intelligent person can behold a building consecrated, by the Pope himself, in the first decade of the twelfth century, without pleasure. It was once painted in strong colours, evidently; the monsters and grotesque scenes sculptured on panels round the choir seem to be even more curious than usual; but they can hardly be made out from below. The entrance of the church, however, is striking; a ruined tower, profusely sculptured, above a broad arch lined with columns. It opens upon what is left of the cemetery, a paved court. Upon the left hand fine columns run along the top of the broken wall to the church-door, and many fragments of carving peep through the façades of a wine-merchant's, an *épicier en gros*, and a *filature de laine*, which occupy this side of the court. The other is a massive blank wall, topped by a wilderness of pointed roofs and towers crowned with an extinguisher—a view so exactly like one of Gustave Doré's illustrations in the *Contes Drolatiques* that we may suspect he drew it from nature at La Charité.

It may be safely pronounced that there is no sight in Europe to compare, in its way, with the spectacle of this little town from the bridge. Upon the left, across the river, stands a ruined château, which would be thought fine elsewhere, but scarcely wins a glance in this picture. Its white walls and towers crown the height, overlooking terraces and gardens of the most vivid green. They end at a pretty grove, where the townspeople walk after climbing the "Quatre-vingt-quatre"; and then a pile of red-brown roofs, extinguisher towers, and lofty ruined walls, so closely pressed that no gap can be seen anywhere, tumbles rather than slopes to the river-level. From this point one can judge the proportion of mediæval buildings in the town to those of modern date; for the former have exquisite tones of red and brown, while the latter, though built mostly with the same high-pitched roof, are black. There are just enough of them to give a pleasing diversity—one perhaps in a hundred—but a new town, all black, stands on low ground away to the right. How tightly packed are these houses, how picturesque and strange in all ways, one may see most plainly by looking through an open door here and there in the river front. They all give upon narrow gardens, at the back of which the ground rises suddenly, so that the owner must descend by steps, twenty or more. Such a labyrinth of antique buildings it is beyond that one may count five distinct sets of steps, each at a different angle and of different heights, issuing from mysterious exits up above within the breadth of twenty paces. If the reader will calculate the significance of this fact, he will grasp in a measure one peculiarity of this most interesting survival.

It remains to add that the accommodation for visitors is as quaint and as pleasing as all else at La Charité. The Hôtel du Grand Monarque is a bit of the monastery, of course. The circular staircase, by which you mount to the unadorned but cheerful bedrooms, is enclosed in a tower, by which the monks—or perhaps their men-at-arms—gained access to the inner line of defence. At the top you find yourself in a paved court, probably a bastion, the grand old wall in front, gardens to right, and the chamber doors to left. Above the small stable yard are remains of arches and sculptures. This hotel has nothing in the way of a reception room. You step from the street into the big kitchen, with a massive stove in the midst; but the vast fireplace, with "dogs" and ingle nooks and capacious chimney, still remains. The walls are hung all round with copper vessels, an astonishing array, some of them huge enough to provide soup for a regiment, riveted, banged out of shape—in the loot of the convent, perhaps—but all as bright as mirrors. The landlady receives you without embarrassment, though she explains that breakfast was over long ago, and forthwith proceeds to do *son possible* before your eyes. An excellent repast she will give you assuredly, in very few minutes, beginning, perhaps, with such a friture of gudgeon as Parisians only taste in memory at this day, and ending with a dish, heaped up, of wild strawberries—good wine, and good coffee to follow.

REVIEWS.

RANJIT SINGH.*

BY including natives in his series Sir William Hunter may have intended to draw a striking contrast between those who carved out or succeeded to principalities, and the statesmen who, chosen alternately from the two great political parties in England, have made India what it now is. We have had, besides Englishmen from Warren Hastings to Dalhousie and Mayo, the most splendid figure in Indian Muhammadan annals, and a very successful Mahratta chief; and we are only waiting for the Buddhist monarch of dim tradition, stately pillars, and legible copper-plates; and the imperial bigot who bequeathed a fine inheritance to be scrambled for by soldiers of fortune and white adventurers from beyond the sea. But the most notable and picturesque figure in the whole catalogue of Padshahs, Maharajas, and Nawabs is unquestionably that of Ranjit Singh. And our interest in him is increased by proximity of time and place. There must be still some few natives who may have seen and heard the Sikh ruler. It is also possible that, living in retirement in England, a grey-haired general or colonel recollects the Durbar of 1838. Every one knows that the skill of Sikh generals and the disciplined bravery of Sikh levies cost us two arduous campaigns before the geographical, as well as the political, boundaries of our Indian Empire were reached. And neither Mahratta raider nor Muhammadan Suhbahdar, not Sivaji nor Hyder Ali, occupy such a niche in Indian history as the sensual and crafty, but energetic and sagacious ruler whom our fathers used to talk of as the "old Lion of Lahore."

Practical experience of the administration of the Panjâb, time and labour well spent on the biographies of great Sikh families, familiarity with the numerous native States, large and small, whose incumbents are alternately lectured, encouraged, and lauded by the high official known as the Governor-General's Agent for Central India, and a style animated, pungent, and correct, justify the editor's selection of Sir Lepel Griffin to be the biographer of Ranjit Singh. The author has deemed it advisable to devote some of his chapters to the rise and progress of the Sikhs, their leading tenets, religious and social, as well as to the actual state of the Punjâb at the birth of Ranjit in 1780. He was no delegate from imperial Delhi who threw off his allegiance to a tottering and imbecile monarch. He had no brothers or uncles whom, to gain his ascendency, it was necessary to remove. He sought no favour, he asked no assistance from the Englishman whose red line, as he himself remarked, was, like the rising tide, fated to obliterate so many ancient landmarks. Sir Lepel graphically tells us what, a hundred years ago, was the political situation in which a man of exceptional vigour and audacity could create a kingdom and a name for himself. And what a shifting extraordinary kaleidoscope it was! The Emperors of Delhi were reduced to puppets. The Afghan invasions had come to an end. The Englishman was occupied elsewhere in putting down Mussalman usurpers and dispersing Mahratta robbers. At this period the Sikhs, proof against Mughal torture and oppression, rapidly formed themselves into clans, known locally as *Misls*, of whom Sir Lepel enumerates twelve. Of these the Sukarchakias became the most important and historical, not from the extent of their territorial possessions or the forces which they could bring into the field, but from the mere fact that Ranjit Singh was their best representative and their finest specimen. In a chapter or two we are told how a Sikh who could just read and write, who consumed brandy and opium in enormous quantities, and who, though never needlessly cruel, was not troubled with scruples when anything stood in his way, seized one district after another, razed to the ground the strongholds of enemies, imprisoned Shah Shujah our ill-fated *protégé* of 1838, and made him surrender the Koh-i-noor diamond; got rid of one rival by putting him in the front of the battle; supplanted others or compelled them to follow his lead; and from such cities as Lahore and Amritsur gradually established a wide dominion from Peshawur to the Beas, and from the Himalayas to the Derajat. Of the man himself we have sundry graphic descriptions from the pens of contemporaries. In physique and looks he was excelled by many of his lieutenants and soldiers. He had but one eye. He was pitted with the smallpox. He had a short nose, a grisly beard, a coarse neck, thin arms, and well-formed hands. In 1834, after the time when he was seen by Lord William Bentinck, he had a paralytic seizure which affected one side. His dress was simplicity itself, without jewels or ornaments; white muslin in the summer, yellow Kashmir cloth in the cold season. Sir Lepel is constrained to describe this leader of men

* *Rulers of India—Ranjit Singh.* By Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

as morally selfish, avaricious, false, and a drunkard. Yet this slim, insignificant, debauched potentate had a rare talent for military organization, a sound judgment in the selection of his lieutenants, and a political ambition which, after the departure of the Wellesleys about 1806, might have made him the most formidable of our foes. Fortunately he had the sagacity and acuteness to perceive the extent of our resources and the value of our friendship, and for thirty years subsequent to the triumphant diplomacy of Metcalfe we had little trouble on our North-West frontier. Sir Lepel Griffin, in reviewing the number and character of the Sikh army raised by Ranjit, and its remarkable change from a mob of plundering and irregular cavalry to the legion's ordered line, very properly notices the effective aid given to Ranjit Singh by four French officers—Allard, Court, Ventura, and Avitabile. After Napoleon's fall these men had made their way to Persia, where the Shah most unwisely neglected their offers of service. Ranjit discovered their value at once. Allard raised a corps of dragoons. Ventura was made Governor of Lahore, and was placed at the head of the Fouj Khas, or special brigade of combined cavalry and infantry. We are not quite sure to which of the four was due the efficiency of the Sikh artillerymen. The Sikh cannon were too much for us at Ferozshah. Ventura left the Panjâb just as Lord Hardinge came to India; had a fine residence or hotel in Paris, where his daughters by a native lady did the honours for a time; and eventually returned to India after the annexation of the Panjâb, to look after some *jagir* or estate which, as he put it, had been most unfairly resumed by Sir George Campbell. For a time that very able and just administrator was Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej Provinces. We are tolerably sure that the late member for the Kirkaldy Burghs was in the right. Avitabile, the Neapolitan, also very prudently left the Panjâb in the beginning of 1844. Ranjit himself may have occasionally been reckless of the lives of others, but in refined cruelty he was left far behind by Avitabile, whom he made Governor of Peshawur. Some of our early officials in the Panjâb in 1849 were told strange tales about the modes in which this foreigner ruled turbulent spirits on the frontier. To strip an offender naked, smear him with honey, and turn him out in the hot weather for flies to drive to madness; to roast alive a marauder from the hills when caught in the act of plunder, to hang others by scores, were not more unusual events than the maiming of cattle and the houghing of horses in Ireland. And once, when a regiment at Peshawur mutinied for its arrears of pay, Avitabile taught the mutineers a severe lesson. Money was raised; the soldiers were all paid; and were then dismissed to their homes in batches of three or four. Intimation of this latter fact was quietly given to plundering tribes through whose defiles the soldiers had to pass. Our informant asserted that not a single Sikh ever returned alive to his native village. Avitabile, we may add, was allowed freedom of administration as long as he punctually remitted the revenue of his province to Lahore. Ranjit liked these foreigners to spend their fine salaries in their own provinces instead of remitting them to Europe. Avitabile, when our army passed through the Panjâb in 1838 and again in 1842, found means to outwit his master by readily cashing cheques on Calcutta houses, and the salaries of English officers who required advances. In this and other ways he eventually brought away six lakhs of rupees. Besides his own Italian and the French language he acquired a smattering of two or three Oriental tongues. But experts in conversation with him pronounced his Persian deficient, his Pushtoo unintelligible, and his Urdu ungrammatical; while Lord Ellenborough, then Governor-General, tried him in Italian, and was answered in the incomprehensible jargon of Naples.

We have Sir Lepel Griffin's word for it that Ranjit Singh is still a household word in the Panjâb. His portrait on ivory may any day be bought in the bazars of Amritsur and Delhi. And there must still be many anecdotes of his doings and sayings which would have amplified the biography beyond the strict lines laid down by the Clarendon Press. Sir W. Macnaghten, who was deputed by Lord Auckland to confer with the Maharaja in 1838, wrote to his chief that Ranjit "passed from war to wine and from learning to hunting with breathless rapidity"; asked the British Envoy whether he was anything of a sportsman, which Macnaghten was not; whether he knew Arabic and Sanscrit, which the Envoy knew very well; how far a shrapnel shot would do execution; and how much each member of the Mission had consumed of some potent liquor sent the night before. It was probably at the earlier interview with Lord William Bentinck that the Maharaja, on seeing a splendid regiment of British lancers, intimated his opinion that these were not common troopers, but all the *Sahib Logue* collected together from Calcutta to Delhi in order to make a fine and impressive show.

In internal administration Ranjit, though he never harried villages like the Mahrattas, had not set up any very high standard. He levied as much in taxation of various kinds as the artisan would bear or the cultivator could pay. Custom duties were exacted from a great variety of articles of use or consumption with merciless precision. Every kind of coinage was current in the kingdom, to add to the burden of the people. It has been said that in taking count of the proceeds collected on any expedition, Ranjit would direct one of his attendants to cut one notch in a stick for every ten thousand, and a larger notch for every lakh of rupees, and then throw the stick away when the tale was completed. That the condition of the cultivator was not happy, and that there was little or no material improvement as we understand this term, may be quite true. Yet, considering that the land was tilled mainly by stalwart races, though they were Hindus and Muhammadans and not Sikhs, it is tolerably certain that, if we except the Peshawur and the Rawul Pindi districts, the native community in the central part of the Panjâb fared better than did Ryots in the dominions of the Peshwa and the Gaikwar or under the harsh and unsympathetic rule of the old Nawabs of Bengal.

This biography very naturally affords scope for suggestive remarks and warnings due to the experience of the writer. He makes it quite clear that the Sikh knew perfectly well how and when to get drunk long before our advent and without any teaching from us. He also draws a very correct distinction between the short, sharp, and vigorous ascendency of soldiers like Ranjit and Haidar who leave no very capable successor behind them, and the dynastic rule of princes who are tolerated and reverenced by the people over whom birth has placed them, owing to noble descent, the mere weight of tradition, and the habit of long obedience. Yet not the less will the Oriental bow down before strength of character exhibited by one whose father was a trooper or an artilleryman instead of a Raja claiming descent from the sun. If this excellent biography is extensively read as it deserves to be, perhaps a reader or two, more thoughtful than the average, may ask whether having made such careers quite impossible in the future we should not do well to refrain from academic experiments and speculations, and leave statesmen in India, with their able staff of administrators, without pressure, to decide how far natives can be brought within the administrative circle, to take part in the government of splendid provinces, especially those conquered and annexed in the memorable reign of Lord Dalhousie.

NOVELS.*

MRS. PARR'S novels are much to the taste of many competent judges of the modern novel. They are sure not to be silly, vulgar, illiterate, or dull, and they are worthy to be compared with those of Mr. Norris, Mr. Besant, Mr. Hardy, "Lucas Malet," Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the other acknowledged representatives of fiction as she is wrote in England at the present time. *The Squire* is neither better than Mrs. Parr's admirers would demand, nor worse than they would expect. Humphrey Royston, who gives the story its title, is a person of kindly disposition somewhat soured by the treachery of his friend and chum in early life in the matter of a lady whom he, Royston, loved, and whom Robert Croft, his friend, wanted to marry and married for purely commercial reasons. The romance, however, really concerns the fortunes of Robert's daughter by this lady, and Humphrey's nephew, the son of a sister of Humphrey's to whom Robert was engaged when he defrauded Humphrey of his bride. Robert, Mrs. Robert, and Humphrey's sister Barbara all died before the real beginning of the story, so that the introductory part of the work somewhat resembles the end of *Hamlet*. Besides these personages, who are all well set out, and stand upon their feet quite as solidly as one could expect, there are two others, of whom Mrs. Parr's account is admirable, the old mother and the deserving brother of Robert Croft. This other Croft, David, uncle of the heroine, lacks worldly wisdom to an extent which is now and then absolutely exasperating, but he revels in self-sacrifice, family affection, and a devoted spirit, wherefore Mrs. Parr brings him round, though she kills him—respected and beloved by all—as soon as she has done with him. Moreover, there is an unusually entertaining pair of second lovers. It will be seen that the double-barrelled treason, committed long before

* *The Squire.* By Mrs. Parr, Author of "Dorothy Fox," &c. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, &c. By Walter Besant, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Nobler Sex. By Florence Marryat, Author of "Love's Conflict," &c. London: F. V. White & Co. 1892.

Where Honour Sits: a Tale of the Desert March, Egypt, 1884-85. By W. Home-Gall. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

by Robert against Humphrey, followed by the love-making necessary to a well-conditioned novel when the four young persons and the three older ones, mentioned above, come into contact, supplies opportunity for a very suitable and sufficient plot, which Mrs. Parr manipulates with her accustomed skill. It should be added that Marjory Wentworth, the second girl, has a very entertaining mamma, lightly but excellently sketched. Altogether *The Squire* is a pleasant, amusing novel.

There are four stories reprinted in Mr. Besant's new volume, two short and two long. The first, from which the volume takes its title, is very short. The last is also short, and its nature is indicated in its title, "The Doll's House, and After." It is a brief sketch of what most likely happened to the people in that cheerful play some twenty years later, when Nora Helmer's children were grown up. Nothing good happened; but the sequel is as cheerful as the play, and skilfully related in a much pleasanter spirit. "The Doubts of Dives" is about two young men, one very rich and industrious, but unable to work for lack of the stimulus of necessity, the other very poor and idle, but amiable, and with the capacity of enjoying wealth. Therefore, by the aid of a magic potion, they changed bodies for three months, and complications, amatory and otherwise, duly ensued. They got out of the complications by staying as they were, and we cannot help feeling that it was very good of the rich man to consent to it. But then he liked work, and he could not work when he was not obliged. Some rich men are more fortunate. This is the most amusing section of the book, but perhaps the remaining story, "The Demoniac," is likely to attract the most notice of the four. Mr. Besant declares in his preface that it recounts the progress of a disease which is not uncommon. George Atheling, a perfectly strong, sober, well-behaved, healthy man of over twenty, who had drunk beer and wine like other young men who drink moderately, awoke from sleep with a thirst for alcoholic liquors so fierce that it drove him, as it were mechanically, and without any question of resistance, to the whisky-bottle, and he drank till he was dead drunk, and as soon as he was sober enough drank again and remained drinking or drunk for two or three days, at the end of which time he had consumed three or four bottles of spirits and all the sherry there was handy. This happened for the rest of his life at intervals. Consequently he finally committed suicide. This story, told as Mr. Besant tells it with great power, would be exceedingly effective but for two hindrances. The first is that it is extremely difficult to believe Mr. Besant's assertion that such a disease exists. It is said to be hereditary, and George Atheling had it from his grandfather. But it is preceded by no tippling habits, nor yet by any unusual indulgence, and its symptom is thirst so severe that it wakes the sufferer with a start and hurts his throat horribly. He feels that if he cannot drink he will die, and that it is not merely liquid but alcohol that he must drink. In Atheling's first attack he took up the water-bottle, but did not drink any water. Now this is a very odd sort of thirst, and if it is really common, why have so many people never heard of it? The second weakness in the story is that Atheling, though he changed his name and married beneath him, and worked for his living, which he was not obliged to do, because he did not think he could conceal his weakness from his friends in his own rank of life, enjoyed himself fairly well, considering that he had done these unnecessary things. He even edited a suburban paper. True, he disappeared every two months; but he called it business, and his wife believed him. Therefore he might have gone on indefinitely if his wife and a friend had not found out all about it, and made him actually resist successfully one of the irresistible attacks, and that when they had been getting more and more irresistible for five years. Then he had a relapse, which discouraged him so much that (being slightly drunk at the time, but sober enough to know all about it) he drowned himself. Also, during the whole time of his illness it had been carefully stimulated by a villainous servant, who took the greatest pains to supply him with drink whenever the periodical attacks came on. So that altogether, according to this story, the alleged disease, instead of being "incurable," as Mr. Besant asserts, seems to have ended fatally in Atheling's case only in consequence of a singular mixture of mismanagement and bad luck. These considerations make the tale less impressive than it perhaps might otherwise be; but it is a harrowing story related with much power.

The Nobler Sex is cast in autobiographical form, and the story is put into the mouth of a lady who is neither very agreeable nor at all fortunate. Her chief failing seems to have been a profound persuasion that she was almost incomparably superior both in morals and in intellect to every one she came across. She had, indeed, a strange influence—probably magnetic—over men, most of whom loved her dearly. She was also a great writer of novels and a power in the world of letters. The result of her application to the problems of life of the faculties in which she took so much pride was that she married one man, loved another (but they were never guilty of any impropriety), and ran away with a third, whom she married when the first divorced her, and from whom, after an infinite series of sordid and bitter quarrels, she was separated at the end of the third volume. This unpleasant story has little about it to redeem its obvious faults. The following misquotation recalls to our recollection that gifted author, Mrs. Penelope Fitzgerald, who had a difficulty with the same couplet:—

> "A primrose on the river's brink,
> A primrose was to him and nothing more."

"Him," in this instance, was the lady's first husband.

Mr. Home-Gall's story *Where Honour Sits* has almost every fault it can have except perverted principles. As there is nothing in the least wicked about it, it may be enough to say that, as a work of art, it is naught, and that it is extremely dull. The hero must have been an astonishingly light person, for when he enlisted in the army his height was "five feet eleven inches," his girth round the chest "thirty-nine inches," and his weight "ten stone two pounds." Most men of that size weigh every ounce of twelve stone.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.*

ON his tombstone, in ecclesiastical history and elsewhere, Dr. Magee will be, and justly, Archbishop of York; but while the generation which knew him in his first English Episcopate remains, he will always be thought of as Bishop of Peterborough, worthily as he has been succeeded at Medeshampstead. His tenure of the See was a long one, nearly reaching the silver-wedding; he had hardly been appointed to it when he stepped at once into the front rank of Parliamentary speakers by his utterances on the Irish Church question, and during few years of his bishophood was his name hidden from even the most careless reader of the papers. One famous sentence which he afterwards uselessly strove, not, indeed, to retract, but to explain and modify, formulated once for all the opinions of all sensible men on a burning social question, and attracted once for all the hatred of faddists and fools. On more than one other—on more than half a dozen others—he took a prominent part and left memorable utterances. He had, for so shrewd and "unemotional" a person, almost a mania for taking up questions; and when he took them up he was not wont to make it pleasant for those who took them up on the opposite side. Nor was he perhaps always a very welcome ally to those who were on the side that was nominally his. One of his lighter sayings on public occasions was that "a curate might play with him" at such and such a time. If the curate was a wise curate, he would probably have kept his weather eye wide open during the play. For the Bishop had all his country's love of hitting a head (in an honourable and Christian way, of course) whenever he saw it, without any very accurate calculation whether it was Tim Malone's or not.

Remarkable and brilliant as was his personality, it was something of a puzzle. On the one side many excellent persons, some of them not in the very least dupes of Mr. Chadband, sighed over his "lack of spirituality" as an ecclesiastic; yet no one ever dared to insinuate that he was playing the eighteenth-century divine, and feigning belief to secure place and power. Even extreme Liberals never hinted doubts of the sincerity of his Toryism, and his utterances on democracy might be taken to heart with immense advantage by certain Tories to-day. And yet he had a certain restless tendency to *movere quieta* which scarcely consorted with the true Tory views about the treatment of Camarina. His intellect, vigorous and acute as it was, was a little narrow and a little unsympathetic. He would not have persecuted Ritualists; yet he would have altered the Ornaments Rubric, the retention of which in its present ambiguous form all wise defenders of the Church know to be as much a preservative against excesses in the one direction as in the other. The exceeding strenuousness of his arguments for reform in patronage and in Church discipline produced much admirable positive and more admirable negative argument; but there was always a suspicion (and we have been told that it was the fact) that accidental annoyances in his own diocese spurred him on in these matters. Practically we all know that the system of the purchase of livings works very well indeed, and after the experience of the abolition of purchase in the army none but a fanatic or a fool would meddle with it. So also the conduct of dissenting members in Parliament as to Church

* *Speeches and Addresses by the late W. C. Magee, D.D., Lord Archbishop of York.* Edited by Charles S. Magee. London: Isbister.

Discipline Bills deserved the whips of scorpions that the Bishop applied to it; and yet the scandals which moved his wrath are very rare. In particular it is difficult to see any choice between private patronage and popular election, which one of the most cogent passages of this book denounces, except episcopal appointment, which has been the curse of the French Church. The fact is that Bishop Magee with many excellent qualities and a thorough soundness, in the main, on both religious and political doctrine, was just a little too masterful. He could not "let it alone"; could not content himself with opposing mischievous and unnecessary change, and when change was necessary giving a touch here and a touch there to edge matters, instead of shoving them, into the right groove. But he was a very great man, and in this age of cant, of false logic, of gush, of balderdash, and bunkum of all kinds, the Ithuriel's touch of his ruthlessly pointed common sense was a joy to see in operation.

Its operation was chiefly seen in his speeches and addresses; he was not a book or an article writer, and therefore it is very satisfactory to receive this collection of them from his son. Criticism without fault-finding is like beef without mustard; and therefore we shall say that we wish Mr. Magee had not left it unannotated. It is very rarely that we cry for notes; they are, as a rule, nuisances. But speeches on ephemeral subjects require them more than anything else. It is perfectly obvious, on the day or the day after, who was the noble Lord that said something, and what was the something that the noble Lord said. Twenty years afterwards memory and the context decipher it but dimly between them; and, fifty years afterwards, the context without memory is left alone to the unequal task. All sorts of other references, allusions, innuendoes require the commentator's help, and here they do not receive it. Those persons, indeed, who have made it a business to follow the politics of the last twenty years will, of course, be at no loss, and we cannot pretend to have been at much ourselves. But we think of the weak brother.

The volume opens with that speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Bill, on the 15th of June, twenty-three years ago, which, if argument had power as it has authority, would have swept that measure into the dustbin. There is not a sophism of the Disestablishers that Dr. Magee did not grind into powder, and if the speech is noticeable—as, indeed, are most of his speeches—for not taking the high line, it is only the more effective. Every statement in it as to the past is irrefragable, every prophecy of the future has already been fulfilled to the letter. Politicians, fortunately, are tolerably free from shame; there is no record of any one, except Lord Melbourne (who was a sort of irresponsible amateur, and has always been looked askance at by the regular breed), acknowledging that "the fools were right." Otherwise the reading of this speech ought to make not a few distinguished persons after many years feel a most distinguished uneasiness.

A considerable number of the other addresses, if not speeches, also deal with Disestablishment in one form or another, and they are all characterized by the same tone. It is, as we have said, though never a low, seldom what is called a high, tone. The Bishop is always severely practical. He rubs in the plain and uncomfortable truth as to the exact origin of endowments—that they are (though the simile is not his) as much national property as the dinner which Jones gave Robinson yesterday evening is national property—with unfailing earnestness. He takes the actual arguments of the Disestablishers, knocks them about, contrasts them with each other, turns them inside out. He can be, and by the Liberation Society always is, ignored, but he can never be poohpoohed. So is it with his treatment of the Deceased Wife's Sister question, so (those little prepossessions above referred to being to a certain extent allowed for) with his handling of the Education question, the question of Church Patronage, that of Church Discipline, those of Burial, Vivisection, Children's Insurance. But the most interesting question of all was, of course, the Temperance question, in regard to which his famous saying that he would rather see England free than compulsorily sober raised a hornets' nest about his ears, and to this day is the subject of occasional buzzing, from the mild hum of the Church of England Temperance Society to the sharp bombination of Dr. Dawson Burns.

The Bishop, as we have said, though he condescended—not, on the whole, as we think, over-wisely—to explain, never in the least retracted this dictum, which, in fact, is the summing-up of all sense and wisdom on the subject. But his explanations were hopelessly futile, as may be seen in a letter to the *Times*, written by the above-mentioned Dr. Dawson Burns, since the appearance of the book we are reviewing. Twenty years after date the excellent Dr. Burns (for excellent we make no doubt that he is, at least in intention) evidently no more understands what the Bishop said than he did in 1872. The "flashy paradox," as Dr. Burns calls it, of the contrast between freedom and sobriety still to him means freedom to sell liquor as contrasted with "sobriety" as something positive, substantive, and precise. In twenty years, during which most of us have learned and unlearned so much, this excellent D.D. has not yet reached a glimmering of the truth which the Bishop preached—the truth that compulsory sobriety, sobriety consequent on the non-attainableness of the means of ebriety, is not sobriety at all; that it is no virtue, that it is no advantage; that any accident may convert it at once into excess.

So, as always, did Dr. Magee's light shine in darkness, and the darkness understanded him not. The controversy is a standing example of the utter futility of explanations. To these the Bishop, to do him justice, was by no means excessively or unduly prone. Indeed, his tongue was regarded by Mrs. Grundy as a decidedly unruly member, and he very seldom gave her the satisfaction of using it to explain away what it had once said. Lord Shaftesbury, his own Right Reverend Brethren when he felt disposed to deal with them faithfully, the Liberationist and Democratic orators, and the faddists of Temperance, knew the curl of his lash uncommonly well and felt it frequently. He always rather frightened the ordinary person, as extraordinary people generally do. He would quote *Nicholas Nickleby* in reference to a Burials Bill, put a terribly keen edge on Scripture allusions to the wounding of his opponents, and in other ways disregard convention and outrage cant. It was lucky for him that he had attained a sufficiently high and secure position before he began to do this, at least to the knowledge of the general public. And we can well imagine the remarks that his neighbours on the bench made, and perhaps in some cases conveyed to him, about the harm these things do to the Church, about the unseemly levity of his quotations and allusions, about his substituting contempt for grave and serious treatment, and all the rest of it. Fortunately it never had very much effect on him till his latest days, when age, illness, and his promotion to an archbishopric tamed him somewhat. It has sometimes been regretted that he did not adopt a lay career; but this is probably as mistaken as most such regrets. He had no subservience, and therefore might have had difficulties as a Parliamentary lawyer; and it is not clear what else he could have been. To a Bishop of the Church of England there is still remaining a considerable parrhesia, if he chooses to use it as Dr. Magee did. A whole bench of bishops like him would, no doubt, be rather inconvenient. But as an individual he left a sterling example of one of the possible types of the Anglican episcopate—a class which has, perhaps, on the whole, furnished for its numbers greater men and better men in greater proportion than any other class of society in the modern world.

WRITERS AND READERS.*

TO the double course of lectures which Dr. Birkbeck Hill has printed he has given the title of *Writers and Readers*. A more descriptive one would be *Laus temporis acti*. It is true that the three earlier discourses, on "revolutions in literary taste," more obviously lament the change of fashion in books; but the same spirit pervades the other three, on "the study of literature as a part of education."

The lectures were not, it appears, addressed to audiences who were expected to know much of the history of English literature, and they therefore, very properly, contain little that is of a subtle character or likely to puzzle a novice. We hear of Jeffrey's objection to Wordsworth, of Johnson's inability to appreciate Gray, of Elkanah Settle as a rival to Dryden. Dr. Hill is inclined to think that the great poets are neglected. He quotes the ordinary instances of startling vicissitude in literary taste, and dwells, as in duty bound, upon the singular case of Cowley. We regret that Dr. Hill had not the opportunity to go a little deeper, and to analyse the reasons of these changes of taste. We fancy that the oblivion which critics of his class deplore is a very questionable one. Let us take this typical case, the most amazing in English literature, of a poet fallen from his high estate. To what extent can Cowley complain that he is forgotten? That he is habitually and affectionately studied is, of course, not the case. But a distinct notion of his manner of writing and his place in literary history exists in the memory of every educated Englishman. His is a name which may in any company be mentioned without apology or explanation; from time to time his works continue to be reprinted; and, if his reputation be sick unto death, the disease shows no sign of

* *Writers and Readers.* By G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

being imminently fatal. If we compare the present fame of Cowley with that of the most eminent men of science, law, religion, and even politics of his period, it cannot be denied that he lives still among the very best of them. Compared with the common lot of his fellows, his is still a splendid immortality.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill makes much of the analogy of Pomfret. He hints that to posterity the poetry of Rossetti or of Matthew Arnold may, and probably will, mean as little as *The Choice* does to us. We are glad of an opportunity of speaking our mind about Pomfret's *Choice*, which is invariably trotted out upon these occasions, and is really a pure delusion and a fraud. It was Southey who, in a perfectly crazy burst of irresponsible paradox, started this bugbear of a fallen reputation, by asking "Why is Pomfret the most popular of the English poets?" Campbell's reply was to the point. We might as well ask "Why is Primrose Hill the loftiest of the English mountains?" Pomfret has never been held in general esteem. Coming, as he did, in the dead time between Dryden and Pope, his polite and polished couplets attracted at first a certain amount of enthusiasm. Within a quarter of a century *The Choice* was reprinted six times. But there is no contemporary evidence of its excessive popularity, nor could Southey, we are certain, have pointed to any later proof of his monstrous statement. In an age when poetry was very harsh in feeling and metallic in technical quality, a certain tenderness, a certain sobbing sweetness of accent attracted sentimental readers to Pomfret. Such readers as he deserved he had; he testified, with his mild Horatian grace, to the advancing amenities of the new-born eighteenth century. He ceased to be widely read when his gentle message had become trite. It was not fickleness in the readers of *The Choice*, but an inherent weakness in Pomfret, that reduced him to a half-oblivion. And this is what Dr. Hill and those who argue pessimistically as he does scarcely realize. Because some light and agreeable vintages have but a brief existence, it does not follow that ten years will find the whole cellar "gone."

While speaking of the period with which he is especially familiar, the latter half of the eighteenth century, Dr. Birkbeck Hill is often eloquent and always full of fluent quotation and appropriate allusion. We might wish, perhaps, to meet with a larger literary sympathy in one who inveighs so bitterly against the uncertainty of public taste. His dislike of modern literature is amusing, and sometimes takes rather petulant forms. When he says that "No great while ago I heard in the University of Oxford a learned man maintain that a certain novelist, whose works I had never even glanced at, and *whose name I have now forgotten*, will be read five hundred years hence," we believe that we know who that novelist is. In the course of his lectures, Dr. Hill quotes profusely and to excellent effect. He is precise, on these occasions, in referring to the exact text in a footnote. The editions he uses, however, are commonly old enough to have been the guides and companions of Rip van Winkle.

THE GOVERNMENT OF VICTORIA.*

THE author of *The Government of Victoria* was called upon, as his preface tells us, immediately upon his appointment to the Chair of Law in Melbourne University, to lecture upon "The Public Law of Victoria," a subject of which, as he frankly avows, he had not, at that time, "any special knowledge." Probably few of us have, even though we might be, with Mr. Jenks, Fellows of King's and Barristers-at-Law. The absence of any text-book to guide him in his enforced study threw the new Professor back upon the crude and indigested mass of Acts of Parliament, though the rapid assimilation of the spirit of public law from the study of such raw material was, as he puts it, like trying to master the railway system from a study of *Bradshaw's Guide*. The necessity, however, drove him to seek all his information at first hand, and the result of his researches has been the production of a work that will not only serve its immediate purpose as a text-book for Victorian law students, but will afford an invaluable book of reference to students everywhere of constitutional law and of the political history of the colonies. The present work is a treatise, historical and exegetic, upon the whole system of colonial government, central and local, as it has been and as it now is in action in Victoria. The subject is treated, in accordance with the obvious divisions imposed upon it by history, under the three heads of Magisterial, Representative, and Responsible Government. When he reaches the stage of Responsible Government, Mr. Jenks drops the historical method and becomes analytical. Under this head the whole theory and practice of Government in Victoria is exhaustively and ably treated; and the work concludes with a chapter on the attempts made, and still in the making, towards a federal union, and a concluding chapter upon the Cabinet system in Victoria.

From the nature of the case the great bulk of such matter can have but slight interest for any but special students. But it is at the same time far from being the case that this book is altogether wanting in interest to any reader who cares at all to follow the development of the English political system under new and artificial conditions, or to trace again the steps of that colonial policy which in this century has virtually thrown away the new empire almost as completely as a diametrically opposite policy lost us the old, a hundred years ago. Although the treatment is strictly historical and non-controversial, the reader may nevertheless see unfolded here, in the bare recital of the debates in the Imperial and the Colonial Parliaments, in the despatches that passed, and in the Acts of Parliament that have been placed upon the statute book, the history of that giving way to—and giving away to—the colonies during the middle and latter half of this century, that has bereft Englishmen in England of an inheritance such as no other nation of men ever had before or will have again. The purely political concessions made were defensible as being congenial to that deep-seated instinct of self-government that distinguishes the race. But the present phase of responsible government, which in point of fact has come to be nothing less than virtual independence, could never have arisen but for the fatal policy which gave away the Customs, and gave away the land without exacting in return even a contribution to the general defence of their own property, or the slightest kind of guarantee that the recipients of these bounties would so much as continue to owe allegiance to the same sovereign.

We are reminded by the recapitulation of the events connected with the separation of Victoria from the parent colony of New South Wales that the idea of a federation of all Australia is not a new one. Although the Australian colonies have only lately seemed to make, if, indeed, they have now made, any sincere effort in the direction of unity, the desirability of union among them for purposes common to the whole group was present to the minds of English statesmen at least as long ago as 1848. In an important despatch sent out in that year by Lord Grey upon the Separation question, allusion was made to the project of co-operation among the Legislatures of the various Australian colonies in such matters as Customs dues and postal communication. In the following year an elaborate Report on the whole subject issued from the Board of Trade, in which the importance of a uniform tariff was fully recognized, and its promulgation by an Imperial statute recommended. This, it was seen, involved a common control, and accordingly a governor-general was to be appointed with power to summon a General Assembly representing the various Legislatures. These provisions were embodied in a Bill dealing with the colonial Constitutions; but Parliamentary exigencies caused their entire omission from the Act that was passed in 1850. The debates of that period are full of interest to the student of our colonial policy. One point particularly worthy of notice in the present day is that the notion of colonial representatives sitting in the Imperial Parliament, which had slept since Adam Smith first mooted it, was thrown out as a suggestion by Sir William Molesworth. Similar proposals have been much before us during the past few years, though it seems to be recognized by the wiser among those who advocate change in the colonial *nexus* that the union for certain common purposes of Executives rather than of Legislatures affords the most hopeful solution of a problem that has hitherto defied solution. Since 1850 the idea of federating Australia has been discussed at conferences of colonial politicians more, it would seem, than at the Colonial Office. Mr. Jenks holds that immediate and palpable danger will be necessary before this idea becomes a reality. We have left ourselves no space to do more than refer to two other subjects of special interest in this book. The constitution of Councils or Upper Houses in Colonial Legislatures and the question of Second Chambers generally receive much elucidation. Mr. Jenks expresses also some interesting views on the Cabinet system, which he thinks destined to die out in Australia, as an exotic lacking the congenial soil of political cohesion, defined parties, and political tradition. In the rising importance of local government he also sees a formidable rival to the system.

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* *The Government of Victoria (Australia).* By Edward Jenks, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

MEDIÆVAL SCOTLAND.*

"MEDIÆVAL" is used rather loosely in the title of this book; for Dr. Cochran-Patrick's papers contain illustrations of the economic condition of Scotland at various periods from the earliest times down to the Act of Union, and the middle ages can scarcely be said to have lasted into the eighteenth century. With two exceptions these papers have been reprinted from the *Glasgow Herald*. While recording many interesting matters, they are provokingly scrappy, and should have been worked up a little before they reappeared in the more permanent form of a book. Scottish agriculture, we are told, was most prosperous in the reigns immediately preceding the Wars of Independence, and the Chartulary of Melrose is cited as proving that the abbey-lands were cultivated with care and success down to the death of Alexander III. Leases for terms of years occur in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and some curious specimens of leases of later dates are given from the rental book of the Abbey of Cupar. Of Scottish manufactures little is known certainly before the date of the "Leges Quatuor Burgorum," one of which provides that no one save a burgess may make or dye cloth. Some particulars are given of an attempt made by James VI. to improve the manufacture of cloth by bringing in skilled workmen from Flanders. The foreign "wobsters" got into trouble with the kirk at Edinburgh, and were commanded to finish up their work by a certain day, and in the meantime to confer with the Ministers "anes at the leist ilk owlk in the ile of the Kirk," and either to make their peace with the ecclesiastical authorities, or depart the realm on the day named. Another attempt of the same kind was made a few years later, when several Dutch weavers were settled in different burghs. Although the King's wishes were to some extent thwarted by the local magistrates, an impetus was given to the woollen industries, and in 1613 Scottish "cloth, plaiding, and kerseys" were exported to the Low Countries. In the chapter on Fisheries we have an account of the scheme of Charles I. for placing the herring fishery in the hands of a General Fishery Company, which received a charter in 1632. The monks, who were the pioneers of Scottish agriculture, seem also to have led the way in foreign trade. By the reign of Alexander II. Scotland carried on a fairly brisk trade with England and Ireland, Berwick, then the principal port in Scotland, being described by the Lanercost chronicler as another Alexandria for wealth and commerce. About a century later, in the reign of David II., the merchants of Scotland established a staple at Middleburgh, in Zealand, with the consent of the burgesses of that town. Although this step was followed by a further advance in the trade of the country, the commerce of Scotland was, even two centuries afterwards, of no great account; for Lodovico Guicciardini, while reckoning the trade of the Netherlands with England at twelve millions of scudi, ranks the trade with Scotland, Ireland, and Barbary together as not worth computation. Dr. Cochran-Patrick's last paper is devoted to the ancient weights and measures of Scotland.

MEDICAL BOOKS.†

QUAIN'S Anatomy is so well known as a standard authority in every country where the English language runs, and as a text-book in our medical schools, that a new edition—the tenth—offers few points for notice beyond the general excellence of the text, illustrations, paper, and printing. A feature with regard to the text which is worthy of commendation is that the style is less pedantic than in the earlier editions; but there are yet remaining a good many archaic terms and expressions which need weeding out and their modern equivalents put in their places. The depicting of the arteries in red and the veins in blue is an excellent addition to the engravings, and will help the student to dispense with the more expensive lithographic plates which were issued as a Supplement to the earlier editions of the work. The publishers probably have some sufficient reason for issuing this work in parts at considerable intervals of time, which is not obvious on the surface, and which is not without inconvenience to the student, as it renders cross reference during the publication impossible. The part under notice deals with the anatomy of the joints, muscles, and organs of circulation of the blood, and is provided with an excellent index.

We take to ourselves credit for helping to bring about a useful reform in the issue of medical publications. A few years ago medical books took, for the most part, the clumsy and expensive form of cyclopædias and dictionaries, notwithstanding many of the subjects included in them were in a rapid state of change from the advance of medical knowledge, and, therefore, needed frequent revision, while others were tolerably stationary; the consequence being, that while some articles were well up to date, others were out of date almost as soon as the works were issued, and revision could not be made except by the reissue of the whole work. We have to thank Messrs. Cassell and Mr. Lewis for meeting this difficulty by publishing series of small inexpensive manuals, each of them dealing with one subject, and allowing at small cost to publisher and buyer the frequent revisions which the advance of medical science demands. Mr. Treves's *Student's Handbook of Surgical Operations*, Mr. Mayo Robson's clinical manual on *Gall-Stones*, and Drs. Steavenson and Lewis Jones's *Practical Handbook of Medical Electricity* are books of this kind, and belong to the excellent series issued by those publishers.

Mr. Treves's handbook is an abridgment of his larger work on Operative Surgery, and is intended for students preparing for their final examinations. It is, therefore, of so highly a technical character as to be unsuited for criticism in these pages. It is a handy, well-arranged, and well-illustrated little book, but we should have been glad to have found a still larger number of illustrations and a more limited text. With few exceptions the operations are traced on the healthy body, while the diseases which necessitate operative interference distort the parts out of all relation to their normal state, and puzzle the young surgeon who relies on his anatomy only. A perfect manual of this kind should illustrate in parallel plates the healthy parts and their diseased conditions, for the relief of which the operation is designed.

Mr. Mayo Robson's book on the treatment of gall-stones and other diseased conditions of the gall-bladder is evidence of the high standard to which medical and surgical science and skill have attained in our large provincial centres, and the excellence of the teaching in their medical schools. Leeds has always possessed distinguished surgeons, and it is gratifying to find that the reputations of the Hays and Teals are being maintained by the rising generation of surgeons in that town. The surgical treatment of gall-stones is one of the delicate operations which have grown out of the modern success which has attended on ovariotomy, of which Sir Spencer Wells was the chief pioneer, but which has been remarkably developed in another of our provincial towns. Mr. Robson's book is for the most part a record of his own experience and success as an operator, and its technical merits are not a suitable subject for criticism in these pages; we can safely say, however, that it cannot fail to direct attention to a subject which hitherto has not received all the attention it deserves from medical men, if it be true, as he states, that gall-stones are found to exist in about one in every ten persons who die and are examined in our hospitals.

Electricity as a therapeutical agent has been too long neglected by medical men, and it has become in consequence so closely associated with quackery as to require care and courage on the part of physicians who meddle with it and retain the respect of their confrères. St. Bartholomew's Hospital has rendered excellent service to this branch of medical investigation by establishing an electric department in which experience can be gained and instruction given to the students without the imputation of unworthy motives. The handbook before us is the joint work of the two physicians who have had charge of this department. Nearly half the work is devoted to explaining the elementary science and electrical apparatus suitable for medical practice, and the remainder to the physiological laws and the pathological conditions influenced by electricity. The work is well arranged and profusely illustrated, and it will prove an excellent guide to a very difficult and imperfectly studied branch of medical science.

It is very doubtful whether books like Dr. Dowse's and Dr. Bridger's are of much value to medical men or to the public when

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* *Mediæval Scotland: Chapters on Agriculture, Manufactures, &c.* By R. W. Cochran-Patrick, LL.D., Glasgow; LL.B., Cantab.; B.A., Edin. F.S.A., Scotland; and F.R.S.A., Ireland. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1892.

† *Quain's Elements of Anatomy.* Edited by E. A. Schäfer, F.R.S., and G. D. Thane. Vol. II. Part II. By Professor Thane. 255 Illustrations. Tenth edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

The Student's Handbook of Surgical Operations. By F. Treves, F.R.C.S. 94 Illustrations. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

On Gall-Stones and their Treatment. By A. W. Mayo Robson, F.R.C.S. 20 Illustrations. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

Medical Electricity: a Practical Handbook for Students and Practitioners. By W. G. Steavenson, M.D., and H. Lewis Jones, M.A., M.D. Illustrations. London: H. K. Lewis. 1892.

On Brain and Nerve Exhaustion, and on the Exhaustion of Influenza. By T. Stetch Dowse, M.D. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1892.

Depression: What is it, and How to Cure it. By A. E. Bridger, B.A., M.D., &c. London: John Hogg. 1892.

An Introduction to Modern Therapeutics. (The Croonian Lectures at the Royal College of Physicians, London, 1889.) By J. Lauder Brunton, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Where Shall We Go: a Guide to the Watering-Places and Health Resorts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Twelfth edition. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

written in a popular form. Scientific men prefer to have these matters in a condensed form, and condensation of books of this kind is apt to show a sad disproportion between husk and kernel, and the reading public who do not suffer from nervous complaints themselves are wont to treat the subject with contempt, while those who suffer from abnormal nervous sensations are likely to add to their troubles by reading about other people's ailments. The writers on these subjects are by no means agreed among themselves as to the meaning of the terms, such as "over-pressure," "brain-exhaustion," "depression," and the like, which they employ. Fortunately some are pessimists and others optimists, and they tend to correct each other's theories. The two books before us are an example of this variance of opinion, as the following extracts show:—

Dr. Dowse:—'Life at high-pressure is the prominent feature of the nineteenth century, and we cannot be surprised when we find that the so-called nervous diseases and exhaustion, dipsomania, and insanity are increasing beyond all proportion to the rapid increase of the population.'

Dr. Bridger:—'I have yet to meet with a case of overwork. So far, those who have come to me with that diagnosis have all been instances of mis-work, and have mainly needed for their cure brain exercise of a more general kind.'

It is not our duty to judge between "specialists," but our sympathies are with Dr. Bridger and with Dr. Pye Smith, in his recent lecture at the College of Physicians, in thinking that the over-pressure theory has been very much overdone. "Work, good, wholesome, interesting, all-round brain-work," says Dr. Bridger, "is, but in very exceptional cases, the best of brain tonics." "Strange as it may seem, mental exercise is often more beneficial in its influence on the bodily health than is physical training, though a combination of the two is the best of all." The other school recommend opiates, bromides, chloral, and the rest of the baneful series of narcotics and "nerve tonics," with the result very often that the doctor's treatment becomes more difficult to unravel and cure than the original complaint. The views of this school have recently been propounded by one of its leaders; but the ruffled *amour propre* of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and the anxieties of parents, may be soothed by the knowledge that in this matter of "overwork," as in many other subjects, the doctors differ, and that both sides should be listened to before a determination to act in the matter can be arrived at.

It is admitted on all hands that great progress has been made in recent years in medicine and surgery; but, while the advances in surgery have been of a practical and curative kind—the use of anæsthetics and antiseptics, and the adoption of new operations and modes of treatment—the advances in medicine have chiefly been in the direction of the discovery of the causes rather than the treatment of diseases. Great changes have, indeed, been made in the *materia medica*, but the tendency has been to search for specifics rather than the scientific application of remedies. Dr. Brunton has set himself the difficult task of reducing modern therapeutics to order by the construction of numerous ingenious hypotheses, his faith in which is qualified in almost every paragraph by such terms as "perhaps," "probably," "possibly," and "more investigation is required." The latest development of pharmacology, he tells us, "is the pharmacology of the cell; and to it we must look for the fullest information regarding the action of remedies, whatever be the class to which they belong." How far therapeutics have drifted from their old moorings may be inferred from the fact that the word inflammation does not appear in the index of Dr. Brunton's book, and the familiar terms applied to the classification of drugs are replaced by such words as analgesics, antipyretics, hypnotics, and antiseptics. The attempt to bring the new facts and observations into line, and study them in relation to each other, is very necessary, and Dr. Brunton's lectures are the newest and most satisfactory effort which has been made in this direction in this country, and his book must be of great value to the physician and the medical student. He makes no claim to having treated the subject exhaustively. "All I have done," he says, "is to attempt to give a brief outline of it, not discussing it with a view to completeness, nor always bringing prominently forward those points which would be most interesting to the chemist, but rather endeavouring to show as much as possible the relationship of my subject to the prevention, control, and cure of disease."

It would not be necessary to notice a twelfth edition of Black's well-known Guide to our British Watering-places and Health-resorts here if it were not that it has undergone the thorough revision it stood so much in need of at the hands of its new editor. Persons who are considering where to go for a holiday are more or less influenced in their choice by thoughts of health, not necessarily of illness, in which the doctor's advice is required, and a study of this handy little volume will materially assist them in the choice of a locality, and furnish them with a knowledge of its surroundings and general attractions. In a long and very interesting introduction the editor tells us what changes he has made in the book, the matter omitted as no longer necessary, and the added matter and new articles on the great changes which have been effected for the external or internal application of the waters at the older spas like Bath, Buxton, Droitwich, and Harrogate, and the climatic advantages of Falmouth, Haslemere, Cromer, Glengariff, and similar health-resorts. The appliances at many of our watering-places are now equal to any on the Continent, and we fully agree with Mr. Hope Moncrieff when he says that English people may well consider whether they cannot save themselves the trouble and expense of going abroad for benefits which may be found as surely at home.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

THERE is no disputing Mr. Tracy's self-reliance and pluck, though there may be a doubt as to the advantages of his method of travel. He made most of his journeys in the interior of Japan accompanied by neither guide nor interpreter, consequently he saw everything with his own eyes, and there was no one to bias the independence of his judgment. On the other hand, the tongue-tied traveller is at a decided disadvantage in the midst of unfamiliar sights and scenes. He draws conclusions by the light of his inner consciousness, and very often may be betrayed into absurd misconceptions. After all, Mr. Tracy's idea was an original one, and he only placed himself in the position of early African explorers like Mungo Park or Abyssinian Bruce. As for the inconveniences, they were his own affair, and they give his pleasant little volume an agreeable freshness. He had a limited vocabulary of about a dozen of serviceable Japanese words, which enabled him to communicate as to his imperative needs. He could ask no awkward questions about the native *cuisine*; but, as it did not generally recommend itself to his palate, he was content to fall back upon rice and other simple viands. He had no great difficulty in settling his bills, for the innkeepers, as a rule, were strictly honest, and the conspicuous moderation of the charges left small margin for swindling. Travelling must be cheaper in Japan than in any country equally far advanced in civilization. Though he eked out his repasts with "Liebig" and similar little portable luxuries, an average charge of a shilling a day does not sound excessive for board and lodging. It is true that the beds were hard and primitive, and that the apartments were destitute of furniture, and were ventilated by walls of shifting panels; but that is the custom of the country. A more serious annoyance was the difficulty of getting a good night's sleep. Numerous and bloodthirsty fleas held nightly carnival over the American Christian; they were indifferent to Persian Powder and other flea-poisons, and the only chance of escape was seclusion in such a stifling sleeping-bag as makes a part of the outfit of Arctic expeditions. Moreover, if Solomon had been one of the sages of Japan he need never have addressed his expostulations to the sluggards. Everywhere, but especially in the inns frequented by pilgrims, all the world is afoot before break of day; and what with preparing the breakfasts and loading the beasts of burden, thenceforth there is rest neither for the righteous nor the wicked. Locomotion may cost a trifle more than lodging, but the ordinary means of progression are reasonable enough. Though he occasionally went in public carriages, and sometimes rode, Mr. Tracy for the most part travelled by jinrikisha. The customary tariff is a trifle under a penny per mile. But the individual in the shafts is not always of the male sex. Once Mr. Tracy, with his personal baggage, was hauled over an unusually stiff country by a garrulous old lady, and the labour never impaired her conversational powers.

Mr. Tracy has little but praise for the people. He found them hospitable, civil, and friendly, though naturally inclined to be objectionably curious. The foreigners confine themselves generally to the treaty ports, and he believes that many of the simple villagers he met had never before set eyes on a European. Collected in the inns or in groups, they dared freely to indulge their curiosity. But the children, and even well-grown girls and boys, regarded the stranger with superstitious terror; and he admired the heroism with which, and with horror-stricken faces,

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* *Rambles through Japan without a Guide.* By Albert Tracy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Toil and Travel. By John MacGregor, M.D., Surgeon-Major, Bombay Army. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

they would rush to snatch still smaller children out of his path. The ceremonial courtesy of all classes of adults must have been embarrassing in the extreme. The villagers and peasants were always scraping and bowing; and as for the hosts and the maidens who waited in the inns, they bowed their faces towards the ground, or even touched the floors with their foreheads. They were all like so many children in their enjoyment of toys. He carried a pair of opera glasses, and chanced by good luck to have a small magnifying lens. The two were the best of introductions everywhere, when he desired to trespass on the sanctity of some enclosure, or to study the domestic economy of an interior. Backed up by American ease and affability, the stranger was irresistible. What struck him much was the tendency to primitive nudity as he left the precincts of the cosmopolitan seaports behind. The children began to go about *in puris naturalibus*, and the women, when incommoded even by their light and loose-fitting dress, let it slip down to the waist from the bust and shoulders. Most of the younger women are so graceful and so beautifully shaped that Japan must be a very Paradise for the artist. Possibly the profusion of those classical models, with their curving beauty lines, may explain the exquisite old Japanese work in stone and metals. The gift of artistic sculpture seems to be innate or instinctive. Even now Mr. Tracy speaks of common village watering troughs, carved in masterly fashion from rude blocks of stone. Their architecture, on the contrary, is flimsy and contemptible; and grotesque, without the fascinating grotesqueness of their idols and dragons in metal. Probably the eternal fires of the famous Mountain of Fushyama may be at the bottom of the mystery; and Mr. Tracy suggests the frequency of earthquakes as an explanation. It is certain that the most venerated shrines, approached by long avenues of secular trees and enriched by the gifts of munificent devotees, are merely ephemeral pagodas of wood, roofed in with slabs of deal and garishly painted. Nor is it only in the neighbourhood of the temples that these magnificent avenues are to be found. Near Nikko for very many miles the broad highway was skirted on either side by a double row of grand old trees, set closely together, and forming one cool continuity of shade, which was only broken by occasional villages. Mr. Tracy travelled alone for 335 miles, and everywhere in perfect security; for brigandage and highway robbery are unknown. The weather was generally sultry; the sliding sides of the cottages were slipped back, and everywhere he was gratified by blissful visions of peaceful comfort and primitive industry. Each cottage had its little garden, with its rice patch, and many of the villages flourished exceedingly by the silk industry. The women were seen unreeling the cocoons and winding the flimsy silk threads into skeins, and all the work was being done at home, instead of in unwholesome and overcrowded factories. In short, the tranquillity, prosperity, and order which prevail show a strange contrast to the old Japan of a Mikado who used to be secluded like the Grand Llama of Thibet; to the Japan of the Daimios, the Samurais, and the Ronins, as depicted in Mr. Mitford's delightful tales. The revolution has been marvellous in many respects, and probably in some it may have gone too far. A nation that is rich and prosperous should be ready and willing to defend itself. But the old warlike spirit fostered by feuds and feudalism seems to be dying down, if not extinct, and Mr. Tracy speaks of an obsequious people, bullied by the great European Powers, and ready to swallow any quantity of humble pie rather than stand up for its rights and test the efficacy of its newfangled armaments. Possibly the Japanese may seem wise in their generation, but a Gladstonian policy seldom pays in the long run.

Dr. MacGregor is a man of energy and enterprise. He not only did his rapid globe-trotting conscientiously, going up high mountains and down deep mines, but he indulged in a double-barrelled literary venture. Beyond occasional extracts in the present volume, we have not had the advantage of appreciating his metrical *Girdle of the Globe*; but we are bound to say that his prose is somewhat slipshod and not a few of his sentences are curiously involved. However, we cannot be hard on a chatty and lively companion, who seems to have laid in an inexhaustible stock of high spirits. Some of the stories he tells are amusing enough. One we quote by way of example is good, though ghastly. He gives us a sketch of the law of real property in New Zealand under the simple constitutional system of the Aborigines. In cases of a disputed title to land, the strongest of all claims were based upon proof that the claimant had devoured the former owner. In a suit where the plaintiff was his own counsel, he demanded of the defendant in cross-examination, "And where was my father then?" The defendant drew himself up with dignity, dramatically patting his stomach—"A good portion of him was here." The answer of a magnate whose word might be trusted carried conviction, and won the cause. The writer, as a medical man, speaks highly of the mineral springs of Tikateri for rheumatic and nervous disorders, and seems to think they have a great future before them. The long sea voyage would, of course, be a drawback to Europeans, though probably it might be beneficial; and living at the baths is cheap. Board and medical attendance are covered by a modest 2*l.* a week. As for the scenery in those parts, Dr. MacGregor pronounces the Otiva Gorge finer than anything he has seen in the Himalayas. Disembarked in the voluptuous Spice Islands, like Mr. Tracy in Japan he ventured among the natives with neither guide nor interpreter. He found the rural Javanese friendly, but his general impressions might be summed up in the matter-of-fact reminiscences of Theodore Hook's friend of a long lifetime passed in India. "Hot, sir, d——d hot!" In Java, as in China, he sorely missed salt, which is a Government monopoly and a luxury beyond price. On the other hand, these Dutch colonists import schnapps in profusion, and the spirit must be admirably suited to the climate. In China Dr. MacGregor paid a visit to the Great Wall, which was one of the chief objects of his circular pilgrimage. He declares himself to have been amply repaid by the sight of that picturesquely stupendous work, and by the magnificent prospect from one of the highest towers. He describes humorously how he was staggered before starting by the copper currency he received for a seven-dollar note. It came in the form of 8,400 cash, which his servant shot out of a sack upon the floor at the feet of his master, who did not trouble to count the change. He went to Corea and on to Vladivostock, where having scandalized the Russian ladies by playing billiards in his shirt-sleeves, he refused to shock them further by donning the garb of Old Gaul. He went by way of Japan to Mexico, where he saw a Hispano-American bull-fight, and scaled the snowy heights of the imposing Popocatapetl; he crossed the plains from 'Frisco to New Orleans just in time to assist at the Creole Carnival, and finally turned up at New York to take a homeward passage in *The City of Paris*, where he and his fellow-passengers and his precious manuscripts had an exceedingly narrow escape from shipwreck.

CHELSEA.*

THIS low-lying but once delightful suburb has received adequate attention from the writers of books. In some respects Chelsea is less pleasant than it was a few years ago. In others it has improved. The open spaces which ten years ago abounded have shrunk and shrivelled to half their old dimensions. Even the gardens behind the houses in Cheyne Walk have been invaded; and Beaufort Street, which used to be so green, is almost as dingy as Gower Street. The improvement is not so marked. The new houses by Mr. Norman Shaw, near the Physic Garden, are positively picturesque; but the chief improvement has been of what may be described as a negative kind. The principal improvement in Chelsea is the laying out of Battersea Park on the opposite side of the Thames. In old times no admirer of Chelsea, however enthusiastic, failed to remark on the wretched marshy waste across the river. The view is now of green lawns and trees and flower-gardens. It is much to be wished that a further improvement might be made. The stones of Lord Burlington's beautiful colonnade from Piccadilly are lying where, if they were built up, they would greatly add to the beauty of the view from Chelsea.

Mr. Beaver's book, as compared with the numerous works on the same subject, will strike the most critical reader very favourably. It is described on the title-page as "a new history of the village of palaces," and this description fits it admirably. It is really a history, and a history of the great houses and palaces which once adorned Chelsea. As we reach the villa stage Mr. Beaver hesitates. Only the most interesting of the eminent inhabitants of that period are introduced. When the ground has been covered by the modern speculative builder, Mr. Beaver's interest in it ceases; but he draws a line at Mrs. Cross, and one or two other recent dwellers in Cheyne Walk. He expresses his ideas so clearly as seldom or never to leave the reader in any doubt as to his meaning. His account, for example, of the vicissitudes of the house of Sir Thomas More is by far the fullest, the most accurate, and at the same time the most easily followed of some five or six with which it can be compared. His account of the church is hardly adequate. In Faulkner's book there is at least a sentence about the dedication, but nothing in Mr. Beaver's. Nor, oddly enough, is there a straightforward description of the church as consisting of a nave, chancel, side aisles, and what not. Mr. Beaver plunges at once into an account of the chapels. We

* *Memorials of Old Chelsea.* By Alfred Beaver. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

find fault in a matter which might very easily be mended. Faulkner's chapter iii. might very well be quoted as far as the end of the first paragraph. Faulkner states what may be called his argument, and then proceeds to details. Mr. Beaver, whose description of the church is otherwise by far more complete, attacks the details before we know what he is driving at. The vignettes of the church, which are by the author, who is something more than an amateur artist, are extremely charming and sufficiently plentiful. Mr. Beaver is evidently accustomed to use his critical faculty, and in these days of uncertain architecture it is refreshing to find him saying of Chelsea Hospital that its merits "are undeniable," and adding that with simple materials Wren has contrived to give us a building "perfect in proportion and dignified in effect—one on which the eye dwells with pleasure." Will any historian of the future be able to say of any one of the forbidding institutions arising or arisen at South Kensington, "its regularity suggests no monotony; its simplicity no poverty of design; it bears the stamp of genius."

We note some faults besides those mentioned above. Mr. Beaver begins by going on the wrong tack about the name of Chelsea. The derivation is certainly neither as difficult as that of Knightsbridge, nor as easy as that of Neyt. But it is not possible, except apparently, for Mr. Beaver to go far wrong. He has gone pretty nearly as far wrong as possible, and many pages and much learning are wasted in identifying the place with Celchyth, where Offa held a council. True, Mr. Beaver gives impartially the authorities against himself as well as those for him. Still, it is curious to read the list of authorities. He gives more weight to Bosworth, Toller, and Mr. Basevi Saunders than he does to Kemble or Thorpe or Gibson, or a historian whom he quotes as Usher. There can be no doubt that the exact place of the council would have been identified before now if possible, but it is many years since Chelsea could be considered as "in the running." Kemble can hardly be said to have left the question open. He did not discuss it, which may just as likely mean he did not think it worth discussion. It would be impossible to attempt here what Kemble and so many others declined; but we see in other places in Mr. Beaver's book a tendency to hark back, a frame of mind which in politics is called wobbling. The historian who wishes hereafter to be called an authority does not wobble, even when he states two conflicting opinions, as he must occasionally do. The modern readers of such books as this expect an opinion. They expect guidance. On almost all questions of archæological and, especially, of local interest there are so many views and opinions in print, so many faddists have given their infallible judgments, so many theorists have wandered in a world of their own, that it is necessary for the writer of a book like this to pronounce an opinion. There is another alternative. He may confine himself to the social and anecdotal part of the subject, in which case he should say plainly that he is not competent to judge as to Chalkhythe and Chesil-ey, or as to Knightsbridge and Kingsbury. There are other and minor points on which we should like to interrogate Mr. Beaver. He tells us on p. 115 of a rector who was a disciple of George Whitfield. Who was Whitfield? There was a famous preacher, who had a squint, called Whitefield, who lived about this time. On p. 164 we have apparently three or four mistakes run together. First there is mention of a lady, the widow of Richard Herbert of Montgomery. Her name is given as Magdalen Newport. Double Christian names are rare at this period (1625), and one expects further information. Instead, we are told that one of her most intimate friends was Dean Donne, "whose mother was a descendant of Sir Thomas More's." But Donne's mother is perfectly well known to have been a granddaughter of Mrs. Rastell, More's sister. On the whole, however, this is what may be called a monumental work; a volume, too, delightful to dip into anywhere.

THE GREEK COINAGE OF IONIA.*

MR. HEAD, the learned Assistant Keeper of Coins in the British Museum, who during many past years has done much to advance the science of Greek numismatics, in this new descriptive Catalogue of the Ionian coins in the national collection has produced a laborious and comprehensive work of great value and importance. The coins of Ionia have many points of exceptional interest, both as illustrating the first beginnings of the use of coined money among the Hellenic race, and also as supplying examples of the development of the technical skill of the moneyer, from the primitive bullet-like dump of metal, down to the fully-developed coin with a finely-executed device on both sides. The process employed by the early coiners appears to have been this:—a thick dump of metal of the required weight was cast, at first in an oval, and later in a circular, form. This bean-like lump was then laid on the surface of an anvil, which was roughened so that the metal should not slip. The upper surface of the coin was then beaten in by the help of a hammer and one or more punches with square or rectangular ends. The coin thus produced had on its under side a mere roughened surface formed by the anvil, and on its upper side a group of deep rectangular sinkings, the shape and arrangement of which constituted the "type" of the coin, without (in the earliest specimens) the addition of any definite device.

The next stage was to cut in *intaglio* on one of the punches a symbol or device, such as a lion's head, which then appeared in relief at the bottom of one of the sunk squares on the back, or *reverse*, of the coin. A further stage consisted in the use of a regular die for the *obverse* or under side. This die, with its *intaglio* device, was fixed firmly, probably in a large block of wood, and the cast dump of metal was laid upon it. The dump was then sharply struck with the hammer and punch, which at the same moment impressed the sunk squares on the upper surface of the coin, and drove the lower surface of the metal into the sinking in the fixed die on which it rested, the metal which was driven in by the punch on one side bulging out to a corresponding extent on the other side. In this way, by forming an incuse device on one side, the coiner was able, with the comparatively feeble aid of a hammer, to form an *obverse* design in very high relief. In later times it was found to be possible to produce a device in relief on both sides of a coin; but that must always have required considerable skill and very heavy blows of the hammer. If the coin were large and the relief high, it was hardly possible to get the reliefs on both sides well and clearly formed by merely hammering a plain dump of metal, and so the plan was adopted of first casting the coin with both its sides complete in their full relief, so that the only work left for the die or punch was to sharpen and define the necessarily dull and blunt relief produced by casting in a mould.

In many Greek coins one can see that the punch or upper die has not been held quite evenly, with the result that the sunk die has not "bitten" equally all over the coin. The effect of this often is, that one half of the coin looks as if it had been cast in a mould, while the other half shows the sharply-defined struck surface. Among the most beautiful of the Ionian coins described and illustrated by Mr. Head are a large number of the small electrum *hectæ* of Phocæa, the *hecta* being the sixth part of the stater. The *obverse* of these minute and gem-like coins, usually the head of some deity, is always in rather high relief, and this relief is gained by the use of a punch-formed incuse or sunk design on the *reverse*. The coins of Phocæa somewhat resemble the electrum staters of Cyzicus, both in the large variety of their type, and also in their widespread currency throughout most Hellenic countries, especially during the fifth century B.C. Some of the heads on the *obverse* side are of most exquisite workmanship, combining largeness of style with microscopic minuteness of detail in a way which none but a Greek artist ever learned to accomplish.

A very interesting discovery, made by the distinguished Dutch numismatist, M. J. P. Six, has led to the transference to the kingdom of Lydia of a curious early class of electrum coins which were formerly attributed to the Ionian Miletus, solely on the strength of their type—a lion's head. M. Six was the first to read the *legend* on these coins as being *Falfei*[*ates*] spelt with two digammas, and to explain the word as being the Lydian form of the name of King *Alyattes*, as Herodotus calls him. There seems no reason to doubt M. Six's interpretation, and Mr. Head, therefore, does not class these coins with those of the Ionians, but proposes to describe them in a future volume, which will deal with the Lydian coinage. Another coin, which is of special interest as giving a very early example of a numismatic inscription, is classed by Mr. Head among the coins of Ephesus. This is a unique electrum stater with, on the *obverse*, a stag feeding and the curious *legend* ΦΑΝΟΣ ΕΜΙ ΣΗΜΑ, "I am the device of Phanes," written retrograde and in archaic Ionian characters. Professor Gardner has suggested that this coin may have been struck by the Phanes of Halicarnassus who is mentioned by Herodotus (III. 4) as being an unfaithful ally of the Egyptian King, Amasis, about the year 525 B.C. But, as Mr. Head points out, "the stater has all the appearance of being considerably earlier than the time of this Phanes, and the type is distinctly Ephesian." He, therefore, attributes it to some earlier dynast or tyrant of Ephesus, whose name is unrecorded in history. Among the most beautiful of the later silver coins of Ionia are certain tetradrachms of Clazomenæ of the fourth century B.C., with, on the

* *Catalogue of the Greek Coins of Ionia.* By Barclay V. Head, D.C.L. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. 1892.

obverse, a three-quarter head of Apollo, and on the *reverse* a very graceful swan. One of these is of special interest from its being signed by the artist who engraved the die, in very minute characters, thus—ΘΕΟΔΟΤΟΣ ΕΠΟΕΙ (*sic*). Artists' names are not uncommon on the coins of Sicily and Magna Græcia, especially during the fourth century B.C.; but they very rarely occur on the coins of other Hellenic countries, and there is only one other known specimen which has the word ΕΠΟΕΙ (or ΕΠΟΙΕΙ) placed after the artist's name.

This other example is a tetradrachm of Cydonia, in the island of Crete, which is not a work of any remarkable beauty. It is noticeable, too, that the coin signed by Theodotos of Clazomenæ is much inferior to other unsigned examples with a very similar type; whereas the signed coins of Sicily and Magna Græcia are nearly always works of exceptional beauty and technical skill—masterpieces with which an artist would naturally be proud to associate his name. A comparatively late coin of the Ionian Heraclæa, illustrated by Mr. Head on Plate XVII., is a large, widespread tetradrachm of the second century B.C.; the *obverse* of this coin is specially worthy of notice from its representing (with apparent accuracy) the head of the famous gold and ivory statue of Athene which was made by Pheidias for the Athenian Parthenon. Though this coin belongs to a period of artistic decadence, the face is noble in type, and the engraver has carefully represented the curious helmet of Athene, which, as Pausanias tells us, was surmounted by figures of horses and a sphinx.

With regard to the values of coins struck in pure gold and in electrum (an alloy of gold and silver), Mr. Head points out that previous investigations as to the relative proportions of gold and silver in the electrum, based on the specific gravity of the alloy, have not been altogether successful. The fact is that a third metal, usually copper, is frequently present in small but sufficient quantities to invalidate the specific gravity evidence; and, as a matter of fact, careful quantitative analysis of various electrum coins has proved that the proportion of gold is larger than had been supposed—in some cases, for example, the electrum contains about sixty per cent. of gold to forty of silver; whereas the specific gravity seemed to indicate that less than half of the alloy was gold. Mr. Head might have given another reason for not trusting solely to the specific gravity test, and that is the fact that in some cases metallic alloys are not merely a mechanical mixture of two metals, but actually a new chemical combination, the specific gravity of which is not necessarily the mean of that of the two metals taken separately.

Plate XXXI. in Mr. Head's valuable Catalogue is devoted to the coins of various Satraps who ruled portions of the great Persian Empire. One of these (No. 6) is a coin of extraordinary beauty, evidently the work of some very skilful Greek artist of the latter part of the fifth century B.C. This noble tetradrachm is of special interest as affording what is almost the earliest example of a portrait head used as a coin type. The head is that of a handsome bearded man, modelled with a wonderful balance of realism and idealized nobility. The Satrap wears a hood-like head-dress bound with a fillet, very much like that still worn by the Bedouin Arabs. On the *reverse* is a very gracefully shaped lyre with seven strings and the *legend* ΒΑΣΙΛ[ΕΩΣ]. As a work of art this Græco-Persian coin is one of the most notable of the whole Ionian series.

A large number of other interesting and artistically valuable coins are described by Mr. Head as being the issues of Samos, Chios, Miletus, Smyrna, Magnesia, and other Ionian islands and cities. Some of the late coins of Chios are remarkable for having inscriptions to indicate their current value—a very exceptional thing among classical coins. These are bronze coins, struck when Chios was a part of the Roman Empire, with the *legends* ΑΣΣΑΡΙΑ ΔΥΩ (or ΤΡΙΑ), ΟΒΟΛΟΣ, ΤΕΤΡΑΧΑΛΚΟΝ, and the like, indicating that the value was "two (or three) assaria," an "obol" or "four chalca." The whole of this Catalogue is full of interesting matter, and it is well illustrated by thirty-nine autotype plates. Valuable and carefully drawn up indices of places, types, names, and inscriptions add much to the usefulness of the work. One suggestion might be made, and that is that each plate should have on it references to the pages in the Catalogue where descriptions of the coins are to be found. This would certainly facilitate reference.

RESCUED ESSAYS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.*

THE editor of this volume has missed a good opportunity, and has given an example of a very bad practice. He has missed a good opportunity because, since he was about "rescuing" essays of Carlyle's, he might as well have included the articles contributed to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*. They would have a certain value as examples of his earliest prentice work, and might be quite legitimately made accessible. We hold as strongly as any one that it is indecent to drag out manuscript which a writer has deliberately left unprinted, and perhaps unfinished. But what has been published is fair game for the editor. When, however, the editor does collect he ought to edit, and not merely put down before the reader on "the rubbish shot here" principle. Now that is what Mr. Percy Newberry has done. His editing is as curious as any we have ever seen. He takes the trouble to put foot-notes signed "Ed." calling attention to parallel passages in Carlyle's signed work—as if the attribution of these articles to him could only be justified by internal evidence. But there is no such mystery about the matter. All who have read the voluminous Carlyle literature to any extent can tell at once where they come from. Sir Charles Duffy told everybody only the other day that "Trees of Liberty" was contributed to the *Nation*, and, what is more, he reprinted it in his *Conversations*, so that Mr. Percy Newberry's work of rescue was not arduous. Much the same is to be said about the "Repeal of the Union," which was reprinted as a small pamphlet several years ago. This article and most of the others in the volume were among those which Carlyle sent to the *Examiner* or the *Spectator* in 1848 "to deliver his soul," as Mr. Froude puts it. From Mr. Froude we already knew that the elegy on Charles Buller appeared in the *Examiner*. Why did not Mr. Newberry put a line at the head of each article saying where it came from? It would have cost him no more trouble to do this than to write the notes he has written, and it was his duty as editor to give indications of the sources from which he drew his material. Of the articles themselves we need not say much. They are characteristic of Carlyle, and would supply a sufficient text for critical remarks on him, if there were occasion to repeat what has been amply said already. It is interesting to note that his critical faculty compelled him to put reservations into his praise of Buller—very tenderly worded, but very significant. "The Repeal of the Union" has a contemporary interest. Only a word need be changed to make it a statement of the case against "Home Rule," written in Carlyle's most vehement and biting manner.

THE BOOK OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.*

THIS goodly quarto will be prized by many of the guests of the University of Dublin at its tercentenary festival as a permanent memorial of genial and graceful hospitality both public and private. As a history of the University or of Trinity College it does not profess to be final; it is a collection of memoirs and essays by different hands, among whom Dr. Mahaffy, ever ready for work and ever versatile, has taken the chief part of the burden on himself. Indeed it is prefaced by an apology for want of completeness, due to the fact that "the time at the disposal of the writers . . . was extremely short." We are not explicitly told what prevented the allowance of adequate time for an undertaking that certainly deserved it. But we are told that Professor Dowden, a member of the Committee charged with the preparation of the volume, was disabled by illness and could not take any active share of the work. We may safely guess that Mr. Dowden's share was intended to be a considerable one, and it may well have been this mishap that put things out of joint. What we have, in any case, is a free gift to the world of letters from men whose time is otherwise well occupied, and apology is perhaps as needless as minute criticism would certainly be ungracious.

If we may judge the prevailing temper of educated Irishmen from this book, Irish scholars have not yet learnt from England the habit of ostentatiously decrying one's own country and institutions. We hope they never will; for there is no better kind of man in the world than a good Irishman, and no other that could exactly replace him; and an Irishman pretending to be an Englishman is little better, if at all, than an Englishman pretending to be an Irishman, which is apt to be a pitiful thing. One reason for maintaining the Union, among many sufficient reasons, is that with good Irishmen, good Englishmen, and good Scots, we have compounded a power which has gone to places more remote than Constantinople, and taken more formidable persons than the Grand Turk by the beard. We cannot afford to lose any of our national elements. Therefore we wholly commend the spirit of local and Irish patriotism which the spokesmen of Trinity College, Dublin, have shown on this most fitting

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* *Rescued Essays of Thomas Carlyle.* Edited by Percy Newberry. Leadenhall Press: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

* *The Book of Trinity College, Dublin*, 1591–1891. Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co., Lim. 1892.

occasion. Dr. Mahaffy is justified in being astute to find that the true first promoters, if not in the strict sense founders of the College, were themselves Irishmen who had studied at the English Universities. However, his finding does not, in our opinion, need any reinforcement of patriotic bias. The documents he quotes hardly leave room for doubt that Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, who is commonly reputed the founder, was only a recommender of the scheme proposed by Henry Ussher, Archdeacon of Dublin, and Dr. Luke Challoner. Loftus's recommendation must have had great weight, and possibly was a necessary condition of success; but Challoner and Ussher were the first movers in the matter.

Coming to the achievements of Trinity College and her sons in later times, we find another claim which we do not remember to have seen made elsewhere; we think it a just one. It is no small share in the formation of classical English prose that must be ascribed to the country and the University of Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith. Mr. MacNeile Dixon, in his chapter on "Distinguished Graduates," says that "most of the critics have omitted to mention Berkeley among the stylists." If this be so, the omission is indeed a grave one. For our own part, we have never doubted that Berkeley's Dialogues are among the very few absolute examples of style in philosophical writing; and, never having felt the need of seeking confirmation of that opinion at the hands of any professed critic, and indeed not knowing how many and what sort of writers are included in Mr. Dixon's rather sweeping charge, we must leave them, or such of them as are still of this world, to defend themselves as best they can. At all events, we go heartily with Mr. Dixon when he attributes to the best Irish writers a certain artistic distinction of their own. "A felicity of style, consisting in perfect naturalness and perfect fitness in the choice of words, has been a birthright of great Irishmen." We may add that this felicity of style is by no means confined to pure literature. The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, is in the first rank of European mathematicians, and those who were present at Lord Ashbourne's dinner at the King's Inn in the tercentenary week will not forget the generous testimony of one of his peers from beyond seas, Professor Cremona of Rome. But Dr. Salmon's works have one quality which only a natural-born speaker of English can fully appreciate; they are not only mathematics but literature. "Salmon's Conic Sections" is a real book, one that no scholar can willingly part with even if he parts company with the mathematics for the rest of his life. We should have good hope of converting even the shade of Lamb to that opinion if he could once be got to face the terrors of Cartesian coordinates. The late Mr. Todhunter's works, and Colenso's Algebra, and the crowd of Euclidean and non-Euclidean geometry-books, and the infinite arithmetic-books that have their day, may be books that are no books if you please, but not Dr. Salmon's. With equal success, if in a field offering more obvious opportunities, Sir Robert Ball has shown with how good a grace Urania can keep company with her sister Muses. The present volume contains a chapter from his hand on the Dunsink Observatory, an institution into whose history there has entered much noble ambition, and a measure of achievement not unreasonably proportioned to it as the uncertainty of human affairs goes. The delays of instrument-makers appear to have formed no small part of the unknown disturbing forces in this case. Two clocks were sent out for repair in 1793; it is certain from the records of the observatory that at least one of them had not come back in 1816, and (so far as we collect from Sir Robert Ball's account) it is not certain that they came back at all. But, as Sir Robert Ball observes by way of consolation, "astronomers are accustomed to deal with such stupendous periods in their calculations that even the time taken to repair a clock seems but small in comparison."

Any persons who think there was no art in the Dark Ages will do well to look at Dr. Abbott's account of the Book of Kells in his chapter on the Library, unless indeed they have the chance of doing the one thing still more convincing, looking at the book itself. Sir F. Leighton, in a speech made during the tercentenary festivities, paid full and eloquent homage to this unknown Celtic artist.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF DRAWINGS.*

COLONEL WATERHOUSE has added a useful little work to the very scanty literature of a subject that is daily growing in importance. The old methods of engraving are gradually being driven out by the cheapness, rapidity, and fidelity of the photographic processes. For pure line drawings these processes leave little to be desired; but unfortunately the reproduction of drawings in wash, except by the expensive method of photogravure, is much less satisfactory. Indeed, the commoner kind of process blocks have been not unjustly charged with representing the world as covered with small check patterns. So far a good wood-engraver can give long odds to the mechanical processes in the rendering of any subtle brush-work; but then good wood-engravers are rare, and consequently expensive, and the bad wood-engraver's work is distinctly inferior even to the most obtrusive of the check patterns. Photography, too, is advancing. There is little doubt that for all work that is purely reproductive it will finally hold the field. There will always be a charm in the translation of one artist by another that will keep alive the highest forms of mezzotint, etching, and even perhaps wood-engraving; but all the more mechanical work will certainly fall to photography in the future.

Of photographic processes there is no end; no doubt, most of them are destined to disappear. As it is, there are some four or five which are in universal use, and of these Colonel Waterhouse gives a very clear summary. His practical acquaintance with the subject seems to have been gained in India in the preparing of maps for the Survey Department, so that the work is much fuller and more trustworthy with regard to the reproduction of mechanical drawings and maps than in the sections devoted to the more artistic side of the subject.

Besides describing the photographic processes themselves, Colonel Waterhouse gives a great many useful hints as to the special preparation of drawings for the purpose of reproduction. In the case of line drawings this is simple enough. The lines must be firm and evenly black on very white paper. This is the whole secret of making drawings suitable for photographic reproduction; but, simple as it is, it involves a good deal of attention to details. For instance, the question of ink is very important. Most artists in black and white have their special fads. Mr. Pennell is enthusiastic in praise of an ink that can only be obtained of one dealer in America. Apparently his enthusiasm is chiefly on account of the bottle it is sold in, which not only does not upset, but actually contains a pen-wiper all to itself. Mr. Hamerton swears by Indian ink—if you can get it good. To the best of our recollection he mentions in his great work on the Graphic Arts that he only once had a good stock of it, and that he lost. Mr. Robertson again recommends "Stephens's Ebony Stain."

Colonel Waterhouse gives an impartial account of the conflicting merits of these various inks, without committing himself to any definite opinion. Indeed, throughout the book is more descriptive than dogmatic, which is perhaps as well in the present chaotic state of the subject. Altogether, it may be strongly recommended as giving a great deal of useful information, and being singularly free from fads.

* *The Photographic Reproduction of Drawings.* By Colonel Waterhouse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

FOSSIL PLANTS AND THEIR RELATIONSHIPS.*

FOSSIL botany is a subject of which the ordinary geologist is not ashamed to confess considerable ignorance. For this he has good reason. It is beset with many difficulties; the materials for study are sometimes scanty and often cumbrous, so that, like invertebrate palæontology, they take up more room than a private collector can afford. It is also a subject in which the proverb about a little knowledge is more than usually true, for the materials for examination are apt to be misleading. The student of living plants would complain, with justice, if called upon to classify a collection which consisted mainly of detached leaves and broken shoots, of fragments of boughs and trunks, among which flowers and fruits were rare, in which the specimens were badly preserved. Yet this is the task imposed upon the student of fossil botany. No wonder, then, if most men are repelled by it, and turn aside to investigations which are richer in materials and more promising in results.

Still there has always been a select though small band who have not been deterred by the difficulty of the subject, and Professor zu Solms-Laubach's volume is indicative of the real progress which has been made towards the task of clothing the ancient earth with verdure as well as of peopling it with living creatures. This volume differs also from the text-books hitherto

* *Fossil Botany: being an Introduction to Palæophytology, from the Standpoint of the Botanist.* By H. Graf zu Solms-Laubach, Professor in the University of Göttingen. The Authorized English Translation, by Henry E. F. Garnsley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Revised by Isaac Bayley Balfour, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., Queen's Botanist in Scotland, Professor of Botany in the University, and Keeper of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh. With 49 Illustrations. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

published in being written, as the author intimates, from the standpoint of the botanist, and with a view of meeting his special requirements. For fossil plants have assumed of late years a new importance in his eyes. "Botany, which in former times generally treated palæophytology in a very stepmotherly manner, now finds it to be a subject of the highest interest to herself on account of the prominence at present assumed by the point of view of the theory of descent." But, in consequence of past neglect, most of the existing text-books are written by palæontologists rather than by botanists, so the author intends his work to supply a want which undoubtedly exists, by furnishing a treatise on palæophytology. But he has not dealt, as he informs us, with the whole of this subject. Most of the plant-remains in the more recent layers of the earth's crust belong to the great division of the Angiosperms. These still dominate among the flowers of the field and the trees of the forest. But for this reason, because of their near relationship to existing types, fossil Angiosperms have comparatively little attraction for the botanical systematist, "his interest culminates in the remains which we possess from remote epochs in the development of our globe." So Professor zu Solms-Laubach restricts himself in the present volume to the less highly organized part of the vegetable world, to plants popularly known as sea-weeds and mosses, ferns, club-mosses, cycads, and the like; in short, to the vegetable kingdom, from the coniferous trees downwards.

It is a curious fact, which has often been noticed, that indubitable remains of plants are not found in the oldest fossiliferous deposits. In these, indeed, certain obscure markings occur, which were called fucoids by the earlier palæontologists, and were supposed to indicate plants of low organization, such as sea-weeds; but most if not all of these are now regarded, in some cases as merely imitative inorganic bodies, in most as indirectly connected with the animal kingdom—viz. the tracks of worms, crustaceans, and the like. Unquestionable plant-remains do not make their appearance until invertebrate animals have become numerous. None occur in the Cambrian strata, only one or two —the affinities of which are doubtful—have been recognized in the Ordovician or Lower Silurian, they are not numerous in the Silurian; indeed, as is the case with the vertebrates, they do not become fairly common till the succeeding period—the Devonian; thus the development of plant-life, so far as we at present know, did not keep step with that of animal life. It would, however, be unsafe to assert that it began at a later date, for negative evidence is apt to mislead. The absence of fossil plants may be due to the low organization, and consequent perishable character, of the vegetation. That some plants existed at an early date seems a legitimate inference from the structure of certain of the mollusca, but these would all be marine; of the flora, as of the fauna, of the land during these early ages we are equally ignorant. In the vegetable world, also, the epochs of change do not correspond with those in the animal. In the former, speaking broadly, they are three in number. In the first, which lasted to the end of the Permian period—that is, during the later half of the Palæozoic era—the plants were of low organization; even conifers were not common, the trees of the forests resembled gigantic club-mosses and horse-tails. These dwindled, the former almost disappearing during the earlier half of the Mesozoic era, though ferns continued to flourish; but pines dominated and cycads flourished in the forests. Then, not long before the date when the deposits of the Kentish weald began to sink beneath the sea in which the chalk of the English downs was deposited, a new generation of plants made its appearance, and the older one yielded place to a dicotyledonous flora, the parent of the existing vegetation. From what has been said, it will be understood that Professor zu Solms-Laubach's volume deals mainly with the earliest of these three epochs, though of course he has to refer occasionally to the others, since representatives of their floras continued to exist, though they became less numerous and characteristic. This volume evidently is the fruit of much labour, devoted not only to a critical study of the literature of the subject, but also to the examination of specimens in private collections and public museums, both in Germany and in other countries.

In the introductory chapter the author makes some interesting remarks upon the various agencies to which the preservation of plant-remains is due. Sometimes the fossils are simply incrusted; sometimes they are permeated with some mineralizing substance, and so, strictly speaking, are petrified. The latter usually is silica or one of the carbonates of lime, iron, or magnesia; phosphate of lime occurs less frequently; among the rarer substances are fluorspar and gypsum. The question of the formation of coal is also discussed, and the view that, as a rule, coal-seams result from plants which grew upon the spot is adopted, though it is considered possible that sometimes they may be augmented by, or even composed of, drifted material, as has been maintained by the other side in this controversy.

Passing on, then, to the main subject of the book, the author briefly dismisses the fungi and like organisms as having comparatively little interest for the palæophytologist, but treats the algæ more fully. As to the so-called fucoids in the older rocks he declines, in agreement with most palæontologists at the present day, to admit them into the vegetable kingdom. The conifers, as might be expected from their importance, receive a full notice. They are largely represented in Secondary and Tertiary rocks, and, more sparingly, at least as far back as the Devonian. Among the former deposits the Abietineæ or pines, the Araucarieæ, together with the Sequoias and Taxodiums, and, at a rather later date, the Cupressineæ, are well represented. The relationship of the living Salisburia or Ginkgo of China to extinct forms is discussed at some length, the author regarding it as "really the survivor of a series of allied plants which was rich in species and individuals." The want, however, of suitable material makes it difficult to discover the affinities of many of the fossil conifers. Of Prototaxites, or Nematophycus, a probable representative of which has been found as far back as the Upper Llandovery, Professor zu Solms-Laubach speaks doubtfully. He cannot admit its affinity with the yews, as affirmed by Dawson, or that it has much in common with any conifer; at the same time he is unable to find any direct analogue for it among the algæ, to which it is referred by Carruthers. He is very doubtful whether the ancient seedlike Pachytheca is rightly placed in the vegetable kingdom.

The cycads, which were so abundant in the forests of the Jurassic period, are duly noticed; and after them the perplexing fossils grouped around the genus Cordaites. These appear to form a highly differentiated division of the series of Gymnosperms, which died out at a rather early epoch, for their remains are only doubtfully identified in Tertiary deposits. Many pages are devoted to the ferns, horse-tails, and their allies, and the remainder of the volume deals with the Lepidodendrons, Sigillarias, and Calamites, which must have been such conspicuous objects in the forests of the Carboniferous period. In regard to the first and second, which the author considers to be rather nearly related, he is disinclined to refer these to the Cycadeæ, and prefers to regard them as archegoniate plants, and so nearer to the club-mosses. The Calamites still offer many difficulties, though it was formerly supposed that their affinities had been more distinctly recognized and determined than those of any other group of extinct Palæozoic plants. That this is not the case will be seen from the author's elaborate discussion of the facts which have been observed of recent years by Williamson in England, Grand' Eury, Renault, Stur, Weiss, and others on the Continent. But into these controversies we must not enter; suffice it to say that Professor zu Solms-Laubach's work concentrates in one volume a quantity of valuable matter which is scattered over a number of memoirs and books; it will be essential to all students of palæobotany, and invaluable as a work of reference to the ordinary geologist, to whom, however, a brief summary of the author's principal conclusions at the end of each chapter would have been very helpful.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is pleasant to see the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne (1), which did such yeoman's service to French literature years ago, and which more recently has been in a state of change and languor, showing signs of life again under the care of Messrs. Plon. Its prettily printed and neatly bound volumes were always an agreeable possession, and though we would that the publishers would bestir themselves to finish up certain of the older issues which have lain for many a year incomplete, we are very glad to welcome new contributions. Such of these as have lately appeared have, as a rule (though there never was any limit of time to the series), concerned a later period of literature than the collection first busied itself with; and here we have M. Georges Monval, the learned archivist of the Français, most appropriately undertaking an *editio princeps* of the few, but not uninteresting, letters of perhaps its most famous actress, if romantic interest of history be taken together with excellence in art. To speak the absolute truth, the part of the book which is about Adrienne, and which happens also to be the larger, is more interesting than that which is by her. The letters themselves show her to have been of a singularly sweet and unaffected disposition, too soft-

(1) *Lettres de Adrienne Lecouvreur.* Par Georges Monval. Bibliothèque Elzévirienne. Paris: Plon.

hearted for the nominally "sensible," but really hard and matter-of-fact, age in which she lived; absolutely incapable of making profit out of, much more of plundering or jilting, her lovers, and chiefly unfortunate in the fate which made it impossible for her to enjoy an honest and honourable affection. But there is little incident in them, and, for most people's purposes, the extracts and summaries given of them in Sainte-Beuve's admirable *causerie* will suffice. M. Monval does justice to that *causerie*; but he conveys to us the impression that he believes more than Sainte-Beuve did in the strange story of the Abbé Bouret, and the guilt of the Duchess of Bouillon. At any rate, any one who is curious about the matter will find all possible documents here, together with inventories of Adrienne's wardrobe, collections of the contemporary verses addressed to or descriptive of her, and a vast deal of other material, including a frontispiece reproduced from the charming portrait attributed to Fontaine, not from the better known but, according to M. Monval, doubtful one attributed to Coypel.

M. Roget's (2) book has a good intention, and is by no means to be evil-spoken of in point of execution; but we are afraid that he has attempted too much. In the compass of a small volume he has endeavoured to give a survey of French history sufficient for the comprehension of the literature, a sketch of the literature itself, in the form of notes on its principal authors, and a conspectus of the language and its formal laws at different times. In other words, he has made a bold, and a by no means ill-informed, attempt to furnish one of these *vade-meca* (as the governess said) which the modern student, or substitute for a student, demands; and in doing this he has displayed qualities which are rarer and more praiseworthy than mere erudition, together with a very respectable amount of erudition itself. He has avoided altogether that besetting sin of the bookmaker which leads him to affect first-hand knowledge where he only possesses second-hand or third-hand; he has selected the sources of his indebtedness with judgment, and he has acknowledged them with excellent candour. Nor do we discover many or very serious faults of positive statement. It would, indeed, be very satisfactory if M. Roget could give us the Provençal sonnets which, as he thinks, originated the form, and were copied in Italian by Petrarch. We fear that these originals have that "defect of being lost" which one of the most learned, genial, and truly literary of Old French scholars humorously bewailed in another matter. And surely it was not the "Duc de Rohan" with whom Voltaire had his unlucky rencontre, but the Duke's second son, the *Chevalier* de Rohan, M. Roget's oversight being probably due to the fact that it was at a Duke's house—the house of an unworthy bearer of the great name of Sully—that the outrage took place. But these things must almost necessarily occur in such works, and are of small moment to any but curmudgeons. It is more important that the scale of M. Roget's subject is of its very nature impossible to adjust to the scale of his treatment. He has included a really surprising number of by no means inadequate notices of separate authors; but he has sacrificed thereto what was perhaps more important in such an introduction, the conspectus of the successive moments of French literature. His language section will very likely be made a text for the usual gracious comment from some French and German scholars in this subject, who seem to think either that the subject itself is a preserve on which all new-comers are trespassers, or else that the best way of exalting the new theme to the dignity of the older scholarship is to imitate the railing bluster which devotees of that old scholarship once affected. But it will be a very useful conspectus for beginners, and seems to follow the best authorities as they are generally regarded. We cannot, however, help thinking it a pity, though the objection sounds a little illiberal, that M. Roget did not secure the help of some practised English writer, or even proof-reader, to adapt his rather exotic expression to native comprehension. The experience of most teachers or examiners is, we think, that, if a phrase can possibly be misunderstood, boys and girls will misunderstand it. In the case of such a phrase as "This *outstanding* reformer [Calvin] could not bear Rabelais, and the *Heptameron* could find no more favour with him," misunderstanding seems not so much possible as understanding is difficult. We are not ourselves quite clear whether M. Roget means that Calvin was "eminent" among reformers, or that he "stood aloof" from the general class of them.

(2) *French History, Literature, and Philology.* By F. F. Roget. London: Williams & Norgate.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOR students' use Mr. St. George Mivart's *Elements of Ornithology* (Porter) is a scientific manual of excellent design. It presents a succinct and methodical treatment of the whole subject, and in its comprehensiveness of survey differs from all other single volumes devoted to the natural history of birds with which we are acquainted. The introduction is illustrated by nearly two hundred drawings, most of which are new, and all admirably engraved, comprising descriptions of representative birds of the leading classes, orders, and families. This portion occupies nearly one-half of the volumes, and will equip the student with a thorough preliminary grasp of the subject; for, though truly scientific in plan, it treats of the more popular aspect of a fascinating branch of natural history in a very attractive style. Of course nothing more than a selection from the eleven or twelve thousand kinds of birds known is dealt with in this introduction; but the examples all contribute to the strictly typical character of the selection. The remaining sections of the book treat of structure, functions, external relations, geographical distribution, the internal skeleton, or anatomy proper. The classification of birds, with which the manual concludes, is, for the most part, based on Mr. Seebohm's system, and is marked by the clearness and simplicity of arrangement that distinguish the volume as a whole.

"Who was Abraham Fabert?" is a question that will occur to many readers who take up the late Mr. George Hooper's *Abraham Fabert; his Life and Times*, 1599–1662 (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Hooper was himself moved to the like inquiry when he picked up many years ago at an Edinburgh bookstall two little brown volumes of the *Vie de Fabert*, by le Père Barre, canon of St. Geneviève. All that Mr. Hooper then knew of Fabert was that he was a marshal of France, "the first that rose from the ranks," that he is mentioned in Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, and that his statue at Metz Mr. Hooper, like other visitors, had observed and admired. The Life of Fabert by Canon Barre is evidently a stimulating and delightful work, as Mr. Hooper's extracts, and his own very suggestive study of the Marshal and his times, very completely prove. The publication of Colonel Bourelly's biography of Fabert furnished Mr. Hooper with yet further material, of which he observes that it is "excellent in all ways," though, for certain reasons not explained by him, "unsuitable to the British public." Whatever may be the meaning of this somewhat enigmatic verdict upon Colonel Bourelly's work, Mr. Hooper's sketch of the Life and Times of Abraham Fabert is an excellent study of an extremely animated and picturesque period of French history. Naturally, considering that Fabert was the trusted servant of both Louis XIII. and Richelieu, and subsequently, as Governor of Sedan, of Louis XIV. and Mazarin, he is not the one prominent figure, nor the greatest of those whose life and character occupy Mr. Hooper's pen. Nothing more than justice to Louis XIII. is the moving principle of the judicious chapter in which the author discusses the relations of the King and the Cardinal. Then we have, as might be expected of a writer whose merits as a military historian are now widely acknowledged, some vivid description of the many campaigns in which Fabert gained renown. The character of Fabert is well revealed, and forms a striking portrait of a strong and simple nature, incorruptibly honest, a man born to lead and to inspire trust, and of remarkable capacity as a man of arms and an administrator.

The *Variorum Apocrypha*, edited by the Rev. C. J. Ball (Eyre & Spottiswoode), forms the complement, and much-needed complement, to the invaluable "Variorum Bible," and is based on the principles of editing observed in that variorum reference edition of the Scriptures. Ancient versions are compared, emendations given of misreadings of the Hebrew, and some fifty authorities—MSS., commentaries, &c.—are cited. "Whether," remarks Mr. Ball in the preface, "sheltered within the Canon, or suspended between heaven and earth by controversial subtleties, a collection of books which has survived the changes and chances of two thousand years may safely claim to be valued on its merits, and received as its own sufficient apology." This is, indeed, a true saying. The books of the Apocrypha, containing as they do much splendid literature, have been much neglected by the clergy and congregations since the silly expulsion of the greater part of them from the Lectionary. The reproach, for such it is, should be removed by the publication of this Variorum edition.

Letters of Bishop Ullathorne (Burns & Oates), though but a selection, is a portly volume of 544 pp., and a large sheaf from what the editors term a "vast and varied correspondence." But what is given is of general interest, including some interesting letters to Cardinals Wiseman, Newman, and Manning, and is representative of some forty-five years of work, set forth in chronological sequence.

M. Alfred Bertezène's brochure *Waterloo* (Paris: Leroux) deals with the Napoleonic legend as accepted by most patriotic Frenchmen, whether Bonapartist or Republican, in a fashion that suggests an independent study of Mr. George Hooper's *Waterloo*. "Le glorieux vaincu de Waterloo!" exclaims M. Bertezène, quoting a contemporary Republican journal of Paris; "et en quoi, s'il vous plaît, Bonaparte fut-il si glorieux dans cette journée?" And he proceeds to show that Victor Hugo simply exalted the uncle to abase the nephew. "La Garde meurt, mais l'Empereur se sauve"—that is M. Bertezène's reading of the legend.

Appropriately bound in a kind of cloth of gold is Mr. George Mee's practical treatise, *The Jeweller's Assistant; or, the Art of Working in Gold* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.), a book intended for masters of the craft and experienced workmen. This is a very interesting volume for the inexperienced and curious inquirer, as well as an authoritative treatise on an ancient art and its modern development. Thirty years' experience is Mr. Mee's title to treat of the subject, and that he is a master of the mysteries of dry colouring and wet, melting, casting, electro-gilding, refining, compounding of alloys, and so forth, this book does effectively proclaim.

Smart and ingenious are not a few of the pieces included in *Verses to Order*, by A. G. (Methuen & Co.), in part reprinted from the "Oxford Magazine." "Canticum Brumale" is a pretty example of ingenuity in rhyming, and not less pleasing examples of dexterity are the "Handbook to Homer," the address to a reformer of colleges, "A Rejected Newdigate," and the companion "Prize Poem" on Alaric which opens with amusing dubiety thus:—

Ālărĭcus, vel Ălărĭcus, vel Alărĭcus audit?

Mr. G. H. Powell's *Rhymes and Reflexions* (Lawrence & Bullen) comprises some neat adaptations or parodies, some of which have seen the light in the *St. James's Gazette*, and the majority are illustrative of recent political or social events.

Idylls of the Queen, by William Alfred Gibbs (Sampson Low & Co.), is styled a lay of "mere imagination" in Canto I., which is the only instalment of the poem to hand, and it is not possible to forecast the artistic results of the poet's imagination from the sample. Mr. Gibbs is a facile versifier, and apparently is intent upon a semi-allegorical work. But he has put forth no argument of his design. If his theme be, as it seems likely, the re-possession of Palestine by the Jews, the theme is worthy of another Tasso, and should certainly be productive of a poem "of imagination all compact."

In *Home Rule* (Sampson Low & Co.) Mr. Gibbs shows some knowledge of Hood, since he writes

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Now that your princes are brave and bold,
What is it you cannot achieve?

But it is pleasing to read the stirring address that concludes the poem, and comprises these lines:—

Oh! for *that* Gladstone to come back again
Who clapped such traitors in Kilmainham jail!

The right of publishers to take advantage of expiration of copyright ought not to include the right of wronging an author, as is exemplified by a reprint of Kingsley's *Alton Locke* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), edited by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, in the "Minerva Library" series, which is a reprint of the first edition, retaining certain descriptions of University life at Cambridge which Kingsley wisely expunged from succeeding editions. Not a word of warning from editor or publisher is prefixed to the novel. All we have is a note in the text, to the effect that Mr. Locke's Cambridge reminiscences "may appear to many exaggerated and unfair," with the sagacious remark, "we fear, however, that in spite of many noble exceptions, his picture of Cambridge represents, if not the whole truth, still the impressions which she leaves on the minds of too many strangers, and, alas! students also." Such an impression might possibly remain with the stupid and the ignorant. Mr. Locke's "pictures" are almost as ridiculously inexact as the representation of University life on the Drury Lane stage in a drama produced some few years since, called *Pleasure*, and Kingsley acknowledged their futility and absurdity by withdrawing them. Then Mr. Kernahan has done his editing carelessly, for on p. 253 we read, "Showers sweaten the air," said Katie, which looks as if Mr. Locke's pictures of the "Sweater" had permanently impressed the editor.

In the same series we have Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, with a preface by H. W. Dulcken, the three volumes in one, which is something of a feat in compression.

New editions we have of *Barnaby Rudge* (Macmillan & Co.) from the first edition, with the illustrations, and introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger; *The Song Book*, words and tunes, selected by John Hullah (Macmillan & Co.); *Shelley's Poetical Works*, Vol. IV., edited by H. Buxton Forman, Aldine edition (Bell & Sons); *Anne of Geierstein*, copyright sixpenny edition (Black & Sons); *Looking Ahead* (Henry & Co.); and *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, by William Black (Sampson Low & Co.)

We have also received *Decimal Approximations*, a chapter in arithmetic, by H. St. John Hunter, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *What We are Coming To*, by Miles L'Estrange (Edinburgh: Douglas); Cassell's *Storehouse of General Information*, Part XX.; *A Dictionary of Political Economy*, Part III., edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co.); *Patricius*, a satire in rhymed verse (Kegan Paul & Co., Ltd.); *Rameses II.*, a drama, by Granville Bantock (Stott); *The Veil that No One Lifts* (Fisher Unwin); *Mutual Influence of Muhammadans and Hindus in India*, by F. W. Thomas, "Le Bas" prize essay (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); *Poems*, by M. F. and A. E. Gillingham (Elliot Stock); *Passion and Reflection*, verses by W. L. Longstaff (Hampson); *His Golf Madness*, by G. Somes Layard (Sampson Low & Co.), a collection of "Queer Stories" from *Truth*; and *Frivolous Verses*, by Anthony C. Deane (Cambridge: Redin & Co.)

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. "MORLEY and Moonlighting" was still the cry in some parts of Ireland at the end of last week; but on Sunday Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND bewailed Mr. MORLEY'S hard-heartedness towards the dynamiters—persons who "have injured no "man and broken no law," says Mr. WILLIAM pathetically. Sir WILFRID LAWSON was in merry (though, of course, unalcoholic) pin at Keswick, and the Gladstonians of South Leeds faithfully "bashed" the Labour candidate and his partisans. This day week Mr. GLADSTONE told somebody in Wales that he must not make any more speeches. Had the Cabinet protested in a body? Meanwhile the facts of his famous Cwmllan speech about the Welsh Land question are being pulled to pieces; and, as its argument never was worth a straw, it is not quite clear what remains.——On Monday morning the imprisoned Father HUMPHREYS (whom Mr. MORLEY, doubtless in that same hurry of business which has made him reconsider his Western tour, had forgotten to let out) appeared in Court in a comparatively rational and respectful mood, and applied for adjournments, which were granted him. Mr. HERBERT GARDNER was returned unopposed for North Essex.——On Wednesday morning the chief Gladstonian newspaper implored its readers "not to take disturbances "in Ireland too seriously" (this is the old "don't dis-"courage friends" with a vengeance), and suggested that the wicked Irish landlords are selecting this moment for evicting the people into frenzy. Now the Irish landlords, who are not, as a rule, a body much complimented either by friends or enemies, really ought to be obliged to the *Daily News* for its opinion of their chivalry, though, perhaps, the compliment is a little discounted by the slur on their intelligence. For, according to this view, they risked the loss of their arrears, at a time when they could undoubtedly have got them, in order to oblige Mr. BALFOUR, and have begun to press for them at a time when the getting may be made practically impossible at any moment by the action of Mr. MORLEY.——The nomination for South Leeds on Tuesday resulted in the Gladstonian and Conservative candidates, Mr. WALTON and Mr. NEVILLE, being left face to face, owing to an informality in Mr. MAHON'S nomination paper.——Father HUMPHREYS was returned for trial on Wednesday, at the same time that Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY was making a hideous revelation of the "g-g-g-rande trahison" of the permanent officials of Dublin Castle. New liveries have to be made for the VICEROY'S household, and the Controller has given the job to a Tory and an Orangeman. In vain has Ireland helped Mr. GLADSTONE to obtain a majority, the iron—the Orange goose iron—of slavery pollutes the breeches of Lord HOUGHTON'S footmen, and—which is still less tolerable—the pockets of the accursed will swell with Lord HOUGHTON'S gold.——On Thursday the Gladstonian candidate retained Sir LYON PLAYFAIR'S seat at Leeds by a largely decreased majority—less than a thousand, as against more than fifteen hundred in July—which latter figure was itself a decrease from much more than two thousand in 1885. Mr. NEVILLE, therefore, has every reason for "sticking "to it."

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Speculations were published last week (on the well-known principle of the ill wind) as to the possibility of Trieste replacing Hamburg as an outlet for the trade of the centre of Europe; there was more news of the AMEER'S difficulties in Afghanistan, but very little else.——The Indian news of Monday morning was pretty good, it being announced that the AMEER had expressed willingness to withdraw his troops from Wana and Waziristan, and (though still "not to-"day") to meet Lord ROBERTS very shortly. Economic matters, the little troubles in the Black Mountain to the west and the Chin Hills to the east, the Chitral succession, and some other matters also figured. A very long and circumstantial account was published of the earlier violences by Russian ships on English sealers, while in Russia itself the semi-official papers were candidly admitting that there never was anything less scientific than Colonel YANOFF'S expedition, repeating the Khokand "bluff," and at the same time mildly dropping a hint that an equitable delimitation of the Pamirs might, perhaps, now be arrived at. No time like the present; if Lord ROSEBERY is man enough for the occasion. Some Chauvinists of Germany attempted to raise a cry over the annexation of the Gilbert Islands; but a plain tale, even in their own country, put them down.——If it is true (and it is at least not improbable) that Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN, the well-known officer of the Congo State, has

made his way to the Nile, it deserves very serious consideration from those who control the affairs of Egypt. ——On Sunday M. CARNOT spoke very handsomely of the Republic. The earliest of all recorded critics would probably have pointed out that this handsome speech is not exactly "for naught."——Except repetitions, still not official, of the reported action of Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN on the Nile, there was little in Tuesday morning's foreign news. LOUIS KOSSUTH, a brave but not very wise man, had attained his ninetieth year. With regard to the Russian action towards sealers in the North Pacific, which has deservedly attracted a good deal of indignation in England, it is very desirable to remember one thing. It is an old trick when you want to get something out of a person to make more than one demand, or pick more than one quarrel. Then, after boxing it about a little, you can afford a magnanimous surrender or compromise on one head in order to obtain, as if on fair gif-gaf principles, concession on the other. It is not entirely impossible that something of this kind is at the bottom of the alleged brutality of Captain DE LEVRON.——On Wednesday morning it was announced that one of the Chitral claimants had blocked the road from Gilgit; but Colonel DURAND is likely to keep a good look-out in that direction. Mr. BLAKE, M.P., who is not a prophet with all his countrymen, had been, as was natural, enthusiastically received by the Toronto Irish. Colonel DODDS and the French Expedition were making cautious progress in Dahomey, and there was still trouble over Cork butter at Lisbon.——On Thursday morning reports came of a farewell dinner given by representatives of the Indian army to Lord ROBERTS, and of a train-robbing and wrecking exploit in America. Five deaths and many injuries occurred, while apparently the robbers got no booty. General BRIALMONT, fortifier-general to Europe, having been called in to advise on the Dardanelles, has, as advisers generally do in such case, reported present arrangements entirely useless, and advised an outlay of two millions sterling. Colonel DODDS's success in Dahomey appears to be greater than was at first reported. The Parisians have been employed in a Republican fête. Perhaps September is rather an odd month to choose; for, though Valmy be a creditable and the meeting of the Convention a memorable date, there are certain other September memories which we should have thought all but a few Republicans would rather hide. However, Paris thought differently, and, being not ill at fêtes, celebrated the "centenary of the proclamation of the Republic" with great pomp on Thursday, to the huge delight of English Radicals, who took advantage of the occasion to show the extent of their impudence or their ignorance by speaking slightly of the Terror.——Statues have been erected during the week to LESAGE at Vannes, and to Fra PAOLO (detested of Jesuits and Ultramontanes, and beloved of historical students) at Venice.

Meetings. The Dockers' Congress and the meeting of the Sanitary Institute came to an end last week; both, as it happened, with addresses to the working classes. Professor CORFIELD, however, and Mr. BURNS, who were the two speakers, naturally differed a little in their points of view.——The chief place this week among meetings and congresses has been taken by the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Newport, and the Iron and Steel Institute at Liverpool; the former presided over by Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, the latter by Sir FREDERICK ABEL. There has also been a musical festival at Cardiff.

The Law Courts. The so-called court-martial on Mr. MABB, the engineer of the *Sharpshooter*, ended, in the only way in which it possibly could end, by an honourable acquittal for the person who was "accused" of having done the best with, and succeeded in bringing into port, the rotten vessel with which the Admiralty had entrusted his captain. But how about the court-martial on the Admiralty itself for sending to sea ramshackle boxes of complicated and badly-made machinery, each piece of which plays "Pull devil, "pull baker" with all the other pieces?——What is called the Literary Fraud case (which, by the way, would properly mean something in the SHAPIRA or IRELAND line, while it is impossible to imagine anything or anybody much more unliterary than most of the things and persons concerned) began on Monday, the Common Serjeant having refused an application to split up the charges.——The man accused of what is called the Althorp murder was committed for trial at Northampton on Monday.——An unlucky incident happened at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, when BANBURY, the man charged with murdering a girl at Walworth, was found guilty. The foreman of the jury, in accompanying the verdict with a recommendation to mercy, informed the judge that two of his colleagues were deaf, and had only very partially, if at all, heard the evidence, so that Mr. Justice COLLINS was obliged to reserve the case for a new hearing. A collection, said to be an unusually fine one, of the tools of art called burglars' implements was secured by the police this week (together with some of the artists) in Belgrave Place.——The forgery charges resulting from the very remarkable PARK will case, which made much noise some time ago, were part heard on Thursday.

Sport. At the end of last week, cricket and yachting in England being finally over, the sporting columns of the newspapers became unusually empty. In the North, however, yachting still showed some signs of life, and on this day week the Royal Highland Yacht Club had a good regatta in Oban Bay, the principal prize for yachts in cruising trim, the Town Challenge Cup, being won by the *Samœna*, after a good fight with the once well-known *Irex*, now called *Mabel*, the *May* (which, had she won, would have held the Cup, as she gained it last year and the year before), the racing forty *Thalia*, rated for this occasion at 59, and three smaller boats.——On the Turf the Leicester and Manchester Meetings have this week supplied valuable prizes and some good sport, the principal event, however, being the Lancashire Plate, one of the modern ten-thousand-pounders, which is to be decided to-day.——There was no interest in the first day of the Leicester Meeting; but on the second the Royal Handicap (unfortunately run in wretched weather) brought out a field of twenty-two, and was very well contested. It went, not to one of the favoured ones, but to Mr. HAMAR BASS's Rusticus, who won it last year, but who started this year at 25 to 1. ——There was plenty of very fair racing at Manchester on Thursday, but nothing that calls for special comment.

Miscellaneous. The Clerk of the Weather, entirely disregarding a terrible threat addressed to him on Tuesday morning by a Gladstonian paper ("The "weather was very unpropitious yesterday: and unless "there is an improvement *it is not likely that Mr.* "*Gladstone will prolong his stay*" at Barmouth), has behaved very badly this week, and rather despairing reports come from most parts of England as to the final clearings up of the harvest, which are bad everywhere. Wheat is the worst crop, barley bad, and oats least unsuccessful; with root crops in many places gone chiefly to leaf, and beans simply not worth harvesting.——On Wednesday Mr. Justice SCOTT, legal adviser to the Egyptian Government, being presented with the freedom of Wigan, his native town, gave an interesting sketch of judicial reform in Egypt.——At the Kidderminster Town Council this week attention was drawn to the fearful cholera possibilities involved in the use of Eastern rugs

and carpets, and the dreadful things which happen when bales of them are opened. One Town Councillor asserted that he would rather have a "tigress roaming unchained about" his house than, let us say, a Daghistan rug or a Broussa praying-mat in it. The warning is doubtless kindly meant, but it might have been more effective if it had come from some other place than Kidderminster, which is, perhaps, not strictly impartial.

Correspondence. The accession last week, at the end, of a more than Septembral dulness in all departments of news, helped the letter-writers to space, but hardly to the selection of any new or really important subject. In reply to Mr. HENSON on Monday, the Bishop of WORCESTER was rather petulant than convincing; but it was really bad luck for him that he and an independent supporter of his views fell out, just like the Elders in *Presb.* v. *Susannah*, as to the date of the insistence by the Church of England on Episcopal orders as necessary to the valid administration of the Sacraments. "Dates from Oxford some-"where about 1840," says the Bishop, loftily: "Act "of Uniformity, 1662," says the other Elder, most coincidently and unfortunately.——The district surveyor for Bloomsbury called attention usefully enough to the dangers from fire which the British Museum runs from its being huddled up with other buildings. ——It was announced on Wednesday morning that the *Foudroyant* is still to be had for a reasonable consideration; and an ingenious suggestion was made that the Amazon Valley should be colonized with elephants.——M. PAUL BARBIER, of University College, Cardiff, with that agreeable pudibundity which often marks Frenchmen, is dreadfully shocked because *The Tempest* has been set for the Oxford Local Examinations. M. BARBIER thinks that in this work of the abandoned WILLIAMS "there are passages which a teacher who "respects himself and his class cannot interpret with-"out losing all sense of modesty and shame," and he suggests the substitution of CHAUCER'S Tales. The more CHAUCER and the more SHAKSPEARE both people read the better; but is not the suggested change, from M. BARBIER'S own point of view, a little odd? The Wife of Bath, now, and MIRANDA, delicate ARIEL and hendy NICHOLAS—how do these pairs look together to a "teacher" who is thus sensitive? But, then, "we "don't understand these things," as Mr. Midshipman EASY says.

Obituary. Cardinal HOWARD, who died last week, was a remarkable person in other ways than merely as a Prince of the Roman Church. He was a member of the family of which everybody who bears its name is not a member; he had been a Lifeguardsman before being a Cardinal, and he was a not inconsiderable scholar, besides, according to all accounts, being able to play his ecclesiastical part with equal good sense and dignity.——M. EMIL BEHNKE was a teacher of singing of considerable eminence.——In the late M. DAUBRAY France has lost one of the most considerable of those of her actors who were for this reason or that not admitted to the Français. The Bouffes Parisiennes and the Palais Royal were the chief scenes of M. DAUBRAY'S successes, which were chiefly obtained in the lightest parts.——Mr. CROOM ROBERTSON was long known as editor of *Mind* and as Professor of Philosophy and Logic at University College, London. He received this appointment (which he but recently resigned) at a very early age, and many people will probably be surprised to learn that he was only fifty at his death.——The Duke of SUTHERLAND was known in many ways, not least as a very energetic improver of his vast Scottish property, who spared neither pains nor money over the business.——Mr. WYBRANTS OLPHERT, who died at a great age—not much the worse for the villanous persecution to which he was subjected—will be known to history as having been selected for a target by the Land League. They put himself to some straits, and his tenants in many cases to great hardship; they murdered Inspector MARTIN; and the upshot of it all was that the tenants, only the other day, came in on his own terms.

Books, &c. This week a translation has at last appeared of Dr. IBSEN'S *Peer Gynt*, by the indefatigable brothers ARCHER (London: SCOTT). There are those who, perhaps not wrongly, hold *Peer Gynt*, which was written before IBSEN suffered much from Ibsenism, to be the best of his works, and it certainly must have been about the most difficult to translate.——Mr. MONCURE CONWAY has undertaken the exceedingly difficult business of whitewashing TOM PAINE, with whose bones, as COBBETT (a stronger man than Mr. CONWAY) found long ago, it is not good to meddle admiringly, in *The Life of Thomas Paine* (PUTNAM'S Sons), and Captain MOCKLER-FERRYMAN has produced a useful and interesting volume entitled *Up the Niger*, which is worth reading just now (London: PHILIP).

IRELAND.

IT has, apparently, not yet occurred to any Gladstonian member to resign his seat since the Irish Executive revoked the outstanding proclamations under the Crimes Act. Yet, among all those tender consciences, there must be some, one would think, which feel uneasy at the recollection of the votes won by filling the ears of ignorant English electors with talk about "perpetual coercion." Is there really no Gladstonian who recalls with any compunction the indignant contrast which he was wont to draw between the Crimes Acts of his revered leader, which simply expired by effluxion of time, and that of the late Government, which could never (so he said) for all time be removed from the necks of the Irish people without the assent of the House of Lords? A few of them, probably, may have known as little about the matter as their hearers, though, considering Mr. BALFOUR'S own action with respect to all but a fraction of Ireland, they could certainly plead little excuse for their ignorance; but of course the overwhelming majority of those who circulated this spurious electioneering coin were perfectly well aware that the Crimes Act of 1887 was, according to their own account now, repealable by a stroke of the Executive pen, and the only course open to them, as men of honour, is to restore to their constituents a trust which was obtained from them by representations involving so important an element of the fraudulently false.

In the meantime it is becoming daily more and more clear that there will be nothing in the immediate results of this latest move of Mr. MORLEY'S to compensate him for the extreme doubtfulness of its ulterior consequences. It is exactly one of those flashy strokes of so-called conciliatory policy which might possibly serve some purpose in England on the eve of a General Election, but for which no Irishman of any way of thinking is likely to give a "Thank you." The simple fact of the matter is that no one in Ireland, whether Parnellite or Anti-Parnellite, agitator or tool of agitators, cared two straws whether the last outstanding proclamations under the Crimes Act were revoked or not. Outrage and disorder, moonlighting and boycotting, may again become weapons necessary to the effective prosecution of the Nationalist campaign; but too free resort to them at this moment would be obviously premature; and seeing, further, that, if and when they have to be resorted to, the Crimes Act of 1887, thanks to the late Government, will lie ready to the hands of their successors, the Nationalist of either party has little cause to feel grateful to Mr. MORLEY for the

relaxation of restraints which the pressure of English public opinion might, and in fact certainly would, compel him, upon any serious recrudescence of crime in Ireland, to reimpose. In the view of Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites alike, it is much more to the point to see which of the two parties can pose the more impressively as the friends of the evicted tenants and the enemies of evicting landlords; and we may take it as pretty certain that, for some time to come, at any rate, this competition will be found engrossing enough to engage most of their political energies.

It is, however, a competition which is like to prove embarrassing in the highest degree to the new CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT of IRELAND. Mr. MORLEY must have found in the little incident of Father HUMPHREYS'S committal for contempt of Court the other day an unpleasant foretaste of what is in store for him. None of his Irish political friends, it is true, have gone quite so far as to say that this particular "beloved pastor" should have been protected by the Executive from the consequences of a refusal to apologize for having denounced the Court before which he was appearing as a "partial" Court, and for having called one of the witnesses a "deliberate "perjurer." Yet there is, nevertheless, an uneasy feeling in the minds of all true Nationalists that this is a sort of thing which ought not to happen when a GLADSTONE Government is in power. It might be too much, perhaps, to expect Mr. MORLEY to liberate the imprisoned priest, and to remove the removable magistrates who committed him to gaol; but then how comes it, they ask, that the removable magistrates ever had the audacity to commit the beloved pastor at all? Nor has a Gladstonian any right to find this question so monstrous as to any decent non-political Englishman it ought by rights to appear. For years past the baser sort among them—not, we deeply regret to say, without some half-countenance from men in the position of Mr. MORLEY himself—have gone up and down the country declaring that the Irish removable magistrate is the mere subservient instrument of the Irish Executive, and indirectly, therefore, the obedient servant of the English political party by whom that Executive is for the time being controlled. And, having so diligently and successfully laboured to fix Mr. BALFOUR with responsibility for all the anti-popular judicial acts of these tribunals, they can hardly complain if the same measure is meted out to Mr. BALFOUR'S successors. No scandal of actual removal, or even threat of removal, was necessary under the late Government, reflects the Nationalist, to make the Removable do the good pleasure of the Castle. He understood his duty without any such coarse reminder; and what, then, are the new men at the Castle about that he does not seem to understand it now?

Fortunately for Mr. MORLEY this difficulty has been of but short duration. It has been brought to a natural end by the expiration of Father HUMPHREYS'S term of commitment; but the trouble awaiting the CHIEF SECRETARY from another quarter threatens to be far more serious and prolonged. Actuated, according to the comical Gladstonian theory, by anxiety to "em-"barrass the Government," many of those Irish landlords who have been lying longest out of their rents are beginning to press for them, and as the winter draws on evictions are likely to multiply. They were going on, of course, all through Mr. BALFOUR'S *régime*, as the Nationalists, now so impudently asserting the contrary, of course know well; and even, if the particular landlords who are newly taking action could afford to wait longer without either land or rent, the inducement to them to do so is not very obvious. One doubts whether, if the Abyssinian ox were suddenly gifted with intelligence, he would at once perceive the duty of obeying a request to stand still for the convenience of those who wish to cut another slice from his flanks. The law, so long as there is a law, will continue to be appealed to in Ireland by the landlord creditor against his insolvent debtor; and Mr. MORLEY will continue to be called upon to "lend the "forces of the Crown" to assist the execution of legal process. Mr. HEALY, of course, is as well aware as Mr. REDMOND that the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT has no more choice in the matter than any private of the Royal Irish Constabulary. But the tenants to be evicted, and thousands of other tenants all over Ireland, have been industriously and successfully persuaded that he has; and alas! the present CHIEF SECRETARY, as he must be now remembering with remorse and self-reproach, has countenanced, not only by silence, but by ambiguous utterances, the pretence that he has. And seeing that neither Mr. HEALY nor Mr. REDMOND can afford to be outdone by the other in assurances to the tenants that, whether with or without an autumn Session (Mr. REDMOND says "with," and therefore Mr. HEALY is bound to contend for "without"), HER MAJESTY'S Government can and ought to prevent them from being turned out of their holdings, Mr. MORLEY'S position and, what is more, his Irish popularity, that invaluable asset of the Gladstone Government, will be more and more seriously threatened as the weeks roll on.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* has from its beginning discharged, among other functions, that of the interpreter of England to France. Just anticipating in its birth the Revolution of July, it was for many years an intelligent commentator on the experiment of transplanting Constitutional Monarchy across the Channel. Its writers have often known, through books and in history, a great deal more of English institutions than the majority of English journalists. It still retains this honourable characteristic. An article in its current number upon the English elections of August exhibits a knowledge both of the mechanism of our English Parliamentary system and the conditions of opinion and personal influence under which it works, which, if they existed in the newspaper offices of London and our greater towns, would obviate many a ludicrous blunder. To say that it is written by M. AUGUSTIN FILON is to say this, and to imply much more than this. The catastrophe of 1870, which brought M. FILON to England as the preceptor of the PRINCE IMPERIAL, gave him an opportunity of studying English institutions, manners, politics, and literature, of which he has thoroughly availed himself. The article on the English Elections, while explaining forms and methods which are assumed as known, without being really known, in ordinary English discussion, gathers together details for the information of foreign readers which, collected, give a general view of the working of our system, and of the particular controversies at issue, which English readers may profitably contemplate.

M. FILON is naturally impressed with the change which has come over English elections since the turbulence of the hustings and of open voting disappeared before the nomination papers and the Ballot. The picturesque historian and the more picturesque artist have lost their opportunity. The election humours, of which the record has been kept by "cette légion de "crayons moqueurs qui s'est perpétuée sans interrup-"tion de WILLIAM HOGARTH à TOM [*sic*] LEECH," have expired. Alas! Poor TOM LEECH! "Poor TOM'S a' "cold!" and he has no successor. M. FILON describes

with some humour the proceedings of the *canevasseurs*, whose method seems to be much what it was in the time of Eatanswill and Mr. PERKER, and of the *canevasseuses* who have come into existence since that day. He is especially impressed with the zeal and enthusiasm exhibited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mrs. H. M. STANLEY, and Miss BEATRICE POTTS. In speaking of the Labour party, the fantastic mountebankism of Mr. KEIR HARDIC, sarcastically known among his friends as Mr. QUEER HARDIC, seems to have made a considerable impression on him. It is possible that TOM LEECH, Miss BEATRICE POTTS, and Mr. KEIR HARDIC are creations of the French compositor. It would be unfair to impute them to M. FILON. If English compositors, deciphering Mr. LABOUCHERE'S handwriting, could misread "silly" into "senile," errors incapable of correction by the context may be excused to French typographers in dealing with English proper names.

M. FILON shows considerable sense in his estimate of the influences which decided the late election. He speaks of the sentence in which Lord TENNYSON described himself as loving Mr. GLADSTONE, but hating his policy, as one of the finest lines—though it was not a verse—which he had ever written. He has a clear discernment that something like this is the attitude of the electorate. They are captivated by Mr. GLADSTONE, but they are indifferent to, if they do not hate, his policy. The secret lies in the sort of magnetism which Mr. GLADSTONE exercises over people. He fascinates everybody, because he is interested in everybody and in everything. His mental attitude is sympathetic, apprehensive, absorbent, instead of being merely critical, analytic, repellent, as M. FILON conceives that of Lord SALISBURY to be. M. FILON, who is obviously himself antipathetic to the late Prime Minister, indirectly admits that, if the judgment of the country had gone on the merits of the case, the issue of the General Election would have been different. The Ministry of Lord SALISBURY has earned an honest name. It has been lucky; but to be lucky is the chief merit of a statesman. Luck is capacity (M. FILON is speaking, not we). "Heureuse, "la politique financière de M. GOSCHEN; heureuse, "la politique irlandaise de M. BALFOUR; heureuse, la "politique extérieure de Lord SALISBURY." There has been no Isandula, no Majuba Hill, no death of GORDON. But Mr. GLADSTONE has a legend, made up largely of the felling of trees and the reading of lessons in church, and Lord SALISBURY has no legend, "Or, sans légende, "point de popularité." It is true that in this legend there is a large infusion of *badauderie*, *moutonnerie*, and a kind of latent *boulangisme*; but, whatever the elements, they combine into a something which CARLYLE has dignified by the name of hero-worship. M. FILON seems to have been subjected to the Gladstonian magnetism, and to be a little ashamed of it when he thus analyses its elements. Divided between his admiration for Mr. MORLEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he scarcely ventures to take a side in the great controversy of the century. But it is clear to observers that the conflict in his mind is between an attractive charlatanism which his reason rejects, and a cold sagacity which wounds certain sentimental prepossessions.

THE *SHARPSHOOTER* COURT-MARTIAL.

THE court-martial on Chief-Engineer MABB supplies a curious pendant to the court-martial on Captain HULTON and his brother officers. That trial showed that the spirit in which the naval manœuvres are carried on has not always a wholesome influence on the officers engaged in them. This affords no less conclusive evidence that the Admiralty is liable to be affected by them in an equally unfortunate way. It is impossible not to feel that the Admiralty has been over-persuaded, by a desire to send the greatest possible number of ships to sea, into commissioning a vessel which, in its present condition, is really unseaworthy. To put it in a figure, the crew of the *Sharpshooter* was sent out in a hencoop, and Mr. MABB was court-martialed because the water came in. Witnesses were no doubt found to give their opinion that the vessel was structurally sound. But, read in connexion with the bulk of the evidence, this cannot be made to mean more than that the hull of the vessel is sound enough in build—if only it were free from certain weak spots. This of course means she is just as strong as the weak spots, and no stronger. By acquitting Mr. MABB of all responsibility either for the flooding of the stokehole, or for the bulging of No. 3 boiler, the Court, in fact, decided that these accidents by which the *Sharpshooter* was rendered useless were due to the inherent weakness of the vessel and her machinery.

Now, if this had been discovered for the first time, it would still be sufficiently discreditable. The Admiralty is bound to test its ships properly before it commissions them. But the breakdown of the *Sharpshooter* is no new thing. On the contrary, it is a very old story. She has broken down before, and has, indeed, in common with other vessels of the same class, a very bad reputation for weakness. The *Sharpshooter* is the result of a mania which seized our Admiralty (and some foreign Admiralties too) at one time. Vessels designed to attain a high speed were built light, and supplied with what it was supposed would prove very powerful engines. The attempt to combine lightness of structure with great power was repeated in the machinery. So soon, then, as the effort to use the full power of the engines was made, it was found that they not only strained the ship, but overstrained themselves. Cases of failure of this nature were, perhaps, inevitable here and there in such an experimental business as the building of warships has been for the last two generations; but it was very wasteful in the Admiralty not to make one vessel, and test her thoroughly before constructing a whole class. Still, that mistake was made, and is irreparable. Its magnitude might, indeed, cause it to have a certain value as an effectual warning.

What is quite unpardonable, and is also a glaring example of that penny-wise economy which, in the long run, is always so wasteful, is the obstinacy of the Admiralty in retaining the *Sharpshooter* on the list of efficient ships, and in sending her to break down in the manœuvres year after year. The *Sharpshooter* broke down last year—not so badly as she has broken down in this, to be sure, but only because the weather was then not so boisterous as it was on the 14th of last August. Yet nothing was done to her beyond a very little patching up. Naturally, therefore, as soon as this year's manœuvres began it was found that the "centrifugal "pump of the port engine was disabled," and Captain WELLS had to ask the senior officer to allow him to sail "under convoy." A scout and torpedo-boat-catcher which can only be trusted at sea under convoy is perhaps as complete an example as could well be provided of worthless superfluity. On the very day after she does go to sea, under convoy, the breakdown comes. The stokehole is flooded, owing to the inefficiency of the ashcocks. She was then twenty miles to windward of the Scillies, "blowing strong, with a "rough sea running." Captain WELLS got her under command by setting sail—a pretty telling criticism, by the way, on the opinion of the "scientific" persons who think sail superfluous in warships—but next morning, when they were abreast of the Wolf Light, the crown of No. 3 boiler comes down by its own inherent weakness, as the Court has found. This was only the finishing touch to a series "of some twenty

"defects discovered in the machinery from July 31 to "August 16." We are not surprised to hear that Mr. MABB doubted from the first whether H.M.S. *Sharpshooter* could get through the manœuvres without a collapse, and that all who knew the qualities of the vessel agreed with her chief engineer. It is a farce to keep such a craft on the list of efficient warships at all. If she is not worth a thorough overhaul, the Admiralty had better cut its losses in connexion with her altogether. It will be the cheaper course in the long run, to say nothing of the danger that her next feat may be to drown a ship's company. Nobody will raise the least objection if she is sold to make tenpenny nails for the Pomeranians.

BELGIANS AT WADELAI.

IT is extremely important that a sharp eye should be kept on the movements, variously reported during the present week, of the large Congo Free State Expedition, known to be moving about on the upper waters of the Welle or Oubangi, under Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN. It has been positively asserted that the Captain has actually arrived and established himself at Wadelai, the former seat of EMIN Pasha's Government on the Upper Nile, and what may be called the southern capital of the Equatorial Province. On the other hand, the Belgian authorities are said to disclaim any knowledge of Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN'S arrival there, and the most that they profess to be aware of is his establishment of posts and stations in Mambattu Land. We wish it were possible to induce a few Englishmen to turn to their maps and see for themselves what this means. It means something which we have constantly in these pages foretold, and the possible further consequences of which we have urged more than once or twice. If the Brussels account of the performances of the expedition is correct, there is nothing for formal objection, though the position is still unsatisfactory. The delimitation of the Congo State was unfortunately arrived at just at the fullest of the fit of disgust which made Englishmen willing that the Egyptian Soudan should go to the dogs or the Devil as it pleased. Accordingly, the parallel of 4° north, which was selected for the northerly boundary, turning southward at the 30th degree of longitude, included a great deal of territory—Nyam Nyam, Mambattu, A'Barmbo, and what not—which had actually within a year or two been under the sway of the Egyptian Governors of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, together (though it is fair to say that this was not known at the time for certain) with the great water-way of the Welle-Makua, the continuation of that tributary of the Congo which lower down is called the Oubangi. From the north-east corner of these regions the way into the Bahr-el-Ghazal proper and the Hat-el-Estiva, or Equatorial Province of Egypt, is perfectly easy. Or rather, as the recent publication of Dr. JUNKER'S Travels shows, the country is all one, and there is, unless there is some great stir among the native populations, not much more difficulty in getting from the Mambattu country to Wadelai than in getting from Norfolk to Yorkshire. Further, we know, from all the best authorities, with Major WINGATE at their head, that the great tide of Mahdism in the Soudan is distinctly on the ebb. It never flowed very fiercely in these out-of-the-way regions, which fell rather because their Egyptian rulers were so hopelessly cut off from Egypt and Europe than because the local Philistines were really too strong for them; and it is now lower than ever. Very likely, as BAKER and GESSI and others found, the region is easier to conquer than to hold; but that is for the present neither here nor there.

There are complications of divers kind, moreover, to be considered in the situation. In the first place, it seems to be asserted or hinted that there have, ever since the EMIN Pasha Expedition, been what Bailie JARVIE calls "trokings and brokings" between the persons now chartered as the British East Africa Company and the authorities of the Congo State which require explanation. This Company may be slandered, or it may simply be maladroit; but it must be owned that, if all tales are true, its proceedings have been the reverse of straightforward, and have been very dubiously patriotic. How it has played, and is playing, fast and loose with Uganda most people know who have paid the slightest attention to the subject, and it is at least accused of offering the Equatorial Province (to which it has never sent a man, and its claims on which are simply as vicegerent of the British Government) to King LEOPOLD. Nor does this exhaust the awkwardness. The French, in a not very effective fashion, hold that portion of Africa which intervenes between the right bank of the Oubangi and the coast of the Gaboon. Now it seems that they wish to construe this into a claim to the whole right bank of the Oubangi, which would practically bring them, as we have said, to the Nile, or within easy distance of it. Of course a great deal of water will flow down that and other streams before, even unopposed, they could do something which practically amounts to occupying the whole centre of Africa in its wildest parts. But it is not yet generally known in England how set the French are on getting a hold of Lake Tchad and the districts round it. The unmannerly intrusions of Lieutenant MIZON on the Niger, the constant excursions with great loss at the back of the Gaboon, and suchlike things, aided by a considerable expenditure of French Government money, are all prompted by the combined desire to cut off the Germans at the Cameroons, the English at the Niger, and the Belgians on the Congo from this central region; to enlarge and secure the already greatly extended "Soudan "Français" (which a few years ago was but a name, and is now, as far as military operations go, the most actively held part of savage Africa); and, lastly, to satisfy a vague but eager hope to get at the head waters of the Nile as a *revanche* for England's position at its mouth. This part of the matter is no doubt, to a certain extent, day-after-to-morrow politics, but wise politicians do not take short views—at any rate, too short ones.

If, therefore, the Belgian exploring party are confining themselves within the limits actually, though perhaps unwisely, assigned to their State, there is no objection that can fairly be made to them. They may, indeed, do some good; for by late advices those pests the "Arab" and Manyuema slave-raiders were making their appearance in the neighbourhood of the Welle, and the Belgians will do a service if they can drive them back. It is also true that the Free State has plenty on its hands further south, and that, rich as King LEOPOLD is, he is probably too prudent to want to have the whole "middle-cut" of a continent on his hands at once. But, if his men have gone otherwise than as mere explorers to the Nile, they must be politely requested to go back. It would be well if some means could also be taken to intimate to France that the arrangement recently made with her distinctly fails to contemplate the presence of Frenchmen east of Lake Tchad. But, whether this can be done or not, one simple principle ought to guide Lord ROSEBERY. No civilized Power, except England and Egypt, can be allowed to fly its flag on a single foot of the course of the Nile from the Nyanzas to its mouth.

THE CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

THE members of the Associated Chambers at Newport have been employed in listening to heresies and fads with polite tolerance, and in disposing of them blandly in the manner least hurtful to the feelings of their supporters. They have been asked to patronize the decimal system, and have replied with dry humour that they think the decimal system very pretty, and hope the School Board children will be led to take an interest in it. This is a distinct improvement on the cautious formula of the representative of the Board of Trade. He said that the Board also has a friendly feeling for the decimal system, but thinks that any change in our ways of summing must be begun by the people. If the people will spontaneously put itself to an enormous inconvenience in order to introduce a change by which one class only—the foreign merchants—would benefit, and they in a slight degree, the decimal system will be put on its legs in this country. This also is our opinion. The motion of Mr. MASSEY of Hull, to the effect that the present system of holding general elections is disturbing to business, and that the returns should all be made on one day, was met with firmness and judgment. Let us put "the period "should be considerably shortened," said the Chambers of Commerce, and they did put it. By this judicious formula the Chambers allowed that there was a good deal to be said for their friend Mr. MASSEY'S view, and they also avoided committing themselves to approval of a suggestion which it would be difficult and costly to carry out.

Again, the Chambers showed how to say just enough for the occasion when called upon to vote on a motion made by the South of Scotland. The Chamber of that region moved that commercial union with the colonies is good, and that "this Association would, therefore, "urge HER MAJESTY'S Government to take every "possible opportunity of furthering this object, and as "a means to this end to have the condition of our "foreign treaties altered as soon as possible, which "prevent our colonies from giving the goods of the "Mother-country special privileges when they desire "to do so." If the Associated Chambers of Commerce are never moved to sing "Nunc dimittis" until their eyes have seen a colony which desires to give special privileges to the mother-country, their days of contentment to live will be long in the land. Down to the word "object" this motion is no more than the expression of a pious opinion. Then it becomes a recommendation that HER MAJESTY'S Government should begin denouncing treaties which do at least secure her the most-favoured-nation treatment from foreign States, in the vague hope that some unspecified colony will, at some indefinite future time, give her an equivalent, of the exact nature of which nobody can form even an approximate guess. The Chambers of Commerce, being, we are sure, well aware that you cannot publicly recommend another person to behave in a rather particularly foolish manner, without displaying something of that weakness yourself, saw that this would never do. Yet they were commendably anxious not to hurt the feelings of the South of Scotland. So they stopped the motion short at the word "object," voted *nem. con.* for the pious opinion, and, wiping up the foolish practical suggestion, said nothing more about it.

But the Chambers displayed their faculty for handling the polite extinguisher most advantageously when they were asked to vote incompatible things about the depreciation of silver. They listened to one who was for a gold standard of value in India, and to another who said it could not be. They did not flinch from bimetallism. Wild men came from Lancashire who propounded doctrines which, if they mean anything, mean that Government can fix a ratio of 1 to 15—or to 5, for that matter—between gold sovereigns and old trouser-buttons by going to the trifling expense of stamping the buttons. The Chamber of Commerce sat like so many Roman senators in an invasion of the Gauls. At last there came one who plucked the associated commercial beard. He began to talk about the appreciation of gold. This was too much. Chambers of Commerce can be driven too far, and these were. Yet they did nothing unsenatorial. They only rose with gravity, and voted the previous question. The man who talked about the appreciation of gold was spared to dine that evening with the Newport Chamber of Commerce in the Albert Hall, and we trust he ate what was, no doubt, an excellent dinner, with a proper sense of the long-suffering kindness of his colleagues.

A WELSH PROFESSOR STUART?

MR. GLADSTONE has discovered with "surprise "and pain" that there is a Welsh land grievance. With surprise, because he never expects to find a convenient question to raise at the very moment when he wants one; and with "pain," because it distresses him to have to punish anybody, even the oppressor, and he would far rather that Welsh landlords should have behaved generously to their tenants than that he should have to cut a slice off their property for (as he alleges) behaving otherwise, even though by so doing he can induce twenty-eight Welsh members to let him defer despoiling a Church until he has dismembered a kingdom. His "pain," in fact, resembles that which found expression through the lips of that Western hero who exclaimed, "Am I *never* to enter this township with-"out having to shoot a man?" It is quite in this spirit that Mr. GLADSTONE asks himself despairingly whether he is *never* to inquire into a landlord's treatment of (Gladstonian) tenants without finding himself compelled to confiscate some of his rents.

But, just as it is possible that the inhabitants of the Western township may have refused to submit quietly to the fatality thus deplored by their visitor, so it seems that the Welsh landlords, on their part, do not propose to "take it lying down." The Government will find, writes Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST with spirit, "that they have a more united and more determined "body to deal with than they had to oppose in Ire-"land." And both this large landowner, speaking for North Wales, and Mr. LORT PHILLIPS and Lord SUDELEY, testifying for the southern half of the Principality, are agreed that the phenomena which surprised and pained Mr. GLADSTONE simply do not exist. It is *not* the case that the average reduction of rent in Wales has been only 7 per cent., though it *is* the case that the larger reductions, being temporary, do not figure in the agricultural statistics. Further, it is *not* the case that the pinch of agricultural distress was felt on the Welsh grazing farms at the early period when tenants of English arable land were receiving, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, reductions of 24 per cent. from their landlords; and it *is* the case that, as soon as the distress did reach the Welsh farmers, they obtained, in addition to a substantial annual allowance, "in most "cases a permanent reduction of rents of from 10 to "20 per cent." And, lastly, as to the "four Welsh "counties in which Mr. GLADSTONE alleges that the "landlords took advantage of the prevailing distress to "actually raise rents," Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST would be glad to know their names, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority for the statement. So would Mr. LORT PHILLIPS and the correspondent whose letter he quotes. So, too, we cannot doubt, would Lord SUDELEY. Mr. GLADSTONE, in the meantime, has only named one—

Carnarvonshire—and has not stated his sources of information as to that. Now, these sources of information are, it seems, twofold. The facts upon which he relies are derived partly from "public and authentic re-"turns," which, as his correspondents have pointed out to him, he has misread or misunderstood, and partly from Mr. ELLIS, of the general value of whose "tips" we know nothing, but whom a good many of the Welsh landlords, according to Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST, illiberally believe to "know nothing about land." We shall probably not err in assuming that, while the misunderstood returns are responsible for Mr. GLADSTONE'S conclusion that the Welsh rents have been only reduced by 7 per cent., it is to Mr. ELLIS that he is indebted for the particulars about the four Welsh counties in which rents have been raised. Hence the most interesting question of the moment is as to the amount of reliance which should be placed upon Mr. ELLIS'S information. And here we are inevitably reminded that, though the "Welsh PARNELL" is a person of high credit in Gladstonian circles, Mr. GLADSTONE has not hitherto been fortunate in his informants. Can it be that the Welsh PARNELL is also the Welsh Professor STUART? and that the story of the four Welsh counties is even as the legend of the loaded rifle of Colonel DOPPING?

A CENTENARY AND A MORAL.

IT is very natural that the French should celebrate the centenary of the Republic of 1792; equally natural that they should ignore the break in the pedigree of the present Republic between the Day of the Sections and 1870, and even more natural that they should do their celebration with a certain display of ingratitude to some of their predecessors. The ingratitude which we observe in them is not shown towards the men of '89 or '92, or any such date. They have been thanked effusively for much that they did not do, and quite sufficiently for what they did. No; the ingratitude is shown to the old Monarchy which organized the French Administration. This Administration it was which enabled the country to survive the anarchy of the Revolution, and has kept it together since. To construct this great machine was, after all, a greater thing to do than to inherit it. Our French friends might remember that fact, and temper their jubilations with a little humility—they might, that is to say, if human nature were not human nature. We shall expect them to acknowledge it when we find an American ready to confess that, for a people who had been trained to law and order under the English Monarchy, and supplied, by England, with a vast fertile continent free from dangerous enemies, wherein to live at their ease, it has not been a very heroic feat to get along for a hundred years or so in a condition of purely material prosperity, broken by only one great civil war.

Since we are not inclined to laud the French to any great extent because they allowed their Monarchy to become rotten, and fell into a state of bloodthirsty anarchy which carried them directly to the despotism of perhaps the meanest and most essentially brutal adventurer who ever came to the top in a time of confusion, we are the more obliged to our sweet enemy the *Daily News* for supplying us with a little text for another kind of discourse. "Its La Vendée," says the *Daily News* of the French Revolution, "and its clear-"ance of the Paris prisons, sickening as they were, "still bore some trace of the milder manners of the "time. They did not attain to the awful proportions of "the St. Bartholomew, nor of the collective butcheries "which attended our futile attempts to establish Pro-"testantism in the Sister Isle." If we were French Republicans we should sincerely desire to be saved from such defenders as this. The excuse is a common one, but a very damaging one none the less. If those who use it will look more critically, they may perhaps see as much for themselves. At the best it only amounts to saying that the people, in the act of getting rid of tyranny and superstition, did all those things which despots and bigots had done. It did them in a less degree, so the apologists say, because of a softening of manners which must have taken place under the rule of these same despots and bigots. To us, at least, this seems a very poor proof of the superior virtue of the people. As a matter of fact, the "traces of the milder "manners of the time" look rather faint on examination. If it were true—which it is not—that more people were killed in the St. Bartholomew than in the September Massacres, the Noyades, &c., we should still like to see in what way these modern transactions were milder than the old. As much ferocity can be shown in murdering ten as in murdering fifteen, and the *Daily News* would be put to it to find any single incident of the St. Bartholomew which excels the slaughter of the Princesse DE LAMBALLE in bestial savagery. The most damaging part of the *Daily News'* apology is in its tail—to wit, in the remarkable plea for the revolutionists, that they do not in a few months of massacre quite reach the figure attained by the brutal Saxon in the course of three centuries of "futile efforts to establish Protestantism in the Sister "Isle." Let us allow that there were "collective "butcheries" perpetrated for this purpose in the Sister Isle—what a set of colossal ruffians the French Revolutionists must have been when their apologists have to state in their favour that they did not, in the course of a few months, quite equal the brutal Saxon's three centuries of steady industry!

The curious thing is that the persons who use this kind of argument never seem to see that they are in practice justifying coercion on all scales, from the Spanish Inquisition to Flogging FITZGERALD. If the French Republic is to be forgiven its massacres, &c., because they were unfortunate incidents, if not necessary means, in a great work, why is such a coil kept up over the massacres of other people? We all believe we are right, and if faith justifies ROBESPIERRE, why not TORQUEMADA or Flogging FITZGERALD? Then there is the awkward consideration that, if massacre answered with the French, it may answer with other people. If the brutal Saxon had done his "collective "butcheries" in one six months, instead of spreading them in little bits over centuries, it would appear that he might have "established Protestantism."

JUPITER'S SATELLITES.

GALILEO'S "Medicean stars," designated, since Kepler introduced the term, the *satellites* of Jupiter, were the first-fruits of telescopic discovery. Yet two of them were almost certainly known to the Chinese and Japanese long before the "Tuscan artist" heard of the Dutchman's invention; and Arago found by experiment that a telescope without magnifying power, and hence effective only in stripping bright images of some of the false light surrounding them to ordinary unaided vision, showed these small objects quite easily. Some eyes, indeed, are so happily constituted by nature as to need no such remedy. Wrangel tells of a Siberian hunter who, having evidently watched a satellite-eclipse, exclaimed, pointing to Jupiter, "I have just seen that big star swallow a little one and vomit it again!" Then there was Schön, the tailor of Breslau, who, put through his facings pretty strictly by the astronomer Boguslawski in 1820, could admittedly discern the first and third Jovian moons when suitably situated. This exceptional power, which had been the chief distinction of his life (for we are uninformed as to the cut of his coats), left him, however, to his deep concern, several years before his death in 1837. Nor have there been wanting pretenders

to its possession, two sisters having been detected at Hamburg in this curious species of imposture by their invariable adherence to the inverted configurations given in the Ephemerides for the convenience of telescopic observers. Mr. Denning is one of the few living astronomers who can boast a genuine performance of the kind, although several of Jupiter's attendants were visible, with remarkable distinctness, to ordinary spectators, in twilight on April 21, 1859, immediately before the kindling of a crimson aurora. This is not the only instance of improvement in seeing facilities through auroral influences.

Jupiter's moons would be easy objects to the naked eye if Jupiter himself, with his glaring disc, were out of the way. All except No. IV. (erewhile called Calypso), which, even then, would task the best eyesight, unless it happened to be in one of its phases of conspicuousness; for it shines with a far from equable lustre. Now, when we remember that these bodies are visible merely by reflecting sunlight, and that sunlight reaches them enfeebled to one-twenty-seventh of the intensity with which it strikes the earth; moreover, that the return-journey to ourselves of this attenuated, intercepted radiance amounts at an average opposition to nearly four hundred millions of miles, we can at once infer their considerable dimensions. The smallest of them, Europa, the second in distance from Jupiter, is, in fact, just the size of our moon. It is 2,100 miles in diameter; while the largest (No. III., *alias* Ganymede) measures 3,500 miles. All, however, must be much less dense than the moon. Nos. I. and IV. are believed to be as bulky, relative to mass, as the huge globe of Jupiter, the mean specific gravity of which is only one and a quarter that of water; and Nos. II. and III. do not seem to be greatly more condensed. None of them, accordingly, can resemble in physical constitution our decrepit celestial companion; they are likely to be at an earlier stage of existence, with a more promising future before them. The analogy that they unexpectedly present is rather to their great primary, whose organization is admitedly rudimentary. Vogel derived from them spectroscopic signs of their possession of atmospheres similar to that of Jupiter; their surfaces are diversified, like his, with dusky markings, and they probably fluctuate in aspect still more widely than he does. Indeed, they do not always appear even of the same size or shape; and their variations in brightness—due, presumably, to atmospheric processes—are instructively illustrated by the phenomena of their transits.

The Jovian system presents observers with a most animated scene. Occurrences of interest are continually going forward within its precincts. There are eclipses by the vast shadow-cone of Jupiter, which the three inner satellites are compelled to plunge through at each revolution; there are occultations behind the actual body of the planet; there are transits across his disc, during which the projected body is commonly dogged by its ink-black shadow. The eclipses, by their alternate retardations and accelerations, as the earth retreated from and approached the scene of their occurrence, furnished Olaus Roemer, in 1675, with the first proof of the finite velocity of light, and the "equation of light," thus determined, served, until recently, as the only measure of that velocity. Further, the total disappearance of eclipsed satellites shows conclusively that they borrow all their brightness from the sun, and are indebted for none of it to their immediate superior. Jupiter is then a dark body, although he may be a powerful source of obscure heat.

The transits of his satellites are still better worth watching—at least from the physical point of view—than their eclipses. The effects attending some of them have all the charm of surprise, since their production depends upon no readily assignable principle. Normally, the transiting object shows bright at ingress and egress, but vanishes during its progress over the central portions of the belted disc behind it. These, indeed, are many times more brilliant than the encompassing margins; so that the fading out and re-emergence of the contrast-effect is quite intelligible. What is astonishing is the implied equality, as regards reflective power, between the more lustrous sections of Jupiter's surface and the comparatively minute surfaces of his moons. Taken as a whole, the great planet reflects sixty-two per cent. of the light impinging upon it; white paper reflects seventy per cent.; it is, then, an understatement to say that the blank parts of the diversified Jovian disc are as brilliant as white paper. And this is nothing extraordinary, if, as is practically certain, they represent the shining of an impervious envelope of clouds. It could not, indeed, have been anticipated that secondary bodies should prove to be similarly endowed; yet the disappearance of Jupiter's satellites, when thrown upon the dazzling screen of his surface, goes a long way towards proving that they, too, owe their vividness to their cloud-coverings.

They do not, however, always disappear. The third and fourth satellites especially have often, from their jetty aspect in mid-transit, been mistaken for their own shadows. So long ago as September 2, 1665, Domenico Cassini observed one of these "black transits," which until lately were regarded as events of extreme rarity. Since they have been attentively looked for, however, they are found to present themselves pretty freely, though with the utmost irregularity. They seem to be entirely capricious in their occurrence. And for this reason, if for no other, the attempt to explain the varied phenomena of transits on a bare principle of contrast can scarcely be deemed successful. For, if the *quality* of a transit depended merely upon the duskiness or brilliancy of the part of the disc traversed, it could be determined beforehand. Observers would be prepared for the peculiar appearances, which, nevertheless, always take them by surprise.

Besides, the satellites themselves display significant peculiarities. They are very far from presenting the stereotyped immobility of the "wan face" with which our moon "climbs the sky." Galileo was struck from the outset with the inconstancy of their light. Herschel attributed their obscurations to the spotted condition of their globes, which, indeed, have often appeared deformed from the unreflective nature of large sections of their surfaces. But it is improbable that these markings are permanent, like the dim lunar "maria," or the grey-green seas of Mars. They are rather, it must be supposed, of atmospheric origin, like the belts and spots of Jupiter himself. Effects in transit must then depend mainly upon the state of the visible surface of the projected body.

Careful and continuous observations of the third satellite by Messrs. Schaeberle and Campbell with the Lick thirty-six inch refractor, leave little or no doubt that its surface—reduced by distance though it be, to the apparent size of a glove-button nearly half a mile away—is diversified with approximately parallel, streaky shadings, fading off towards each limb in a manner suggestive of atmospheric action. Rotation on an axis perpendicular to the line of the markings could be inferred, and there were strong indications that it was executed, as Herschel had supposed, in an identical period with that of the satellite's revolution round Jupiter—that is, in seven days and four hours.

The first satellite certainly conforms to this rule, obeyed wherever tidal friction is strong enough to enforce it. In September 1890, during one of its dark transits, Professor Barnard of Lick saw No. 1 (Io) apparently double, as the effect, it would seem, of a bright belt cutting in two, so to speak, an egg-shaped body. He made, at any rate, quite sure of its elongation, August 8, 1891; a fact promptly confirmed by Messrs. Schaeberle and Campbell. They further ascertained that the longer axis of the oval points towards Jupiter's centre, as theory requires that it should. The elongation, indeed, represents neither more nor less than a permanent tidal wave, by the frictional power of which the rotation of the satellite relative to its primary was, ages ago, brought to a standstill. The probability is great that the same law of isochronous rotation and revolution governs the movements of the second and fourth, as well as of the first and third satellites.

The surmised habitability of the Jovian moons is thus rendered highly problematical. Their primary, it has often been suggested, might be efficient enough as a heat-source to make up for the scantiness of sun-given warmth, and so to promote the flourishing of a fauna and flora on each of these subordinate worlds. But if, in consequence of their mode of rotation, this genial influence be poured upon one hemisphere only, it can be of little or no use for the purpose in question. Besides, it is far from certain that any one of the satellites is sufficiently advanced in solidification to be the seat of even the lowliest forms of life. Their small mean density, their fluctuations of aspect, their high reflective power, and the indications of cloud-markings on their surfaces, hint rather at a chaotic stage of existence, not far removed from that ascribed to their imposing primary. This intimation is one of the most curious and unexpected

results of their scrutiny with the great telescopes of modern times.

One other has now to be recorded. Jupiter shines just now with remarkable brilliancy. In the absence of the moon, he completely dominates the nocturnal sky. He is visible in strong twilight before he has cleared the mists of the eastern horizon. The perspective effects of the earth's motion keep him lingering in the northern sign of Pisces, so that he attains a fine altitude. Moreover, at his approaching opposition, or midnight culmination, on October 12, his distance from the earth, though not small—367 millions of miles—will be very nearly the least possible. All which advantages, diligently reckoned up and calculated, have caused the opposition of 1892 to be anticipated as a harvest-time for students of the "Mundus Jovialis." Yet the first sheaf gathered, early in September, was certainly of a nature to create surprise.

Jupiter and his four moons form a system so complete in itself, so symmetrical, and bound together by such peculiar dynamical relations, that the presence of an extra member seems positively intrusive. It has, nevertheless, been certified by Professor Barnard, whose skill and acuteness as an observer, to say nothing of the unequalled qualities of the instrument at his disposal, leave no reasonable doubt as to the genuineness of the discovery. It was so difficult to make, that one cannot wonder that it has been so long postponed. The fifth moon appears as a very minute point of light, of the thirteenth stellar magnitude, circulating in seventeen and a half hours quite close to the big body of Jupiter. Its distance from his centre of 112,000 miles leaves an interval of only 26,000 to his surface, and the new satellite must accordingly spend most of its time either on or behind the splendid disc, from under cover of which it peeps out for a brief space once in about nine hours. The disparity of seven magnitudes between it and its next neighbour, Io, means that it sends us six to seven hundred times less light. Its reflecting surface, accordingly, if equally brilliant, must be smaller in the same proportion, which would give it a diameter one twenty-fifth of that of the larger body, or of about one hundred miles. If, however, as seems probable, its surface be more absorptive of light than the changing cloud-envelopes of the larger satellites, then this estimate of its dimensions should be proportionately augmented. At any rate, it is an insignificant body—a mere grain of dust beside a majestic cannon-ball. And its insignificance suggests that it may not be solitary. It may have hundreds of companions defying, by their smallness, the possibility of detection. Conceivably, it may be nothing more than a specimen of the pulverulent materials of an abortive full-sized satellite. Its presence and situation, however they may be interpreted, are of unmistakable significance as regards the genesis of systems, and afford one more instance of that growth in the visible complexity of their structure which steadily accompanies the progress of research.

MUSICAL EXHIBITION.

THE idea of the Musical Exhibition now being held at the Westminster Aquarium is excellent. There is a small but representative loan collection of antique instruments—a collection by modern makers for sale—showing what forms now survive, and musical performances for testing their value. Moreover, there is a very good Catalogue, with lucid explanations of various technicalities, written by Mr. Du Platt, the energetic organizer of the Exhibition. If there is any fault to be found with the Catalogue, it is that Mr. Du Platt scarcely makes enough of the rarity and interest of some of the instruments he has brought together. Theoretically, you can examine the whole pedigree of such well-known instruments as the pianoforte, from its remote ancestor the clavichord to the latest "Erard," with the collateral line of spinets and harpsichords. You can hear each member of the family efficiently performed upon, and, finally, you can purchase the newest development on the spot. At least this is the theory of the Exhibition, and the actual result is also praiseworthy. We cannot help regretting, however, the scene chosen. Not that we would express anything but sympathy with the Directors of the Aquarium, who have done so much to vindicate common decency of feeling against the licentious tyranny of Moralitarianism. But, as a matter of fact, the Musical Exhibition is a little out of place here. It annoys the amateur, when he is permitted to try the tone of a harpsichord, to be startled by a nice little boy down in the hall firing off caps at something. When you are just making the discovery that the spirit of the wind in the spruce-trees has actually been imprisoned in a little peg, and has become the "soul of the violin," you are vexed with the vocal dog on the great stage for trying to emulate Miss Lottie Collins in her popular song. Warnings to beware of the conger-eel, and not to go too near the bear, are not good preparations for discriminating between spinets and clavichords, and instruments with one reed and those with two. However, these circumstances do not, and should not, detract from the merits of the Exhibition itself. On the floor of the hall are what are called the "trade exhibits." Among these, two cases of Indian musical instruments are attractive. If we could hear the sounds that these brilliant colours and quaint shapes accompany, it would be delightful. The cry of the peacock-shaped bîn-sittar ought to be peculiarly entrancing.

The loan exhibition is arranged scientifically, if not very attractively, in the gallery. First come the wind instruments. The old English flute-à-bec, or recorder, of about 1690, is excellently preserved. There is a pipe, with its accompanying tabor, of the same century, reminding us that there are people still alive who can almost remember their general use, and yet they are now very rare. Among the double reeds is that terror to sensitive ears, the bassoon. The Catalogue relates that Henry VIII. had six of these implements in his private band; if this is so, it is not surprising that his matrimonial relations proved inharmonious. The single reed produces the scarcely less irritating clarinet, which, under the synonym of the shawm and in concert with the trumpet, was pleasing to the Psalmist. Amid a group of horns and trumpets hang three bugles, made respectively of paper, plaster of Paris, and gutta-percha. These are experiments tending to prove how much less the tone of such instruments is affected by their material than by their form. Among the cornets is a thing called a serpent, a black, gigantic distortion full of keys, suggesting to the eye the interior convulsions of some victim who has succumbed to its sound. Next come the instruments of percussion, with the exception of certain Indian examples, less interestingly represented. The stringed instruments include a very fine example of the "Viol of Love" of the seventeenth century. This form of viola is generally allowed to have been invented in England. Its peculiarity consists in its possessing sympathetic strings. These are not touched by the player like the ordinary or melody strings, but, stretched beneath them, echo their vibrations in unison. The sound is described as peculiarly beautiful; but the execution is excessively difficult, and performers upon the instrument are rare. An Italian guitar of the early seventeenth century is remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, being elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. It is impossible not to notice a single stringed instrument of eccentric form called a Japanese violin. The head of a serpent, the elongated paws of a quadruped, and the shell of a real tortoise are joined together without any attempt at unity of design. The workmanship is admirably neat, but the uncouthness of form is a proof that its *Japaneseness* is of the genuine English stamp. A most exquisitely finished Italian spinet of the sixteenth century also deserves attention for the beauty of its case; but, as it is wisely placed under glass, it is impossible to guess at its tone. The so-called spinet of Josef Klein is apparently not a spinet, but a piano, as is shown by the little hammers which cause the strings to vibrate. These hammers can also be seen in a clavichord of full and very pleasing tone. It is greatly to be regretted that harpsichords are no longer made, or are made only at very great cost. The instrument here exhibited is an antique one in very good order; its tone is very sweet and penetrating. The Indian collection contains two of the most interesting specimens in the whole exhibition. Both are xylophones. The smaller, a Burmese instrument, consists of a cradle-shaped box about two feet long, in which the wooden notes are slung in a wide sweep. The tone is very pleasant, and without the least suggestion of wood in it. The larger instrument is South American, and is supposed to date back to the sixteenth century. It is of the kind used formerly by the Incas of Peru in religious ceremonies. It consists of a

long row of strips of wood, hung almost level over the mouths of an equal number of large cane pipes, the lower mouths of which are covered with parchment. The whole swings as it is played. Although some of the notes are dumb, and none of them probably give their full sound, the music still to be extracted from them suggests rippling waves of melody, rising and falling with varied cadences, which may have delighted the Peruvians before the Spaniards came. It bears the euphonious name of Marimba.

On the great stage in the hall a player upon the concertina elicits amazingly refined and pathetic tones from a very good example of that distressing instrument. Paganini Redivivus is another attraction. He has a little disappointed his friends. He seemed at one time to possess talent as a serious violinist, but, perhaps, he believes too strongly in the æsthetic superiority of buffoonery, and now commits high treason against the dignity of the violin. The 64-hands piano, presumably performed upon by that early County Councillor Briareus, proves attractive to the devotees of performing monsters, but does it not suggest an *embarras de richesses?*

THE STORAGE OF THE NILE FLOOD.

THE question of the irrigation of Lower Egypt is now, owing to the high Nile, attracting increasing attention. Under these circumstances it can hardly fail to interest our readers to have recalled to their minds the theory connected with the name of Mr. Cope Whitehouse as to the locality of Lake Mœris. Briefly, this was described by Herodotus, who wrote, moreover, of what he had himself seen, as a lake not far from Memphis (Cairo), some 450 miles in circumference, and fifty fathoms deep, full of fish of twenty-two species, used as a receptacle for the surplus waters of the Nile in flood, whence, when the Nile was low, sufficient water could be drawn to raise the river level again to the height required for the continued supply of Lower Egypt. Of this marvel of human ingenuity and industry Herodotus could find no words adequate to express his admiration, excelling, as it did, in his opinion, the Labyrinth, which again excelled all the Pyramids together, though any one of these was a match for the greatest works of Greece. Diodorus Siculus described the lake in almost similar terms, and Strabo, Pliny, and Mutianus all testified to its existence, while the Ptolemaic map gives a representation of it, not, indeed, indicating such enormous dimensions, but still indicating a vast body of water to the south and west of the Fayoum. Careful collation of all the old accounts enabled Mr. Whitehouse, as he thought, to fix the latitude and longitude of this abyss before he ever set foot in Egypt, and whether or not what he found was the site of the ancient Lake Mœris, this much is incontestable—namely, that he found a vast depression in the hills towards the Libyan desert, the depth and extent of which had never been suspected even by those who had tracked across it. This depression is known as the Wady Raiyan, and lies to the south and west of the modern province known as the Fayoum, from which it is separated by a narrow ridge. Herodotus described Lake Mœris as having its greatest length from north to south. This would be true of either the Fayoum or the Wady Raiyan separately (this latter having a singular prong of great length, called the Wady Muellah, stretching away towards the south-east), and it would be equally true if, as is probable from the dimensions given, the lake covered both the Fayoum and Wady Raiyan together. If the entrance from the Nile Valley at El Lahun is not altogether artificial, the whole double basin was probably originally a great natural backwater for the water of the Nile in high flood. Mr. Whitehouse considers that the Fayoum was in great measure reclaimed when the Bahr Jusuf was made and dams erected at El Lahun, presumably between B.C. 1500 and 1800, and certainly not later than the Hyksos period; and in the name Bahr Jusuf, or Canal of Joseph, and the persistent Mahommedan tradition that the canal was made by the patriarch Joseph, he sees evidence that these great reclamation works were carried on during Joseph's premiership, and very likely in the main by the Israelites. There can be little doubt that Goshen, where they dwelt, was this district. It would be nothing strange if Herodotus, a thousand years later, saw the Fayoum as again a sheet of water, though no longer a useless one, but used as a reservoir, with regulating gates and canals. It might have been flooded again as the result of neglect, of accident, or of design; this last either from the inhabitants of Upper Egypt desiring to relieve their lands of inundation water, or, as was proposed to Mehemet Ali in recent times, as a deliberate sacrifice of the Fayoum for the benefit of Egypt generally. Be this as it may, the Fayoum, if it ever had been re-flooded, must have been again reclaimed six hundred years later, and consequently the Ptolemaic map represents the Lacus Mœridis as a piece of water in shape and size corresponding in a most singular manner to the present Raiyan basin. The so-called identifications of Lake Mœris by the Prussian Jomard and the Frenchman Linant de Bellefonds need only be mentioned to be dismissed. The former thought he saw it in the Birket-el-Qerun, a lake at the north-west corner of the Fayoum, formed by the surplus irrigation water of the Fayoum draining down to it, whence the water could by no possibility be returned to the Nile Valley, and being (see Sir G. Wilkinson). under 30 miles long, only about 7 miles wide in its widest part, and with a maximum depth of about 28 feet, while the latter saw it in a shallow tank between El Lahun and Medinet; if indeed, the dykes, which he traced and considered the walls of the reservoir, were not rather walls for keeping out the water from a newly reclaimed or threatened district. But neither of these bodies of water could have been used for the grand utilitarian purposes to which, according to the unanimous testimony of the ancient writers, Lake Mœris was put, and neither could bear the faintest resemblance to the vast lake, 450 miles round and 300 feet deep, which Strabo described as, in size and colour, like the sea itself.

After all, however, the practical question at the present day is whether the Raiyan basin can be utilized in the manner in which Lake Mœris, wherever and whatever it was, was undoubtedly utilized. It is known from history that most of the Delta was at one time cultivated. This can only have been through its being possible to control the Nile, by being able to divert a dangerous head of flood water, and to serve it out again, as wanted, during low Nile, to districts which the flood would have devastated. It is possible that the former is the more valuable power, for famines have more often arisen in Egypt from an excess than from a deficiency of water. The changes of level which seem to be gradually taking place to the elevation of the Red Sea bed near Suez, and the depression of the Mediterranean shore, may possibly make the details of necessary works in the Delta more difficult than they were in ancient days, but the general problem remains now as in the days of the Pharaohs. Now, lying ready to our hand, we have in the Wady Raiyan an enormous uninhabited sandhole, the bottom of which is more than 100 feet below the sea-level, bounded by steep cliffs rising to from 100 to 300 feet above sea-level, and having (to quote from a report by Lieutenant-Colonel Western, R.E.) at 25 metres above that level an area of about 924,000,000 metres and a content of 28,965,000,000 cubic metres, and at 30 metres an area of about 1,001,000,000 metres (over 240,000 acres) with a content of about 33,777,000,000 cubic metres; a figure too vast to convey much impression to the mind, and still more staggering if expressed in English gallons, of which 220 go to the cubic metre. It is estimated that the increased irrigation of lower Egypt requires that 10,000,000 cubic metres of water should be given back daily to the Nile during 100 days of low Nile, and Colonel Western's Report (in fact, founded on reports by Colonel Ardagh, R.E., Major Conyers Surtees, of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Brown, R.E., and other experts detailed expressly for the investigation) seems conclusive that, as regards levels and volume, this can be effected by the utilization of the Raiyan depression. It also appears that this can be filled to the required height without any danger to the Fayoum, on the erection of banks across two small passes which, at a level of 26 metres, connect the Fayoum and Raiyan basins. As the Raiyan would not be filled beyond 30 metres, these banks, of only 3 to 4 metres in height, present no difficulty or danger.

Probably few of our readers realize what is meant to Egypt by carrying out such a scheme as this. According to the official report the area cultivated in Lower Egypt is 2,500,000 feddans (a feddan may be taken as equal to an acre), and the area cultivable or reclaimable if floods could be averted and a steady supply of water could be ensured is 2,300,000 feddans. Inferior land is subject to a tax of

10*s.* a feddan, and good land to one of 30*s.* a feddan. Therefore, bringing 2,300,000 feddans into permanent cultivation means an increased revenue of over 1,000,000*l.* sterling at the lowest estimate, while the cost of the far from difficult works necessary is variously estimated at from 800,000*l.* to 1,600,000*l.*—a mere nothing, if we regard only the net increase of revenue which might be anticipated. But if we take also into account the benefits resulting from the improvement in the conditions of life on what would be the shores of this new freshwater sea, from the saving of the heavy cost annually incurred in taking precautions against an excessive Nile, from increased feeling of security, and from the benefit to the health not only of Cairo, but of the Delta, where swamps would be replaced by fertile fields, the total value of having some such reservoir can hardly be appraised. Of course the clear, blue water issuing from the Raiyan basin would not have all the fertilizing properties of the red water of the flood Nile, but it would have the same properties as rainwater; and a lowering of the death-rate in Cairo and the villages below it would immediately attend the delivery of pure water instead of, or in dilution of, the putrid liquid with which they at present have too generally to put up during low Nile. It is much to be regretted that England has been so dilatory in taking this matter up. A boon, such as this, conferred on Egypt would compensate her for the wrongs which she has had to suffer at the hands of one Power after another for ages past, and should secure to the Power which conferred it an admitted right to continue its beneficent control. Other schemes have been suggested; but all, we believe, involve the erection of dams somewhere or other across the Nile, at points high up on its course. One scheme, advocated by Mr. Willcocks (any scheme emanating from whom deserves respectful consideration), involves the submergence for several months in the year of the celebrated and magnificent ruins of the temple of Philæ. He thinks that the water would be clear and still, and so damage nothing but the paint; but it is evident that the water would be clear, not when the Nile first rose, but after it had stood and deposited its burden of mud, and each reappearance of the ruins would show them coated with a goodly deposit of slime. Then he urges that, if so, the ruins might be sold piecemeal to European museums, and the proceeds applied in part payment of the cost of making the reservoir. We are sure that all of our readers who have seen, or even read of, these ruins will cordially agree with Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff and Colonel Ross in their opposition to any such scheme. But there seem to be grave objections to all the schemes which depend upon the erection of dams across the higher and narrower parts of the Nile valley. It would be easy enough to dam back sufficient water to supply the daily 10,000,000 cubic metres required to supplement low Nile; but this is a very small portion of the flood-water which has to be guarded against, and which may be guided into safety, but certainly could not be dammed back with safety. Any reservoir so created means the expropriation of the population now living on the site, and there would always be the terrible danger of the dam or barrage—to use the technical term—giving way or being intentionally destroyed by enemies of the country. Hardly a year passes without the record of some appalling disaster from the bursting of a reservoir; but these would be insignificant compared with the ruin which the bursting of such a Nile reservoir would entail. The rush of this solid wall of water down the narrow Nile valley would probably mean the annihilation of all the population and of every human work between the reservoir and the head of the Delta. The arguments for and against the various schemes will, however, be thoroughly weighed by the members of the Commission. We do not commit ourselves to an approval, which can only be accorded by experts, of Mr. Whitehouse's scheme as against all others, and, if we have dwelt most on that one, it is simply from the singular historical and antiquarian interest connected with it, and from the fascination of an idea at once so simple and so grand.

THE THEATRES.

THE theatrical season which ended in the summer was remarkable for the extreme badness of the pieces which were produced. So large a proportion of richly deserved failures had not been seen for a long time; and it was with a sorry specimen of a play that the new season began a few evenings since, at the Haymarket. It is difficult to believe that *The Queen of Manoa*, as Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Outram Tristram call their composition, can awake in any rational being other sensations than those of weariness and perplexity. The motive of the authors is obvious. They wanted to represent their central personage as a woman of irresistible fascination, and this is well enough so far as it goes. To the complaint that Lady Violet Malvern is neither a very good woman nor a very bad one, it might be answered that therein she is true to life, for the best people have their weaknesses and the worst their redeeming points; but to be truthful is by no means necessarily to be dramatic—and, in fact, Lady Violet is not dramatic, or interesting, or comprehensible. She flirts with an impulsive young man of indistinct nationality, Armand Sevarro by name, he having, within a few days before he met her, engaged himself to marry a girl who proves to be her cousin. Lady Violet, having encouraged his advances for a time, begins to discourage them, and he jumps into the Thames, and is, we are given to hope, effectually drowned. The chief complaint to be urged against the play is that there is no one in it for whose fate the spectator can bring himself to care two straws. Mr. Waller, the Sevarro, is a very heavy, saturnine sort of lover, but we cannot believe that any player could make the part other than disagreeable. Mrs. Langtry, her head weighted with diamonds such as ladies are not accustomed to wear at their own quiet receptions, does not succeed in clearly defining the various emotions by which, we presume, Lady Violet is supposed to be swayed. The dialogue is devoid of merit, and the subordinate characters are commonplace. Mr. Cyril Maude can make nothing of Baron Finot, a witless old diplomatist, who is represented as Sevarro's chief friend. To tattle as the Baron does is absolutely the last thing that is to be expected of such a personage. The whole piece is, however, of such a quality, that detailed criticism would be waste of time.

The other new play is *The Prodigal Daughter* at Drury Lane. In plot and characterization it is even below the level of its recent predecessors at this house. Old materials are so clumsily thrust together that an average Adelphi drama seems by comparison an example of neat workmanship. But there is a scene representing the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, and it is no doubt carried out as well as circumstances permit. That this kind of thing has no relationship to dramatic art is too obvious to need protest. The race is not in the least exciting, because spectators know what will inevitably happen. The issue, as the reports of such contests are apt to run, is never in doubt. A number of screws headed by the once-famous Voluptuary—who deserves a better fate—canter through a hurdle and over a little ditch, containing, as the audience is delighted to find, real water. Sir Augustus Harris is fortunate in being able to arouse the enthusiasm of his patrons by such a spectacle, but he does so, and his purpose is therefore achieved. When the real thing is so plentifully provided at a dozen racecourses within easy reach of London it will seem strange to some observers that the sham thing should occasion delight. The abilities of a fair company are, for the most part, but poorly employed. Mr. Henry Neville has rarely been called upon to fill so wretched a part as that of the prodigal daughter's father, and he acts as if he felt the difficulty of the task. Mr. Fernandez is equally ill suited as a conventional villain. Mr. Leonard Boyne is better employed as the hero, in spite of a curiously hesitating method of speech. The talent of Miss Fanny Brough, who possesses genuine humour, is wasted on a preposterous caricature of a Quakeress who marries a sporting nobleman, the latter part being played, perhaps as well as the authors have rendered possible, by Mr. Nicholls. Acting, however, is entirely subordinate to spectacle, and the success is made by the speechless actors on four legs.

MONEY MATTERS.

ALTHOUGH the run upon the Birkbeck Bank happily came to an end in the middle of last week, and the credit of the bank has been improved by the strength it showed, the withdrawal of deposits from the Building Societies has not been stopped as was hoped; on the contrary, a couple more of those Societies have been obliged

to close their doors, and the general impression is that others will likewise have to suspend. On the other hand, one institution which had failed has resumed business. The scare is, no doubt, chiefly due to the failure of Barker & Co. and the London and General Bank, with two Building Societies connected with the latter; but it is to be recollected that for fully twelve months there has been a run going on upon Building and similar Societies in Australasia, and that very many of those institutions failed. The Australasian experience was not lost upon depositors here at home, and when the first sign of weakness was shown a scare took place. Unfortunately, it is only too true that several of the Building Societies are grossly mismanaged. That the majority of them are sound, and are doing a good work in stimulating thrift amongst the humbler classes, can safely be said; but the proportion of unsound Societies is entirely too large. For many years the Registrar of Friendly Societies has been calling attention to this fact, and to the imperfections of the law; but his reports have not had much result in fresh legislation. Yet it would not take much time to make amendments that would give a reasonable amount of protection to all connected with the Societies. The first thing required is undoubtedly that power should be given to the Registrar of Friendly Societies to insist upon full reports being made to him every year. The reports ought to be uniform, on a plan laid down in the Act of Parliament itself, and they should be sent in to the Registrar within a reasonable time of a specified date. Furthermore, the reports should be made up for the same date in every case. If that were done, it would be possible to institute comparisons. At present Societies send in returns or fail to do so according to their pleasure. The same terms are used in entirely different senses by different Societies, and the reports are made up at such varying dates that it is practically impossible to make any instructive comparison. But, if the amendment of the law here suggested were made, information would be afforded which would enable any one who chose to take the trouble to ascertain whether a given Society was solvent or not. It is evident that the proportion borne by the working expenses to the funds at the disposal of a Society very largely determine whether it works at a profit or not. If, therefore, the Registrar were required to report to Parliament on the returns made to him, and were to set out that proportion, any one who consulted his report would see at a glance the position of a given Society. It is quite true, of course, that the proportion of working expenses to funds is not the only material condition; but it is a very important one, and if directors and managers were punishable if they made false returns, and if the Registrar had power to insist upon an adequate audit, then there would be no doubt as to the correctness of the figures. At present there is an extraordinary divergence between the rates at which the several Societies work. Sometimes the proportion borne by the working expenses to the capital and deposits added together is only about 2*s.* 7*d.* per cent., while at other times it exceeds 2*l.* per cent. Now, if a Society allows three or four per cent. upon its deposits, and spends 2 per cent. or over in management, it is clear that it must employ the whole of its funds at nearly 6 per cent. before it can cover expenses. The classes connected with Building Societies are not qualified to understand complicated accounts—not seldom, we fear, made purposely complex to confuse the uninstructed. A report by a competent Government official based upon returns properly made out and properly audited would guide the ignorant and enable them to make a safe selection between the Societies. Those which work at too high a rate would be avoided, and those which are economically administered would attract customers. There are many other amendments which would be highly desirable, but it would be difficult, no doubt, to carry a complete reform of the law through Parliament. It would, perhaps, therefore, be better to propose only a very short Act simply requiring full returns adequately audited, with power to the Registrar to make special inquiries if he thought necessary, and with a penalty upon false returns.

Bankers and bill-brokers are striving to raise the value of money, but without much success as yet, the rate of discount in the open market being quoted from 1 to 1⅛ per cent. for three months bank bills, and it being as difficult as ever to lend for short periods. In spite, however, of the sluggishness of the market, there are very good reasons for the efforts made by bankers. The distrust which has prevailed amongst the wealthier classes for the past two years has now extended even to the working classes. The demand for gold for the Continent is increasing in open market, and the shipments of the metal from New York are falling off. The Continental demand is not yet strong enough to take gold from the Bank of England; but it is very actively buying up what is offered in the outside market. Very soon now the Austro-Hungarian gold loan is expected, which will greatly increase the demand; and, if the French Government resolves upon attempting the voluntary conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents, as is generally anticipated, that may also lead to an increased demand for the metal. Lastly, if the silver crisis becomes more acute, it will be very desirable for all banks to be prepared for all contingencies.

The silver market remains very quiet, the price fluctuating about 38¼*d.* per oz., but rather tending downwards for the past few days. As long, however, as large sales are not forced there is not likely to be a heavy fall; but anything that may compel considerable sales will send down the price rapidly.

Members of the Stock Exchange and professional operators profess to be more hopeful than for a considerable time past respecting the immediate future, but the impartial observer can find little ground for the more sanguine view taken. While distrust continues, it is hardly possible that business can become active; and, for the reasons pointed out above, it would be very unwise on the part of bankers to lend largely to speculators just now. At home trade is depressed, and the Building Society scare is likely to have a bad effect upon it in the immediate future. In the Far East the fluctuations in silver, and the impossibility to foresee what may happen, have disorganized business. The crisis in Australasia is not yet at an end. In South America, though there is some temporary improvement in Brazil, Uruguay is in such difficulties that the Government is once more trying to borrow; and in the Argentine Republic a number of officers have been arrested on the charge of participating in an alleged plot. Even in the United States there is uncertainty and uneasiness. Two fine harvests in succession have failed to stimulate trade. Many of the great industries are depressed, the public is doing nothing in the stock markets, and immense masses of stock are held by speculators on borrowed money. The state of things being such, it seems inevitable that, if a speculative rise in prices is attempted, there must be an early breakdown, with an increase in existing difficulties. On the Continent, however, the prices of inter-Bourse securities, and especially of Government bonds, are wonderfully well maintained. The French Four and a Halfs will become redeemable in August next year, and it is said that the Government hopes to convert them into Two and a Halfs. To give the conversion a chance of success markets must be well supported and prices raised even higher than they are. The Minister of Finance is believed to be employing the large sums which the Savings Banks place at his disposal in keeping up Rentes, and the leading bankers are said to be assisting. The Austro-Hungarian Government is about to begin negotiations for the bringing out of a loan of 20 millions sterling. To succeed the Vienna market must, of course, be supported, and everything possible is being done. The efforts made for these purposes in Paris and Vienna are for the time being counteracting the adverse influences, such as the breakdown in Portugal, the crisis in Italy, the growing difficulties in Spain, and the economic and financial disorganization of Russia.

A meeting has been held between the representatives of the cotton-spinners and those of the operatives, but no decision was arrived at. The operative leaders, however, undertook to consult their constituents. Everything seems to point to a refusal to accept the reduction of wages, unless the employers are willing to curtail production. It is to be hoped, however, that in some way or other a serious dispute will be averted.

There has been little change during the week in first-class securities, but movements generally are upwards. In Home Railway stocks there has been a considerable advance. Great Northern Preferred closed on Thursday at 111½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and there was the same advance in both Midland and North-Eastern, the former closing at 155½ and the latter at

157¾. Great Western closed on Thursday at 164⅝, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ⅞; and London and North-Western closed at 174⅝, a rise of as much as 1⅞. In the American department there has been a general recovery in the more speculative securities. Thus Reading shares closed on Thursday at 28½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Union Pacific closed at 38⅝, a rise of 1¼; and Erie closed at 27, a rise of 1¾. In dividend-paying shares there has not been much movement; New York Central shares, however, closed on Thursday at 112, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. In Argentine Railroad securities there has likewise been some recovery, the principal being in Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary, which closed on Thursday at 71–4, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3. Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 64¼, a rise of ¾, and the Funding Loan closed at 59, a rise of ½. Following upon the rise in the exchange, Brazilian securities have advanced rapidly. Thus the Four and a Half per Cents of 1888 closed on Thursday at 70¾, a rise of as much as 3¾ compared with the preceding Thursday. Uruguayan New Three and a Halfs, too, closed on Thursday at 31½, a rise of 2¼, and Mexican Externals closed at 81, also a rise of 2¼. In inter-Bourse securities there has been great steadiness, but not much change, except in Greek securities. Those of the 1884 loan closed on Thursday at 63, a rise for the week of 1½.

MR. SIMS REEVES.

THE career of usefulness which Mr. Sims Reeves has pursued for so long a term of years is by no means at an end. He has ceased, indeed, to appear on the platform, where, for not very far short of half a century, his singing was an unsurpassed attraction; but if he no longer remains for the public edification an exemplar of perfect taste in vocalization, his services are, happily, still at the disposal of those who have thoughts of joining his profession. On Monday next Mr. Sims Reeves will begin to take pupils at the Guildhall School of Music, and we have thought the event entirely worthy of special notice, in view of the rank which the new master has held. If Mr. Reeves can impart to his pupils any portion of his own delightful art, his acceptance of his new post will be a subject for general congratulation. Critics of all countries have agreed that no voice was ever more perfectly produced than that of the great English tenor—a fact, indeed, which is proved by the extraordinary length of time during which his organ retained its strength and purity. A voice improperly produced is speedily ruined, and it is never while it lasts agreeable to the critical ear. A voice properly produced, on the other hand, lasts long at its best. The circumstance that Mme. Patti has been hard at work for some five and thirty years is readily explicable, and is the best tribute that could be forthcoming to her vocal method; and so it is with Mr. Reeves. During his long and honourable career he has been associated with the best singers of all schools, and has heard them, we may be sure, observantly. It is difficult to see any more powerful qualification for a teacher than that of having attained and held the position which was enjoyed by the singer whom it may be said two generations have delighted to honour, and his pupils may esteem themselves fortunate indeed. It is not to be hoped that he will be able to invest many of them with the exquisite sensibility which was so charming a feature in his own art work. We must not expect a race of Reeveses; but there is very much in the *technique* of vocalization which a good master can impart. His pupils may confidently be expected to learn something of that system of voice-production of which he is so admirable an exponent, and, if they have any feeling for their art in them, such a master will doubtless find means to bring it out. They will, for instance, study the sentiment of the song they are singing, and will let their hearers know what it is about by that distinctness of enunciation which was always so striking in their master. We hear the news of the appointment, therefore, with unfeigned satisfaction, and give it currency with sincere pleasure.

THE ELECTORATE WE LIVE IN.

THE scene was in a Southern county whose name we shall not disclose. It was but two short months after the General Election, and the candidate in question had been defeated at the polls. Therefore, since beat he was, it was determined that a fête, and a procession, and all the paraphernalia of a village fair were imperatively required to strengthen waverers in their allegiance, and convert anew the backsliders in his interest. So a vast procession was formed at the railway-station, with farmers on horses and the county magnates in carriages, with advertising vans and hordes of men on foot, which should escort the late member through a section of the constituency which had rejected him. Slowly the mighty concourse filed through the little town, bearing banners and enlivened by two bands. The few spectators—necessarily few, for the majority were themselves "processing"—cheered feebly; the few members of the opposition who had strength given them to cut themselves off from the cakes and ale that were to follow, hooted and groaned; but the more part prudently waived politics for this occasion only, and went to enjoy the swing-boats and the fireworks. Through street after street the long procession passed by houses gay with bunting, with sunshine, and blue sky overhead, till they neared the nobleman's park, made ready for them. Here the cream of the jest awaited the observant few, for one, two *triumphal* arches had been erected in all good faith upon the road along which the cortège was to pass, and so, with smiles and bows and liftings of the hat, the unhappy rejected of his constituents had to pass under the arches of triumph, and conceal the groans of his spirit. After this, who shall maintain that as a nation we have a sense of humour? Nobody realized that it was absurd! Nobody grasped that it was a piece of absolutely screaming farce! They cheered on, and were delighted with their emblem of victory. After this the park and the welcome refreshment tents were reached, and a few hurried speeches were got over, to which no one listened—or, indeed, was intended to listen—save the reporters; for how should eight thousand people hear a speech delivered in the open air, with the rival attractions of buns and tea spread enticingly near them? They dispersed to see what fare had been provided for the inner man, and what amusements were to follow. In the evening we returned to see how the political movement was progressing, and this is what we saw. Ten thousand people gathered together in the meadow, in thick darkness and under the glare of kerosene lamps, amusing themselves after their manner. There was a huge tent, smelling hideously of humanity and lamp oil, wherein were many couples waltzing on the grass, the band on a raised stand at one end fiddling away vigorously. Then a shooting-gallery, in which people aimed with guns with curved barrels at glass bottles and fondly thought them straight. Hard by were cocoa-nuts to throw at, and a vast machine to test your strength. Every one is familiar with this invention. A tall plank with a groove in it up which a ball slides; attached to the plank a stand with a pad upon it, and so arranged that the harder you strike the pad with the fist the higher will fly the ball. The aim and ambition of the striker is to hit so hard that the ball flies up to the very end of the plank and hits a bell at the top. This is glory, and you pay, we believe, one penny for the privilege of making the attempt. Then there were many refreshment tents scattered about, and barrows with ill-smelling shellfish invited the rustic epicure. Finally, most horrible of all, there was one of those awful roundabouts worked noisily by steam, which ground out at the top of its voice excruciating discord and whistled shrilly at frequent intervals. It was a solid iron erection, gaudily painted, and equipped with many circling horses, which rose and fell as they revolved, and would induce sea-sickness in any but the most robust stomach, heart-sickness in all but ultra-optimist minds. This disgusting machine continued its heart-breaking dissonances throughout the evening, and it and its prancing steeds were the central feature of this great political demonstration. These and the swing-boats beside them, which hurled their human freight from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth with creaking persistency, appeared to be the most popular amusements, always excepting the bar, which never lacks its votaries at fête or fair.

Such was the scene which greeted the spectator in the evening under the mighty trees and the myriad stars,

excellent, no doubt, as a mere rustic festival; but political—no! Yet of the success of the affair there could be no doubt when we listened to the comments of the following days. "The Party" raised his head once more proudly. The Opposition, whose own demonstrations paled into nothingness before the glories of this latter house, were no longer jubilant over past successes and future prospects, *Panem et Circenses*. The bitter Juvenalian sneer is as true of modern democracy as it was of Roman despotism, and the circus, which Lord Salisbury did *not* prefer to a Parish Council, is yet a more effective way of swaying the country voter. It is a pitiful method of government, and comparatively little comfort is to be drawn from the reflection that it is as old as the world, and that human nature is hardly likely to alter in deference to the theorizings of the modern Socialist. Perhaps, from some points of view, we should be glad that so much pleasure can be got out of such doubtful material that in a sophisticated age, as we are assured this one is, there are yet people who can wax enthusiastic over a discordant roundabout. We have not lost *all* our illusions yet, and we can still occasionally provide an exquisite instance of unconscious absurdity to amuse the onlooker. There will be plenty of fun in the world so long as defeated candidates are escorted under triumphal arches, with perfect solemnity, by their enthusiastic adherents.

THE INTROSPECTIVE LANDLORD.

[Days and days ago we warned our readers that such an unwholesome activity would be renewed on the part of the worst class of the Irish landlords. The purpose is obvious. The purpose is twofold. In the first instance comes the recovery of rack-rents; in the next instance comes the embarrassment of the Liberal Administration.—*Daily News.*]

WITH looks of trouble and concern,
And in his purse a "third, return"
(Too stingy he to travel first class),
From Euston Station swiftly sped,
To Dublin *viâ* Holyhead,
An "Irish landlord of the worst class."

To ascertain Gladstonian views
He had procured a *D--ly N-ws*,
A journal which denounced him strongly;
And ever, as he read, he mused,
"If I thus fiercely am abused,
Can it be altogether wrongly?

"He does not mean—I hope and trust,
Nay, am convinced—to be unjust,
This nobly animated writer;
And if he paints me somewhat black,
'Tis not, I fain would think, for lack
Of willingness to make me whiter.

"No doubt I have been rightly cursed;
Mine is, no doubt, among the worst
Of all the Irish landlords' cases.
My tenants poor, and in arrear
But twenty months, yet I am here
Resolved, it seems, to 'grind their faces.'

"Why do I do it? let me ask;
My callous conscience let me task
For its excuse, if there be any.
Is it mere longing to oppress?
Or is it that I cannot guess
Which way to turn to raise a penny?

"Have I embraced with eager glee
The earliest opportunity
A Gladstone Government to harass?
Would I provoke 'eviction scenes'
That I by these disgraceful means
May Mr. M-rl-y's plans embarrass?

"Or is it that uneasy dreams
Of certain predatory schemes
Which Gl-dst-ne's advent gives the cue for
Suggest that his allies and he
May seriously embarrass *me*
By leaving me no rents to sue for?

"I cannot say: it may be so,
But yet the *D--ly N-ws* should know,
And it proclaims my motives vicious.
Therefore, perhaps, to estimate
My conduct at the lowest rate
Would be but commonly judicious.

"And since, howe'er I shape my course,
I know that I must bear perforce
The brunt of the Gladstonian scoldings,
I think I'll bear them, on the whole,
With more tranquillity of soul
If—well, if I resume my holdings."

REVIEWS.

MR. WALTER BESANT ON LONDON.*

IN the majority of these entertaining chapters Mr. Besant has, perhaps wisely, avoided any attempt at writing history. True, the first chapter, "London after the Romans," is strictly historical, but the history is taken directly from the Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle*, which is largely quoted and supplemented by conclusions drawn from the reports of antiquaries. After these passages, Mr. Besant abandons the historical method, and gives us instead a brilliant series of pictures of the streets, the buildings, and the citizens at different epochs. He dwells most lovingly on the mediæval period, and shows us the daily life of the town, the merchants on the quays, the shopkeepers in Cheap, the priests, monks, and friars, the river with its boats and barges, the prentices, the street mountebanks, and the riding of the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen. Mr. Besant gives no explanations of difficulties. He has no theories as to guilds, no views on the origin and development of municipal institutions, except that in one place he makes very sure that they are not relics of the Roman occupation. On the contrary, accepting Riley's statements, he does but put them in proper perspective, and make pictures of what were only facts. We cannot agree with him for a moment when he says that, "if there is any life or reality in the three chapters of this book which treat of the Plantagenet period, it is certainly due to Riley." The names and circumstances so drily narrated by Riley, and summarized out of the records, are taken by Mr. Besant, put into form, made to move and to breathe before our eyes. Perhaps he reaches his high-water mark in this art in his seventh chapter, where we have an imaginary interview with John Stow. For a man to live among posterity is common enough; "but for a man to visit his forefathers is a thing of rarer occurrence." Yet somehow Mr. Besant has gone as near doing it as it is possible to conceive. He has not missed a point which could give his picture a thoroughly stereoscopic effect. John Stow is no myth—very much the contrary—but it must be confessed that Mr. Besant resuscitates him in a singularly successful manner.

He finds the antiquary in his lodging in St. Mary Axe. It is the year before Stow's death. His garden stretches back towards the ruins of St. Helen's Nunnery. Stow takes his visitor to see the City. They pass through Leadenhall. The Exchange has its entrance on the south side. They traverse its court, and finally reach Cheapside, where Stow enlarges on the virtues of the pillory. They encounter a fine lady, whose dress is minutely described. They meet a wedding procession, and then a funeral, and they go on to St. Paul's Churchyard, to which they find six entrances, and are much impressed by the sight of Paul's Cross. There are sarcastic observations on the idle youths who infest the nave. Then they go to the Mitre to dine. The dinner is admirably described. Then they cross the river to the play at the Globe, and the fittings and stage are the themes of careful and accurate detail. Finally, after supper at the Falcon, Stow and the author part. We have run rapidly through this chapter, as giving an idea of Mr. Besant's method. Nothing so vivid has ever before been done about old London. There does not seem to be a single false note; and the amount both of hard reading and of personal topographical observation necessary to its composition must have been enormous.

From the Plantagenet and Tudor times, Mr. Besant steps on to the reign of Charles II. Looking askance at Whitehall, he confines his attention severely to what occurs east of Temple Bar, and it is enough for a long chapter, full of interesting matter. The accounts of a private family of middle rank in 1677 chance to be in existence, and Mr. Besant gives us a most interesting

* *London.* By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

précis of them. There is, of course, all about the Plague and the Fire, and many other curious notes help to swell the chapter. The next and last is on the reign of George II., and the account of the City in the reign of George II. is as vivid as anything else in the book. The walls, we are told, "were never formally pulled down," but the authorities are censured for taking no pains to preserve such fragments as remain. The gates stood until 1760, and Mr. Besant laments their disappearance. "They were not old, but they had a character of their own, and they preserved the memory of ancient sites." Here we could wish Mr. Besant had seen his way to speaking out as to utilitarian destructiveness. The oldest buildings in Great St. Helen's were pulled down this year, and the inhabitants have just turned on an eminent "restoring" architect to remove what is old in their church. Mr. Besant does notice with regret the removal of Temple Bar. It is a remarkable fact, which perhaps has hardly received adequate recognition, that not one single reason was ever advanced for this vandalism. The arch was not falling, as any one can see now at Theobalds, where the selfsame stones stand as they stood in Fleet Street. It did not obstruct the traffic, or roads might have been made round it, because both the bank on the south side and all the buildings on the north side were pulled down, and might have been adjusted. Finally, as if to prove that there was no obstruction, a curious but not beautiful pillar of poverty-stricken design, but great size, has been erected in its place. The obstruction, if any, to traffic continues.

It is no objection to Mr. Besant's book to say that it provokes such comments. He gives us just so much that we wish he had given us more. The novelist turned historian is delightful reading. As to Mr. Besant's final estimate of the present characteristics of the people of London we can but quote. He says that in one particular London has never changed. Its citizens are always looking forward, "using up the present ruthlessly for the sake of the future, trampling on the past." This comes forcibly to the mind when we think of Temple Bar, of Emmanuel Hospital, of Merchant Taylors' and St. Paul's Schools, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Antholin's, Watling Street. London, indeed, tramples on the past.

NOVELS.*

WHEN Mr. Edmund Gosse called upon Mr. Björnstjerne Martinius Björnson ("but he has never used the second of these names"), Mr. Björnson, who was discovered "sitting astride a small sofa," "rose vehemently" to receive Mr. Gosse, and became "truculently cordial." Mr. Gosse was "slightly terrified," but still retains, though they have never met since, a "vivid" and not unpleasant recollection of the interview. The most recent number of the "International Library" is called "in the original *Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen* ('Flags are Flying in Town and Harbour'), a title for which" Mr. Gosse and Mr. Fairfax "have ventured to substitute, as more directly descriptive, *The Heritage of the Kurts*." This novel, and *In God's Way*, are, we are told, to be regarded as the masterpieces of the author, and it unquestionably shows immense development in power, when compared with such pretty insipidities as *Arne* or *the Fisher Lassie*. The Kurts were a line of piratical people of German extraction who had constituted themselves the principal personages in, and indeed substantially the tyrants of, a small town in Norway. They were for several generations "harbitrary gents," and more or less mad. John Kurt, the illegitimate son of Konrad Kurt, was very mad indeed, and, after a hideous row with his wife, died before the birth of their son Tomas. Before Tomas was born Mrs. Kurt resumed her maiden name of Rendalen, and her son, with whose fortunes the story is mainly concerned, was always known as Tomas Rendalen. His mother brought him up to be as little of a Kurt as she could manage, and was pleased with the result, which, to our thinking, was not much more wholesome than if he had, like his father's ancestors, been mad, arbitrary, and piratical. Previous Kurts having dissipated the fortune which the founders of the race had accumulated, Mrs. Rendalen, who had been a governess before her marriage, determined to keep a girls' school, and carefully educated her son to assist her in this task. He participated eagerly in her scheme, and between them they managed to make their school remarkable. The principles upon which it was conducted are thoroughly characteristic. The pupils, aged from fifteen to nineteen, or thereabouts, were taught in the "latest" and most "scientific" fashion. A female doctor was imported from America at great expense to teach them physiology, with accurate models, capable of being taken to pieces and explained, of every part of the human body. They were thus instructed in the laws of health, physical and moral, and especially as to what were, might be, and ought to be, their relations with men.

A Debating Society, which they were encouraged to form, discussed with immense fervour whether the moral obligation of continence was equally binding on women and on men, and decided that it was. The members, therefore, bound themselves by written pledges never to marry any man who was known to have been guilty of pre-marital irregularity of behaviour, and this interesting topic formed a staple subject of their conversation. The Rendalens, *mère et fils*, and the she-doctor, stimulated these discussions and pledges to the utmost of their ability. Not unnaturally, after one summer holiday, one of the young ladies came back to school with—or with the immediate prospect of, it is not clear which—an infant as illegitimate as her preceptor's papa. Her name was Tora, and at the same time her friend Milla was persuaded by her father, her pledge notwithstanding, to promise to marry the putative father of Tora's offspring. The whole school was in a whirl of excitement over these events, and nothing else was talked of. At the last moment Milla was dissuaded from the marriage by Tora producing the baby at the wedding, and she ran away from the altar, leaving the wicked bridegroom *planté là*. All the girls in the school and the Rendalens and the she-doctor were perfectly delighted, and it was considered that the principle of enforcing morality upon bachelors had had a great triumph. It is to be regretted that so nasty and futile a story is written with power and picturesqueness. The telling of it more than establishes Mr. Björnson's right to be called, as Mr. Gosse calls him, "the greatest of Norwegian novelists." It shows him to be so good a storyteller as to make it a very great pity that he has not chosen to tell a more sensible story. It is characteristic of the Scandinavian school of romancers that, finding a convention established in the civilized world, whereby girls are brought up in ignorance of certain matters to the knowledge of which they will eventually attain, they assume it to be a foolish convention, and urge the adoption of the contrary practice. It is a far wiser plan to assume that conventions of this sort are useful until, by a study both of their origin and of their practical results, you have satisfied yourself that they are noxious. Such conventions are the result of the opinions of people living a long time ago, who succeeded in persuading other people that their views were sound and their practices sensible. It does not follow that a man was a fool because he lived a long time ago. If Mr. Björnson, and Dr. Ibsen, and the rest could grasp the truth of this simple proposition, it would do them, as the poet said, "an infernal deal of good." And if they would write stories without trying to teach anything in particular, and would essay the not impossible task of making them interesting without making them indecent, their stories would be much better worth reading.

Mr. Marriott Watson is known to be an ingenious storyteller, with a strong leaning towards preciosity in his language. In *The Web of the Spider* the former of these characteristics is much more apparent than the latter, and the result is, to our thinking, much the best book he has yet given to the world. As far as plot and incidents go, the school is that of Mr. Rider Haggard pure and simple, and a very good school too. A few white men and a great many niggers, a task performed by the former in the face of tremendous perils, some caused by man and others by the natural peculiarities of unexplored countries, the final triumph of whiteness and virtue, together with that decent conventional tribute to amatory romance which Mr. Haggard sometimes ventures altogether to pretermit, these are the bones of Mr. Marriott Watson's work. The scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, some thirty years ago; the hero is an extremely intrepid—and also extremely fortunate—wandering Englishman by the name of Palliser, and the villain a most diabolically artful and atrocious Maori, called Te Katipo. Palliser became aware that an old friend of his, named Caryll, had died in the bush, after living for a long time with the Maoris, and had left behind him a laboriously-collected fortune in gold nuggets, and also a daughter, who had set out by herself to look for him. The problem was to bring together hero, heroine, and gold, and Palliser did it, with the help of a very pleasing and entertaining person named Foster, whom, in the course of his wanderings, he happened to observe careering round an open space in the

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* *The Heritage of the Kurts.* By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Cecil Fairfax. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

The Web of the Spider. A Tale of Adventure. By H. B. Marriott Watson, Author of "Marahuna" &c. London: Hutchinson & Co.

In the Tilt-yard of Life: an Informal Tourney of Tales. By Henry Newill. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

Per Aspera [*A Thorny Path*]. By Georg Ebers, Author of "An Egyptian Princess" &c. From the German by Clara Bell. London: Sampson Low & Co.

bush, on a horse, singing Maori war-songs, and shooting hostile Maoris—who were also trying to shoot him—with a gun as he rode. There were several other friendly Maoris involved, in particular a picturesque old chief, whom everybody misunderstood, called Kaimoana. His virtue was made manifest at last, but then he was immediately shot by the forces of the abominable Te Katipo, and expired with dignity and pathos. There is a good deal of local geography in the story, and it is rather confusing. About twenty small but carefully drawn plans would be of great assistance. There is also an exceedingly incomprehensible old maniac, who suddenly appears in a hut, when Palliser's party is lost and nearly starved, and, professing to show them the way to a track which they are looking for, leads them for three days in a circle back to the hut. After that a battle arises, and he sees Te Katipo, whom he knows by sight, and flies howling into the bush. And behold, when at last they find the treasure, which had been most carefully hidden, and of the existence of which the maniac had no apparent means of knowing, there is the maniac's corpse sitting with it in his lap. It seems rather inconsequent. With these trifling qualifications, *The Web of the Spider* is a most lively, spirited tale, with plenty of exciting and bloody battles, and an immense profusion of thrilling turns of fortune, exciting adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and so on. Mr. Watson's story is worthy of comparison with the more successful of Mr. Haggard's romances, and if he could forget still more completely than he has his ambition of writing English with as much distinction as Mr. Louis Stevenson, he would perhaps go further on the road towards the accomplishment of that praiseworthy but arduous endeavour.

It is not every day that we encounter such an inane set of short stories as are collected by Mr. Henry Newill, under the title of *In the Tilt-yard of Life*. The first two, and the longest, are principally concerned with the conduct of one Barbara. She loved Goodman, but he loved Mabel, who loved Lord Richard Lambin (who was the younger son of an earl). Barbara accidentally resembled Mabel in face, and contrived to substitute herself for Mabel at the wedding service. At dinner-time she confessed all. Thereupon—she is telling the story—Goodman's "hair began to discolour, and streaks of grey, like steel blades, struck through it, and sunk into my sight." Then he went out and got a double-barrelled pistol, and loaded one barrel without knowing which, and snapped off one at her, and killed himself with the other. For anything we know, idiocy may be one result of a man's hair turning grey "wisibly before" a woman's eyes. Otherwise it seems that it would have been much more sensible to present a petition for a declaration of nullity. One of the shorter stories is about a "young literatist," described as "a rising and much-respected member of his profession." He went for a holiday, and found that on two or three occasions a servant entered the room and left it without his taking any notice. Therefore he went to bed full of terror, and presently thought he saw a ghost, and fired a revolver at large, and killed two men. He was not tried; but a "special commission" was "appointed to inquire into this special case," and decided that he was to be unconditionally discharged from the county asylum, partly, it seems, because "a well-known phrenologist could find no characteristics predisposing to murder in the gentleman's cerebral developments." The use of the words "minacious" and "patricides" (apparently meaning dynamiters), and the description of a "white lie" as a "black" one, "conscientiously bleached" by "the circumvesting chloride of society," appear to be the only other matters in the volume that are in the least amusing.

One would think, to look at the title-page, that Clara Bell wrote *Per Aspera* in German and Georg Ebers did it into English. The converse is presumed to be the fact. The result is an exceedingly long and hardly less tiresome story about how the Emperor Caracalla went to Alexandria, and had divers adventures there in which the *dramatis personæ* were concerned. The scale, tone, and style of the work recall the last romance of Archdeacon Farrar, though, perhaps, the English is slightly less incorrect. There is in the story a perfectly insignificant person called Apollonaris (which seems an odd name for a Roman), but the associations of table-water are too strong for author or translator or both, and the gentleman becomes Apollinaris towards the end of the second volume, and so remains. Even such small amusement as this is not to be despised by the reader who has plodded *per aspera* (considerately translated to mean along "a thorny path") to the end of this most appropriately named novel.

DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES OF LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS.*

DIPLOMACY, like others of the intellectual professions, would seem to be conducive to longevity and sustained vigour of the intellectual faculties. Lord Augustus Loftus looks back on half a century of activity passed in the capitals of Central and Eastern Europe, and there is a remarkable freshness in his interesting Reminiscences. We may assume that his memory has been assisted by diaries; but there is no trace of painstaking compilation in a narrative which flows pleasantly and easily. He recalls the details of important conversations; he professes to give the *ipsisissima verba* of great potentates and illustrious statesmen; and he tells many an appropriate and suggestive story. Moreover, in the volumes there are not a few clever and telling sketches of character, and his views on the political probabilities of the future are well deserving of consideration. He was brought up to diplomacy, and began his apprenticeship when very young. A mere lad, he was at Brighton with his parents and was honoured with invitations to dine at the Pavilion. One day, after dinner, King William asked for what profession he was destined. The courtier-like answer was that he hoped to serve his Majesty in the Diplomatic service; when the sailor-King responded heartily, "And so you shall, my boy, and I will look after you." If the King did not live to carry out his kind intentions, young Loftus had no reason to complain of his luck. As it chanced he received his appointment to the Foreign Office on the day of King William's death, and afterwards he was kept in constant occupation, being shifted from one good post to another, till he was successively chief of the Legations at Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. The present volumes, which are but the first instalment of the *Reminiscences*, cover the period from 1837 to 1862.

There were no railways in 1837, and he went to Berlin by way of Hamburg, by sea and postchaise. The old Prussian city was very different from the modernized capital, and the old order of things was still prevailing. The King was also a survival of the troubled times in which Prussia had nearly perished, and he was conscientiously animated by the principles of the Holy Alliance. Happy in having been restored to his people and his throne, he was a staunch Conservative, and shrank from any tampering with the barriers which divided the privileged orders from the democracy. Reactionary as he was, his subjects loved him, and "were loyally resolved not to trouble his declining years." Consequently, as was inevitable, his successor inherited a legacy of anxieties. The nation was anxious that the new King should redeem the promises of liberal institutions which had been lavished during the War of Liberation. We are reminded that Frederick William IV., though an able, amiable, and pious man, was not equal to the situation. He was vacillating, ever ready to sacrifice anything for a quiet life; and, above all, he was constitutionally averse to war. Had he fallen into feebler hands, had he not been coerced into far-sighted and thoroughgoing patriotic measures, the course of European events would have been very different, and the consolidation of Germany indefinitely deferred. The King had not only to repress popular movements, but to commit himself to a doubtful Parliamentary struggle for the absolute reorganization of the army. We presume that he would have been glad to have lived peaceably with Austria, and, like Metternich, would have been well content to leave things as they were. Lord Augustus reports a curious conversation with the veteran statesman. Metternich claimed credit for the origin of the Germanic Confederation. At the Congress of Vienna he had dissuaded the Emperor of Austria from reassuming the title of Emperor of Germany. He had suggested a Germanic Diet which should be powerful for self-defence, and, regarding the fruits of his work with cheerful complacency, he added, "You will see that the Germanic Diet will yet prove the saviour of Europe." Alas for the old statesman's prophetic sagacity! As Lord Augustus remarks, "Within six years it was dissolved like a ball of snow, and disappeared without causing a protest or a regret."

There is an interesting account of Lord Augustus's presentation to the Czar Nicholas, followed by a still more interesting elucidation of the mystery which surrounded the death of the Czar Alexander. He paints Nicholas in pleasing colours, as noble-hearted and generous, with a charm of smile and manner which tempered the stern severity of his aspect. The Czar was an autocrat, and at times a tyrant, from the conviction that his semi-barbarous subjects must be ruled with an iron hand. Yet he could stoop almost to servility when it suited his ends, and his appeals for an alliance or neutrality to the Prussian King before the Crimean War were obsequious and almost humiliating.

* *Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B.*, 1837–1862. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

There are lively sketches of some of the minor Courts and their Sovereigns. Lord Augustus from his boyhood had known King Ernest of Hanover. The formality at the Hanoverian Court was excessive, especially as regarded costume; and he laments the narrow-mindedness and ill-judged obstinacy which led the unfortunate son of Ernest to refuse to bend to the inevitable. King George closed his eyes and ears to all signs and warnings, and elected to shelter under the "Double-headed Eagle" when the "Single-headed Eagle" was hovering over his head. The Grand Duke of Baden, on the contrary, temporarily lost his throne in 1849, through no fault of his own. He was a kindly and liberal-minded ruler; and his hospitality had made Baden pleasant to foreigners. But the Badeners had imported their democratic politics from France; and in the general revolutionary rising even the army proved false to its oaths. The magnificent Château at Schwerin, built in imitation of Versailles, was out of all proportion to the modest extent of the Grand Duke's dominions. But Schwerin, though small and stagnant, showed some commercial bustle. As for little Dessau, it was a comical anachronism—and everything was mediæval, from the architecture and fortifications to the ceremonies of the simple but stately Court.

Lord Augustus, during his long residences at Berlin, naturally saw a good deal of Bismarck, who spoke to him on several occasions with his accustomed frankness. *À propos* to which there is a characteristic story of Bismarck's meeting with Disraeli in 1861, at a dinner at the Russian Embassy in London. Preluding by saying that he would soon be called to the direction of Prussian affairs, he freely expounded his purposes to the leader of the Conservative Opposition. He made no secret of his intentions to unite Northern Germany under Prussian leadership. Disraeli listened quietly, and afterwards remarked, "Take care of that man; he means what he says." But, all through these volumes, we see the course of European events directed, more or less directly, by Bismarck's unfaltering resolution. With marvellous patience he bided his time, as if he were counting on patriarchal longevity. Yet he could be flexible and conciliatory to hypocrisy when it served his object. His programme was mapped out. Austria must first be disposed of, and Prussia placed at the head of a Germanic Confederation. It was inevitable that war with France must follow, for Louis Napoleon would resist Prussian aggrandizement, and meant to strengthen his frontiers on the side of the Rhine. Yet, when the war with Austria was being quietly worked for, and while the war organization of Prussia was still incomplete, the interested cordiality of France was affectionately and effusively reciprocated. The French Emperor may have been the subtle politician he believed himself; but Bismarck, like Cavour, tricked and befooled him.

Lord Augustus calls attention to the story of the origin of the Italian war, and as to that he was specially well informed. Like the subsequent war with Prussia, it was forced upon Francis Joseph, and, from a comparatively early period, neither he nor his Minister, Count Buol, had any illusions on the subject. Louis Napoleon was pledged to play the *rôle* of Liberator. He might have hesitated and very possibly never redeemed his pledges, but after the Orsini conspiracy he went in mortal terror of his life. As in the campaign which ended for him with the capitulation of Sedan, he was urged forward by stress of irresistible circumstances. He would willingly have bargained for the evacuation of Lombardy and the Quadrilateral; but neither the pride of the Habsburgs nor national sentiment in his Empire-Kingdom would permit Francis Joseph to listen even to proposals for territorial compensation. Nor, although, like every one else, he overrated the efficiency of the French army, was the Austrian Emperor despondent. He thought there was a fair chance of his getting the best of it, and the belief was assuredly not unreasonable, considering the strength of the defensive positions behind the Mincio. He believed, besides, that if the worst came to the worst he might rely upon the interposition of England and Prussia. Had he known the secret determinations of Bismarck he would not have counted much on his German rival. As matter of fact, as to the peace signed at Villafranca, Lord Augustus makes a remarkable statement. He was assured that the Austrian Emperor was mainly induced to accept its mortifying stipulations and heavy sacrifices by the exhibition of written documents which showed that Prussia had taken a formal engagement not to move a man to his assistance. Indeed, the respective attitude of the combatants after the battle reminds us rather ludicrously of the preliminaries of the famous affair of honour in *The Rivals*. Both were playing a diplomatic game of brag and bluster. Louis Napoleon had good reason for knowing that the condition of his army was far from being satisfactory, and he had lost all confidence in his Italian allies. While Francis Joseph, although he could have fallen back on the Quadrilateral, was seriously anxious as to symptoms of insubordination among the Hungarians. It became a question of parties at the Court of Berlin as to the recognition of the new Kingdom of Italy. The old Court faction was naturally opposed; but the liberal feeling of the nation was strongly in favour of it, and, above all, it was an essential point in Bismarck's policy. The recognition of Italy would be pleasing to France, and would probably secure a valuable ally in the war with the Power which still garrisoned Venetia. Lord Augustus admires Bismarck, but neither loves nor respects him. He says that, like Louis Napoleon, the Chancellor had neither principles nor scruples. But for Moltke he expresses loving admiration, and says that during the invasion of France he often interposed to temper Bismarck's severity. "He was the most simple, unassuming, and kind-hearted man I ever met, even when he was at the summit of his glorious career. His calmness and composure never forsook him, and his powers of organization were marvellous. He was never put out, never uttered a hasty word."

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS.*

THE richness and variety of English song in the seventeenth century are very strikingly displayed in Mr. Saintsbury's selection here before us. The extraordinary wealth and extent of the field to be garnered, combined with Mr. Saintsbury's liberal interpretation of the word "lyric," cannot have lightened what must be, to any competent critic, a delicate and onerous undertaking. It is true that Shakspeare and Milton are excluded from the anthology—"for the stars look best when both sun and moon are away"—and the sonnet is doomed inadmissible, as being "among the least lyrical—that is to say, *singable* to music—of any poetical forms." But these limitations, the soundness of which is, in the circumstances, beyond contention, do not in the least affect what is pre-eminently the lyric of the seventeenth century. Mr. Saintsbury's remark on the sonnet, however, is not quoted merely for its truth, but because it is the key to the chief excellence of his selection, which we take to be its recognition of a kind of lyric that is the peculiar glory of the seventeenth century, the lyric that was set to the music of the lutenists, the composers of madrigals, glees, and catches. We have in this anthology adequately represented for the first time specimens of the lyrics of the song-books of the century holding their right position in the company of the lyrics of the so-called courtly poets and the so-called metaphysical poets. All lyrics, as musicians have testified, are not singable. The essential fact about these song-book lyrics is that they are all singable, and were all sung. And so it was, to some extent, with the lyrics from the dramatists and those of the courtly bards. They were sung generally throughout the land, in private, or on the stage, or at courtly entertainments. If there ever was a time when English music was national and the English a musical people—when "music and sweet poetry agreed," as in the charming sonnet that honours the fame of John Dowland it is said they needs must—it was the century that produced the greatest of all English composers, the illustrious Purcell, and Henry Lawes, Orlando Gibbons, Henry Carey, Morley, Weelkes, Byrd, Campion, Mace, Wilbye—to cite a few of the goodly society of musicians who were mostly themselves poets. England, as Mr. Saintsbury observes, was "a nightingale's haunt in a centennial May" from the death of Spenser to the death of Dryden. To what extent those composers were the authors of the lyrics they set is not now known. But it is not unreasonable to suppose, where no names are given, that what was the rule with Byrd, Carey, Campion, and others, was the custom also of Allison, Pilkington, Robert Jones, Dowland, and many more. The researches of Mr. A. H. Bullen, to whom all lovers of English poetry owe so much, have cleared up many dubious points, and may yet throw further light on an obscure subject. From these lutenists Mr. Saintsbury has selected many exquisite examples of song. Campion is, of course, well represented, and of Robert Jones we have specimens that are, indeed, "among the best of their kind," including the graceful song "The sea hath many a thousand sands." Morley, Weelkes, Dowland, John Wilson, Thomas Bateson, with the delightful "Sister, awake, close not your eyes," and Thomas Ford, with "There is a lady, sweet and kind"—a lovely lyric—are all here associated, with one or more examples that served to make sweet accord with music.

The other chief sources of the anthology are the dramatists, the courtly poets, and the metaphysical lyrists. In the first of these classes it is satisfactory to note that Dryden's lyrics at length are

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* *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics.* Edited by George Saintsbury. "Pocket Library." London: Percival & Co. 1892.

honourably placed among their compeers after long and unmerited neglect, and certainly hold their own by the side of Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, Dekker, Webster, Jonson, Shirley, and the rest. This section of the lyrics is altogether an admirable one, and includes some charming and little-known specimens, such as the melodious song, "Art thou gone in haste?" from, if our memory serves, *The Thracian Wonder* of Rowley—or is it Webster? Among the Beaumont and Fletcher lyrics we should have been pleased to find "Take, O take, those lips away" from *Rollo*, and "Look out, bright eyes," from *The False One*, and the pretty hymn to Pan in *The Faithful Shepherdess*; but, since all the specimens given by Mr. Saintsbury are of the best, there is no call for repining. As to John Ford, "Who has a more apparently lyrical imagination?" asks Mr. Saintsbury; yet "he has not left a single good lyric." His best song, "Fly hence, shadows that do keep," from *The Lover's Melancholy*, is scarcely superior to "The blushing rose and purple flower" from *The Picture* of Massinger, whose lyrical gift was decidedly not remarkable. The lyrics of the courtly poets—Sedley, Rochester, Carew, and the rest—are better known to the general reader than any other kind of seventeenth-century song, and Mr. Saintsbury's selection from them lacks nothing of importance and comprises nothing superfluous. In our next division, however, while Vaughan, Crashaw, Cowley, Donne, and the two Fletchers are all well chosen—so perfect a representative of Vaughan, indeed, has never previously appeared in a selection—we cannot say that Mr. Saintsbury is entirely fortunate in his examples of Herbert. It is not that he is indisposed to liberality. But we think that some of the seven pieces included might be replaced by far more characteristic examples—such as "I made a posy while the day ran by," "Peace," "Man's Medley," and the first half of the extremely subtle and beautiful lyric "Canst be idle, canst thou play?" We detest, as much as Mr. Saintsbury does, anything like mutilation of a poem, yet in the last-named instance a desirable separation could be effected without offence. As it is, Herbert appears to hold a much lower place, compared with Vaughan, than is his due as a poet. Ben Jonson, and the two greatest of his tribe, Herrick and Drummond, shine forth in the heaven of this anthology at their brightest. It is especially gratifying to find the noble Jonsonian strain "Not to know vice at all," and, though Drummond is but scantly represented, the muse of Hawthornden has nothing more individual than the magnificent invocation "Phœbus, arise," the colour and imagery of which recall the splendid lyric in Lodge's *Rosalind*. From all points of view, Mr. Saintsbury's anthology will rejoice the hearts of all lovers of poetry, and move afresh even those who are well acquainted with the wonderful beauty and diversity of the seventeenth-century lyric.

BIG STEAMBOATS.*

OWING to the conditions of the voyage, the steamers which ply daily to America are larger than those which ply weekly to Australia. The Suez Canal forms a Procrustean bed by which the length, depth, and weight of the southern lines are regulated; but between Liverpool and New York no such limitations occur, and ships may be, and actually are, built up to 9,800 tons. It is not impossible that much larger ships even than these will before long be constructed; and there can be little doubt that for the purposes of passenger traffic they will have a great advantage. Wisely or unwisely, the travelling public prefers big steamers. There is, from that point of view, one thing to be said in their favour. It takes a very heavy sea to make them pitch or roll. On the other hand, when they do pitch or roll the effect is tremendous. The sailor is old-fashioned, and prefers, he says, a ship-shape ship. To him a roomy cabin is an abomination. He likes to be able to hold on all round. But here, again, the general travelling public is against him, and chooses the ship that has the widest berths, the most spacious "state-rooms," as the Americans call the cabins, and saloons which in a gale of wind must be difficult as well as dangerous to traverse.

Mr. Maginnis traces at considerable length the gradual improvement of passenger steamers, from the *Savannah* in 1819, the first to cross the Atlantic, to the *Teutonic*, which is at present the longest steamer afloat, being 580 feet over all. He tells us a great deal about construction, engines, lighting, propellers, steering-gear, and other things, and adds, more for the benefit of the ordinary reader, accounts of the firms which have built and which run the great vessels, the pace at which the ships go, notes on eventful passages, and on the costs of manning and maintaining Atlantic liners. Where so much is interesting it would not be easy to pick out anything for special notice, only that Mr. Maginnis is careful to give us comparative tables of all kinds, by which we can see what have been the most rapid passages, and so forth, during the seventy years and more in which steamers have been regularly running between England and America. The first steamer "worthy of being so called was that of John Fitch, which he placed for hire upon the Delaware, at Philadelphia, in 1787." It is said that Fitch told some visitors that, whether he lived to see it or not, this would be the way of crossing the Atlantic. "After which, one visitor said to the other, 'Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy!'" Colonel Stevens, of New York, projected "the Atlantic ferry," and his little boat, the *Savannah*, sailed from the American port of that name on the 25th May, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool after a passage of thirty-five days. She had paddles which in favourable weather could be unshipped, so as not to interfere with the sailing power, for she was a full-rigged ship. She could only carry eighty tons of coal and some wood fuel. Her speed averaged, under steam, six knots. The first regular passenger steamer to make the voyage was the *Royal William*, which belonged to the Dublin Steam Packet Company. Her paddle wheels were twenty-four feet in diameter, and she was divided into water-tight compartments, and was 145 feet long and carried 817 tons. She sailed from Liverpool first in July 1838, and was still in existence as a coal hulk, "about four years ago, when she was sold for the sum of 11*l*."

We may contrast with this one of Messrs. Harland & Wolff's latest achievements. Mr. Maginnis tells us much about them and their gradual growth. The great Belfast builders boast that everything is produced on the spot. They build, fit, engine, and furnish the White Star Line at Belfast, and must give an immense impetus to all kinds of trade in the capital of loyal Ulster. Negotiations have long been on foot between the Admiralty and this and other companies, to arrange a connexion between the great mail lines and the Navy. The result is that all the larger ships of the White Star, Cunard, Inman, Orient, and Guion Companies are built on certain lines first laid down by Mr. Ismay, by which, in time of war, they can be converted immediately into cruisers. When we read in James's *Naval History* and such books of the men of war employed for months and years in guarding and "convoying" merchant ships, we feel that now the tables are turned. The fast mail steamer has nothing to fear from a man of war, and especially from a foreign man of war. There are very few war-ships, in any navy, which can steam twenty-one knots. There are very few mail steamers which cannot do it at an emergency and even more. Of course, fogs and such like accidents must be taken into the account. But fogs cause equal danger in time of peace, and the ship that encounters a man-of-war suddenly in thick weather, will, in all probability, be able easily to take advantage of the weather and slip away unseen.

Mr. Maginnis, with a view of illustrating the records of the great Atlantic lines, has compiled a wonderful and awe-inspiring diagram, to which we cannot undertake to do justice. It marks the improvements between 1840 and 1890. Here is a single item:—"It is interesting to observe that, as the time on passage gradually decreases from fourteen days eight hours to five days seventeen hours, the speed per hour gradually increases from 8½ to 20 knots." Another line in the diagram shows the gradual rising of steam pressure in boilers. In 1840, on the *Britannia*, it was 12 lbs. In 1869, on the *City of Brussels*, it was 30 lbs. These were in the days of single expansion. Double expansion raised the pressure to 60 lbs. on the *Oceanic*, and then came the mighty *Oregon*, thought at the time to be the most powerful ship, not only afloat, but likely ever to be built. She bore the tremendous pressure of 110 lbs.; but at the present day the *Teutonic* carries a pressure of 180 lbs., and a fresh departure has been made by which quadruple expansion is found possible, and 210 lbs. has been successfully tried. Mr. Maginnis has produced a book of very moderate size, but of extensive and enduring interest.

* *The Atlantic Ferry: its Ships, Men, and Working.* By Arthur J. Maginnis. Illustrated. London: Whittaker & Co. 1892.

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE.*

THIS is a collection of essays, critical, historical, and biographical, written by a distinguished American critic, and collected by him from the magazines and newspapers, American and English, in which they originally appeared during a space of time extending from the year 1860 to the present. These, the impulse of which, we are told, is commemorative, comprise articles on Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in some of

* *Shadows of the Stage.* By William Winter. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

their principal impersonations; Adelaide Neilson, Edwin Booth, Miss Mary Anderson, Jefferson, Florence, Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Barrett, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Geneviève Ward, Mr. Edward Willard, and other theatrical celebrities, including Mr. Richard Mansfield. Mr. Winter, who is equally at home on either side of the Atlantic, is thus advantageously placed in the comparison of the leading artists of both countries, and has from time to time recorded the apparently very vivid impressions he has experienced on various memorable occasions. Here we are brought face to face with what is at once the strength and weakness of the book, and illustrates the extreme difficulty of preserving, in permanent form, work whose original purpose was ephemeral. A valuable point is doubtless gained when a writer keenly sensitive to impression through the medium of his imagination, and possessing a ready command of copious and various epithet, is enabled to record his sensations before the warm glow of enthusiastic appreciation has died out of them. The necessary haste of composition is a valid excuse for the headlong rush of laudatory words, whose wasteful profusion not only palls upon the sense, but lowers the standard of the verbal currency when considered in cold blood. For the purpose of the day, the fervour of the writer may communicate itself to the reader. When the first glamour has passed away, the unrelieved splendour of words is apt to appear tawdry, even in the single composition, and when unmeasured eulogy follows unmeasured eulogy, as in a collection of this kind, the appreciation loses its full significance, and there is danger lest its object therefore be deprived of his due.

Taken one by one, and regarded in the light of their original intention, Mr. Winter's essays present features of very high merit. He possesses a full vocabulary, and uses it with freedom and vigour. His impulsive eloquence gives powerful and picturesque expression to catholic sympathies and cultured taste; but his most strenuous efforts, which should be his most brilliant, are marred by his want of reserve, by his irrepressible exuberance of words. With half his vocabulary, he would probably write twice as well. All his subjects are gods and goddesses, and his degree, in fact if not in form, is always superlative. It is possible to adopt the attitude of Sterne's model reader (quoted by Mr. Winter), and give up the reins of imagination into the author's hands, and be pleased one knows not why and cares not wherefore, without falling into a posture of ecstatic adoration. Much that is judicious, scholarly, and discriminating thus loses its effect. Much as we admire the power, subtlety, and humour of Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, we may fairly doubt if the actor himself, or any one on his behalf, would care to claim that in it he made manifest his fallen godhead, and yet Mr. Winter finds in him this merit. It is, however, in his insistence on fine writing that the author is most vulnerable. Speaking of *Olivia*, he says:—"It is paternal love that thrills its structure" (whatever that may mean) "with light, warmth, colour, sincerity, moral force, and human significance." To the ordinary mind there is some vagueness of meaning in this passage:—"And when he is embodied by an actor, like Jefferson, who can elucidate his buoyant animal spirits, his gay audacity, his inveterate good-nature, his nimble craft, his jocular sportiveness, his shrewd knowledge of character and of society, and his scholar-like quaintness." All this about Dr. Pangloss? Elucidation is clearly wanted somewhere. In the same page there is also a reference to "hollow and metallic humour." The American language is not very obvious in these pages. One or two odd expressions occur with great frequency, and we get—"There was an influence back of that"; "And, back of all, the temperament of genius"; and "Back of the sweet dignity." We have also "equivoke" and "parvenue," when a common sex or, if any sex, the masculine is meant.

As a series of personal reminiscences the book will retain both its value and its attractiveness. It bears upon its face the author's enthusiastic temperament and thorough sincerity. Its critical significance is small. So far as the actors dealt with are concerned, their personality seems in each case to have thoroughly impressed itself upon Mr. Winter. As to the plays, the criticisms are fugitive, and were not written with a view to greater permanency than ordinarily attaches to a magazine article. It is to the credit of Mr. Winter's amiability of disposition that he everywhere deprecates the criticism which wounds, and there is not an ill-natured word in the book, which will be read and enjoyed by a large circle of Mr. Winter's friends in this country, as well as by those who take a personal interest in the men and women of whom he writes. The reminiscences do equal justice to American and to English talent, and it would be ungracious, on this side of the Atlantic at least, to complain that in these commemorative, appreciative criticisms the criticism should be less apparent than the appreciation. Mr. Winter dedicates his book to Mr. Henry Irving, "in memory and honour of all that he has done to dignify and adorn the stage and to ennoble society."

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE happen to have seen, in a Separatist daily newspaper, a notice of Mr. Hume Williams's little book on Grattan's Parliament, which observed, in effect, that it was a harmless production, but that really it didn't in the least matter what the history of the Irish Parliament was. "Observe," continued (we still paraphrase) this mentor, "the poor people who attempt to judge politics from the standpoint of an acquaintance with Athens and Rome, with the Hohenstauffen and the seventeenth century. What dreadful messes they have made of politics!" It is rather curious that this *plusquam*-Walpolian contempt of history should be felt by the party which was never tired of boasting its possession of the late Mr. Freeman, and which generally prides itself on its "scientific" and "modern" views of things. For, if there is such a thing as a science of history, which we rather doubt, or a philosophy of history, which we are fully prepared to concede and insist upon, it follows, as the night the day, that the teachings of that science or philosophy must be applicable to future and present events, as well as to past. But there is not in reality much mystery about the matter. It is a generally observed fact that historical students have for the most part been on the Tory side, and in reference to Irish history particularly, it may be said with some confidence that there is not a person living who, having paid any special attention to the history of Ireland, possessing fair intellectual power, and not being tied by crotchet or otherwise to the Nationalist or Gladstonian cause, is a Home Ruler. It is not, therefore, surprising that Home Rulers should regard the study of Irish history much as the *Obscuri Viri* used to regard the study of Greek and Hebrew. Mr. Hume Williams is of a different opinion, though he may be a Home Ruler for all the "light" that he gives us. He does give us the impression (we could hardly tell how) of having "a gude conceit o' himsel'," which is not at all a bad thing to have if you can maintain it untouched by any qualms of doubt or convulsions of humour. But he has endeavoured to write impartially, and to a very considerable extent he has succeeded. His selection of documents to quote in his appendix is judicious, and, for so small a book, decidedly full; his account of the progress of events is accurate and readable enough. Such conclusions as he draws are sufficiently based. And what is the upshot of it all?

The common, if not the sole, Home Rule argument against the lessons of the last eighteen years of the eighteenth century is very well known, and obvious enough. "The enfranchised Parliament," the Separatists say, "despite its recovery of a quasi-independence by the repeal of Poynings' law and the other shackles, was not really representative of Ireland. It represented the Protestants only. There was the grossest boroughmongering, place-hunting, and the like. It was alternately bullied and bribed by the Viceroys, and by false Irishmen like Fitzgibbon." And so on. This argument is, we say, well known enough, and obvious enough; but its cogency is not quite so great as its obviousness. For it is to at least intelligent Unionists a matter of very little interest whether the Parliament of 1782–1800 did or did not legislate usefully for Ireland. It is not the welfare of Ireland in particular that any one who is wise enough not to be mealy-mouthed considers in the matter; but the welfare of the whole body politic, of which Ireland is but a member. We do not think that, as a matter of fact, Grattan's Parliament did much good to Ireland, and if it be asked "How could a Parliament of the minority be expected to do good to the majority?" we can reply, pretty forcibly, "How can a Parliament of the majority be expected to do justice to the minority?" But the very peculiarities which are objected by Home Rulers to the Parliament should have made it more, not less, likely to get on harmoniously with the Imperial Government. If it was an ascendency Parliament, it should have leaned to the ascendant; if it was a Parliament of boroughmongers and placemongers, it should have been subservient, not rebellious. Not to mention that, as is perfectly well known, the very charge of its non-popular character and origin is unhistorical. For whatever the Volunteer movement was, it was, if in no very good sense, "popular" enough, and the Roman Catholics were certainly eager enough for the abolition of Poynings' law till they saw how little good it did them.

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* *The Irish Parliament from the Year* 1782 *to* 1800. By W. F. Hume Williams. London: Cassell. 1892.

The French Invasion of Ireland in 1798. By Valerian Gribayédoff. New York: Somerby. 1892.

The Story of the Union told by its Plotters. By W. F. Dennehy. Dublin: Lalor. 1892.

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About Ulster. By E. Lynn Linton. London: Methuen. 1892.

The Unionist Convention for Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, Dublin, 23*rd June,* 1892. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1892.

Yet, notwithstanding these things, the Parliament showed exactly those faults which Unionists fear to see repeated if a new edition of it were to be edited by Mr. Gladstone and published in Stephen's Green. Not merely in the famous trade and navigation debates, not merely in the indignation with which the "surplus contribution" to the Imperial navy was received, but always and everywhere a spirit of direct antagonism to England, of an intention to foil, thwart, and defeat the plans of English Ministers, was apparent. The Irish, in their new-found independence, were not less, but ten times more, suspicious and fractious than they had been previously. '98 may have put the finishing stroke to the conviction of England that it was impossible to retain in quasi-independence so dangerous and ill-willed a partner; but the fact had been obvious long before. When the Irish patriot felt himself strong, he used his strength to show England that she had better not interfere with him; and when he remembered his weakness, it bred in him frantic suspicions that his privileges were once more going to be taken away.

Now, what reason is there for supposing that the history which Mr. Hume Williams has summarized here would fail to be repeated if the experiment were tried once more, especially if it were tried under the conditions failing which Nationalists of all shades declare that they will never be satisfied? If Irishmen freed from Poynings' law were more troublesome than Irishmen under it, why should Irishmen freed, not merely from Poynings' law, but from a House of Lords, from a Ministry chosen by the English Government, and so forth, be more docile than those who were in the middle condition? Not only why should they be, but is there not the very strongest probability that they would not be? There is still time for Englishmen to put these questions to themselves; and, if anybody ever was guided to voting by a book, which we very much doubt, Mr. Hume Williams's book is the book for a Parliament man's hands.

Mr. Valerian Gribayédoff, despite his nobly Slavonic name, appears to be an American journalist, and he has written his account of Humbert's descent at Killala with all the glories of the American journalist's style and with an occasional attempt to pull the lion's tail. But Mr. Gribayédoff is a great deal better than his profession. He has taken much pains to get up the history of the "Castlebar Races," and their preface and sequel, from the not very well known contemporary and local accounts, and, despite his little rockets and squibs of Anglophobia, he is a scrupulously fair as well as painstaking writer. Except for Irishmen—who proved once more their utter untrustworthiness as "rebel" allies of any invader—the story is not unpleasant reading. The French behaved remarkably well; and as for the English, the scandalous and incomprehensible mismanagement of Lake at Castlebar was balanced by much good fighting even there, and by the courage and conduct of Vereker at Colooney. Mr. Gribayédoff has given a brief account of the subsequent fortunes of Humbert, who, for a revolutionary general, seems to have been a very decent fellow, and who came to grief owing to the fascinations of Pauline Bonaparte, not by any fault of his own. By the way, our author quotes in his preface some "English" general (he thinks it was Lord Wolseley) who boasted of the "glorious fact that the United Kingdom had not been insulted by the presence of an armed invader since the days of William the Conqueror." Lord Wolseley could not, and we hope no English general could, have made such a ridiculous assertion. Why, not to mention the "splore," which Mr. Gribayédoff himself chronicles, and without pretending to be exhaustive, was there not the French invasion in John's time, and "Martin Swart and his men" in Henry VII.'s, and the Spanish raid on Smerwick, and William the Deliverer's "Swiss, Swedes, and Brandenburghers," and James his foe's foreign auxiliaries, and the landing at Teignmouth, and Lord Cawdor's victory at Fishguard? The English general must have been speaking after dinner—very much after dinner. We have no more been free from invaders than other people, though we have, save only in the Dutchman's case, which was but half and half invasion, had a pretty knack of making it hot for them.

Mr. Dennehy's *Story of the Union told by its Plotters* reveals itself so candidly in its title that there is no need to say very much about it. That the good of the country is the supreme law; that the Irish Parliament had proved its existence to be incompatible with that good; that it had to be got out of the way somehow; and that Pitt and Cornwallis, Castlereagh and Clare, had to drive the nail where it would go, and cut their coat according to their cloth:—these simple homely truths Mr. Dennehy would doubtless not believe if he could; nay, to do him justice, it would probably be a moral impossibility for him to believe them even if he wished to do so. So he blusters as usual, and as usual the bluster is vain breath.

A history of the Church of Ireland by a staunch member of that Church may be thought likely to present some difficulties. But Mr. Olden's knowledge is great, and he has the historic conscience which sometimes, though not by any means always, accompanies knowledge. Save for a few little flings at his own countrymen, and one at least at those Anglicans who complain of the Disestablished Church for tampering with the Prayer-book, we have noticed no evidences of undue partisanship; while the history is everywhere given with accuracy, with as much fulness as the limits will allow, and with abundant and useful reference to original authorities. The book, some three-fifths of which deal with the Church before and at the time of the Conquest, has excellent maps. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Olden is unsparing on the disgraceful mismanagement which in the last century brought the Church into such a plight that it had no power of self-defence left, and that its best friends were hampered in fighting for it when its hour came.

About Ulster is a vigorously written little pamphlet published in the middle of the late elections by Mrs. Lynn Linton in the hope, we suppose, of influencing votes. Alas! if the voters would not listen to the constant and notorious teaching of the last twelve years, we fear it was hopeless to expect them to listen to Mrs. Lynn Linton.

It was very desirable that the proceedings of the Dublin Convention which three months ago mustered to represent the Unionists of the three Southern Provinces, as that at Belfast just before had represented Ulster, should be properly recorded, and this has been done in a neat little volume containing full reports of speeches, &c., lists of the constituents and delegates, and portraits of some of the more prominent members. The thing, we say, was desirable; it is well done; and it should be useful. But what is really important is that the persons here enumerated, who comprise all the best and most respectable names of the three provinces, should not get into their heads, or allow others to get into theirs, the fatal notion that, having "convented" and redacted the results of their convention, they have nothing more to do but to go play. We speak not at a venture, but as those who know, when we say that great part of the difficulty of getting Englishmen to realize the horrible wrongs which Mr. Gladstone's threatened legislation would impose on Ireland is due to the supineness of the Irish Loyalists on recent occasions. They must not only talk, they must do: or we on this side cannot help them.

THE GARDEN OF JAPAN.*

MR. PIGOTT gives us, on p. 17, a graceful poem in which a pretty girl is represented as holding up a spray of the beautiful *Pyrus spectabilis* to her own fair cheek, and "turning to her lover,

> With wanton lips she cries,
> 'Which, Dearest, think you fairer?'
> . . . . .
> 'The flower, sweetheart, the garden's pride,
> Quite kills the beauty at my side,'
> Her love at once replies."

Such an answer could only come from a Japanese lover. It is no exaggeration to say that there is nothing which the people admire out of a pure and honest heart so much as they do flowers, and certainly there are few countries in the world which are so rich in these natural beauties as their own. In Southern China, where the flora approaches nearest to that of Japan in brilliancy and profusion, the people, in the unenthusiastic manner common to them, take nothing more than a languid interest in their lovely surroundings, and although, when the spring and autumn flowers first burst into bloom, the leisured classes may occasionally be seen making holiday among the flowers, their admiration is, after all, tainted by a *nil admirari* affectation. But even these expeditions are reserved for the few, and resemble more the annual excursion to Bushey Park on Chestnut Sunday than national festivals. With the Japanese it is very different. At the season of the blooming of the camellias, the cherry, the wistaria, azaleas, and numbers of other flowers, the people go out into the country in their thousands to admire, and almost to worship, the objects of their search. Some of the commonest pictures in Japanese albums show us crowds of townspeople, singly, in groups, and in families, trooping out into the country districts to revel in the beauties which nature has provided for them; and calendars are frequently to be met with which, reflecting the national taste, are regulated less by months and by days than by the budding and blossoming of the flowers.

No doubt such calendars suggested to Mr. Pigott the notion of arranging his book in the form of a year's diary of flowers. The

* *The Garden of Japan: a Year's Diary of its Flowers.* By F. T. Pigott. London and Orpington: George Allen. 1892.

idea is a happy one, and has been admirably worked out in the present instance. The illustrations are excellent, and are not numerous enough to obscure the text, in which are described pleasantly, and not at too great a length, the objects depicted. Beginning with New Year's Day, we are carried through the months until, in the end of November, "the Maples gather round the closing scene," like crimson clouds reflecting "the sunset of flower-life in Japan." Even in winter the people find objects of admiration in the pine-trees and waving bamboos, which are at all times beautiful in their eyes, whether when bending beneath the weight of snow or when waving in the summer breeze against the clear sky of heaven. On New Year's Day branches of these two trees, and of the plum, are sent from house to house as emblems of the good wishes emblematized by these "three friends of winter."

But scarcely have their sombre beauties ceased to attract admiration than the plum-trees, whose bare branches have until now been objects of worship, break out into blossom, covering the hedges and orchards with a wealth of white and pink, which look—so think the Japanese—like flakes of snow tinged by the setting sun. The appearance of these "eldest flowers of mother earth" is the signal for the "girls' festival," when maidens—attended and unattended—wander in the country to welcome, with the song of the nightingale, these harbingers of spring. From this time onward to the end of summer a quick succession of flowers claims and receives the wondering attention of the people. The bare record of their names would convey a totally inadequate idea of their infinite beauty; for in Japan, as Mr. Pigott says, "Nature, by some quaint trick of her own invention, has contrived to mingle the loveliness of the Alps with the splendour of the tropics," and the flowers which bloom in Japan as much exceed in beauty their representatives which are known to us as the sunshine of the East excels the cloudy glimmering of an English sky. No one who is familiar only with camellias grown in this climate can have any idea of the reckless profusion of the blossoms or of the extraordinary height to which the shrubs grow in sheltered spots in Japan. No sooner has the wind scattered these brilliant blossoms than the snow-white cherry flowers—which, as the Japanese proverb says, are to all other flowers what the Samurai were to the rest of mankind—chronicle the advent of the floral festival, when "every woman in this land of fair and gentle women dons her finest raiment and her gayest dress, and goes forth, as it were, to a marriage festival."

It is curious to find that, among all the wealth of native flowers, roses, which are indigenous over all the temperate regions of the Northern hemisphere, were until lately unknown in Japan. When the craving for things European first seized the public mind a furor for the possession of roses, pigs, and rabbits, which had up to that time been strangers in the land, broke out among the people. Fabulous prices—prices such as those at which pieces of real Satsuma ware are knocked down at Christie's—were freely given by amateurs and speculators for rose-trees and pigs. Before long, however, the bubble burst, and those gardeners and farmers who had possessed their souls in patience were soon able to buy the products of successive importations at a hundredth part of the prices given at the first outbreak of the mania. What the native opinion now is of pigs and rabbits it is not our purpose to inquire, and it is not necessary to ask in what estimation roses are held. They flourish everywhere, and are conspicuous objects in those gardens which Mr. Pigott describes with so much sympathetic admiration.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.*

THE title of this book tends to convey a rather false impression of the contents. The reader must not when turning to the *Locomotive and its Development* expect to find an exhaustive treatise, which could not be condensed into a work of its size, but rather a *précis* of the subject. In Chapter i. Mr. Stretton begins with a description of locomotives used on private lines for goods and mineral traffic. Chapter ii., which consists of a description of the early engines employed on public railways, gives illustrations (occasionally to scale) of the chief patterns, together with official tables of dimensions of locomotives used on the "Stockton and Darlington," "Liverpool and Manchester," and "Leicester and Swannington" lines. Pages 63-90 of Chapter iii. are, more or less, devoted to a brief account of the "Battle of the Gauges." We will not discuss the technical arguments used in favour of the "Broad Gauge." No one for a moment doubts their preponderance over the technical arguments used against it. The only questions that remain are, Were the Directors of the Great Western Railway right in adopting their engineer's suggestion, having due regard to the mileage of existing narrow-gauge lines? And did Brunel weigh this important consideration sufficiently before making the suggestion? We are disposed to answer the first of these questions in the affirmative. If directors of railways were a little more inclined to follow the advice of their engineers, much expense would often be saved.

It is one of the misfortunes of the engineering profession that it is so little understood by the laity, and that, as soon as a man finds himself a railway director, he is apt to imagine that he is also an engineer to the manner born. We will dismiss the second question by reminding our readers that one of the most difficult tasks an engineer is called upon to perform, and the one over which he is most likely to stumble, is to properly subordinate purely scientific projects to the exigencies of precedent and finance. The desire for novelty is so great that in many instances the essential point of economy in working has been completely lost sight of. There is at the present day but little divergence of opinion among engineers as to the superiority of the "broad gauge," though we are inclined to think that some of the arguments that have been urged in its favour would hardly bear the test of rigorous examination. On the crucial point of smoothness of running there is but one verdict. The moral of the whole story is that the scheme that is theoretically the best must also be the best practically; and in considering a scheme, before laying it before a board of directors, engineers should bear in mind that it is often an easier matter to invent an improvement than to ensure its universal adoption.

Chapter iv. gives a very good description of modern locomotives, by which Mr. Stretton means locomotives built in the last twenty years. We think it is a pity that there are only two systems of "Compound" dealt with, leaving out entirely the "four-cylinder" systems which are used in America and the French three-cylinder system. The last chapter contains a good account of "Giffard's Injector," the "Sand Blast," and "Joy's Valve Gear." The printing is good and the illustrations fair. There are one or two printer's errors; but, on the whole, it is very accurate. The book is likely to fulfil the purpose for which it was written—namely, a popular history of the "Development of the Locomotive."

THE CAREER OF COLUMBUS.*

IT is a consummation most devoutly to be wished that gentlemen who write Lives of Christopher Columbus would remember that he is memorable because he discovered America, and not because he was the son of this or the other weaver; not because he was born in Genoa itself or in Quinto; not because he did or did not learn his book at Pavia; not because he did or did not sail with the sea rover Coulon de Casenove; not because his wife was Philippa Moñiz de Perestrello, or Philippa Moñiz without any Perestrello. One would really think, to judge by the way in which modern biographers divide their books, that these are the interesting things about the "Grand Admiral of the Ocean Sea," and not his discoveries. Mr. Henry Harrisse, who to be sure calls his book *Etudes d'Histoire Critique*, gives much the better part of his first fat volume to these questions, and nearly all the second, and fatter, to the genealogies of the Admiral's descendants. The voyages are sandwiched between, as if they were of no interest to speak of. Mr. Harrisse has done good critical work which is of real use, but it was his object to clear up doubtful points, and give the whole process of inquiry. His two vast volumes on Columbus, and the attendant small craft devoted to Ferdinand Columbus and the "Colombos of France and Italy," form a mine of material for the biographer. But they are not biography. The biographer ought, we take it, to say with Dean Milman, "My aim has been to write a history, not a succession of dissertations on history; to give with as much life and reality as I have been able the results, not the process, of inquiry." Because they wish to rival Mr. Harrisse, because they burn to prove Columbus a liar, because they cannot resist that pleasure of making endless suppositions and discussing minute points which is so dear to Dryasdust, or perhaps for another reason which will suggest itself to the reader at once, biographers have taken to applying themselves to detailing the process, and not to giving the results, of inquiry with life and reality.

Mr. Elton's *Career of Columbus* is certainly far more pleasantly written than most of the dull or silly books about the explorer which have come in our way of late. But when we say that, of

* *The Locomotive Engine and its Development.* By Clement E. Stretton, C.E. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

* *The Career of Columbus.* By Charles L. Elton, F.S.A., Q.C. With Map. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. (Lim.) 1892.

the eighteen chapters in which it is divided, twelve are given to the Admiral's life before he sailed from Palos, and six to his real work, it will be seen that this biographer also differs from us materially in his estimate of the relative importance of the different parts of his subject. Mr. Elton, as we have said, writes pleasantly, with an eye for the picturesque, and a commendable desire to believe all the romantic things which are believable about the Admiral. This is the sound spirit, and we are with Mr. Elton when he says, quoting Gilbert, that "the only matter of abiding interest is 'the consideration of the inward man.'" So it is. But surely the "inward man" can be learnt much better from the Admiral's deeds as an explorer, from his diaries and letters, which begin with his first voyage, than from descriptions of the University of Pavia and the trade of Genoa, or from excursus on the Coulons and the Norse voyages to Vinland, or even from detailed accounts of the little which is known of him before he came to Spain. Yet it is these latter things which fill two-thirds of Mr. Elton's book. The inevitable result is that, when we do at last come to those deeds of the Admiral's which can alone give the rest any interest, the narrative is necessarily so compressed that it is jejune.

Mr. Elton has to some extent been misled by his reliance on the much debated "Historie" of Ferdinand Columbus. Now, there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this book. Mr. Harrisse, who questioned it years ago, has "sung the palinode" frankly since the publication of Las Casas's *Historia de las Indias*. That Ferdinand did write a life of his father, that it was based on his own personal knowledge and the Admiral's papers, that it was used with explicit acknowledgments by Las Casas, that it was the original of the Italian "Historie" published by Ulloa in 1571—these are fixed points. Therefore the "Historie" is to be used as an authority; but the biographer need not be more Royalist than the King. He need not give Don Ferdinand for more than Don Ferdinand gives himself. Now, with a candour which does him infinite honour, the Admiral's younger son has left it on record, as a warning to all men, that he was no authority whatever for his father's early life. The words of Don Ferdinand are as plain as the words of any gentleman can well be. Mr. Elton himself quotes them, and we after him:—

> 'Of his voyages to the east and west, and many other things about his early days, I have no perfect knowledge, because he died when I was confined by my filial duty, and had not the boldness to ask him to give me an account of them, or (to speak the truth) being but young, I was at that time far from being troubled with such thoughts.'

Don Ferdinand was no doubt a modest boy with a proper reverence for his great father. Moreover, he was not a fool, and he knew that Don Cristobal was not a person of much patience with bores—witness the unlucky Spaniard whom he knocked down at Seville. If Ferdinand had been tiresome with questions about the early weaver days, of which the Admiral did not care to speak, it is more than probable that the answer would have been given with a rope's-end. But, from whatever cause, he was chary of questions, he has certainly given all students fair warning not to trust him when what he says is inconsistent with probability, or with other evidence. If Mr. Elton had made more allowance for this he would, we cannot but think, have wasted less time on very dubious stories about the early life of Columbus. There is the story that he went to the University of Pavia which can be traced back to the "Historie." It is contrary to all probability, and to the Admiral's own explicit declaration that he had followed the sea from his earliest youth. Mr. Elton is, no doubt, right in saying that students went to mediæval Universities at a very tender age; but they did not finish their course there before they were fourteen, at which date in his life the Admiral was apprenticed as a weaver to his father. Then there is the story, based, it must be confessed, on the Admiral's own written word about a cruise as captain in the service of King René, and in search of a vessel called *La Ferdinandina*. King René ceased to have galleys after 1461, at which time Columbus was fifteen years old, and had left the University of Pavia for about a year if he ever was there. This is absurd. It is infinitely more probable that the Admiral has been misunderstood, or that his memory was at fault, or that he was romancing, than that the son of an obscure weaver was in a post only to be held by a noble and a man of experience at the ridiculously early age of fifteen. Then there is the story that he sailed with Coulon de Casenove, called by the Italians Colombo il Zovene, and was wrecked after a fight between that Gascon corsair and the Venetians off Cape St. Vincent, which we are told was the immediate cause of his settlement in Portugal. Unfortunately this story, which one would like to believe, literally bristles with impossibilities. The great fight between Coulon and the Venetians took place in 1485. At that date Columbus had left Portugal, and was in Spain. Mr. Elton gives up 1485, but maintains that the fight which threw Columbus on the coast of Portugal was one which took place in 1470. But it is certain that in 1471 Columbus acted as surety for his father at Savona; and was then described as a weaver of Genoa. The documents are in existence. It is the more extraordinary that Mr. Elton should make this slip because he is perfectly well aware of the survival of these documents, and even tells us that they had been consulted long ago by Giambattista Ferreri, who was quoted by Salineri in his edition of *Tacitus*. Here, again, the balance of probability is very heavy against the story. On the whole, the more one reads all this dubious matter, and the endless inconclusive argument for and against, the more does one wish that biographers of Columbus would remember the famous heads for reflection given out to the religious of the house dedicated to St. George. You will reflect, said the Principal (obviously a man of great natural sense), that we know very little about Saint George, that the little we do know is uncertain, and that it is highly improbable that we ever shall know any more. If biographers would only devote twenty-four hours to turning these propositions over in their minds they would, we are sure, not spend two-thirds of their books before they reach the deeds which make Columbus at all interesting.

This virtue should be the more easy to them because, from the date of the discovery, the evidence as to the life and character of the Grand Admiral of the Ocean Sea becomes extraordinarily full and interesting. Much of it is from his own hand, much from contemporaries who knew him. The relations of Columbus to the Catholic Sovereigns and their courtiers, to his crews and officers, his conduct as Governor, his very dreams, and the wild things he said and wrote in his hours of bodily pain, danger, and disappointment are all there for the biographer to work on. They give among them the picture of an extraordinary man surrounded by interesting people. Isabel and Ferdinand, Deza and Talavera, the Pinzons, Ovando, and Bobadilla are ten thousand times more interesting than poor bankrupt Domenico Colombo and his greedy son-in-law Bavarello. Yet these last are the unimportant creatures we are asked to read about. The biographer appears to have taken Faust's sarcasm seriously. His model is the historian who

> Mit gier'ger Hand nach Schätzen gräbt,
> Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet.

From such labours what is to be expected but

> Ein Kehrichtfass und eine Rumpelkammer?

Having, we trust, a proper respect for Mr. Elton's great learning, we have not the heart to dwell on the dry bones to which he has contrived to reduce the real life of Columbus in the overcrowded and breathless last third of his volume. Mr. Elton might have told the story well. In the earlier part of his book there are spirited, readable, and scholarly passages about the Coulons, the sea life of the fifteenth century, and the supposed discovery of Vinland by the Norse—though on that point Mr. Elton is, we think, unduly sceptical. Unluckily these things are not the life of Columbus. That Mr. Elton has crowded out. And now, if the candid reader asks, "Whom, then, ought I to read, since all the world is talking of Columbus celebrations?" our answer is, Read the old books. Read Don Ferdinand—he will give you the spirit; read the letters of Columbus, published by the Hakluyt Society; read Washington Irving—he suffers from the temporary misfortune of being a little old-fashioned, and not yet old enough to be ancient. He wears a blue coat high in the waist, jean trousers, and a buff waistcoat, with a frill on his shirt front. But, if the dress is out of date, it is gentlemanly and not inelegant; and the root of the matter was in him. He gave the results of the inquiry with life and reality, and does not tumble out the whole Kehrichtfass und Rumpelkammer which he has been compelled to sift in the process of inquiry. Still less does he take you by the ear, and drag your nose down to the Regenwürmer which he has grubbed out of the dust-heap himself.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS.*

BELIEVING that good and faithful servants are rapidly becoming scarce in England, Mr. Munby has collected in this volume a number of epitaphs and obituary notices recording the virtues of servants who died respected by their employers. His reason for taking this trouble appears to have been that he

* *Faithful Servants; being Epitaphs and Obituaries.* Edited, and in part collected, by Arthur J. Munby, M.A., F.S.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Reeves & Turner.

hopes, though he almost despairs of seeing his hope fulfilled, that these records may impress on both masters and servants "a sense of the fact that all honest service, and chiefly all domestic service, is worthy of respect and honour." We cannot altogether sympathize with him in his lament over the decay of old servants. Our own experience leads us to the conclusion that old servants are apt to be troublesome; they are horribly obstructive, and resent any change in their employers' domestic arrangements, even though it would lighten their own duties; they tyrannize over other servants often far more efficient than themselves, are always trying to manage the house, and are very rarely smart either in dress or action. Nor do we think that good servants are dying out, though happily they do not often stay so long in their places as many of those whose epitaphs are given here. Of course, like most other good things, they are more costly than in bygone times; but, if a master gives the full market-price for their services, and treats them with ordinary consideration, he will get good servants and keep them as long as is for his comfort. Mr. Munby's epitaphs are, for the most part, quite commonplace, and, except as a means of filling a certain number of pages, we do not see why they should have been printed; for to have told the world that he and his friends had seen seventeen tombstones erected to servants by their former employers in Yorkshire would, we imagine, have been just as likely, or unlikely, to benefit living masters and servants as to print and publish such facts as that John Jones, Esq., had a stone put up to the memory of Sarah Smith, for fifty years a valued servant in his family. As may be supposed, from the number of Yorkshire epitaphs, this collection, though founded on a work of an earlier compiler, does not aim at completeness; indeed, only two epitaphs are given from Somerset and one from Devonshire. Some few of the tombstones were put up by masters or mistresses of note; but it is seldom that our interest in the lives of eminent persons extends to their butlers and housemaids. Nor is there anything specially valuable in the fact that a duke or a poet put up a stone to a servant who had spent many years in his service; the merit of fulfilling so obvious a duty is not exceptionally great. Three or four only of Mr. Munby's epitaphs are quaint. Two slightly interested us. One of these at Wootton, in Warwickshire, is in memory of John Hoitt, who died in 1802, at the age of eighty-five years, and tells us that Hoitt "was huntsman to Somerville and others near seventy years, but his occupation in the fields where he eminently excelled did not prevent his attention to other business, or prevent him from bringing up a large family, by care and industry, with credit." Some lines follow, beginning:—

> Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,
> Joins his loved master Somerville at last.

Somerville was Shenstone's friend, William Somerville, the author of *The Chace* and other poems. The other, at Washington, in Sussex, is to James Figg, "kinsman and honest domestic servant to Dr. Thomas Waldgrave," vicar of the parish. Figg was, as his epitaph also informs us, "the son of that gallant swordsman James Figg of Thame, who was sometime a Master of Defence to the Nobility and Gentry of England." One of the elder Figg's famous combats with "the intrepid Sutton" will be remembered by all who have read *The Virginians*, even though they may know little of the annals of the Ring.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

TWELVE Months in Peru is a lady's account of a pluckily undertaken and heartily enjoyed tour in the interior of Peru. Yet we do not feel able to call it well told. There is a want of perspective about it, and the account of native cookery, Spanish-American habits of life, the late war with Chili, Pizarro, Lord Dundonald, and President Pierola are all strangely jumbled together. The writer saw the defunct Panama Canal, with a number of vessels, trucks, and dredgers idly rotting. This is perhaps worth telling, but it was not worth while to tell us of the railway, of which every one who takes an interest in Central America has heard, and over which no one, we believe, has ever travelled without being told that an Irish labourer died for every sleeper that was laid. She did not see the Nicaragua Canal, but declares that the United States are rapidly pushing on with its construction. The most interesting part of Mrs. Clarke's book is that describing her visit to what she calls "Nature's sanctorum" (*sic*), the high country of the Cordilleras, where the great height causes the strange phenomenon known as *sorroche*, which in its severest forms causes headache, sickness, fainting, and bleeding at the nose and ears. Garlic and patience are the only native remedies. These prodigious mountains contain great silver mines which Anglo-Indians will be sorry to hear are being energetically "exploited." Mrs. Clarke looks forward to a time when the railway, which already has climbed these enormous mountains, through sixty tunnels and over many frail-looking bridges at dizzy heights, will "connect Peru with Amazonian commerce, and facilitate the development of this vast region's wealth through the medium of Pacific waters." Probably ere this somewhat vague prophecy comes to pass the Australian colonist will be taking his seat at Singapore in the train for Calais, for Peru will require many years to recover from the effects of the Chilian war, the loss of its guano and nitrate provinces, and the revolution and social disorganization which has followed. It is pleasant to read that the English Minister, Sir Spencer St. John, and the foreign ships of war and Volunteers, saved Lima from being sacked and ruined. We would willingly have been told more about the present state of the "Silver-gated City of the Kings," in whose red-hot *plazas* Basil Hall smoked so many cigars; but we do not want to hear about Pizarro, still less about the lady who is mentioned in the Roman Calendar as St. Rose of Lima. Mrs. Clarke unfortunately writes in the fashion of country newspapers twenty years ago, straining after effect, and making little jokes, which irritate the reader who wants to make out what she saw. The illustrations are from photographs, and give a good idea of the country; the letterpress is printed in large clear type, and there is very little of it.

Mrs. Monck's visit to Canada, recorded in *My Canadian Leaves*, was paid under very favourable circumstances. As the sister-in-law of the "G. G.," as she calls the Governor-General, she must have been in the thick of all the gossip, rumours of wars, political intrigues, and discontents of the time, and it was a stirring time indeed. Confederation was the burning question of the day, the "Dominion of Canada" was being constructed, and the minor colonies, such as "New Brunswick and Nova Scotia," were grumbling bitterly at the idea of being deprived of their separate existence; the *Trent* affair had brought England so near to war with what were then called the Federal States that the Guards had been sent over to Canada, which country was also being made a base of operations for filibustering Confederate expeditions, while the Fenians were shrieking like stormy petrels at the prospect of a row. But of all this no hint appears in Mrs. Monck's pages, save when at intervals "the G.G." receives a telegram and has to leave his dinner to see about it. They seemed to have danced and sleighed and flirted and tobogganed as merrily as though all was peace, undisturbed by the echoes of that great American Civil War which the writer declares she never will be able to understand. Gossip, of a sort, there is; Mr. Lyulph Stanley appears, with "strong Northern proclivities," and we are told how, when as a small boy his mother scolded him, he said, when she paused for breath, "Proceed, you interest me." She mentions, too, good Bishop Mountain of Quebec, and his accomplished daughter, who afterwards settled at Cambridge, and is not yet forgotten by her many friends there. Moreover, she displays a true instinct in picking out the late Sir John Macdonald ("J. A." she calls him) as the leading spirit of the time. But too much of the book is taken up with her fear of ships and water, her fear of Thunder—which she spells thus out of respect—of snow, &c. There is a great deal of perfectly innocent gossip, no hard word is said of any one; but the picnics and the balls and the amateur theatricals, which were so amusing then, seem rather thin after thirty years. Her book distinctly makes us feel that women wore crinoline and played croquet in those days; but we do not get the slightest insight into public feeling in Canada during those eventful years, or anything beyond mere domestic chatter. One quotation will explain:—

> We found the table *perfectly black* with these little beasts of house flies; it is one of the miseries of a Canadian summer. . . . More officers dined. Great American news came in, and they were in such excitement. I am so stupid; I know nothing at all about the war, and never *shall* understand it; all I know is that the rebels (?) are supposed to be marching on Washington.
>
> July 11th.—We talked a good deal, as it was too hot to go out. There was a Thunder storm, and the unkind servant refused to let me into the cellar, and seemed quite surprised at my asking to be admitted, so I shut myself up in a dark room with D—— until it was nearly over.

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* *Twelve Months in Peru.* By E. B. Clarke. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

My Canadian Leaves: an Account of a Visit to Canada in 1864–1865. By Frances E. O. Monck. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

THE AUSTRALIAN AT HOME.*

MR. KINGLAKE'S *Australian at Home* contains a brightly written, though somewhat slight, description of the industries, society, sports, and habits of our kinsfolk on the other side of the world. All that he tells us bears out what we have learned from other authorities on the subject of the Australian colonies; we mean their strikingly English character. This resemblance to their parent stock is of course due in a great measure to their insular position. The peculiarities of the inhabitants of the British isles were originally produced by their being cut off from the continent of Europe by a narrow strait, and how deeply marked those peculiarities are we find out every time that we cross that strait. Continental nations, separated only by rivers, mountains, or imaginary lines, cannot help recognizing one another's existence; the poorest French peasant, for example, has heard of Prussians, and knows that they speak a language which is not his own; but the English farm-labourer, and many Englishmen in a higher social position, may pass through life without realizing the fact that there are people in the world who do not speak English, and yet are not savages. The greater part of the original colonists went out to Australia at a time when these insular prejudices and ideas had been intensified by the long war with France, by which Englishmen were rigidly excluded from the Continent, and when patriotism was thought to consist in regarding all foreigners from the point of view of the elder Mr. Osborne in *Vanity Fair*. Starting thus entirely free from any but British influences, they came into a country which contained nothing whatever which could modify their ideas. They had to bring with them British corn to grow, British sheep and cattle to rear, and merely regarded the black-fellows, gum-trees, and kangaroos as incidents connected with untilled land, which it was their duty to clear away in the interests of civilization. They came from an island near Europe to a larger island near nowhere, and they have been ever since developing their ideal of the British character with no modifying influences save that of climate. As far as towns go, they have succeeded in reproducing Birmingham and Manchester, especially in their latest developments of tram-cars, telephones, &c.; but apparently the English village is an organism which will not bear transplantation. In Europe we began with villages and evolved towns from them; in Australia, it seems that the towns grow first, and that the people do not care to live outside of them. Indeed, what Mr. Kinglake calls "the weird fascination of the Bush" seems to require a special temperament or a special education before it is appreciated, though he quotes the admirable chapter of *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, describing how the stockman's little child wandered away and was lost, to show its charms. As for the hill-country, Marcus Clarke, the Australian novelist, says:—"A poem like 'L'Allegro' could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountains are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock-clefts. From the melancholy gum-trees strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of those frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out shrieking like evil souls. The sun sinks suddenly, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy."

We do not wonder at men craving for the cheerfulness of a town after scenes like these. Yet, as cricketing men well know, the young Australian, in spite of his town-life and his hot climate, does not show any tendency towards physical degeneration. We wish that we could find room to quote Mr. Kinglake's humorous advice to "new chums," and his account of colonial society, education, newspapers, &c. We like best of all his story of an Australian agriculturist who, after a visit to England, declared that it contained "good land, plenty of good land; but it was all 'taken up.'"

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.†

THREE places in England are especially connected in our minds with the burial of our kings. They are all in the southern part of our island and lie, not far apart, in adjoining counties. Egbert and eight of his successors were buried at Winchester, the last of them being the Red King, whose body, conveyed in a cart from the New Forest, was laid beneath the great tower. Seven years later the tower fell upon it, which many took to be a special judgment upon the sin of laying so wicked a man in a place so holy. Thirteen kings sleep in Westminster Abbey, as well as five queens in their own right, two Maries, two Elizabeths, and one Anne, not to mention the Scottish Mary, who by many was held to be queen of England. Edward IV. was the first of our kings to be buried at Windsor, but his predecessor, Henry VI., was eventually laid there too; and, counting from him to William IV., seven kings in all lie in the chapel of St. George. But if we go systematically through the list we find that, besides the twenty-eight, exclusive of queens, who are buried at Windsor, Westminster, and Winchester, almost an equal number—namely, twenty-three, if not more—are buried on the Continent, or in various places besides the three already named in our own island. William the Conqueror was buried in the great abbey he had founded at Caen; and there his body, or what is left of it, still rests. Mr. Wall goes but slightly into the story of the claim made by FitzArthur, or Ascelin, to the ground in which the grave had been made; but the story seems to be perfectly authentic. The land had been wrested from its owner, like another Naboth's vineyard; yet, strange to say, William took it to build an abbey on the site, and, stranger still, this building was made in submission to a penance imposed on him by the Pope for marrying Matilda of Flanders, to whom he was related within the prohibited degrees; which seems strangest of all, for was not William counted a bastard? Altogether, the history of William's burial, like that of his birth, is a tissue of difficulties which even Mr. Freeman has not succeeded in completely unravelling. Mr. Wall is by no means critical, and asks no questions as to the authorities from whose work he compiles. He gives an engraving of William's tomb, afterwards destroyed, and another of the tomb of Rufus, which is now again in its old place in the choir of Winchester, having been removed to a space at the back of the screen, notwithstanding the indignation of archæologists and the public in general, in 1868, at one of the periodical "restorations" which have obliterated so much of interest in this formerly ancient, but now new, cathedral. In another renovated English church, at Worcester, John was buried in 1216, but the tomb, as we see it, only dates from the sixteenth century. The beautiful and fairly genuine effigy and canopy over the grave of Edward II. in Gloucester Cathedral are well known, and Mr. Wall accords them an admirable woodcut. Henry IV. is buried at Canterbury, and here again Mr. Wall's woodcut leaves nothing to be desired. The body of Richard III. was buried in the Grey Friars Church at Leicester, exhumed at the Dissolution, and lost. The stone coffin became a horse-trough; but even this was destroyed about the end of the reign of George I., and the fragments are said to have been used in forming the steps of a cellar at the White Horse Inn. James II. was buried, but not until 1824, in the church of St. Germain, where he had died in 1701. During the interval the king's body, embalmed, was moved about from one church to another, and barely escaped destruction in the confusion of the Revolution. A monument was set up by order of George IV., and it has been restored by Queen Victoria; but we confess to a certain confusion of mind after reading Mr. Wall's account of the tomb. Clearness of narrative is not Mr. Wall's strong point, and it would not be easy to determine which of several monuments is depicted in an excellent example of delicate wood engraving at p. 449. There is an outline of the fine monument of the Old Pretender and his two sons, which Canova erected for George IV. in St. Peter's at Rome.

The engravings all through the book are good, though of various degrees of merit. Those which illustrate the ossuary chests on the side-screens at Winchester are among the best. They are drawn by the author, and engraved by Messrs. Ford & Wall. It seems a waste of time and space to take up so large a part of the book with the often wholly apocryphal sepulchres of British and early Saxon kings. The whole volume consists of 480 pages, and it is only at p. 204 that we reach the Conquest. The history of the grave of Alfred is the most interesting passage in all these notes about the Mercian, the East Saxon, the Northumbrian, and East Anglian Royal tombs. Alfred had founded an abbey close to the Cathedral at Winchester, and desired to be buried in it. There was considerable friction between the new minster and the old, and eventually the new was removed to a place without the city walls, where it was known as Hyde Abbey. The ruins of the abbey buildings were finally destroyed to make way for a Bridewell, but a grave slab which bore the name of Alfred was found by the workmen, and is now at

* *The Australian at Home.* By Edward Kinglake. London: The Leadenhall Press.

† *The Tombs of the Kings of England.* By J. Charles Wall. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Corby Castle. Some bones, possibly those of Alfred, were removed to the churchyard of St. Bartholomew's close by; and there, under the chancel window, marked by a stone on which a cross is cut, the visitor may fancy himself standing by the grave of Alfred. The misprints are numerous and bad. We are told, for example, that the arms on the tomb of Edward III. are for "Carlisle and Leon," that "super Æthera notus" means "of fame above our Heaven," "viscera" is always treated as a noun of the singular number, and a good many sentences cannot be parsed; yet Mr. Wall has produced a really interesting and curious book; and, if any of us still retain a taste for sepulchral horrors, some of his chapters should satisfy the most morbid craving.

STRAY RECORDS.*

IN spite of Mr. Clifford Harrison's modest preface to *Stray Records*, these two volumes are likely to prove more popular, as they are certainly more entertaining, than some of the more pretentious and more important memoirs of the present publishing season. The author does not even claim for them the name of "Memoirs," but is content with the simple sub-title of "Personal and Professional Notes." This is certainly the best description of them. For there is little arrangement, and all attempt at chronology is avoided. Their spontaneity, *naïveté*, and freshness recall the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, minus those elements that shock the British Matron, *male* and female. The author has, however, carried the principle of printing things as they came from the pen almost too far. We do not know whether Vathek is spelt Vathe*c*, Otranto Otr*o*nto, from careless spelling or careless printing; but they look extraordinary. Another curious slip for Mr. Clifford Harrison, painter as well as reciter, to make is calling the Hamilton Palace Botticelli "The Last Judgment"; for we presume he is referring to the splendid "Assumption of the Virgin" now in the National Gallery, no picture with the former name by Botticelli being known in the Hamilton collection. Again, he speaks of Beckford's name as if it was only known to a few literary people; while it was only a few years ago that a cheap and successful edition of *Vathek* appeared; and Beckford's name as a collector is as well known as that of Mr. Tate, of Streatham. All these, however, are proofs (uncorrected though they be) of the good taste of the writer.

To the insatiable consumer of memoirs the hundred and more good anecdotes and stories scattered over these pages will be the chief attraction. Such as that of the lady who wrote "*Can you promise*, positively and *without fail*, to recite here (D.V.) on the 23rd of next month?" or that of Lord Houghton, who went to sleep while one of his own poems was being recited, and, when he awoke, asked who the author was. The accounts of various recitations at Lady Probyn's, Lady Pollock's, and at Sandringham, and the reminiscences of the many social, literary, and artistic people with whom the author has been thrown, are far more interesting than these sort of things usually are. Though slight sketches in some instances, none are trivial; and there is an entire absence of the back bed-room, "one who knew him," or modest friend style. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a book of memoirs so entirely free from irrelevant scandal and ill-natured tittle-tattle. No eminent names are mentioned without some point worthy of record. Of Macready there is a particularly good story, and of the celebrated Mrs. Fanny Kemble we are told a good deal that is new. She preferred, apparently, Garrick's version of *Romeo and Juliet* to the purer original now more or less familiar to the public from Mr. Irving's splendid production. Garrick, it may be remembered, returned to the *finale* in the novel of *La Giulietta*, by Luigi da Porto, where Romeo does not die until Juliet awakes from her trance. Mrs. Kemble considered this a finer end from a dramatic point of view. It certainly is; but to modern playgoers, as well as modern scholars, Garrick's restorations are only less horrible than Lord Grimthorpe's tinkerings at St. Albans. But, as Mr. Harrison sagely remarks, an artist, be he painter, writer, actor, or reciter, can only appreciate fully his own art. Mr. Ruskin, he tells us, when judging of recitation, was interested only in its literary value. This is a great admission for a Ruskinite.

Mr. Clifford Harrison, however, is never so interesting, never so valuable, as when he is discussing recitation—"an art which," to use his own words, "has been so sorely injured by a fatal popularity." Who has not suffered from the reciter, from the humourist who imitates animals down to the little girl with frizzed hair and short frocks with her "Curfew shall not ring" and "The Revenge" all accompanied by appropriate or inappropriate gestures? These, to quote Mr. Clifford Harrison again, "have added a new terror to society and a new danger to domestic furniture." Even the well-aimed satire of Mr. Anstey has not killed it. Mr. Clifford Harrison, more than any other artist perhaps, except Mr. Irving, has suffered from that imitation which the paradox-mongers have rightly termed the sincerest form of insult. Mr. Clifford Harrison, taking the pertinent text, "You can only teach those who know," lays down with admirable clearness some things "not generally known." Elocution cannot be taught. It is a natural gift, like other accomplishments. He also denounces, and rightly, the colloquial recitation now so popular. From the author's personal opinion there is a great deal besides to be learnt. Many will share with him the inability to remember the poems of Mr. Lewis Morris. We confess we have found difficulty in forgetting them. In Mr. Robert Browning he met with the most appreciative listener among literary men. He confesses that he cannot get on without applause. No public man, unless he be a saint, can do so, but few have the temerity to acknowledge it. He complains, too, of the cruel practice of following a reciter line for line from the book. But for this there is no remedy.

Stray Records is always amusing, always interesting, whether the author is talking about others, about himself, or the places he has visited. An index and table of contents would have considerably enhanced the value of the volumes as a book of reference.

* *Stray Records.* By Clifford Harrison. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE French people, which is somewhat *ondoyant et divers* in its ways, does not seem to have paid any particular attention to the tercentenary of Montaigne, which occurred the other day. But it has since, so it is said, unveiled a statue to Lesage at Vannes. We have not anywhere seen any account of the particular reasons of time or place for this celebration. Lesage was not born at Vannes, but at Sarzeau, which is twelve or fifteen miles distant. He did not die there, but at Boulogne. He certainly went to school under Jesuit instruction at the capital of the Morbihan; but no anecdotes of any importance, so far as we remember, attach to his school-life, nor does he seem to have had any particular affection for the Society which thus brought him up by hand. Nor, again, has the year '92 any correlation of date with his history. In fact, little or nothing except the fact of his guardian having robbed him is known of him till he married, two years later than 1692, and made that remarkable literary *début*—so unlike what he was to do afterwards—of translating Aristænetus in 1695. However, it is unnecessary to consider too curiously in such cases, and it is satisfactory that France—or at least Britanny; for these *Britanni* also are still a good deal *divisi* from their neighbours—should have done honour to this great writer. He has not, of late especially, had any superabundance of it from French hands. *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*, with *Turcaret* less frequently, continue, indeed, to be reprinted in editions of luxury or economy, and the admirable play last named is sometimes, though rarely, acted. But there is no modern and thoroughly edited issue of his complete works, and few Frenchmen seem to write with real gusto about him. It has been suggested that this is because of his singular cosmopolitanism—and this may be—but until some one of the numerous students who are now doing such excellent work across the Channel follows up the statue with that monument better than many statues, a thoroughly satisfactory *édition définitive*, he will have received but maimed honours.

Not in the pages of M. le Marquis de Pimodan (1) shall you look for the eccentricities of the "new" poetry in France. His language is perfectly intelligible, which separates him from some "new" poets; there is nothing in it which an acute and pudibund telegraph operator could refuse to pass in England, which discriminates him very markedly from others; and he is quite content with the prosody of La Fontaine and Hugo, which serves as a fresh wall of partition between him and others, or the same. He tells in an agreeable preface how he was walking on the plateau of the Argonne, and surveying sites famous in French history and that of his own family, when he met a publisher, and, what is more, his own. Now, three courses were evidently open to M. de Pimodan. There was the heroic one, that applauded by Campbell in the otherwise wicked Emperor Napoleon, the course of shooting, hanging, or otherwise exterminating the publisher. There was the cowardly compromise of making the proper mystic signs of abhorrence, and passing by on the other side. There was the third, of being polite to the publisher, with or without ulterior

(1) *Poésies.* Par le Marquis de Pimodan. Paris: Champion.

ends. M. de Pimodan chose the third, with ulterior ends boldly avowed. He himself was, as we ourselves know from some good work of his, an historical writer, and M. Champion is an historical publisher chiefly; yet before they parted the Marquis had induced the publisher to undertake an edition of his, M. de Pimodan's, poems, and here is the first volume of them looking at us out of the pages. What is more, M. de Pimodan does not seem to us to have taken an unfair advantage of the amiability and local sentiment (for they were both Argonne men) of his natural enemy. His poems have considerable spirit, vigour, and ring. He is extremely patriotic, perhaps even a little Chauvinist, and confides to us that he "detests and admires" England. But what person of spirit would not rather be admired and detested (especially since nobody does really detest what he admires, though he often says he does) than be regarded with some affection and a good deal of contempt? And, besides the poems of patriotism, there are others—descriptive, meditative, religious, fantastic—which have merit.

School-books are now numerous. Mr. W. S. Lyon's *Intermediate French Translation Book* (London: Percival & Co.) contains a good number of pieces of fair length, selected sometimes from authors of the most recent date, such as Pierre Loti, M. de Mandat-Grancey, and the late M. Gabriel Charmes, and in no case going back more than forty or fifty years. The annotation is very plentiful and painstaking—some eighty pages of notes to about double that amount of text. These notes are both linguistic and material, and in both classes Mr. Lyon seems to be accurate in fact, while, with the exception of some dubious *obiter dicta* of opinion, they are also generally sound in meaning. But whether they are not unduly minute is another question. For ourselves, we doubt both the wisdom and possibility of giving a schoolboy a history in little of the war of 1870 in a note. But if it is to be done, it is done very well here. In the same series the general editor, Mr. Morich, has given an elaborate edition of Ponsard's *Charlotte Corday*, with notes almost more elaborate than Mr. Lyon's, a good excursus on the French Alexandrine, and introductions to each of the acts. Mr. Morich seems to have a rather higher idea of the play on which he has expended his care than we have; but there is no doubt that, if a class works thoroughly through his book, those members of it—probably the minority—who remember anything that they learn will have a very fair idea of the main events of the earlier Terror. His translations are sometimes very good, sometimes a little too paraphrastic.

Yet another collection, in the same series, of *Morceaux détachés*, by M. Vecqueray, still taken from contemporary authors, and intended for higher forms than Mr. Lyon's book, lies before us. The annotation is here much more restricted; the selection is good. In another publisher's similar series (London: Edward Arnold) we have *A First French Course*, by the practised hand of M. Boïelle, and *A First French Reader and Exercise Book*, by Mr. W. J. Greenstreet. Both seem well adapted to their purpose; but, being elementary, call for less notice.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BRIEF sketches illustrative of social customs and manners in the good old times make up the anecdotic volume which Mr. William Andrews has entitled *Bygone England* (Hutchinson & Co.), the material of which is drawn from rare or little read books, and old periodicals such as *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Many are the subjects of interest introduced in this chatty book. There is a talk about tea, and there is some gossip concerning coffee. The fashions and pastimes of our ancestors are very variously illustrated. The origin of the sedan chair and the rise and progress of the umbrella are discussed in odd association with the art of body-snatching and the delights of bull-baiting and cock-fighting. Altogether, Mr. Andrews has contrived to impart a pleasant antiquarian flavour to his miscellany of odd and ancient quotations.

The new volume of *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.) presents as many aspects of interest to the general reader as any of its predecessors. The descriptive articles are as interesting, and even more varied in scope, than heretofore, while all are admirably illustrated. In fiction the volume is particularly well supplied, and it seems it is the short story that is advancing in favour. In this popular section we note contributions by Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. W. Clark Russell, and other practised writers.

That the second series of Mr. Anstey's *Voces Populi* (Longmans & Co.) is an exceedingly diverting book, very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge, is a conclusion from which no reader is likely to dissent. It is altogether as delightful as the first series, and the commendation of the one implies that of the other. We hear much of realism in the drama and in fiction, but very much more convincing is the realism of these exquisite dialogues, wherein the manners and speech of the British public are reproduced with unimpeachable fidelity.

Edited by Mr. Robert Barclay is *A Batch of Golfing Papers*, by Andrew Lang and others (Simpkin & Co.), with an engaging preface by the editor, who remarks, concerning the too abundant literature of Golf, that "happily Golf is not always taken seriously; in fact, most Golf is humorous—in many cases ludicrous." Mr. Lang's papers certainly are less scientific than diverting. Among his playful imaginings we have "The Chelah's Round"—a pleasing fantasy—and "Herodotus in St. Andrews," an apologue of becoming gravity and inventiveness. But the crowning example of the series is not "Socrates on the Links," but "Dr. Johnson." This is a charming and persuasive episode, and in perfect sympathy with the *Tour in the Hebrides*.

A fearsome pursuit Golf will be in the future, according to the visions set forth in *Golf in the Year* 2000, by J. A. C. K. (Fisher Unwin). Self-registering clubs, patent revolving niblicks, and other strange devices are revealed to the astonished golfer who revives from a century trance to find that Golf has moved with the moving times. That this same golfer should win a game in these new circumstances is perhaps more incredible than anything in the story.

The series of pocket volumes known as the "Climber's Guides," edited by Messrs. W. M. Conway and W. A. B. Coolidge, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is, it seems, to be a real series, complete and comprehensive, having passed the experimental phase of its first two volumes. Such, at least, is the information given by Mr. Conway's preface to *The Lepontine Alps*, which, with the companion book, *The Dauphiny Central Alps*, by Messrs. Coolidge, Duhamel, and F. Perrin, has made a timely and reassuring appearance this season. The series, it is announced, will now embrace guides to all the divisions and ranges of the Alps from east to west, and will be addressed to a larger public than was at first contemplated. This is good news for all climbers, and not clubmen only, as it would be nothing less than a calamity that a series so admirably designed and so authoritative should not be developed fully, and reap the success it deserves.

From Messrs. A. & C. Black we have the ninth edition of *O'Shea's Guide to Spain and Portugal*, edited and revised by Mr. John Lomas, with map, plans, and illustrations.

In the excellent "Through Guide" series we have a new edition of *The Eastern Counties* (Dulau & Co.), revised and enlarged by C. S. Ward, M.A., with numerous maps and plans, admirably executed by Mr. John Bartholomew.

Flying Visits, by Harry Furniss (Arrowsmith), is a collection of illustrated articles contributed to *Black and White*, descriptive and depictive of the humours of watering-places, certain North-country towns, and the capitals of Scotland and Ireland. Both text and drawings are in Mr. Furniss's happiest vein. Indeed, a better companion the railway passenger could not have than this cheerful volume.

Mr. H. Knight Horsfield's sketches in prose and verse, *In the Green-Room* (Eden, Remington, & Co.), are also collected from periodicals, chiefly of a sporting character, and make up a volume that may beguile readers who like light and varied stories told with brevity and point.

Spiritualism and theosophy form the staple of Mr. Joseph Hocking's romance *Zillah* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) Not much, however, is offered to the expectant reader in the way of insight into the mysteries. But if the *arcana* are still hid, the story is not without a certain briskness of movement that carries us along.

Ronald the Fusilier, by F. M. Peacock (Gale & Polden), is a short story, told with the excellent spirit that usually distinguishes Captain Peacock's military novelettes.

A social democrat is the hero in *Felix Holt Secundus*, by A. M. (Scott). His story is set forth in sections by "our special"—an inconvenient and confusing form, by the way—and ranges from Oxford college to Queensland and Japan. He is a very distempered youth, this social democrat, and rages terribly against aristocrats. The inscription on the banner of his hope is "Democracy and the schoolmaster," as he meditates upon his "poor, wretched, caste-ridden, mammon-driven old country" in the "eucalyptic cloisterdom" of Australia, where he is employed as "help" at a cattle station. Here, it chances, a lady arrives—"these aristocrats are fine in their way," he is compelled to admit as he considers her charms. And she is amazed by the discovery that he reads Russian, quotes Æschylus, sings divinely, and rides like a Centaur or a Paladin. Of course he saves her life, and

long before the end you anticipate the magnanimous sacrifice of the representative of the Sacred People.

A Song Book of the Soul, by Margery G. J. Kinloch (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is a collection of verse more varied in style and aim than the somewhat ambitious title denotes. The devotional verse is marked by sincerity and refinement, and in the domestic pieces and lays of homely inspiration a not less pleasing simplicity of style is to be noted. But the two kinds of verse are very different, and somewhat arbitrarily combined in the same book.

Colonel Colomb's *Bluestockings* (Allen & Co.) is freely adapted from the *Femmes Savantes* of Molière, written in rhymed heroic verse neatly turned, and should prove an actable play in the hands of capable amateurs.

From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have the first part of a new illustrated serial, *Old and New Paris*, by H. Sutherland Edwards, put forth as the "most popular, complete, and fully-illustrated history of the French capital ever published," which is a tolerably large claim to make. However, this first instalment promises well. The woodcuts are good, and the map of Paris is drawn to a useful scale and is very legible.

Among new editions we have *A Practical Guide to Photographic and Photo-mechanical Printing*, by W. K. Burton, revised throughout (Marion & Co.); *Hush!* a novel, by Curtis Yorke (Jarrold & Sons); *Club Cameos* (Ward & Downey); and a revised edition of *The Messing of the Soldier*, dealing with the new system of military cooking (Gale & Polden).

We have also received Part XII. of the new illustrated edition of *A Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green (Macmillan & Co.); *Vaccination and Smallpox*, by Dr. E. J. Edwardes (Churchill), a plea for compulsory revaccination; *Statistical Year-Book of Canada* for 1891, by Sidney C. D. Roper (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau); the *Annual Report* of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; *Easy French Dialogues*, by Henri Bué (Hachette & Co.); *French Composition*, by Ch. Grandgent (Boston: Heath & Co.); *Italian Composition*, by Carlo Scotti (Hirschfeld); *Xenophon's Anabasis*, Book V., edited for the use of schools, by the Rev. G. H. Nall, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Blurs and Blottings*, by "Daven," a miscellany of verse (Simpkin & Co.); *La Belle Nivernaise*, translated by R. Routledge from the French of Alphonse Daudet, with the illustrations by Montégut (Fisher Unwin); *Algebraic Factors*, by J. Abbot Jarman (Macmillan & Co.); Freytag's *Aus dem Jahrhundert des grossen Krieges*, edited by R. J. Morich, "Advanced Texts" of modern German series (Percival & Co.); and a new revised edition of Barnard Smith's *Arithmetic for Schools*, by W. H. H. Hudson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes to us to disclaim the "editorship" of the new issue of *Alton Locke* on which we recently commented. Mr. Kernahan merely supplied the introduction.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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LYCEUM.—THE BELLS, This Saturday Night, September 24. Mathias, Mr. Henry Irving. Preceded by THE KING AND THE MILLER at Eight. KING HENRY VIII., Saturday next, October 1, and following Evenings at Eight o'clock. Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. IRVING. Queen Katharine, Miss ELLEN TERRY.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 till 5.—LYCEUM.

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. IT was announced, truly or falsely, this day week, that the LORD CHANCELLOR of IRELAND had begun to make magistrates "on the "recommendation of Mr. DAVITT." Now the legal record of Mr. DAVITT is that a jury of his countrymen found him guilty of treason-felony. Who, therefore, so fit to recommend for the commission of the QUEEN'S peace as he? The treason will see to the QUEEN'S interests, and the felony will look after those of peace.

Extracts from a Review answer, full of "Words, "words!" by Mr. GLADSTONE to the Duke of ARGYLL, on Home Rule, were published on the same day. This elicited a vigorous reply in the *Times* of Thursday morning from the Duke, who had also written another letter to a correspondent on Mr. GLADSTONE'S wild assertions as to Welsh rents. The reply to the Review article, however, illustrates (not at all by the Duke's fault) the inconvenience of these anticipated summaries of articles, inasmuch as the full text had not reached this country when the Duke rejoined.——A deputation from the Church Missionary Society waited, yesterday week, on Lord ROSEBERY to call his attention to the very important subject of Uganda, and received from him a reply of the usual official non-committal tone, but, on the whole, not unfavourable.——We may include here as politics, in a far truer and nobler sense than much which bears the name, the fact that the LORD MAYOR consented, yesterday week, to head and receive a *Foudroyant* fund for the purpose of repairing the blunder of the Admiralty in regard to that ship—a blunder which, we regret to see, has been since defended by naval officers of rank on the inadequate ground of "scandal about Lady HAMILTON." ——On Wednesday morning a letter was published from Mr. MORLEY to Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in which the new CHIEF SECRETARY bent the knee to Baal for the second time. Having begun by recalling the proclamations under the Crimes Act, he goes on by promising a Commission to inquire into the condition of the evicted tenants. Whether this will satisfy those who are hungering, not only for their landlord's property, but for the livelihood of their own successors, remains to be seen; the more eager of them are likely to think it but cold comfort. In any case, however, it may encourage disorder, and do much to relax such tonic effect in the direction of working honestly to pay honest debts as has recently been exerted by the policy of the late Government.

Electioneering in South Bedfordshire and the Cirencester division of Gloucestershire was carried on briskly in the earlier part of the week, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH addressing the electors of the latter constituency on Tuesday in favour of Colonel CHESTER MASTER.——A manifesto from the Irish Nationalist party to the Irish people abroad has been issued, speaking cheerfully of the full prospects, and very dolefully of the "empty "purse," of Home Rule.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The retirement of the Afghan troops from Wana was announced this day week, and showed the good faith of that ally of ours, who at the same time informed his people, with sufficient artistic truth, we hope, if not with historical exactness, that "he had sent for two British brigades to keep the "Russians away from the Amu Daria." News from the Continent was abundant enough, but not of much importance.——On Monday morning it was announced that the United States, though they have been quarantining all the world in the most ruthless fashion, were protesting vehemently against the same measure being meted to them. A man of war had very properly been sent to Vladivostock to inquire into the proceedings of the redoubtable Captain DE LEVRON.

In India HASHIM ALI had, after an interview, declined to come in; and there was great irritation among Anglo-Indians at the reported refusal of the Government to take up the silver question. That Colonel DODDS has made friends with the Egbas will not be agreeable news at Lagos. The Governor of the Straits Settlements had had a narrow escape from drowning. Continental news was much as on Saturday.——Neither did Tuesday morning bring much, though there was some news from Mr. CONWAY'S Himalayan Exploring Expedition, which, if it had not got to the top, had got to the bottom of the top; some details about the sealing troubles and other matters, and an account in the *Times* (said to be the first from authentic sources) of the actual rise and progress of the cholera epidemic at Hamburg.——On Wednesday morning news came of the capsizing of a launch on the Mozambique

coast, with the loss of an English and German party of explorers except one; of the discovery of a fresh Mafia or Mala Vita, or something amiable of that kind, at Palermo, and of various missionary movements in and towards Uganda.

The Greeks had been complaining of the Bulgarians in their usual undignified manner, which combines the attitude of a greedy child and a hungry legacy-hunter; and, as we have expected for some time, the holders of the much-debated LEWIS and other concessions in Damara- and Ovampoland raised their voices to protest against the new Anglo-German Company in those parts.——Count D'HAUSSONVILLE has issued a Royalist manifesto this week, and the Correspondent of the *Times* says that M. D'HAUSSONVILLE writes very well, but is wrong in saying that all the beneficial results of the Revolution could, and probably would, have been attained under the Monarchy. Now this last conclusion is, by this time, a commonplace with almost all students of French history who have got a little beyond school books. The general foreign news of Thursday ran very small.——The death of the Shereef of WAZAN may, and also may not, smooth the difficulties of the Sultan of MOROCCO, for the Sherefian primacy is transmitted to sons. News came yesterday of successes on the AMEER'S part against the Hazaras in Afghanistan; and the Presidential campaign in America, the COLUMBUS celebrations in Spain, and some other matters filled up the budget.

The Law Courts. Both the Literary Frauds case and the PARK Will Forgery case came to an end on Tuesday, all concerned in both being found guilty, and the participants sentenced to more or less considerable terms of imprisonment or penal servitude. In the forgery case, Miss SMITH, that ingenious and persevering Irish governess, got ten years' penal servitude, her chief partner, MICKLETHWAITE the lawyer, seven, and so on. Of the literary persons, Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL got eighteen months for being a baronet and a brave soldier—at least the COMMON SERJEANT said that he was passing "a more severe sentence than if it were "not Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL." Sir FORREST FULTON'S doctrine appears to us as much against both justice and the public interest as if it had inclined the other way. MORGAN, the real principal, has eight years, TOMKINS five, and the understrappers months more or fewer.——The attempt made by the Holborn Board of Works to evict the Farringdon Road costermongers was inquired into on Wednesday, but adjourned for proof of certain "liberties of the City of London." It seems a pity to interfere with the "costers" if it be not absolutely necessary; for they are a great convenience to poor people, they earn an honest living for themselves without doing any one else harm, and their barrows at night are one of the few picturesquenesses which have been left in streets made desolate by the doubtless very proper, but hideously unpicturesque, early closing movement.

Sport. The most interesting event at Manchester yesterday week was the Breeders' Foal Stakes, in which Mr. JERSEY'S Milford, whose earlier good luck had rather failed him of late, was made favourite, and won with the top weight on him, but not against any of his most formidable rivals. The Lancashire Plate on Saturday last was far more interesting than most of the big new prizes, for it was practically the Derby run over again with a good four-year-old, Orvieto, thrown in to try the metal of the competitors, and a two-year-old or two to give light weight and flukes a chance. The betting, too, was unusual, La Flêche and Orvieto each starting at five to two on; but the backers of the mare were the wiser, and though receiving only two pounds from the four-year-old, she won by several lengths from him, the Derby winner being far behind. It is, however, by no means certain that St. Angelo, who was leading up to the distance, would not have won if he had not slipped and fallen. The first day of the First October Meeting (so called because it nearly always, if not always, comes in September) at Newmarket was of more than average interest, as there was some fair two-year-old racing, the Forty-third Triennial for four-year-olds, and the Great Foal Stakes, in which Orme was to resume his chequered career with no very formidable opponents, but on a course a quarter of a mile longer than that which since the St. Leger has been assumed to be his best. He won easily enough, however, though he was giving Versailles and Dunure (the second and third) ten and Certosa twenty pounds. Ragimunde won the long-distance Triennial Stakes easily enough, with about 4 to 1 on him, and in the two chief two-year-old races Mr. COMBE'S Bill of Portland, with 2 to 1 on, succumbed completely in the Buckenham Stakes to Mr. MILNER'S Grand Duke, while the Duke of PORTLAND'S Raeburn, also made a strong favourite, was more fortunate in the Boscawen Stakes. There was a large field for the First Nursery, which went to Mr. DESCHAMP'S Bonne Sorte.——The chief race of Wednesday was the Great Eastern Handicap, for which the large field of twenty turned out, and which was won by Mr. GOOCH'S Red Enamel. In the Forty-fourth Triennial Produce Stakes, that rather uncertain horse, Llanthony, was made a strong favourite at 9 to 2 on; but he was utterly unable to give 8 lbs. to Mr. MILNER'S Adoration, who won as she liked by three lengths. A somewhat less hot favourite, General WILLIAMS'S Perigord, was more fortunate in the chief two-year-old race of the day, the Hopeful Stakes; but Mr. CHARLTON'S Lady Bob ran him to a head.——Thursday provided, with several minor races, the October Handicap and the once famous Grand Duke Michael Stakes. The former was well contested, and won by Baron HIRSCH'S Windgall; and the latter would have been a walk-over for the same owner's La Flêche if Mr. HOULDSWORTH had not started Dunure—not a bad horse, but of late a little overrated on more than one such occasion. Forty to one was laid on the mare, who was only giving six pounds, and she won as she liked.——The Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews, details of which we give elsewhere, went on Friday week to an amateur and an Englishman, Mr. HILTON of Liverpool.

Miscellaneous. The Indian trooper *Euphrates* and the large new battle-ship *Hawke* both met with accidents on Monday, due to the failure of the complicated machinery of modern ships.——A "West "Brompton Mystery," in the shape of a double suicide, or a murder followed by suicide, had poorly furnished forth the tables of those who generally expect something of the kind to cheer them in September.——The spirit of desperation has also prompted an attempt to make some capital out of an outbreak of ill-temper among the First Life Guards at Windsor, which seems to have led to some saddle-cutting and other petty mischief of the class not uncommon among schoolboys and soldiers.——The defence of Lucknow—a thing never to be forgotten while a single Englishman has English blood in his veins—was celebrated at the beginning of this week by a service in St. Paul's on Sunday and a dinner on Monday.——The London County Council met for the first time after its holidays on Tuesday, received the resignation of Lord HOBHOUSE, discussed some improvements which may be useful, and proposed some ways of paying for them which are not unlikely to be mischievous.——Roused by the example of Southampton, Bristol and Dover have been making great harbour schemes, which in the latter case are already to some extent advanced. An outsider might wonder at all this outlay at a moment when we hear of nothing so much as of the falling off and depression of trade. But it is an old

trader's maxim, and perhaps not a bad one, "When you "can't employ your money profitably in actual business, "employ it in preparing for business to come."——The possible difficulties of a Roman Catholic Lord Mayor have been brought forward this week in correspondence and otherwise.——Cardinal HOWARD was buried with great pomp at Arundel, on Tuesday, in the FitzAlan Chapel, that "anomaly in stone and lime" where, by solemn confirmation of English law, a structural part of an Anglican parish church is allowed to be used for non-Anglican services.——At the election of the Lord Mayor on Thursday the opposition to Alderman KNILL—an unfortunate, if perhaps inevitable, revival in a different form of the old Occasional Conformity disputes—was urged pretty noisily, but was ineffectual, the Alderman being duly elected. It was understood that a sort of deputy would take his place in those functions wherein the Lord Mayor specially figures in connexion with Church matters. ——At the inquest on Dr. HERON, one of the persons concerned in the above-mentioned "Brompton "Mystery," the Coroner took occasion to express his opinion that there was not only no ground for suspecting murder in the earlier case, but that the circumstances in which, several years ago, Dr. HERON'S wife died at Jamaica were in no way discreditable to him. ——The Chairman of the London School Board made his annual statement on Thursday.

Correspondence. Wheat-growing, COLUMBUS, PHARAOH, the Liquor Trade, Glanders, and other things were with the newspaper reader as usual on this day week, while Maltese mixed marriages, which he had fondly thought extinct, once more appeared, and Major CONDER put in a caveat about the "Garden Tomb" at Jerusalem.——Monday morning was a stormy one in the correspondence columns of the *Times*. There arose in reference to the Grindelwald controversy a "Puzzled Ecclesiastical Lawyer," who seems excellently qualified when the sorrowful decrees of Providence shall remove Lord GRIMTHORPE to play ELISHA to that Tishbite. The "Lawyer" pronounced Mr. HENSON "either ignorant or insolent," and went on to show that everybody else who had engaged in the controversy was certainly the first, if not also the second. Nor can the eirenicon simultaneously and handsomely proffered by the Reverend Doctor JOSEPH PARKER, that "Noncon-"formists are prepared to deliver in any cathedral a "simple and fervent Christian testimony," be said to be likely to effect a final solution of the question, though we have not the very faintest doubt that Dr. PARKER is more than ready to deliver some kind of testimony in any cathedral whatever. It may seem incredible, but is true, that on the same morning HANNIBAL'S passage of the Alps, under the care of Sir GEORGE BOWEN, safely and successfully added itself to the topics of correspondence. And the sea-serpent *n'était pas là!*——One of the claims of that very much-advertised person, Sir GEORGE GREY, the claim to the merit of diverting troops to India during the Mutiny when they touched at the Cape, was seriously questioned on Monday morning by Sir HENRY LOCH. "A Warwickshire Landowner" pointed out for the hundredth time the mischievous absurdity of representing rent as the cause of farmers' ill success, by showing that, if wheat land were let rent free, it could not be made to pay at present prices.——On Thursday morning an exceedingly unsatisfactory defence of the conduct of the British East Africa Company was attempted by General Sir ARNOLD KEMBALL. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH wrote on Canadian Home Rule, and there was a vast deal of other letter-writing.——A very forcible and well-written letter against the abandonment of Uganda, by Mr. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, a person well qualified to speak, was published yesterday morning.

Obituary. General POPE'S name was very well known to the British public thirty years ago, and most people who have reached middle life can remember the immense excitement which his defeat at Manassas created. His reputation, however, was older and better than this, for he had taken a considerable part in the Seminole and Mexican wars.——Dr. LONGSTAFF was a local London politician of some note, but was chiefly remarkable for the great age—ninety-four—to which he lived, and for being one of the last of those who agitated for slave emancipation.——Sir WILLIAM RITCHIE, Chief Justice of Canada, had for nearly half a century been prominent among Canadian lawyers.

Books, &c. We may note Miss GERARD'S *Angelica Kauffmann* (London: WARD & DOWNEY) as out, and *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck*, by JOHN KENT and Mr. FRANCIS LAWLEY (Edinburgh and London: BLACKWOOD), as about to appear.

UGANDA AND EQUATORIA.

ALTHOUGH no positive intelligence has come from Wadelai, and although it is quite possible that some time may elapse before any does come, as the way is subject to many interruptions, the Belgian papers continue to discuss the subject with a very natural hope that the rumours recently current may be true. We need not trouble ourselves with much comment on their endeavours to show that Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN'S presence on the Nile would be the very best thing for British interests. It might, indeed, be replied with all imaginable politeness that, though England and Belgium are very good friends, and though Belgium cannot as Belgium be a possible object of alarm to Great Britain, the gradual Belgianizing of even the admitted parts of the Congo Free State has not been entirely profitable to British trade and enterprise in the district. It might further be suggested that in the present tendency of the French to dispute or, at any rate, to cry halves in Free State acquisitions, such acquisitions in the Nile direction would be highly inconvenient, and that there is a story about a right of pre-emption accorded to the Republic which, though no English statesman in his senses would ever admit it, makes it especially desirable that the frontiers of the Free State should be kept strictly to their internationally sanctioned limits. But really all this is superfluous. It is enough, still with the utmost politeness, to observe that we do not like even the honestest of intruders into our private apartments; and that the valley of the Upper Nile is very much our private apartment, though for the present we prefer to keep it unoccupied by ourselves.

This is, however, by far the least important part of the matter. The Belgians are delighting themselves with a story, the various chapters and verses of which we should like to examine, when they are produced, with very great exactness. It is to the effect that "King LEOPOLD made a treaty with Sir WILLIAM "MACKINNON, authorizing his agent to push forward "to Lado, and only signed this treaty after it had "been accepted by Lord SALISBURY. Since then the "Foreign Office has contested the value of this per-"sonal sanction." One might base a whole Phalaris-dissertation on this very remarkable text, which might have deserved a word from Sir ARNOLD KEMBALL when he took up the cudgels for the Company the other day. There is, of course, the main question what business Sir W. MACKINNON has to make treaties with King LEOPOLD or King anybody about places situate on the Nile. Sir WILLIAM is the head of the British East Africa Company, which has been chartered as the representative of Great Britain in a certain

sphere, understood, with more or less reservation of the rights of Egypt, to extend between the German and Italian spheres from the ocean to the Nile northwards. But the Company has never placed a man or spent a halfpenny on the banks of the Nile north of the Albert Nyanza, and if it had squandered blood and treasure like water there, it could have no authority to bargain away the British sphere or to deal in any way with territory not British. Then there is this mysterious "acceptance" by Lord SALISBURY, and the still more mysterious "contestation" by the Foreign Office of this "personal sanction." Now, if Lord SALISBURY had given any sanction of the kind inferred, he would have given it not "personally," but as Foreign Secretary, and, what is more, as Prime Minister of England. The Brussels story, then, is self-contradictory and self-destructive. It is, indeed, conceivable that what was arranged between Sir WILLIAM MACKINNON and King LEOPOLD, and may possibly have been accepted by Lord SALISBURY, was a simple permit to Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN, if he found himself conveniently situated, to enter the British sphere and cross it as a visitor to see how things were going in Equatoria. To this there would be no formal objection; and though we confess that we should not think, in the present condition of affairs in Africa, that it was a very wise proceeding, it might justly be said that the Congo authorities allowed Mr. STANLEY'S armed force to cross their territory, and that one good turn deserves another. But it is clear that it would put the Belgians in no better position than they were in before they crossed, if they did cross, the boundary of the Free State.

It is by no means uninteresting to compare this part of the matter with another part—that affecting Uganda itself. Last week, as we note in our Chronicle, a deputation from the Church Missionary Society waited on Lord ROSEBERY, to urge the taking of some steps for the retention of that kingdom. Captain LUGARD and Captain MACDONALD will soon be here to give an account of their stewardship. The East Africa Company, while protesting that it must abandon Uganda, has been prosecuting the railway survey—which would be half useless if Uganda is given up—and has sent large caravans in that direction. Sir ARNOLD KEMBALL, taking up the defence of the Company in the *Times* of Thursday, has made elaborate attempts to show that the Company is not responsible, but has utterly failed to disentangle it from the double dilemma which has been more than once urged here. Either the Company calculated the cost of taking Uganda in hand with discreditable lack of foresight, or it has abandoned the task with scarcely less discreditable precipitation; and either it was not worth while taking the trouble to estate the Company as an Imperial, Chartered, and what not Company at all, or it is quite impossible that, as Sir ARNOLD thinks, the question of Uganda passing under a foreign flag should "only concern it in common "with all other subjects of HER MAJESTY." *We* are subjects of HER MAJESTY, and, we trust, loyal ones; but we are not Imperial, we are not Chartered, the House of Commons has never voted us a penny, and we do not remember that Lord SALISBURY ever obtained for us by international arrangement a sphere of several square thousands of miles anywhere. Meanwhile Bishop TUCKER, not daunted by the Company, is also going up to what may be called, in more senses than one, the front. We hear, indeed, of claims to be made by the White Fathers, and backed by M. RIBOT, after that ingenious fashion which allows French Governments to bully, browbeat, and plunder the Church at home, while abroad they favour every attempt it makes to spread French influence. But this was tempered by a remarkable, and not at all improbable, counter-rumour that the French missionaries are by no means indisposed to make terms, and anything but anxious for a complete English withdrawal. This is, we say, by no means wholly improbable. It is said that the POPE has expressed disapproval of the Uganda quarrel; but there is more than this. The White Fathers know perfectly well that, though France may back them when it is merely a question of annoying England, and perhaps getting some money out of her, M. RIBOT is as likely to fly as to try the Tonquin business in Uganda. Therefore if England goes out, either Germany will come in, or else there will not improbably be a Mahommedan terror, neither of which events would suit the French missionaries' book at all. Therefore, they would much rather that their friend MWANGA were upheld by an agreement with the English on some decent terms with themselves. All these things make a pretty, but not on the whole a necessarily unfavourable, complication for Lord ROSEBERY to consider. We do not know that he ought to have much difficulty, unless his colleagues have taken what DEFOE would call a "glass extraordinary" of whatever poison it is which prompts men to scuttle. Nobody that we know of wants anything violent or vigorous done. It is only necessary to address a polite "hands off" in various directions, that so when the right time comes England may not be prevented from laying hands on.

BARBARIANS AND BAZAARS.

MR. STEVENSON'S little work on the recent history of Samoa prepared its readers for a good many anomalies in that country, but not, perhaps, for a recent incident. As every one knows who cares to know, "there is confusion in the little isle." As in Brentford, there are two kings, but they do not sit on the same throne. In Apia there is a monarch, whom the Germans at one time carried off to the Cameroons, but who has been restored under their sublime auspices. His chief duty is to sign things (a highly constitutional process), and to draw a very moderate salary. He has, or had, a palace which would not attract notice by its splendour in Connemara or Moidart, and, on the whole, a feebler and more amiable potentate can scarce be found, But the other King, "the "King over the water," MALIETOA MATAAFA, is a very different character. He keeps to himself, he has plenty of devoted adherents, he lives remote in a Court of his own, he is a strict Catholic, and, in some domestic matters, he follows the example of EDWARD the Confessor. But, if a tale which reaches us is true, the milder monarch in the Apian land does not trust the pacific disposition of the King over the water. This was recently shown in a curious and characteristic way. The Evangelical population of Samoa determined to build, or decorate, or restore a Protestant church. Perhaps it may have been a Free Kirk, or one of "the bonny U.P. Kirks" which Mr. STEVENSON has celebrated in verse. Now money, as usual, was wanted, for the Samoans (who quite recently worshipped owls and eels and cuttle-fish) appear to have no wicked endowed Establishment. Therefore they did what is so very common in Scotland when money is wanted for ecclesiastical purposes—they held a bazaar.

It is pleasant and comic to think of pretty Samoan damsels selling slippers and cigars and raffling dolls in the interests of pure religion. Nothing more quaint and anomalous than a barbarian bazaar for the purpose of buying a new lectern, or an organ, or a stained-glass window is likely to occur to the unfettered imagination. And fifty years or so ago the clergy would have been on the sideboard, not walking patronizingly around, securing tickets for raffles, and signing their autographs on their photographs. The scene was like an idyl out of an opera by Mr. GILBERT; but, if

we are correctly informed, the bazaar and the devotees were surrounded by a circle of armed men. There are said to have been two German war vessels in the harbour of Apia, so celebrated for its ruinous hurricane. But the bazaar was not safe under their guns; a military cordon was needed to protect the slippers, the antimacassars, the dolls, the hand-painted articles on sale. The idea seems to have been that MALIETOA MATAAFA, the King over the water, is not entirely to be trusted in circumstances of strong temptation. He is a Roman Catholic; the church was of some Protestant denomination. What if MALIETOA MATAAFA were to preach a crusade, were to loot the bazaar, seize the gorgeous and useful articles with which bazaars are replete, rifle the raffles, and perhaps burn the church, advancing the time-honoured plea that "he thought "the Bishop was in it"? If the anecdote of the bazaar and its military protectors be quite accurate, and not the humorous invention of a playful fancy, we may "probably have exciting news from Samoa."

THE CHURCH CONGRESS

THE Church Congress of 1892 will meet at Folkestone next week under favourable auspices, and at an interesting nick of time. We need not say much about its programme here, for programmes are the most delusive of things to discuss beforehand in detail, the least apparently interesting subjects often providing the best papers and debates, and *vice versâ*. The place of meeting is a good one, near enough to London, and not too near, and such as may allure "Congressmen" —who, even if they be Church Congressmen, are human, and can hardly be expected to flock in holiday-time to a manufacturing town quite so readily as to a seaside resort with the crowd of August and September absent from it, and with at least the possibility of that early autumn weather which is nowhere pleasanter than by the sea. But these are accidents, though not despicable accidents. It is far more essential that the time at which the Congress meets is likely to be a time by no means unimportant in the history of the Church of England.

For it meets soon after the most important decision of recent years as to vexed questions of Church order and discipline—a decision specially interesting when we remember the very different one connected with Folkestone itself. It meets still sooner after a doubtless well-meant but hopelessly ill-directed attempt at an eirenicon outside the Church, as fallacious and unprofitable as the eirenicon of the LINCOLN judgment should be fruitful and trustworthy within it. It meets on the eve, as the PRIME MINISTER of England has just announced, of some sort of attack—undefined, except as certainly an attack—on the property, or the privileges, or both, of an integral part of the Church of England itself. The affirmation of the Lambeth judgment, the failure of the Grindelwald freak, and the menace of the Welsh raid ought to stir up every one who attends the Congress to do all in his power to carry out the healing tendencies of the first, to avoid the error of the second, and to make an "Alleluia Battle" of the third.

For the sake of charity it may be as well to say as little of the Grindelwald affair as possible, especially as the tone in which the Bishop of WORCESTER has defended his participation in the matter testifies pretty clearly to a consciousness of blunder. If anybody defends it at the Congress, it will be time to return to an affair of which we have not thought it necessary to take much notice here, because, among other reasons, of the obscurity, with the rarest exceptions, of the Churchmen who took part in it. The late Archbishop MAGEE, no rabid sacerdotalist surely, spoke on this matter of Reunion, at two Church Congresses long ago, words not only so wise and weighty, but so recently reprinted in his *Speeches and Addresses*, that they need no repetition here. It is different as to the other matters. They may find more or less notice in the proceedings of the Congress itself; but to the mind of every one who attends that Congress as a faithful son of the Church of England they will, even if unmentioned, be constantly present. It is sometimes said that the Church ought to have no politics, and that questions like that of Disestablishment, partial or total, ought not to be mooted at these meetings. It is an idle, a foolish, and a mischievous contention. Only by stirring up Churchmen in all parts of the land to resist the spoiler is resistance possible; and it is of the very essence of the Congress that it should serve as a centre for the organization of resistance. Unquestionably, however, the recent event which ought to be most in the mind, and ought most to govern the spirit of the Congress, is the Lincoln judgment. There are those who tell us that, if the Church is to hold her own, she must devise new means of attracting the people, must vie with this and that profane or sectarian body or institution. Again, the teaching is idle and mischievous—not, indeed, as in the other case, wholly, but when carried further than to a comparatively short distance. Of course in externals and non-essentials the Church may change with the times. Except in the imagination of cheap political humourists, we do not know that there is anywhere an ecclesiastical Tory who would abolish glass windows or substitute written rolls for printed service-books. But the main principle of any Church of England which is worth defending or preserving must be to stand on the old ways as far as is consistent with activity, and to recognize the strictness of law while admitting the claims of a reasonable liberty. It is in the combination of these things that the value of the great Constitution of Ritual, as it may almost be called, which dates from this year, consists; and the best expression of the mind of Churchmen in Council will be reached by a hearty resolve to act henceforward up to, if possible, but always within, its intelligent and generous ruling.

THE HARD CASE OF DR. RONAYNE.

OF all the numerous storm-chicks now so fast returning to that uneasy roost which Mr. GLADSTONE rules, by far the most active and troublesome seem to be those which are making for the particular perch occupied by the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT of IRELAND. Mr. MORLEY, as we noticed last week, is being pressed with peculiar urgency for payment of the penalties due in respect of various anarchic utterances which members of the present Government have either themselves delivered when in Opposition, or have allowed their followers to deliver unreproved, on the subject of the government of Ireland. That he is not more embarrassed even than he is, is owing solely to the forbearance of his Irish political allies of either group. For the moment it suits the purposes of both these factions alike to "go slow," and they have, therefore, studiously refrained hitherto from encouraging the impatience of their countrymen to receive some substantial proofs of the goodwill, or at any rate some tangible earnest of the good faith, of the new Government. For instance, neither Mr. DILLON of the one part, nor Mr. REDMOND of the other, has as yet made it his business to stump the "Campaigned" districts, and remind the evicted tenants that they ought long ere this to have obtained the satisfaction of those claims into which Mr. MORLEY'S "small Com-"mission" is only now about to "inquire." Nor is either of these gentlemen at present clamouring for the purgation of the Irish magistracy, as per Mr.

ELLIS'S promised proscription list. This forbearance of theirs is, of course, dictated by policy, and not by conscience. It is not practised because they are aware that the former of these two demands is legally, and the latter morally, impossible to be acceded to by Mr. MORLEY; for it is these very circumstances, of course, which, when the time comes for discrediting the Government, will recommend to them the demands in question as the most effective of political weapons. Only that time, as we have said, is not yet.

The popular impatience, however, which the Nationalist leaders abstain from stimulating continues to grow of itself. The temporizing policy which Parliamentary Opportunists like Mr. HEALY and Mr. REDMOND can bring themselves to follow is evidently puzzling to the straightforward common sense of the Irish local politician. Plain men like the Youghal Town Commissioners cannot see the necessity of all this excessive delicacy in dealing with the Irish Executive. If the bench is not to be purged as it ought to be of all Unionist magistrates, an English Government possessing sympathy with Irish Nationalist aspiration ought in common decency to pack it with Home Rulers; and, sure, they could not make a better beginning than by revoking the arbitrary and oppressive act of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland and replacing Dr. RONAYNE on the Commission of the Peace. Never was there a case more deserving of the favourable consideration of a Government whose chief invented the inspiriting watchword of "Remember "Mitchelstown." For Dr. RONAYNE'S action as a magistrate was an almost perfect realization of the theory of popular rights which Mr. GLADSTONE so passionately upheld on the occasion of that memorable rhetorical flight. The late Captain PLUNKETT having, as Divisional Commissioner, issued a proclamation forbidding a meeting called by Mr. O'BRIEN, and having drafted a large military and police force into Youghal to enforce the prohibition, Dr. RONAYNE issued a counter-proclamation encouraging the people to disregard it. The immediate result was a serious riot, accompanied with some bloodshed, and an attempt, which narrowly missed success, to wreck a special train containing a force of police by placing obstructions on the Youghal railway. The ulterior result was the removal of Dr. RONAYNE from the Commission of the Peace. It is against this vindictive punishment of a public-spirited official that the Youghal Town Commissioners are protesting. They have vainly petitioned the Lord-Lieutenant of the county for his reinstatement, and, having been by him referred to the LORD CHANCELLOR of IRELAND, they have adopted a further resolution, with a strong recommendation in favour of the re-appointment of Dr. RONAYNE, and forwarded it to Mr. WALKER. It is said, however, that they rely mainly upon "Mr. "MORLEY'S presence at the Castle" to insure their client's being righted; and, indeed, one hardly sees how Mr. GLADSTONE'S most trusted colleague can with decency allow a magistrate who, even on the most unfavourable view of his conduct, only showed that he "remembered," and was desirous of avenging, Mitchelstown, to remain under the stigma which he has incurred in consequence.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE Nationalists and the Gladstonians understand one another, of course; so it does not much matter what is said on either side of the great Separatist party. But if that were not so manifestly the case as it is; if, to suppose the impossible, the Gladstonians were capable of bidding for support independent of the Nationalists; if the Nationalists, again, could be conceived of as capable of suspecting the Gladstonians of a lurking wish to be able to do without them—why, then, the *Daily News* of the 27th ult. might be thought to have played the part of a stirrer-up of strife. This, to be sure, is ridiculous, and the explanation of the action which puzzles us is to be sought elsewhere. Still, there is the action in question, to be accounted for by the most honourable motives, as a matter of course, but still on the face of it mysterious. Here is the fact—the *Daily News* on the day quoted actually instigated the London County Council to obstruct the Home Rule Bill. It is monstrous, it is incredible, it would be a calumny if the authorized exponent of Gladstonian ideas (we believe this is the correct formula) had not said as much in as many words.

For what other than an invitation to obstruct is the advice to force upon Parliament a very large question of policy and administration in the "golden moments" of its "energetic youth"? We understood that those too brief moments of the morning of life were already assigned to other and contentious purposes. Yet here is the *Daily News* assuring the County Council in the warmest terms that they "may now ask "for increased powers with some certainty that what "they ask for will be given them, and they cannot put "their wants in the form of a demand too soon." It goes on to quote Lord SHERBROOKE, of all men, on the use to be made of the "golden moments" of a new Parliament's youth. Now, the wants which the County Council were asked to put into words are no mystery. It wants to throw upon the ground-landlord, who has given a long lease of his land, the burden which the tenant had deliberately contracted to bear, in consideration of a fixed and moderate rent for a term of years. Now, it is obvious that, when such a proposal as this comes to be argued out in the House of Commons, there will be words. In and out of the House all men allow that London improvements should be executed, and that speedily. Also, it will not be disputed that they must needs cost money, and that, since we have thrown away the Coal and Wine Duties, the funds must be obtained by direct taxation. It was a little cheap in the Gladstonian organ to make a display of energy in kicking at such a gaping door as this. Also, it was not worthy of distinguished counsel to insist that the reimposition of the duties would be resisted by the coal-owners of the North. The name of the opposition sufficiently indicates the quarter which has benefited by the reform. No Londoner outside of the favoured circle of coal-merchants has been the better for it to the extent of the minutest conceivable fraction of a farthing. Still these duties are gone, and we may be sure that their reimposition would be made an excuse by the coal-merchants for sending up the price of coal ten per cent. The Coal Dues and Wine Duties are both gone, and their memory remains as a monument to the sagacity of municipal reformers.

But from wearing the mourning of the Coal and Wine Dues to agreeing that money for improvements must be found by a reform of the incidence of taxation in the sense of the County Council there is a considerable interval. It is all very well to say, as the eximious Mr. COSTELLOE did during the first weekly meeting of the Council, that the reconstruction of Vauxhall Bridge would "benefit the property of the owner of ground "values." This generalization requires to be brought down to particulars. What owners will be benefited, and at what date? Is the ground-landlord in Hoxton who gave a ninety-nine years lease of his land thirty years ago, and can get no more for the next sixty-eight years, to be taxed for Vauxhall Bridge, while his tenant, the seller of ready-made boots, who is fast making a fortune, is to go free? This is the sort of question which will be asked in the House of Commons, and will assuredly not be settled without

debate. To say "Yes" in the columns of a Gladstonian paper, or in the exhilarating presence of Progressive County Councillors, is one thing. To force such a piece of confiscation through the Commons is quite another. It may be done, but not in a hurry; and while it is being done everything else, even justice to Ireland, will be stopped. But the County Council is to make the attempt; and the *Daily News* has told it that the sooner it makes this demand, and more, the better. This looks bad for justice to Ireland; but the Nationalists, who see eye to eye with the Gladstonians, may calm themselves with the reflection that this is only a variation on Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S song to the Scotch Crofter, and on the Cwmllan speech.

THURSDAY'S CABINET.

WHY was a Cabinet held on Thursday, since such important action as that implied in Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S letter to Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY can be taken on the initiative of a single Minister? Ordinarily, Ministers do not come together after a prorogation in August until the close of the first week in November, when Lord Mayor's Day, like the *ducdame* of the melancholy JACQUES, draws them into a circle. A September Cabinet in ordinary circumstances would be something of a portent, with fear of change perplexing monarchs, or with fear of a November Session disturbing members of Parliament. A misunderstanding with some foreign Power, an ultimatum to Russia with respect to the Pamirs, a demand for an explanation and a threat of reprisals in regard to the seizure of British sealers in the North Pacific, the evacuation of Egypt, or the narrowing of our sphere of influence in East and South Africa—all these would be in other circumstances subjects on which "Goschens" would show themselves sensitive. They would be so many eggs from which a whole brood of wild ducks would be hatched. There is no great reason for alarm, however, with respect to our foreign relations. Apart from the confidence which is felt in Lord ROSEBERY'S presence at the Foreign Office, Ministers may be trusted to avoid doing anything which will raise embarrassing questions at the meeting of Parliament. So long as they continue to act on the lines and in the spirit of Lord SALISBURY'S foreign policy, they will, we confidently believe, be protected from assault on the part of the cringers and scuttlers by the united strength of the Opposition.

The Cabinet, putting the Uganda question aside, probably met on Thursday for the consideration of some urgent topics of administration. It was the wise remark of Cousin FEENIX that, when an Englishman has a duty to perform, it is his business to get out of it in the best way he can. HER MAJESTY'S present advisers are called on by various sections of their supporters to redeem certain large promises which they have made; and it is their business to get out of them as well as they can. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, for example, has pledged himself to the doctrine that the Executive ought to exercise discretion as to the laws which it will enforce; he has declared that he has no respect for judicial decisions not based on the verdict of a jury; he has apologized for the predatory doctrines and connived at the predatory practices of the Plan of Campaign; and he now finds that the outrages which Mr. BALFOUR suppressed are, under his supposed favour or indifference, breaking forth again. What is he to do? On one important question he adopts the dilatory device of a Royal Commission. We had hoped that, with responsibility for the peace of Ireland resting on him, he would return to his earlier conviction, that it is the landlords, and not the tenants, of Ireland who now need protection from lawless tyranny and spoliation; that it is the chief business of English statesmen to instil into the minds of the Irish people the principles of a strict, and even technical, legality; and that trial by jury is not an *à priori* principle of philosophy, or based upon divine right, but a question of expediency and of the relation of means to an end. In other words, that he would carry out the Irish policy of Mr. BALFOUR, as Lord ROSEBERY must carry out the foreign policy of Lord SALISBURY. If he does so, what becomes of the Irish vote? If he yields to and connives at Irish lawlessness, a storm of indignation may drive him from office. Then there is the question of the release of the dynamiters and outrage-mongers, against which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is pledged to the lips, and which both the Irish factions noisily demand. Mr. ASQUITH has shown courage in refusing the not less absurd demand, backed also by intrusive Americans, for the release of Mrs. MAYBRICK, who is quite as much of a political prisoner as the Irish gaol-birds; and he has declined to over-ride magisterial decisions disagreeable to the Labour party. There is the question of the right of meeting in Trafalgar Square, in which the shopkeepers, whose votes the Government is anxious to gain, are on one side, and the Labour demagogues are on the other. Ministers would probably be glad to divide their responsibility with Parliament, but they have to act without knowing what the mind of Parliament is. Mr. GLADSTONE most likely gave his colleagues on Thursday instructions which may keep them, if not of one mind, yet of tolerably harmonious speech during the recess.

THE LITERARY FRAUDS.

THE ancients, who knew everything, told the story of the so-called literary frauds in little, long ago. It will be found in the fable of the Fox and the Crow and the piece of cheese. The modern version differs in certain details from the old. Several foxes combined to bamboozle the whole rookery. They stood under the trees, and said, "How deliciously you sing in parts and "in solo! The world does not know your merits; but "if you trust us we will do you right. We, the foxes, "will form you into the order of St. CORVINUS, and you "shall all wear hawks' caps adorned with bells. Pray "favour us with your music." Then the crows began to caw in chorus, dropping the pieces of cheese they had in their beaks, which the foxes gobbled up. But one who called himself a servant of Truth saw the wiles of those foxes. He did not say "Good luck to us "all, gentlemen," as the Freelance said to the wolves who were worrying the sheep. On the contrary, he hunted the foxes into traps, and particularly into one very artfully constructed trap, called "Conspiracy," where they all were caught by the tail, or the pad. The foxes were pestilent marauders; but how foolish it was in the crows to believe that RENARD could found an order of St. CORVINUS!

To leave this farrago of old fables, and speak seriously, the so-called literary frauds were a mere variation on the usual Company swindle. They differed mainly in this—that they did less harm, and appealed less to ignorant greed than to ignorant vanity. The Company swindler preys on the country clergyman, maiden lady, and retired sea-captain, who never will learn that it is impossible to get 20 per cent. for your money and safety together. MORGAN and his colleagues preyed on the vanity of the considerable number of people of all ages and occupations who cherish the delusion that, if only the world could hear them sing, or see their remarkable writings and pictures, they would spring at once to fame and to fortune. The various alliances, societies, and what not, which these allies have constructed during the last ten years or so, were so many webs to catch such

flies as these. The baits offered were those which never have failed, and never will fail, to attract a certain kind of fly. A gown and hood, the right to put letters after your name, a diploma which looked very well when framed—these are things which are as irresistible to a certain stamp of man and woman as a rabbit to a weasel. The prisoner MORGAN, who may almost be said to have played FALSTAFF to the POINS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and PISTOL of the others, displayed his knowledge of this human weakness with impudent humour. The letters he offered were, he said, just as good as M.B.S., which we learn stand for "Members of "the Balloon Society." He might have added that they were every bit as good as the LL.D., Phil.Doc., Lit.Doc., of certain so-called Universities on both sides of the Atlantic, which dupes are found to believe in, to pay for, and to wear. All the enterprises of this long firm were not absolute swindles. Some men were able to sell pictures by their means. The lady who paid a guinea to one of their Societies, and received fifteen shillings for singing at a concert, did not lose much by the bargain. She paid six shillings for an opportunity of displaying her talents. If the associates had stopped here, they would only have levied a tribute on foolish human vanity. They did not stop there, but went on, as POINS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and PISTOL have ever done, to cutting purses on Gad's Hill. They took manuscripts and money for publishing them. They used the first as spills and squandered the second on sack overnight, and small beer in the morning. They cheated tradesmen, and bilked landladies. For this they have properly come to the proper end of such persons.

We confess that we think the amount of whipping and of sitting in the stocks allotted them is fully equal to their demerits. Some of them are dangerous swindlers of whom the world will be well rid. But if the laws are made for every degree, we wonder there is not better company—to wit, of persons who unload shares in sham gold mines or rotten South American securities on the widow and the orphan—where MORGAN is going. As for the sentence passed on Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL, we will not say that it is excessive, but we are sure that it was fixed at eighteen months' hard labour for a very bad reason. The doctrine that "men "of good birth and position" are to be more severely punished than others is only the old doctrine that they ought to get off more cheaply, because exposure is worse to them than to the poor rogue, read backwards. The one is a toadying of the classes, and the other of the masses. It is not for an English judge to toady any man or body of men.

We have more sympathy with the severe comments of the COMMON SERJEANT on the alleged ill-treatment of these men—or of some of them—when in prison before their trial. This matter of the treatment of prisoners awaiting trial is one which has attracted a good deal of attention of late, and has been made the text of some angry eloquence. Any one who knows the British public can see what capabilities it possesses of one day supplying an excuse for one of those explosions of mingled anger and sentiment to which we are liable. And it is the more likely to do so because it is by no manner of means so easy to deal with as it appears, either to the sentimentalist or to the stamp of person who has been described as the sentimentalist "turned inside out"—the person who makes a parade of austerity, and is almost as intolerable a *poseur* as the other. The excellent rule that a man is to be considered innocent until he is proved guilty is inevitably subject to some deductions in practice. One of these is that a man who has not yet been proved guilty must be debarred from taking measures to elude the necessity of proving his innocence. Frequently this can only be done by keeping him in prison; and a man who is in durance can only be said to be receiving the treatment due to an innocent man in a very Pickwickian sense. In prison, too, he must submit to the rules of the house, as far as is necessary in order to keep up its discipline. The difficulty is to know exactly how far the unconvicted prisoner can be justly made to submit to the same treatment as the convicted. If all prisoners sent for trial and left unbailed, either because they could not get bail or because it was refused, were afterwards to be convicted, there would be no difficulty. Their case, while waiting trial, would at least be better than their case after conviction, and there is no reason why either should be luxurious. The prisoner who complained to the COMMON SERJEANT that he had been handcuffed to another prisoner afterwards condemned for manslaughter seems to have been peculiarly outraged by the character of the offender to whom he was fastened. But, since both were still untried, the homicide had manifestly as good a ground of complaint as the cheat. The question is whether men not yet convicted ought to be manacled at all, whether they are waiting trial for fraud or for manslaughter. It would never be asked if conviction always followed the refusal or inability to get bail. But cases do happen in which a prisoner who has been refused bail is acquitted. One of these days it may well come to pass that there will be a very hard case in which the prisoner, by luck or skill, gets the ear of the public at a time when the public has nothing more pressing to think about. Then we shall have a repetition of a most notorious incident in the career of the late Ministry, and another version of the storm aroused by a certain notorious cross-examination, which the friends of the eminent cross-examiner defended from the charge of cowardly brutality by the curious plea that it was incredibly clumsy. Now it is true that these storms and rages pass away, and may even seem to leave no trace. It is none the less true that they do leave traces in the shape of mischief. The authority of the police was notoriously weakened by the CASS case. Not less, but perhaps more, damage will be done if anything happens to arouse the same kind of emotion in favour of untried prisoners. It is always found that five hundred harlots and thieves profit because some person, who is either innocent or never proved guilty, has been unfairly handled. The curious system of compensation does not work either for justice or for good administration. The moral is that the Home Office and the Prison authorities will consult their own and the public interest if they look sharply into the treatment of prisoners waiting trial in time, and remove any reasonable cause of complaint, before they are compelled to act by some outside pressure which sentiment may well render exaggerated and unreasonable.

"ONLY A LITTLE ONE."

THE secret is out at last, and the two Irish factions who have so long been manœuvring for position as competing patrons of the evicted tenants know exactly what they have to expect from the Government for their clients. Mr. MORLEY has put it all into a letter to Mr. MCCARTHY, and a very remarkable document that letter is. That it should give any sort of satisfaction to the wretched tools of a baffled conspiracy of "public plunder" is not to be expected. Mr. MORLEY himself cannot have expected—can hardly even have hoped for it. But what, no doubt, he does hope is, that he has given the Irish political party whom he wishes to propitiate "something to show" for their efforts on behalf of the dupes aforesaid, and has at the same time contrived to describe that some-

thing in terms not too shocking to public decency. The recitals of the epistle have evidently been drafted with an eye to the latter purpose, while its operative part is directed to the former. The step which it is proposed to take is first unblushingly represented as a mere corollary of what the late Chief Secretary did or attempted to do last year, and is then explained in detail in such a manner as to suggest to his Irish friends that it covers intentions which Mr. BALFOUR would not, as they well know, have for a single moment entertained. Thus, Mr. MORLEY is, of course, careful to refrain from promising on behalf of the Government to "do" anything for the evicted tenants—or, in other words, to reward the parties to a conspiracy of fraud and violence for the political services which they have rendered or attempted to render to HER MAJESTY'S present Government and their Irish allies. But he encourages them to hope that this reward will ultimately be forthcoming, while at the same time he saves the proprieties to the fastidious English ear by dwelling on the innocent and even praiseworthy process which is to precede it. It is upon the blessed word "inquiry" that he mainly relies. "In devising a more effective remedy "than Section 13" (of the Land Purchase Act of 1891), "we require fuller and more precise information"—how well we recognize the reassuring phrase!—"than is "now in our possession." What course, then, could be more legitimate than that of setting to work to obtain the required information, or what step more desirable than the appointment of a "small Commission to "examine and report with strict impartiality, and as "promptly as may be, on the actual circumstances "and practical equity of the case"?

It is impossible, we must admit, to "say fairer" than this. Nothing could be more reasonable, more judicious, more statesmanlike, than the measures which are here proposed. But, in order to ascertain how they are likely or are intended to work in practice, it is as well to consider what it is that the members of this small, but strictly impartial, Commission are intended to inquire into, and what recommendations they will be at liberty to make. They are to report (1) on the number of tenants evicted since the date named in Section 13, with such of the particulars of the evictions "as they may deem relevant"; (2) on the number of such holdings relet or sold to other tenants, and on "the circumstances of such new tenants "or purchasers"; (3) on the cases in which evicted tenants have been reinstated; (4) on the present circumstances of the tenants, and on any specified offer of settlement that may from time to time have been made; (5) on the estimated costs to the Exchequer of the evictions, and of any proceedings resulting from the evictions, including the cost of extra police and incidental legal charges; and (6) on "such other facts "and circumstances as the Commissioners may deem "it expedient to report, and what means should be "adopted for bringing about settlements and the re-"instatement of evicted tenants." Now, suppose that the inquiries of the small but strictly impartial Commission should lead them to the following conclusions, that is to say:—On (1), that the number of tenants evicted since the date in question is considerable, and that the most "relevant particular" of these evictions is that they were due to such tenants having insisted on paying their rents to Mr. O'BRIEN or the parish priest instead of to their landlords; on (2), that a certain number of such holdings have been relet, or sold to other tenants, and that the main feature in "the circum-"stances of such new tenants" is that they have been boycotted as "landgrabbers," and were for some time in serious, but now diminished, danger of being shot in the legs; and on (6) that, in the opinion of the Commissioners, the only "means" which can, without committing the grossest outrage upon law, justice, and public policy, be "adopted for bringing about "settlements and the reinstatement of evicted tenants" is that of leaving the matter to be settled by voluntary arrangement between such tenants and their landlords. Suppose we say that the Commissioners arrived in the exercise of their "strict impartiality" at the foregoing conclusions, would they be allowed to embody them in their report?

The question answers itself, and the obviousness of the answer measures the effrontery of the attempt to pass off these elaborate preparations for surrender to the Campaigners as a process of inquiry. "A Board," according to the old jest, "is a screen," and never was any board more openly constructed to serve that purpose than will be Mr. MORLEY'S "small Commission." To have to speak of it as we must do at present in the future tense is a circumstance which need not and should not affect the confidence with which we may predict its action. It would be pedantic formalism to treat the question as doubtful. One might as well have insisted—as, indeed, some of the more solemn hypocrites among Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers did insist—on the propriety of suspending judgment on the question whether the Commissioners appointed under the Act of 1881 would, in the exercise of their strict impartiality, cut down rents in Ireland; for they, too, after all, were only appointed to "in-"quire into the relations of landlord and tenant." These worthy men, however, perfectly comprehended, and one of their number candidly avowed his comprehension of, the object for which they were appointed, and that it was to enable the tenant to "live and "thrive"—on an enforced contribution from his landlord. What sensible man can doubt that Mr. MORLEY'S small Commission—there is significance in his very plea that it is only a little one—may be equally relied on to appreciate the spirit of their mission? They will understand quite well that they are intended to provide the Government with a screw to be applied "as promptly as may be" to the Irish landlords; and their Report on the "actual circumstances and practical "equity of the case" will be framed accordingly. Whatever means they recommend for "bringing "about settlements and the reinstatement of evicted "tenants," we may be pretty sure that, in their recommendation, they will not lose sight of the exigencies of Ministerial policy as above indicated. They will take care to enable Mr. MORLEY to point out to those Irish landlords who have hitherto hesitated to replace their evicted tenants in possession of their holdings that, in the opinion of a strictly impartial body of inquirers, this hesitation should cease; and (he will probably be in a position to add) that a man who has proved himself a dishonest tenant is no less eligible on that account as a purchaser of his holding. If Mr. MORLEY should further deem it expedient to hint to the landlord that the acceptance of even an ineligible purchaser may be preferable to incurring the unknown risks which await him in the Gladstonian legislation of the future—why that, of course, will be no business of the Commissioners. All will be plain sailing enough for them so far as derelict farms are concerned. As to farms at present in the occupation of landgrabbers who are paying their rent, and are prepared to purchase, if their landlords are willing to sell, they stand, it is true, on a somewhat different footing. There, indeed, the small Commission will not find it quite so easy to frame their Report. But possibly the repeal of Mr. BALFOUR'S proclamations may bring about a state of things in which not only the landlord, but the landgrabber too, will be more amenable to the voice of reason.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED—A.D. 1480.

THE little Library, consisting of some twenty volumes, in which the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society has revived the memory of nearly as many long-forgotten pilgrims, is now enriched by the addition of the Pilgrimage of Felix Fabri, who makes his first appearance in an English form. The translation is by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, and the Society may be congratulated on securing a scholar at once so able and so conscientious. As for the pilgrimage itself, this traveller is the Prince of Pilgrims. He is the Boswell of his own pilgrimage; he omits nothing; he feels instinctively that he is writing for a time which will rejoice over the light which he throws into the daily life and talk and manners of his own time. Even Erasmus is not more valuable to the student of the fifteenth century than Felix Fabri. Unfortunately, the book is issued only to subscribers of a very small Society. No more than a hundred and fifty, we believe, are on the rolls of membership. Perhaps some way may, at some time, be found of making these books accessible to the general public. They are all worthy the attention of the student, and most of them are curious and interesting to the general reader.

The most interesting part of Felix Fabri, whether to the student or the general reader, is certainly that portion of his narrative in which he describes, with the greatest possible attention to detail, the personally-conducted service of pilgrimage which was established and was running in the fifteenth century between Venice and the Holy Land. This service, like that founded by the late Mr. Cook, was a private venture. There were many, however, who embarked in the business. Every man possessed, to begin with, a galley, the acquisition of which, as will be presently perceived, involved the investment of very considerable capital, some of which was doubtless provided by the merchants of Venice, joint-venturers in the enterprise. "No one," says the Pilgrim, "is appointed captain of a galley, especially of one which carries Pilgrim knights, unless he is noble, powerful, rich, wise, and honourable." Before embarking the Pilgrims of this company which was noble and knightly drew up an agreement of twenty articles, which were signed by the captain. This was a large company, for whom special provision was doubtless made; an ordinary pilgrim probably paid so much and went on board without further bargaining. The captain, in these articles, agreed, among other things, to take the party from Venice to Joppa and back again; to provide his ship with experienced mariners and with arms for defence against pirates and enemies; to furnish good and plentiful food and wine; to protect them against the violence of the galley-slaves—a significant clause; not to hurry them through the Holy Land; to allow a place for the pilgrims' cook on board; with other curious and necessary clauses. The payment for each pilgrim, including all charges, with dues, money for safe-conducts, and the "great fees," was to be forty ducats the return ticket—but the ducats were to be "of the kind called *de Zecha*, that is newly minted."

On board the galley the ship's crew consisted of:—(1) The Captain—the noble, honourable, and wise person above-mentioned. (2) "Certain wise and tried friends of the captain, with whom he takes counsel, and to whom he tells his secret thoughts"—this passage smacks of the landsman. Where could any captain find wise and tried friends who would so kindly accompany him only in order to hear his secret thoughts? (3) The Master-at-arms, who had charge of the armament and was experienced in naval warfare. (4) The Steward, who provided the food and wine, managed cellar and kitchen, and was consequently hated on board the ship. (5) The "Caliph," who was the master, to compare him with an officer no longer existing. He looked after the sailing, trimmed the cargo, and repaired damages. (6) The "Pirate"—Felix says he supposes that "pilot" is meant—whose duty was to steer the ship. (7) The "Cometa," who was the lieutenant—everybody "feared him as they would the devil," because he laid about him with sticks, ropes'-ends, and fists. These were the principal officers. Under these were:—"Certain cunning men" under the pilot, astrologers and soothsayers, who looked after the wind and the weather. In the "Castle," where was the rudder and the steerage, there was a compass, with a light which burned all the night through; and, while the man at the wheel steered, one of these cunning men kept his eyes on the compass, and between them they kept up continually a chant, "or sweet song," in praise of the saints. And this song was a marvellous comfort to the passengers below, for while it continued they knew that all was going well. Under the lieutenant was the "Baron," or bo's'n, who did the whistling and assisted the lieutenant with the rope's-end. Under him was another called the "Sub-parono." In the "Baron's" crew were nine men called "compani," who weighed anchor, furled sails, ran about the rigging, and handled the ropes; there was also a company of "old and respectable" men, who sang while the work was going on. This is interesting; the men did not, therefore, do their own singing; they hauled while the old and respectable men sang. Lowest of all were the galley-slaves. "I have never," says the Pilgrim, "seen beasts of burden so cruelly beaten as they are. For the most part, they are the bought slaves of the Captain, or else they are men of low station, or prisoners, or men who have run away, or exiles. Whenever there is any fear of their making their escape, they are secured to their benches by chains. . . . They are so accustomed to their misery that they work feebly and to no purpose unless some one stands over them and beats them like asses and curses them. They are fed most wretchedly and always sleep on the boards of their rowing benches. . . . In general they are thieves and spare nothing they can find; for which they are often most cruelly tortured. When they are not at work they sit and play at cards and dice for gold and silver with execrable oaths and blasphemies. I have never heard such terrible swearing as on board." Some of them, he goes on to say, were respectable merchants, who subjected themselves to this servitude in order to carry on trade in harbours. Some came on board as tailors, shoemakers, washermen, and carried on their trade for the passengers in the intervals of work. All the galley-slaves, the Pilgrim tells us, whether slaves or not, were permitted to trade; they carried their wares under the bench, and when they cam to port they were allowed to go ashore in order to sell what they could. A crafty provision, this, which prevented despair. In addition to this company there were also on board three or four apprentices; cannoneers; trumpeters who sounded before dawn and in the morning; painters and swabbers; the "captain of the prow," with his crew; barbers—who were also physicians and surgeons; the clerk and paymaster—"who is hated by every one alike"; and those useful officers, the torturers, who exercised their pleasing and beautiful art upon the galley-slaves by the captain's orders.

As for the ship itself, it was 33 cubits—"a cubit is as far as a man can reach with both arms stretched out," say five feet six—or 180 feet long, and the breadth 38 feet, or nearly one-fifth the length. The height of the single mast was 100 feet. The stern was much higher than the rest of the ship, and contained three stories. The highest contained the steerage with the compass, the middle chamber was the captain's cabin, and the lowest was the ladies' sleeping cabin. This charming place received no light except from the hatchway in the floor of the cabin above. The poop contained also the cook's galley, and the stable for the animals waiting their turn to be slaughtered. There were sixty benches for the rowers, three men for every oar, so that at least 180 galley-slaves were required for the ship. Beside the mast was an open deck where men could assemble and talk; between the benches on either side was a space filled up with the ship's cargo in chests, and over the chests ran a gangway for the officers of the ship. The cabin, which extended all along the ship from the poop to the fo'k'sle, was reached by four hatchways and had no other light or ventilation. The passengers had their berths in this cabin, lying side by side, with no space between, their heads to the side of the vessel. Along the middle of the cabin were stowed the trunks and baggage of the passengers. The hold of the ship was filled with sand up to the floor of the cabin. There were only two sails, the mainsail and a smaller sail in the bows—it is not stated how this sail is rigged. The ship, therefore, as big as that in which Captain Cook went round the world, carried a crew of at least sixty or seventy men, counting the "landsmen," cooks, barbers, carpenters, astrologers, trumpeters, and torturers, together with 180 galley-slaves, supposing that there were only just enough to man the oars.

As regards the daily life on board. There were three daily services. First at daybreak, when a picture of the Virgin was hung out at the Castle, and at the signal of a whistle every one on board knelt and offered what prayers

he pleased. Next, at eight o'clock, there was said Mass on deck beside the mast, but a "dry" Mass without the Host. Fourteen excellent reasons for this omission are given by the worthy Felix. Again at sunset the crew and passengers assembled and sang a *Salve Regina* with special Litanies in times of peril. This done, the pilgrims all went below for the night. When they were gone the clerk of the galley stood on the gangway and chanted "in the common Italian tongue" a litany, in which the crew and the galley-slaves joined, all on their knees. After this every man said a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria* for the "parents of St. Julian." The reason of this custom Felix Fabri could not ascertain. It seems more than probable that this is the explanation. St. Julian had the misfortune to kill his parents by misapprehension. They were taken unawares. Thus it was supposed that they would have to go to Purgatory for a time, not having had opportunity to repent. Now St. Julian is the patron Saint of travellers. Therefore what better could sailors do than say as many *Aves* and *Pater Nosters* as they could for the souls of his unhappily immolated parents, and thereby sooner free them from Purgatory? In spite of these services, those who went on pilgrimage, together with the sailors and slaves, led the most deplorable life possible, committing all the sins every day which are possible with the limited resources of a ship; above all, they gambled and blasphemed—never had this worthy Teuton known what blasphemy might mean until he heard the language of the galley-slaves. As for the food, the pilgrims began the day cheerfully with a cup of good Malvoisie; they had two meals in the day, dinner and supper; every meal began with a cup of wine; then came a salad of lettuce with oil; after the salad "mutton, and a pudding, a mess of meal, or of bruised wheat or barley, or panada, and then cheese." On fast days they had certain little fish called *zebelini*, or a cake made of eggs, and a pudding. If there was no fresh bread, biscuits were served. Lords and knights would not eat the food provided for the pilgrims. They brought on board their own cooks, and their own food, and tossed their rations to the galley-slaves. The pilgrims had at dinner and supper as much wine as they chose to call for from the captain's cellar; those who drank at other times bought wine of the galley-slaves. During the day the passengers behaved exactly as they do now—that is to say, when the weather was fine they lay about singing, playing, gambling, and "swopping lies." The last harmless amusement Felix, who had probably never written a novel, unkindly calls perjury. They also, as was to be expected, quarrelled in their cups. The worst part of the otherwise most enjoyable time was at night. To read of the night makes one shudder. The place was without ventilation save for the hatchways; the berths were close to each other; fleas, mice, and rats swarmed, with other vermin—especially a soft, white, malodorous maggot, which fell on the sleeper's face, is affectionately remembered; the bilge-water, which they were always pumping, stank abominably—one need not go on.

On the 1st of June, being the First Sunday after Trinity, the ship set sail. On the 5th day of July the pilgrims landed at Jaffa. It therefore took thirty-five days to sail from Venice to Jaffa. With what ceremonies the ship commenced her voyage; what course she followed; at what ports she touched; what holy relics were visited by the pilgrims at those ports; how the mediæval Cook, whose name was Messer Peter de Lundo, Personally Conducted his party; and what marvels were seen in the Holy Land itself may be read in the pages of this book by any one fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

MONEY MATTERS.

At the end of last week the shareholders of the London Joint Stock Bank were called together to make amendments in the Deed of Settlement, with a view to enabling the directors to amalgamate with other banks and to extend their business beyond the Metropolitan Area. For very obvious reasons, the name of the institution with which the amalgamation is to take place was not mentioned; but we need not hesitate to state here that it is generally understood in the City to be the Imperial Bank. The terms on which the amalgamation is to take place were also kept back. At the present time the directors of the Joint Stock Bank have not authority to amalgamate. They are, therefore, under the necessity of holding two meetings of shareholders before they can acquire and act upon the power. Until the second meeting is held it is natural, therefore, that the terms should not be made known, and it will be well to withhold all comments upon the transaction until the terms are officially stated. Some little surprise has been caused by the negotiations that have been going on for some time. It has long been clear to all careful observers that the day of small banks, as well as of private banks, is past. The public will not entrust its money to institutions which do not frequently publish their accounts, and which are not able to show that they have command of large resources, and in the final result have large reserves to draw upon. Therefore, amalgamations have been going on for several years, but up to the present it has chiefly been country banks desirous of obtaining a footing in the City, which have bought up the smaller London banks, and it is seldom that a joint-stock bank of the importance of the Imperial has consented to merge itself in any other institution. It is not surprising, then, that negotiations for an amalgamation between two metropolitan joint stock banks have excited some surprise. The London Joint Stock is one of the largest of the metropolitan banks. Its directors are large shareholders, are energetic and capable. But apparently they have not found it possible to increase their business as rapidly as they desired, and it would seem, too, that they feel crippled in being compelled to work only in the metropolitan area. At the meeting last week the Chairman stated that at present they did not intend to go very far afield, yet the resolutions submitted authorize them to do business in any part of England. The Imperial compared with the Joint Stock is a small institution. Its paid-up capital amounts to 675,000*l.*, and it has a callable capital of 1,575,000*l.* Its total subscribed capital therefore is $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and it has a reserve fund accumulated from past profits of 200,000*l.* On the other hand, the Joint Stock has a paid-up capital of 1,800,000*l.*, nearly three times as great as the Imperial, and it has a callable capital of 4,200,000*l.*, between two and three times as great as that of the Imperial. The paid-up and callable capital together amount, therefore, to 6 millions. Furthermore, it has a reserve fund accumulated from undivided profits of 1,163,000*l.* And, lastly, it has a reserve capital, callable only in case of liquidation, of 6,000,000*l.* The Imperial is understood to do a very large Stock Exchange business. Probably it is this connexion which makes the alliance more especially desirable to the Joint Stock Bank. Just now the Stock Exchange is very inactive, and bankers cannot make very large profits by lending to it. In ordinary times, however, the Stock Exchange business is both large and profitable, and if carefully conducted is also safe. The difference between the rates allowed upon deposits and the discount rate is usually so small that very large profits cannot be expected from the discounting of bills. But when business is active upon the Stock Exchange members are willing to pay high rates for adequate accommodation. Very often, therefore, bankers are able to lend at twice what they pay on deposits, and even much more. It is, of course, especially necessary that good security should be taken for the loans. If bank managers insist upon that, and see also that the margin between what they advance and what the securities are worth is well maintained, the business is reasonably safe. One would naturally suppose that so important a bank as the Joint Stock could acquire a good and profitable Stock Exchange connexion if it pleased without amalgamating with any other institution; but doubtless the directors have their reasons for the course they have decided to adopt, and they have been supported by the shareholders. Meantime it is evident that the amalgamated bank will be very strong, assuming always that the terms on which the two are combining are reasonable, and that no heavy losses have been incurred by either. The paid-up capital of the new bank, if a rearrangement is not made, will amount to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, the reserve will reach a million and a quarter, and the callable capital about $5\frac{3}{4}$ millions, without reckoning the reserve capital.

The end of the quarter has brought a somewhat better demand for money, and the rate of interest for short loans has slightly risen. But it will probably fall again next week, as the causes are purely temporary. The rate of discount is quite unchanged, business is everywhere exceedingly quiet, there is no speculation, and consequently, notwithstanding the fears respecting silver, and the anticipation that the Continental demand for gold will largely

increase, it is found impossible to keep up the value of money.

The price of silver has been exceedingly quiet throughout the week. Very little is offered for sale, and the demand is very small. But the outlook is as uncertain as ever, and the best opinion continues to be that there must be a considerable fall before very long.

The fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange this week showed even a smaller account open for the rise than previously.

Utterly stagnant as speculation has been throughout the year, it is, if possible, more paralysed than ever. On the other hand, there is a considerable speculation for the fall in several departments, chiefly in Home Railway stocks and in Foreign Government bonds. The speculative sellers of Home Railway stocks are acting unwisely, and are sure to fail. The more distrust spreads the more certain are investors to confine themselves to home securities, and amongst home securities none are so safe, and at the same time yield so good a return, as Home Railway stocks. Consequently those stocks are almost entirely held by investors, and investors properly do not sell because for the moment there is depression and uneasiness. Speculative sellers consequently will burn their fingers. The firmness of inter-Bourse securities is very surprising. During the first five months of the current year there was a decrease compared with the corresponding period of last year of fully a million sterling in the Russian revenue receipts, and the expenditure, ordinary and extraordinary, increased over 8 millions sterling. Thus the Treasury was worse off by 9 millions sterling in the course of a single five months. Yet Russian Four per Cents have been as high as 98¼ this week, and the speculative sellers of those securities have been obliged to pay a fine to defer delivery. It is estimated that the holdings of Russian securities of all kinds in France at present are not much short of 200 millions sterling; but so cleverly have the great bankers acted that they have created an artificial scarcity of the stock. The position of the Spanish Treasury is equally bad, and yet Spanish bonds also are made scarce, and speculators who ventured to sell them have had to pay a fine because they could not deliver. Of course, there is a limit to what even the cleverest manipulators can do; but for the time being Paris is able to keep inter-Bourse securities at purely artificial quotations. In other departments there is very little doing. The New York market is evidently in a sensitive state. A Committee of the Senate of the State of New York has recommended steps to be taken to test the legality of the coal combination, and has even recommended forfeiting the charter of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, and this has added to the general nervousness. Probably nothing will come of the recommendation. The parties who brought about the combination are exceedingly powerful, and they are resolved to carry it through at any cost. Even if it be decided that the present arrangement is illegal, some other plan, in all likelihood, will be hit upon. At all events, these parties assert that the combination, in one way or another, will be carried through, and that they are not in the least afraid of the action of any of the State Legislatures. But all the same, the impression made by the Report of the Committee shows in what a sensitive state the New York Stock Exchange is. Every adverse influence, however small it may be, causes a decline in prices. Here in London the public are holding aloof from the American market, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to do so, until in some way or other the silver policy on which the United States Government has embarked is abandoned. One department in which there is revival of speculation is the South African department for land and gold shares, especially the latter, which are bought freely for the Continent and from Johannesberg.

The cotton-spinners seem resolved to resist the proposed reduction of 5 per cent. in their wages. As yet notices have not been given by the employers, but no doubt they will be given after a while, and it is to be feared, if so, that a great strike will take place. Most other departments of trade are very quiet. The iron and engineering trades are depressed, and it is said that there is an utter absence of new orders for shipbuilding, while the number of vessels under construction is smaller than for a very long time past.

Consols and other first-class securities have changed little during the week, but where there is a change it is generally downwards. On the other hand, Home Railway stocks are, for the most part, higher. North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday at 158¾, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; Midland closed at 156¼, a rise of ¾, and Great Northern Preferred closed at 112, a rise of ½. On the other hand, "Brighton A," which is, however, a purely speculative stock, closed at 158½, a fall of 1½. In the American market there has been some recovery, but not much. Union Pacific shares closed on Thursday at 39⅜, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾; but Erie closed at 26⅛, a fall of ⅞. In investment stocks, New York Central closed at 113, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and Lake Shore closed at 134½, a rise of 2. In Argentine Railway stocks there have been both ups and downs. Argentine Great Western Debentures closed on Thursday at 46–7, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 124–6, a rise of as much as 4. On the other hand, Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed at 24–7, a fall of 1, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario closed at 69–72, a fall of 2. In the Government stocks there has been a recovery in Sterling Loans, but the Funding Loan closed on Thursday at 61, a rise of 2. Inter-Bourse securities have generally been well maintained without much change; but Greeks have advanced sharply, the 1884 Loan, for example, closing on Thursday at 65½, a rise of 2½ compared with the preceding Thursday, and all Turkish issues have risen.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers acted very wisely in transferring the arena of the contest for the Open Golf Championship of 1892–3 from Musselburgh to Muirfield. When the champion belt, which had been instituted by the Prestwick Golf Club, was won out-and-out by the famous "Young Tommy" on his third successive victory, there was no longer even a bay leaf to deck the winner of the annual competition. For a year, therefore, no competition was held. By the following year the present championship cup was forthcoming to take the place of the belt, subscribed for by the leading clubs of St. Andrews, Prestwick, and Musselburgh. The leading club of Musselburgh was, without rivalry, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers—a fine title! It was arranged that the Cup should be played for annually over the links of one of the subscribing clubs, in certain rotation. The score of thirty-six holes was to determine victory. The Cup was never to become the absolute property of any champion, though he were champion never so often. Warned by the fate of the belt, the subscribing clubs showed a wisdom in thus altering the conditions which has since been justified by two triple successive victories—the victors being Jamie Anderson and Bob Fergusson. In the ordinary course of events, the arena for the championship contest would this year have been Musselburgh; but events had not pursued their ordinary course. The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers had tired of the rather smoky and careworn links of Musselburgh, and had betaken themselves to happier hunting-grounds further out upon the Forth—to Muirfield, which lies between the links of Gullane on the west and Archerfield upon the east—a lovely spot whence on sunny days the Forth looks Neapolitan in its blueness, the distant Fife shore Italian in its beauty; while the bold sandhills and dark firwoods which surround the course are of character distinctly Scottish.

Men said hard things of Muirfield; that one knew of it as much as of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill—no more. On acquaintance, a cynic likened it to "a poultry-yard with a golf-links round it," because, forsooth, it is enclosed within walls, and seagulls roost and moult feathers on it, while around are mighty sandhills. But closer knowledge showed better things. Though it is flattish, there are natural bunkers in the centre, which have been used to fine advantage under the links scape-gardening eye of "Old Tom Morris." The putting-greens are excellent, the club-house is commodious, the drive from Drem is dreary; but the course is not more inaccessible than a self-respecting golf-links ought to be. Above all, it is private, in no danger of being crowded to congestion. A further innovation the Honourable Company introduced, that the contest should be decided by the score of seventy-two holes, making two instead of one day's

play. The entry list was remarkable for the unusually large relative proportion of amateurs to professionals. Of the sixty-six players who entered, twenty-five were amateurs. Each year more amateurs come into the field who are able to meet the best professional players on something like equal terms. Mr. J. E. Laidlay, Mr. A. F. Macfie, and Mr. Gregor Macgregor were the amateurs whose names were most conspicuous by their absence. The list of professionals would have been yet more strongly fortified by the addition of Douglas Rolland and of Taylor. With these exceptions scarcely a golfing name of note was wanting.

The links were in their merriest beauty on the Thursday, the first day of competition. A moderate breeze from the East lent a crispness to the air, without creating great difficulties for the golfer. From the first the contest was remarkable for the good position taken by the amateurs. At the close of the first round the list was headed by two amateurs, both from the wrong side, Scotticè, of the Tweed. Mr. Horace Hutchinson was first with a 74, and Mr. John Ball second with 75. At the close of the second round, Mr. Hutchinson, with a 78, had increased his advantage by three strokes. Mr. Ball was still second; but bracketed with him, at the same figure, were Willie Park and A. Herd. Bernard Sayers was but one stroke behind this trio. D. Anderson, jun., and T. Varden were 158, and Mr. H. Hilton and David Brown were 159. Hugh Kirkaldy, last year's champion, was 160. During the second round on Thursday the east wind had gained strength, and the scores, as a rule, were higher than in any other round in the competition. Friday morning opened with a mist which the sun partially dispelled for an hour or two, during the first round of the competition. A heavy dew was on the ground, and a few drops of rain which fell just before the sun broke through the fog made the putting-greens very heavy. Mr. Ball, if we mistake not, likes wet putting-greens. He started in splendid fettle, and, playing every part of the game with brilliant courage, was round in an excellent 74. This looked a good score until Hugh Kirkaldy, the ex-champion, came in with a 73, which seemed likely to gain for him the prize for the best single round of the meeting. Mr. Hilton, however, upset this calculation by coming in with a wonderful round of 72. He went out in 35, which, as Euclid says, is absurd—nor does it appear that in this round he was particularly lucky. Meanwhile Mr. Hutchinson, starting the day with three strokes to the good, had gallantly proceeded to make things fair and equal by driving his first tee-shot into a wood which skirts the south boundary-wall of the links. Following up this start by equally indifferent play, he took six to the first hole, and went on from bunker to bunker until his round culminated in a grand total of 86; and as a possible champion he was extinct.

In this first round of the second and final day A. Herd had scored a 77 and Willie Park an indifferent 80. Mr. Ball was now first at 229, Mr. Hilton second at 231, Herd third at 232, and Hugh Kirkaldy fourth at 233. All the morning it had been very warm, calm, and sunny; but by the time Mr. Ball was starting for his final round the mists had gathered over the face of the sun, and the wind was blowing lightly but coolly from the east. Mr. Ball played with less than his morning's brilliancy, finishing in 79, which made his gross total 308. At this score he seemed likely enough to win. Hugh Kirkaldy, last year's champion, was still in the field, and playing strongly. He arrived at the tee to the last hole with five to win and six to tie. It is the easiest of holes in five; but Kirkaldy, by a worse than indifferent approach, took six, and so tied with Mr. Ball. The next to finish of those who had a real chance was A. Herd. By a queer coincidence he, too, had a five for the last hole to bring him in ahead of Mr. Ball and Kirkaldy, and he, like Kirkaldy, took six. Three, therefore, tied for first place at 308. But there was a big factor yet to be dealt with. Mr. Hilton had 77 for his last round to bring him in at the figure at which the trio had tied. In his morning round he had done a 72. Anything approaching that form would give him the championship easily. His play in the final round was characterized by the greatest confidence and accuracy. He seemed entirely unconscious of the responsibility which was upon him, and played with the careless ease of a master of his art. Fortune undoubtedly favoured him. Twice in this final round he holed iron shots, which, again, on Euclid's dictum, is absurd. But he won by three strokes—a margin which showed that he was independent of these fortune's gifts—won a most well-earned victory, and for the second time in its history bore away across the Border the Open Championship trophy of Scotland's national game; again took it to the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake. Second to him, a tie with Herd and Kirkaldy, was Mr. John Ball, also of Hoylake. Something ought to be done about these two Hoylake amateurs. Why is it that no Scottish amateur can win the championship? Why can no English amateur win it unless he comes from Hoylake? Practically speaking, there are no English professionals, except Taylor, who did not play, and Varden, who is very inexperienced, and who yet was twelfth. In the amateur championship, held this spring at Sandwich, Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton were in the final round together. On that occasion Mr. Ball was first and Mr. Hilton second. At the open meeting the same two are in front, only the relative positions are reversed. Is there something peculiarly favourable to the growth of the golfing muscles in that little corner of Cheshire? Certainly there is nothing peculiarly noticeable in the nature of the links. Mr. Hilton is a pupil of Mr. Ball, and Mr. Ball may be considered in the light of an epoch-making genius; but then, unfortunately for that theory, Mr. Hilton's style and the features of his game do not greatly resemble Mr. Ball's. Indeed, they resemble those of no other man. He plays golf after a fashion peculiarly his own. He has no respect for the solemnity of the "grand old manner." He cares not if the "gallery" laugh or move or talk. He will almost laugh and talk back at the offenders as he makes his stroke. His cap, which resides permanently far on the back of his head, falls off it at nearly every stroke, whereby he recalls the memory of a great genius of the past—poor "young Tommy" Morris, so prematurely cut off. Nevertheless, his game is distinctly individual, the growth of his own genius, and it is to no borrowed or second-hand merit that he owes his triumph.

There is but one suggestion which occurs to us in consideration of this assertion of English golfing prowess—that now and again in the cycle of years the Open Championship meeting should be held on English soil; but, perhaps, this would be too great an interference with tradition, and with the vested interests of the clubs who subscribed for the trophy.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY has made a not discreditable attempt to replace Mr. W. S. Gilbert as a writer of Savoy Opera. It is not to be pretended, however, that the *remplaçant* entirely succeeds. Mr. Gilbert, as we have taken occasion to point out, has his weaknesses. We find the same types—notably the Little Buttercup, Katisha, Ruth, Lady Jane, Mrs. Partlett type, the undesirable old woman who wants to be married—repeated in several of his stories. Now and again, but rarely, let us admit, he condescends to feebleness in the dialogue, as in those poverty-stricken puns about "orphan" and "often" in the *Pirates of Penzance*; and he is apt to squeeze too much into his plots, thereby making them abstruse, *Ruddigore* being the most notable example of this. But, though it will be seen that we are by no means oblivious to his lapses from excellence as a designer of opera books which no one can set so happily and charmingly as Sir Arthur Sullivan, we feel persuaded that Mr. Gilbert stands alone. Mr. Grundy moves with timidity in his new sphere. His plot is slight and poorly joined together. Perceiving the necessity of comic scenes, he labours hard to supply the want, dragging in some Puritans, whose austerities, however, form a trite subject for humorous treatment, and a Scotchman, who has no sort of connexion with the legend, and is at length driven to create such laughter as can be obtained by abandoning his kilt and drawing attention to his trousers. It will not be maintained that there is any freshness or wit in such strained devices as these, and indeed the principal result of a visit to *Haddon Hall* at the Savoy is the birth of a hope that Mr. Gilbert will in due course have a book ready for his old colleague, and that Sir Arthur will be in cue for a task which has always been performed as if it were peculiarly congenial to him.

If a slight feeling of disappointment attends a visit to the Savoy, however, we must not do less than justice to *Haddon Hall*. Let us hasten to admit that the air of refinement for which the theatre has been distinguished,

interrupted only during the representations of *The Vicar of Bray* and *The Nautch Girl*, with neither of which Sir Arthur Sullivan had any connexion, is agreeably evident in the performance of the new work Our adverse criticism is based on the impression that the story, lacking plot and the interest which arises from skilful characterization, is relieved from dulness only by the music, the picturesque stage dressing, the well-arranged dances, and a remarkable change of scene which speedily transports spectators from the gloomy exterior of Haddon Hall, while a storm is raging, to the brilliant interior, the gaily illuminated ball-room, in which Sir George Vernon's guests are merrily and gracefully moving in the mazes of a dance, which is certainly in agreeable contrast to the usually uncouth ball-room gyrations of the present day. This is no doubt one of the scenes which make the fortune of an opera, and we are not disposed to deny that it is exceedingly effective. Certainly nothing of the sort could be better done; and, with Sir Arthur Sullivan to command the orchestra, it will readily be understood that all the aid which music can supply is pressed into service and delightfully utilized. As regards the book, however, one great source of strength in a play of any kind, musical or not, is well-drawn character, and in *Haddon Hall* Mr. Grundy has done nothing in this direction. The lovers, John Manners and Dorothy Vernon, are colourless; Sir George and Lady Vernon are the conventional parents; Rupert Vernon is the standing caricature of a Puritanical hypocrite; The MacCrankie a mere creature of burlesque. The verses are those of a clever man bending himself to work for which he has but little aptitude.

Sir Arthur Sullivan can scarcely write ill. In all he does, even when he is not at his best, grace, tastefulness, and refinement are conspicuous, and the legend of *Haddon Hall* naturally suggests music in the old English vein which he utilizes so delightfully. On the whole, Sir Arthur has not been so well inspired as usual, and yet in saying this we seem to speak too slightingly as we recall the madrigal "When the budding bloom of May," the duet with its refrain "Night will come soon enough," and several other numbers, all orchestrated in a style, delicate, fanciful, or humorous, as the case may be, which bespeaks their origin. The parts being what they are, no notable histrionic achievement is possible; and some of the old Savoy favourites are absent. Miss Lucille Hill, who, unhappily, has not the very remotest idea of acting, sings with freshness of voice, and in cultivated style, as Dorothy Vernon; and Mr. Courtice Pounds is, on the whole, vocally efficient as John Manners. Mr. Richard Green and Miss Rosina Brandram competently fill the characters of Sir George and Lady Vernon; both sing admirably. A village maid, Dorcas, was brightly played by Miss Dorothy Vane, but we miss the vivacity of Miss Jessie Bond. Mr. Rutland Barrington supplies an amusing performance of Rupert. The fun is rather obvious; but he makes the most of it with discretion. Mr. Denny evolves some quaintness from The MacCrankie, and Mr. Charles Kenningham plays with spirit and sings well as Oswald, an attendant on John Manners. *Haddon Hall* is a vast improvement on the last two Savoy pieces, but does not reach the average of the work that had hitherto been done at the theatre.

THE SCOTO-WELSHMAN AMONG THE CHURCHES.

MR. GLADSTONE will have his hands full. He has promised the gallant Welshmen, whose near relation he is by residence, though not by blood, that, as soon as he can get at it, their Church is not only to be disestablished, but disendowed.

Anyhow, to disestablish and disendow those dioceses of the Anglican Church which lie in Wales, and which as Mr. Gladstone vehemently argued—two or three years ago—form an integral part of the English Establishment, is a difficult and complicated enterprise for a statesman of his age and many engagements to include in his programme. But Mr. Gladstone approaches the abolition of an ancient Church with a heart as light as M. Emile Ollivier's when he proposed to march to Berlin. As M. Ollivier never got beyond Metz, so perhaps Mr. Gladstone may find obstructions in his path of which he at present chooses to take no cognizance. But the Welsh Church, or rather the Anglican Church in Wales, is not to be the only object of the Prime Minister's predatory energies. He has promised the Scotch, of all of whom he is the first cousin by the tie of blood, which is closer than that of residence, that their Church also is to go down before him. He has discovered that the public opinion of Scotland is on his side, although he must know that within the last two years he elaborately disclaimed the idea that a Scotch vote was to be counted for Disestablishment unless the member giving it had been elected as a disestablisher, as not one in ten of the Scotch members was. He has proclaimed that his Midlothian majority was reduced from thousands to hundreds because "the Church and the parsons" had done all they could to defeat him, although he must have known at the time, from the distinctest statistics, that he owed his majority, small as it was, to the too generous and now ill-requited forbearance of the Church party. He has not told us what attitude he is to take up in directing the attack upon the Church in Wales. But he has made a very singular intimation as to that which he is to hold in regard to the Scotch Church; he is "to fall into the ranks behind Dr. Cameron." Dr. Cameron is an Irishman who represents what is called "the College division" in Glasgow, a division in which, it need hardly be said, the voice of the University has little control, being overpowered by that of a mass of working-class voters. Dr. Cameron has, year after year, introduced a resolution inviting the House of Commons to disestablish and disendow the Kirk. This task, which the House has hitherto declined, involves not, as in the case of Wales, a mere piece of domestic legislation, but the rupture of a solemn international treaty, the violation of the first oath taken by the Sovereign on her accession, and the abolition of an institution more closely identified with Scottish history than any other. One would suppose that such an enterprise ought to absorb the best attention of the first Minister of the Crown, prepared to accept all the responsibility of a radical alteration in the Constitution of the country. Mr. Gladstone, however, seems to view his duty more lightly.

But is it decent in the Prime Minister of the Crown, himself a member representing a Scottish constituency, to proclaim that in this work of destruction—undertaken under the pressure of no national appeal, but simply to gratify the sectarian passions of the Scottish Dissenting Radical—he will take the place, not of a leader, but of a follower?

He is "to fall into the ranks behind Dr. Cameron," behind an utterly undistinguished private member who has no claim, personal or national, to deal with the question at all. When Mr. Gladstone treats the Scotch Church with such scant courtesy, or rather with such gross disrespect, and imagines that this sort of treatment will not be resented in Scotland, he only gives a fresh proof of his blank ignorance of all public opinion and sentiment except that which is agreeable to himself. There is no doubt whatever that the distinct majority of the Scotch people are in favour of the maintenance of the national Establishment; there is equally little doubt that in the great majority of Scotch constituencies the Liberal Churchmen hold the election in their hands. Hitherto they have not allowed, except in a few cases, their ecclesiastical to overrule their political predilections; but, if they resolve to make the Church question the primary question, they can sweep the Gladstonian puppets off the board. The Liberal Churchmen and the Conservatives together would, in almost every case, outnumber the Gladstonian Dissenting Radicals. We venture to think that the time has come when personal regard for Mr. Gladstone, or the tradition of devotion to his policy, ought to give way to the patriotic principle that the Church must be defended.

It can only be effectively defended by keeping out of the House of Commons those members whose votes will be counted by Mr. Gladstone as genuine votes for Disestablishment, although those who give them are well aware they have got no commission so to do from their constituencies. If Scottish Liberals prefer Mr. Gladstone to the Church of their fathers, let them frankly say so, and go over bag and baggage to his camp; but it is absurd to keep up the fiction of maintaining the Church, and at the same time electing members to support a Prime Minister who promises to be the docile follower of its earliest assailant.

As for the "Layman's League," which started with a view of uniting what in Scotland is called "Constitutional Dissenters" with Churchmen, in defence of the Kirk, its design is a laudable one, but it has proved singularly

ineffective in execution. Mr. Finlay's Bill, with the same benevolent intention, proposed to make certain declarations, which were to remove all scruples about returning to the ancient fold from the minds of moderate Free Kirkmen. Mr. Finlay, however, never succeeded in getting his Bill through Parliament; and even if he had done so, we may be pretty sure that the curiously captious spirit of Scotch Dissent would have found new cause of irritation and resistance in the very terms of his measure. We are thus not surprised that the Layman's League, which was formed on parallel lines with his Bill, has practically had little influence on the recent elections, or on public opinion in Scotland. In point of fact, we think it has rather done harm than good. It has thrown out vague proposals as to the conditions of union between the Church and Dissent; which, coupled with equally vague and singularly ill-timed declarations on the part of the Moderator and the ex-Moderator of the Church, have tended rather to dishearten Churchmen than to stimulate their energies in Church defence. They have done nothing whatever to conciliate Dissent, and they have suggested to Churchmen that the position of the Church is untenable unless a union with Dissenters is effected. Nothing could be more impolitic. No troops would defend a fortress if they were told that as soon as possible the besiegers were to be admitted to the citadel. The true policy for Churchmen in Scotland, as in Wales, is to defend their Church on its historical and constitutional basis, and to appeal to the patriotic loyalty of the people; which in Scotland, at least, when the crisis comes, will not fail them, and is practically uninfluenced by visionary projects of ecclesiastical union.

THE THEATRES.

MUCH as we deplore the occasion, the illness of Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving's revival of *The Bells* follows opportunely enough on M. Got's performance of Mathis at the Français, even although we are not now afforded that direct contrast between the French and English schools which we enjoyed when M. Coquelin appeared in *Le Juif Polonais* at the Royalty four years ago. A difference sufficiently wide, however, exists between the renderings of M. Got and Mr. Irving to mark the virtues and deficiencies of the two methods, although it is fair to suggest that the superiority of M. Got's impersonation over that of M. Coquelin is due to the former's partial concession to the romantic requirements of the play claimed for it by its English exponent. The French critics have devoted much space and trouble to a denunciation of the play, declaring, with perfect truth, that the first and second acts are wanting in action, and complaining that the *truc* in the third act is old, and has been used with greater effect elsewhere. M. Got starts very much as M. Coquelin did. He is simply a sleek, well-to-do innkeeper who has made his position in the world, and is prepared to pass the rest of a well-spent life in domestic ease and comfort. He does not take his audience into his confidence in the least, unless a momentary play of the eyes when the Jew is first mentioned implies a confession. We can understand with what admirable art the French comedian would reserve himself for the overwhelming terror which strikes him when the second Polish Jew, almost exactly resembling the first, enters the room on the fourteenth anniversary, to the hour, of the murder, and puts down the bag of gold on the table, repeating the actual words vividly remembered by the innkeeper and his guests from the former occasion; but to hide the murderer's uneasiness, deepening into terror, is to carry the realist's idea to its logical conclusion, and build up the fourth wall of the room between the actor and his audience. The truer reading, surely, is Mr. Irving's. The disturbance of the Burgomaster's mind has begun before the opening of the scene, at the *séance* where his nascent misgiving has prompted him to refuse to surrender himself to the mesmerist. Whatever the faults of the play may be, this sentiment, be it remorse or only craven fear, grows steadily and with regular increase from its birth to its culmination in the dream and the repetition of the murder. For what it is worth, it is the soul of the play. To its neglect M. Coquelin owes the absolutely unimpressive character of what was technically a very fine piece of acting. To its partial recognition M. Got is indebted for such success as he has achieved apart from his merely technical excellence, which is very great.

In this case, the two methods can scarcely be said to meet upon equal ground, since the personality which Mr. Irving refuses to suppress effectually precludes him from suggesting the unctuous self-satisfaction which was the note of M. Coquelin's idea, and is the starting point of M. Got's. However artificial and improbable may be the sudden and apparently capricious massing of the forces of Providence against the assassin, after a reposeful respite of so many years, it affords a magnificent opportunity to the actor who dares to handle it with a bold melodramatic grip. To this end imagination and a strong picturesque personality are requisite. Given so much, a melodrama, pure and simple, is raised almost to the dignity of tragedy. Once sink the romantic personality of the actor, and the devices of the playwright stand revealed, hanging in disreputable rags about the fabric of a vulgar assize court story of crime and cunning. The incomparable polish, the bland cynical humour, of the French comedian exercised their full charm in the scene where Mathis listens to the theories of his prospective son-in-law as to the disposal of the body. Even in this passage, which M. Got carries right into his own peculiar domain of comedy, we cannot help thinking that the effect would be heightened were he to adopt the nervous anxiety which shows by glance and inflection through Mr. Irving's joviality, and which only deserts him for a moment when, by a very artistic touch, he allows the young man's admiration of the murderer's acuteness to appeal to his vanity and carry him out of himself. Clearly the *doyen* of the Français made a most significant concession to the school whose theory and practice he does not advocate in the Dream scene. M. Auguste Vitu ("Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre") tells us, in the *Figaro*, that "A M. Dupont-Vernon, lequel étant avocat, était tout désigné pour le rôle du président fantôme, M. Claretie répétait constamment: 'Parlez comme du fond d'une cave. Vous êtes une apparition, une larve.' Et M. Dupont-Vernon s'est fait larve. De même que M. Got, qui, pour être dans la note, a transformé sa voix, lui donnant l'accent du cauchemar." The fine art of the comedian could have availed him nothing here. There is nothing in the budget of the comedian but would have made merely grotesque the weirdness of the scene, belittled the agony, and taken away the pathetic anguish of the repeated cry for Christian. M. Got here gave himself up, though not without considerable reserve, to the melodramatic spirit of the play with such effect that a first-night audience at the Français forgot to deride a scene which, played as M. Coquelin played it here, could not have failed to excite ridicule. In other words, the actor was compelled, at the last moment, to bring his own personality to bear, with the happiest results. In this country it is difficult to see how such a play could reasonably be rendered otherwise. It would be idle to disguise the fact that the motive is not remorse, but fear. The sublime sight here is the vain struggle of a bad man against the action of Fate. He has done nothing to expiate his crime, and the utmost that can be said in his favour is that he has resisted the temptation, which might exist in the normally criminal mind, to repeat it, and has since been a good husband, father, and citizen. To read the play literally and without the infusion into it of a spirit not indicated in the bare sketch of the prosperous innkeeper, would leave it a mere sordid record of a peculiarly base crime. Formal art is as powerless to vivify it as it is unworthy—or, rather, unfit—to be vitalized by such means. It is only by investing the part of Mathis with the rugged force and breadth of a strong romantic individuality that its fascinations can be made apparent. How completely Mr. Irving has done this we all know, although we did not all know what fine additional touches Mr. Irving would put into the present revival of *The Bells*. Note, for instance, the added tenderness with the daughter, and the added terror in the moment before the mechanical, almost terrifying, laugh with which he echoes Christian's real laugh. M. Got seems quite half-way on the same road. Though he refrained from playing it absolutely as melodrama, he has clearly transcended the ordinary manner of M. Got and of the Théâtre Français. It is an abiding wonder how any manager-author, actor, or audience can tolerate the bathetic abomination, "The white wine has killed him," which in the French version still mars the affecting simplicity of the death-scene

WATERLESS AUSTRALIA.

WE remember a young man just returned from the orthodox post-graduate tour of the world being asked what had struck him most in Australia, and replying with the bold hyperbole, "There being no people there." If his University had taught that young man to be as much of a geographical observer as he apparently was of a demographer, he might have been struck also with the further equally remarkable peculiarity of there being no water there. His philosophy would in that case have doubtless set him to work to establish a connexion by way of cause and effect between these two observed phenomena; and it is not impossible he might have found one. Australia, although, as most people begin to realize nowadays, a pretty big place, about as large as all Europe without Russia, has only one river. To be more exact, there is but one river system carrying any really important volume of water to the sea. This is the Murray, and its large tributaries, which water portions of the three colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia in the south-eastern corner of the island-continent. Want of rain and the want of perennial streams constitute one of the greatest difficulties that settlers on the land, whether pastoralists or agriculturists, have to contend with. Subterranean supplies are, indeed, being found in the form of running rivers sixty to a hundred feet below the surface, but not hitherto in sufficient quantities to compensate the lack of rainfall and surface-water for ordinary purposes in years of drought. Still less is there enough such water to be found to irrigate the arid plains. The only supply at all adequate for purposes of irrigation on any extensive scale is afforded by the surplus water of the Murray system, now carried to the sea, and that surplus is obviously a limited quantity.

A bold and interesting attempt to fertilize by irrigation some portion of the land lying within reach of this supply of water has been made in the last four years at what are known as the irrigation colonies or settlements of Renmark and Mildura, in South Australia and Victoria respectively. The scheme was started in 1887 by two brothers, the Messrs. Chaffey, who had had experience of fruit-raising by irrigation in California. They obtained grants of land and water-rights under legislative control from the Governments of the two colonies named, and have since laid out very large sums of money in clearing, canalization, pumping works, and other necessary preliminaries. The properties are subdivided with a view to settlement by individuals on small sections, each cultivator enjoying upon a co-operative system the use of the fixed plant of the settlements, not only for irrigation, but for rendering the fruits of the soil marketable, by processes of drying, canning, wine-making, and so forth. The experience of California, Arizona, and Mexico is that, though irrigation doubles the yield of wheat in a dry country, grain-raising is the least paying of the uses to which it can be put. All vegetables and green fodders yield well under it, lucerne being an especially valuable crop. But fine fruit gives the best returns of all, and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that this is the staple industry of the Murray settlements. In a paper read before the Balloon Society (since reprinted) Mr. Matthew Vincent, F.R.G.S., the so-called Chief Commissioner of the Irrigation Colonies—in other words, the agent and English manager of Chaffey Brothers, Limited—gave some interesting particulars, not only regarding the irrigation works and the fruit culture and the industries arising out of it, but of the methods of settlement or colonization adopted. Mr. Vincent had previously, we understand, been instrumental in the attempt to establish the sugar industry of Northern Queensland on a similar co-operative basis. That scheme has not as yet succeeded in its object, which was to render sugar-growing an industry capable of being pursued in a tropical climate by white labourers. The fruit-growing experiments at Renmark and Mildura are much more hopeful. They have not, perhaps, as yet succeeded quite so completely as Mr. Vincent's paper and the voluminous information supplied from the offices of the undertaking in London would lead us to suppose. Just lately Australian papers have been talking of an absence of ready money among the settlers, and not a little disappointment and dissatisfaction; and the Chaffey Company itself had to ask for a considerable loan in London. But the originators of these undertakings deserve the fullest credit for their enterprise; and it is altogether to be hoped—and there is good ground for the hope—that entire success will ultimately be achieved.

The writer of the paper referred to would evidently have no difficulty about establishing a line of direct causation between the want of water and the want of men. Here, he would say, are large tracts of land virtually unproductive, or capable at best of sustaining but a sparse population from want of water. Bring the water, and you have a district where every ten-acre plot is capable of supporting and enriching a man and his family. Mr. Vincent, in fact, proposes irrigation settlements as one means of solving some of the greatest of the "Problems of Australian Colonization," with which his paper ostensibly deals. Here at home, on the one hand, are a plethora of capital and an overflowing population, while the vast territory of Australia, with its almost unlimited scope for beneficial improvement, remains a waste for want of these two great instruments in developing the capacities of the soil. Mr. Vincent is of opinion that, so far from having lent too much money to Australia, we have not lent half enough to develop her resources by rendering the land capable of profitable cultivation—by such means, for instance, as that in which he is interested. The truth, it is to be feared, rather is, not that too little money has been lent, but that too little of it has been applied to the purpose of settling a population on the land. Loans are spent on "political" railways, and on equally "political" public works of all kinds, at the centres of population, for the purpose of finding highly-paid employment in the great cities for the labouring classes, whose votes keep Governments in power so long as their desires are gratified in these and similar ways. Nor, again, as he half hints, is it the monopoly of large tracts of pastoral land in a few hands that prevents agricultural settlement. It is rather the antipathy of the people to settle on the land so long as they can find a livelihood in the gay cities. Mr. Vincent speaks of the multitudes of unemployed in the cities of Australia as having "willing arms" which English cash could keep in "vigorous activity." But that is exactly what cash cannot do. These men insist upon their Governments finding either work or bread for them in the cities of their choice, and refuse work at high wages anywhere else. Mr. Vincent omits, too, another explanation of the anomaly he deprecates—to wit, the selfish anti-immigration policy imposed upon the colonies by the votes of these very men—men who will neither work themselves in developing the land nor allow others to work. Mr. Vincent himself admits that Australia is not the property of Australian natives, but the inheritance of the whole British race, by whose power and prestige it fell into their possession. He himself would like to see Australia open like the United States to people of all European nationalities, and "existing in the interests of all," as otherwise (he very justly remarks) the monopoly of so great a territory is not clearly intelligible. As a means to this end he would have Australia a separate and independent nation. But he does not tell us what reason there is to suppose that the narrow selfish doctrines now in favour there among the populace would be likely to be transformed into the broad and generous policy he advocates under the isolation of independence rather than under the larger and nobler influence brought to bear by the Imperial connexion. The probabilities appear to us quite obviously the other way.

REVIEWS.

GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY.*

IT is not easy to associate anything so light as gossip with two ponderous folios containing upwards of one thousand pages. And this, we are told, is but the first instalment of an encyclopædic work. We labour under the oppression of a formidable task when we ought to take our reading lightly and airily; yet we have found a great deal in the volumes that is entertaining and even instructive. The writer (whom we take to be a woman), although evidently advanced in years, cannot be considerably more than a centenarian. But it is difficult to draw any dividing line between the personal recollections and the reminiscences from hearsay. It would have been wise to concentrate, if not to condense, for this is an age of superficial skimming and of excessive multi-

* *Personal and Traditional Memories: Social, Literary, Artistic, &c.* By the Author of "Flemish Interiors" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

plication of books. We might have been spared some old and well-worn stories which the author apparently believes to be fresh, such as the remark of Dr. Radcliff, of South Sea notoriety, that his losses in that unfortunate speculation would only cost him the climbing of so many more pairs of stairs at a guinea the ascent. For the Doctor flourished, and was laid to rest in a City church considerably before the beginning of the century. Not infrequently the author is puzzled as to references for gossip, although the authorities are by no means recondite. For example, as to "a very remarkable anecdote" relating how Scott evaded acknowledging the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* at the famous dinner at Carlton House, it is to be found at length in the Life by Lockhart. The author has undoubtedly a sense of humour, and can tell stories well, yet sometimes falls into the error common to many people of taste and talent of mistaking mere rudeness for wit. Douglas Jerrold said many simply brutal things which have been handed down as doing honour to his genius for repartee, and we do not think George Lewis would have been grateful to the writer for communicating a commonplace remark about a publisher "making up his mind," which might have readily suggested itself to any dullard. But, notwithstanding their portentous length and such blemishes, we repeat that there is much pleasant reading in these Reminiscences. The first volume is of miscellaneous interest, dealing with social notorieties of all sorts and conditions. The second volume is entirely devoted to the arts, music, and the drama. The writer has really drawn upon wonderfully rich stores of information. From childhood she (to assume that our surmise is right) had been taken to plays and concerts; she had seen many celebrities and listened to their talk. In later life she had formed friendships and acquaintances in many sets. If she has not kept copious and regular diaries, she must be gifted with a marvellous memory, and her natural powers of observation have been sharpened by constant exercise. We like her book none the worse that she has strong prejudices and antipathies. Generally her judgments strike us as very fair; but she never misses an opportunity of saying something unpleasant of Wordsworth and Earl Grey, and of Jenny Lind, who, according to her, must have been the queen of impostors, and a starling tricked out in the plumage of the nightingale. We doubt not that Charles Dickens laid himself out for unfavourable criticism. But the author's pet aversion is the Princess Lieven, and we are driven to the uncharitable conclusion that the vendetta originated in some snub by the *grande dame* who was the correspondent and confidante of Earl Grey.

The volumes open with many anecdotes about King George IV. and his Royal brothers. We are told that the father of Queen Victoria was literally bled to death by zealous Sangrados when merely suffering from a feverish chill which nature might have been trusted to cure. Fortunately the Queen inherited her father's magnificent constitution. We are reminded of the touching scenes at the Coronation, when the aged Duke of Wellington offered his homage, and when the little Queen left the throne and took several steps downwards to meet the still more venerable Lord Rolle, who had already slipped. Canning, who used to study the action of oratory, and rehearse his speeches like Demosthenes on the sea-shore, is said to have fitted up a padded room in his house at Brighton, where he might shout to his heart's content without being heard. The house is now a seminary for young ladies, and not only the paddings, but all recollection, of the room has disappeared. There is a great deal of good gossip about the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who bequeathed his vast wealth to the Canton of Geneva, and must always have been among the most crotchety of men. He had disinherited his only daughter, believed to be legitimate, because she had been converted to Catholicism, although he had made no objection to her marriage, and was proud and fond of her eldest son. A millionaire and a *gourmet*, his life must have been misery. He never ate at home in his Parisian hotel for fear of poison, but dined each day at a different restaurant; and, though he would not separate from his diamonds, of inestimable value, he fortified himself against burglars and assassins as if he had usurped the possession of a dozen of "moonstones." Elwes the miser was one of the most singular examples of inconsistencies carried to extremes. He could be magnificently generous; he risked large sums at play, and would never "ask a gentleman for money," and he lived far more frugally than Sir Pitt Crawley. His son was a remarkable example of heredity. The writer called on him in his mansion in Portman Square, and was astonished to see the sitting-room tapestried with suits of old clothes. Mr. Elwes frankly avowed that he could not bring himself to part with any of them, and declared that he could only account for it by his being the son of his ancestors. The Lovelaces lived in that quarter, and only a few doors from the house of the writer's father. She mentions that Lady Lovelace, till long after marriage, had never read a line of her father's poems. The revelation of Byron's genius was made to her when she visited Newstead, and listened with rapture to a passage read aloud by Colonel Wildman. The writer speaks very highly of Count d'Orsay's talents, accomplishments, and manners. D'Orsay's grace could carry off the most ludicrous costumes, and he loved to play fast and loose with the fashions. Warren, by the way, has happily touched that off in *Ten Thousand a Year*, when the Marquis de Millefleurs apes Tittlebat Titmouse. Harrison Ainsworth, who was also a handsome man, strove to dress and carry himself after D'Orsay; but there was a *je ne sais quoi* which could not be mimicked by the novelist, who had neither D'Orsay's birth nor breeding. As to D'Orsay's treatment by Louis Napoleon when Emperor—to whom he had done many kindnesses—the writer is inconsistent. In one place she says that D'Orsay was ungratefully neglected; in another, that the Emperor did what he could, and that it was not his fault if he did not do more. But we have reason to believe that the former version is the true one. We are informed that Lord Beaconsfield was a boy of twelve before he was baptized, and the fact is new to us. The writer says that the suggestion was due to Rogers; that the boy was baptized in July 1817, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, and that the entry may be seen in the register. As to Rogers she has some very shrewd remarks. She has discovered that he was a man, not of marked individuality, but of marked duality; that he had two distinct and even opposite natures—the practical and the poetical—which very happily balanced each other. She tells how she visited the Catacombs of Paris in Rogers's company. The poet was the last to climb the subterranean staircase, and the Swiss who held open the *grille* was ready to let it drop when he saw the fleshless, colourless face, and the denuded skull. "Nay, nay," he expostulated; "assuredly *Monsieur* belongs down below!" She travelled once with Dickens on the Boulogne packet. The novelist was mortified and disappointed when he found his fame had apparently not passed the French frontiers, and that his name failed to act as a talisman on the businesslike officers of Customs.

The writer is much at home in music and the drama. Many of the reminiscences take the form of brief biographies. Notably we hear a great deal of Braham, Tamburini, and especially of Mario, Marquis of Candia, who was evidently a special favourite. She illustrates very frequently the seductions and temptations of what must at best be something of a Bohemian life, and she tells some excellent and even pathetic anecdotes of great singers and actors who indulged too freely in play and wine. The instinct of their art sometimes would rise superior to the most critically threatening situations, and sometimes they were good-naturedly tided over their difficulties by the ready "gag" of quick-witted friends. We hear of hairbreadth escapes of stars of the first lustre who narrowly missed their vocation. Rachel, for example, was indebted for her *début* in leading parts at the Français to the wonderful penetration of the actor Saint-Aulaire, who had devoted himself to the education of aspirants. The strange thing is that she had been on the boards of the theatre for three years before Saint-Aulaire's persevering recommendations brought her to the front. There are capital stories of some of the great French artists in their *ateliers*, and especially of Horace Vernet. There is one in particular telling how he punished an importunate Jew who would haggle over the price to be paid for a portrait. The Jew haunted the *atelier*, and was painted unconsciously and *malgré lui*. To his disgust, he found he had been made the most prominent figure in the colossal canvas of the capture of the Smala, and he was depicted as an image of mean panic and in the act of bolting with a cherished money-casket. When he hurried off to Versailles to verify his identity, he was recognized by the crowd of admiring spectators who surrounded the battle-painter's masterpiece, and who honoured him with an unflattering reception.

NOVELS.*

Mr. and Mrs. Herries is a nice little novel, consisting of only two hundred and fifty pages, and having a Dowager

* *Mr. and Mrs. Herries.* A Novel. By May Crommelin. 1 vol. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

Jenny's Case. By Ellen F. Pinsent. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

Bent on Conquest. By Edith Maud Nicholson. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

A Big Stake. A Novel. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. 3 vols. London: F. V. White & Co. 1892.

A Girl with a Temper. By H. B. Finlay. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1892.

Through Pain to Peace. A Novel. By Sarah Doudney. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

In the Bear's Grip. By Charles H. Eden. London and Sydney: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1892.

Marchioness for a godmother. The plot hangs upon the pleasing incident of a man falling in love with his own wife. He had been engaged to a beautiful woman, but the beautiful woman, knowing him to be an impoverished landlord, and being of a practical turn of mind, jilted him for the rich man to whom he had mortgaged his fine old house and estate. "Believe me," said she to the poor fellow, on his urging her to spend her time and her eternity with him, "when we die we turn to mere clay, that makes flowers, plants, gases, what you will—and to keep up vitality one needs so much good wine and change of air," &c. In his rage he married "a heiress," a young girl of low birth, but with 80,000*l.* of her own, at the side of her father's death-bed, and left her in charge of his mother for three years. Then three important events took place almost simultaneously; his mother died, the bank in which his wife's 80,000*l.* "had been placed" (whether in the shape of shares, or of a simple deposit—a deposit large enough to make the mouth of a Rothschild to water—is not specified) failed, and the rich man who had married his first love foreclosed. The hero was just beginning to be a little attracted by his wife, when the first love again began to woo him, and she was on the point of making an attempt upon his virtue, when she suddenly observed the rash of scarlet-fever on his countenance and fled from him, whereby a comical scene is provided. His own wife nursed him through his illness, and thus aroused the first real flames of love in his bosom; by degrees misunderstandings were explained, he fell desperately in love with her, and, with the profits of iron-ore which she, being a miner's daughter, discovered on a small property which he had been able to retain, he bought back his estate from the rich man, who opportunely broke. Without being hypercritical, we may venture to remark that, if the author were to be long kept waiting for the interest of a large mortgage, she might modify the opinion which she appears to hold that no gentleman, honourable man, or decent Christian would, under any circumstances, foreclose one.

Like other novelists who have achieved a certain celebrity, Mr. Hardy has founded a school, and of this school Miss, or Mrs., E. F. Pinsent is not an unworthy member. In the farmhouse and cottage life, the girl who "gets into trouble," the narrow-minded parson and parson's wife, and the murder, her *Jenny's Case* recalls, and may possibly have been inspired by, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* "Dear me," the Rev. Mr. Bond is made to say, "how shocking! It's very dreadful; one of Mrs. Bond's G.F.S. girls, too!" Nor are we very sure that a clergyman of his type would not say, "How shocking! It's very dreadful!" if he could read this novel itself. Certainly he would not recommend it to "G.F.S. girls." Yet, of its school, it is no worse than its fellows; indeed, there is nothing in it quite so gross as one incident described in the book which it appears to imitate, although of unpleasant details, unmistakable allusions, and plain speaking there is enough and to spare. The story is entirely limited to peasant life, even the parson and his wife rarely appear in it; a squire is mentioned, but he only comes on the scene twice, and on each of those occasions for something under five minutes. There is not a single satisfactory character in the whole book; we admit that, unpleasant as is the picture presented of agricultural life, it is not an untrue one. It only shows, however, one side of that life, and that the bad side; for in the cottage and in the farmhouse are to be found gentleness, kindness, charity, courtesy, and modesty, as well as the seven deadly sins, and the exclusive study of such books as this would induce, we think, a false estimate of the life and characters of our rural populations. To give powerful, realistic, and detailed descriptions of a people's vices is not necessarily to convey an accurate idea of its average dispositions and conduct. The plot of this story is also open to criticism. The deaths of the two principal male characters, and the disappearance of the heroine, do not make a satisfactory or an agreeable ending, and, instead of leading up to some definite conclusion, the story simply ceases because its three leading characters are gone. There are some amusing scenes and characters in the course of it; the absence of moralizings and lengthened descriptions of scenery is much to be commended, and the book is remarkable for the crispness and strength of touch in many of its conversations and pictures of peasant life; as a novel, however, it is weakened by its want of sustained interest, and, sad as it is, it never for a moment arouses the emotions of the reader.

If *Bent on Conquest* is neither the type of novel most fashionable at the present moment nor a perfect work of art of its own kind, it is, nevertheless, far from unreadable. A scapegrace heir presents himself, under an assumed name, in answer to an advertisement for an agent and secretary from his uncle, a crippled peer, who engages him at once, without any references or character, and declares that he has "every confidence" in him, and trusts him "implicitly—blindly." The old man thinks he has never seen the nephew upon whom his estate is entailed, declares that he has heard all sorts of evil of him, and vows he will never receive him into his house. Unknowingly, however, he is delighted with him in the person of his new secretary—and no wonder, considering that the latter pays off all the mortgages on the property out of his own pocket—and he encourages him in falling in love with his granddaughter. A cousin and a pretty French Countess are brought in to make the necessary complications, and all comes right in the end. Everybody is rich, nobody is too clever, everybody, with the exception of the villain, who proves rather useful than otherwise, means well, nobody breaks, or has the least inclination to break, the Seventh Commandment; no ancient creeds are refuted, nor are new creeds propounded, in this easy-going book. All this, of course, may render it insipid to the correct novel-reader of the period; but, for all that, we think that *Bent on Conquest* will give a pleasant hour or two to many unfastidious people. We confess that we did not fall in love at first sight with the hero, "a gentlemanly young fellow, in a perfectly-fitting suit of summer grey," who said "I will step inside and wait," when the footman opened the door of a baronial hall and took his card to its owner. When he had "stepped inside," he thus soliloquized:—"It is not my fault that they" (women) "all break their hearts over me. I am not responsible for my good looks." "I do believe that the more," &c. &c. "I become, the more fascinating and interesting I appear in the eyes of the fair sex, and" &c. &c. "gives an additional charm to my society." This is intended to be the most interesting character of the story. Then we never felt quite at home with the aforesaid footman—a creature named Theodore—who said:—"It would be a real relief to me to have some set duties." The account of a little tiff between the heir and the cousin is ludicrously feminine, especially when, on making friends again, at the end of it, they "hug." It strikes us as odd that the new secretary, after he has been only a few days in the house, should confide to the young lady of it that he is a confirmed "nipper"; and that such a thoroughly seasoned vessel should get so drunk as to be unable to stand when he has taken four glasses of wine without food. The habit of the family of walking, sitting, or even lying out in the garden until ten or eleven o'clock at night shows what a splendid climate there must be in Somersetshire; and in *Bent on Conquest* it is always warm, the weather is always fine, and the moon is always shining.

We cannot honestly say that *A Big Stake* is a good specimen of Mrs. Robert Jocelyn's writings; it is without the variety of scene and incident that enliven *The M.F.H.'s Daughter*, *The Criton Hunt Mystery*, and £100,000 *versus Ghosts*, and little can be said for the interest of the plot. The three volumes mainly consist of long and, for the most part, pointless conversations, either between a man and a woman or between two women. There are often several pages describing the feelings of the speakers between their remarks; we are initiated into all the secret workings of their minds—and such minds!—their own grave doubts as to whether they are in love, or not in love, are explained to us at weary length, and chapters upon chapters consist of much ado about nothing. A pretty heiress, her widowed but larky stepmother, and a cavalry regiment are the subjects of the story, and the very humdrum lovings and marryings of the two ladies constitute the plot, such as it is. The few complications are brought about through the terrible lies told by the elder of the women; but there is not a single exciting situation, or anything approaching romance in the whole novel. Our appreciation of the merits of some of the author's previous productions makes us sincerely regret the impossibility of giving higher praise to *A Big Stake.*

In *A Girl with a Temper* we have an elaborate and rather complicated, yet ingenious, plot founded upon certain provisions in the Wills Act. It is interesting; but the story is spoilt by its exceedingly unsatisfactory ending—indeed so poor is it that of this novel it can at least be said that few readers are likely to guess, until the last couple of chapters, how it will end. The bride marries a rough, in order to fulfil a certain condition of a will, with the intention of marrying her heart's darling on his death. Yet, on the rough demanding what he calls "congenital rights," both she and her legal advisers try to bribe the fellow to go to America, where, if he were to die, it is obvious they would probably hear nothing of his death, and be still less likely to be able to prove it. "The girl" has indeed "a temper." "Thrash him, Miles," she says to her lover, while he is struggling with her husband upon the dining-room floor; "let him know what it is to insult *me*! kill him for me, and ask me anything you please." Some of the expressions and similes are not very pretty or refined. We are told that when zero turns up at Monte Carlo, the "players think 'D——!' in every language in Europe"; it seems that a "Cad-devil," whatever that may be, lies dormant "in the most chivalrous man that walks this middle earth';

and the heroine gives her future husband, when he proposes to her, "a hand as cold and lifeless as a dead fish." There are a few capital "situations"; but they are counterbalanced by others which are overstrained and unnatural, if not impossible; the heroine, and indeed everybody in the book, is more or less vulgar, and there is a sort of jaunty attempt at funniness throughout the novel which is decidedly fatiguing.

Although not lacking in incident, *Through Pain to Peace* is a heavy and a tedious novel. The heroine falls in love first with a picture of a knight, to which she talks and with which she flirts after the manner of a lunatic. Her second love is a young baronet, to whom she engages herself; but meeting him one day when he has evidently drunk too much brandy, she thrashes him soundly with her umbrella, and tells him that she will have nothing more to do with him. Her third love is a foundling, who has become a clergyman, and she sees him for the first time in the pulpit, where he preaches a sermon, given at length in the novel, which acts as a sort of Cupid's shaft upon her susceptible nature. Curiously enough, its perusal in no way stirred our passions. Unfortunately, the parson dies; but he makes a capital ghost, and appears to her "in the soft light that" comes "through the oriel window," while "a look of affection and authority" shines out of his "deep-set eyes." There is "a very faint breath of chill air"; then a sigh seems to vibrate softly through the room; he snubs her well, and is gone. Not very long afterwards a man saves her life, and proposes to her, only to be refused; whereupon a clergyman most meanly seizes the opportunity of squeezing a thousand or two out of him for a charity, on the plea that "she" takes a great interest in it. The author seems to consider this quite justifiable; we consider it is an even lower form of charitable extortion than a "snowball." The heroine eventually dies in maidenhood, and "Worried to Death" would, perhaps, make a more appropriate title for this novel than *Through Pain to Peace*.

In the Bear's Grip is a revised version in one volume of a three-volume novel by Mr. Eden called *George Donnington*. The present title is at once more appropriate and more taking than the former one, and the book retains, with various improvements, its old good qualities of incident, description, dash, and character. A great many of the scenes are intensely dramatic; the villain Bodiskoff is, unlike many novel-villains, a very living personage; while the relations between him and the lesser rascal Szluma are capitally hit off. The book is full of stirring scenes and interesting people.

THE STILL LIFE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.*

OF the many oddities of Mr. Thorpe's eccentric book, one is so very glaring and so very eccentric that the reader, when he first becomes aware of it, is half-inclined to resent it as a futile and deliberate practical joke. The book is called on its cover, on its half-title, and on the head of every left-hand page, *The Still Life of the Middle Temple*. It is true that on the title-page itself, in much smaller type, we read "Preceded by Fifty Years' Reminiscences." But even this caveat would hardly prepare any one for the fact that, while it consists of ten chapters, the only one that has anything whatever to do with the Middle Temple is the last, and that, while this last chapter contains more than a hundred pages, full two-thirds of it are occupied with Bar anecdotes and jokes of this or that kind, having, for the most part, little more to do with the still life of the Middle Temple than with the life, still or sparkling, of any other Inn of Court or, for that matter, Chancery. The consequence is that, of the 362 pages which form the total, the last thirty are devoted to the ostensible subject, and the other three hundred and thirty-two to the fifty years' reminiscences, which are themselves bolstered out pretty considerably with matter which can hardly lay claim to be reminiscence at all.

When the critic, in his preliminary examinations, discovers facts like these, he is generally justified in suspecting a piece of arrant bookmaking. Let us, however, hasten to say that of this, perhaps the worst—forgery and discourtesy excepted—of literary crimes, in any of its worst forms, Mr. Thorpe must be acquitted. His book, though very oddly titled, and still more oddly composed, seems quite genuine; and though, in the farrago of stories, good, bad, and indifferent, which forms its stuff and substance, some are anything but new, many anything but relevant, and a few not correctly told or spoilt in the telling, the whole is perfectly readable and sometimes very amusing. The author does not, so far as we have noticed, anywhere distinctly mention his birth year; but, as he alludes to a story told him by an uncle in 1833, it is safe to conclude that he will not see sixty again. He claims to be the last heir male of "an old family just above yeoman rank and domiciled for above five hundred years at Norton Lees, on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire." It is a most respectable descent, and a good deal more than some dukes could show. But now Mr. Thorpe seems to be estated in Devonshire (of the people of which Paradise he speaks rather unadvisedly with his lips), and to have passed most of his life latterly in London, between the Middle Temple and divers clubs (of some of which he speaketh even as of the Devonians or Damnonians). Before becoming a Templar he was a very rolling stone. Educated privately in his boyhood, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, from which he migrated to Queens', because his tutors would not guarantee him anything above a sixth wranglership, and this would not have given him a chance of a fellowship at the larger college. He tells us that this practice for this reason was common, and that the Queensmen resented it. Naturally they did; but, in that case, why did they allow it? There surely never can have been a rule at Cambridge either that one college was bound *nolens volens* to accept a migrant from another, provided he was furnished with satisfactory testimonials, or that, having so accepted him, it was bound to cast its children's bread to him? If there was any such rule, we venture to say that it was a singularly foolish one.

However, Queens' was not fated either to derive glory from or to impart nourishment to this cuckoo in her nest; for a "breakdown in health" caused Mr. Thorpe's withdrawal from the University, and he was sent to Ceylon. From Ceylon (where he had a narrow escape from shipwreck) he seems to have gone (for the book is curiously dateless) to India, from India to London, where he was apparently an indigo merchant, and finally he appears to have got called at the Middle Temple, and even to have practised there. Of late years he would appear to have taken to the innocent pursuits of Mr. Oldbuck; is excessively proud of having foiled Mr. Quaritch and all the knowing ones in securing a warrant which establishes the date of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; thinks, at least, that he has settled the vexed question whether King Charles was beheaded sitting or lying, and has many other pleasing whimsies of the bibliophilist and antiquarian kind. We regret to learn that Mr. Thorpe is a Shaconian; but considerable light is thrown on this little weakness by the fact that he has also discovered in the Devonshire name of "Easterbrook" a Phœnician origin, "Ishtarb'ruch." His account of what happened when he wanted to make the Society of Antiquaries listen to speculations of this latter kind exhibits (for it is compatible with both) either such innocence or such a *lumen siccissimum* of humour, that we must try to make room for it:—

> 'Subsequently the society have paid me a compliment of so high a nature that one feels almost awkward in relating it. I am engaged in an investigation of an entirely new kind, and carried out on new principles—strange as both may seem at the present time—and wished to lay the results of my work up to 1890 before the society. They declined it on the ground that they had no one capable of discussing it. Here is their letter:—
>
> "Society of Antiquaries, London,
> "Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.,
> "*January* 15, 1891.
>
> "MY DEAR SIR,
>
> "The Executive Committee, while fully recognizing the zeal, care, and learning which you have bestowed upon 'Phœnician Vestiges in South Devon,' consider it unsuitable for reading at a meeting here. The subject is quite new and very difficult, and should be treated in an independent work, so that the abstruse evidence produced may be more leisurely examined and commented on by those who are specially competent to do so. Justice could not be done to it by those who may happen to attend on one of our evening meetings. I therefore return the paper in a registered cover, with many thanks.
>
> "Your obedient servant,
> "H. S. MILMAN.
>
> "W. G. Thorpe, F.S.A.,
> "Gloucester House, Lark Hall Rise, S.W."
>
> I declined to accept such a compliment at the hands of my co-fellows, many of them far my superiors in attainments; but the director persisted, adding verbally:
>
> "We have not a man who can deal with it, but we hope to have one soon;" and one of the Executive Committee, standing by, added:
>
> "A man was put up who could have discussed it, but he was pilled, worse luck!"
>
> Yet the few who saw the paper thought it very interesting and pleasant reading, and among them was a publisher!'

Although, however, there is a certain thread of personal interest and personal experience thus running through the pages, their

* *The Still Life of the Middle Temple.* By W. G. Thorpe, F.S.A. London: Bentley. 1892.

main appeal, as we have already said, consists in a well-nourished fire of anecdotes, sometimes new, sometimes old, sometimes almost Chamfortian, sometimes wholly Sumphish, sometimes University, Indian, or Bar chestnuts of the toughest rind and most shrivelled flesh, sometimes plump and tender things enough, sometimes at first hand, much oftener at second or seventh, sometimes relevant to something that has gone before, more often *à propos* to any boots in the world and to nothing else. Mr. Thorpe is, indeed, rarely so audacious as when he devotes whole pages to the telling of the old Oxford story of the man who brought his "sister" up, without the very faintest relevance of occasion or pretence of first-hand knowledge; and he is, as indeed might have been expected, seldom so hackneyed as in his Bar stories. We may mention one or two of those which have amused us most, premising that, while some readers will doubtless say of some of them, "Why, that is a chestnut as old as the roof of Westminster Hall!" others which we have missed as too castanean would, no doubt, strike these same scornful ones as new. We like the story of that hospitable Wesleyan who was so bountiful to the saints that, when one godly minister was walking through Sheffield after dining with him, "a button flew off his waistcoat and knocked down a little boy." 'Tis a small thing, but it pleases us. Very good, too (though doubtless well known to Cambridge men), is one of the President [King] of Queens' :—

> 'Thus, when a man was had up for breaking back into college over a glass-topped wall, sustaining severe injuries, the President rusticated him with the grim remark, "And, moreover, sir, you must be an absolute downright fool into the bargain! When I used to get over that wall, I always had a saddle put away close by."'

The rattlesnake legend on p. 64 is a little tall even for a rattlesnake story; but that of the person who, being cast away on Saugor Island with no men about and plenty of tigers, wished to pray, but could think of nothing but "the Prayer for the High Court of Parliament To be Said Daily during their Session," is a fair bit of "gup." We cannot say so much for the gun-cotton story on p. 97, which exceeds even the rattlesnake one in tallness, as the reader shall see :—

> 'On behalf of friends who were contractors on the East Indian Railway, I had to select and send out their working staff. One of them, a would-be sub-contractor, actually shipped as packing with his baggage a quantity of the gun-cotton of those days, given to exploding without any extraneous help. Of course, if it had taken this course, I, as the shipper, should have been liable for the loss of both ship and cargo. Luckily, however, it remained quiet, and when its nature was discovered on arrival in Calcutta, it was promptly unloaded, and piled up in the Customs Square to dry. A friend of mine had business there, and from an upstair window saw the great white heap, and two natives making for it to smoke their everlasting hubble-bubbles. They sat down, put their pipes in order, and struck the match. Before the first whiff was visible a cloud of smoke hid them from view, and on its clearing away there were two *white* men rolling in agonies; the black cuticle had been burned off them.'

With reference to another of the Prince of Wales carrying a parcel we confess that we don't see it. Why should not the Prince of Wales carry a parcel if for any reason he feels disposed to do so? We are as unable to see that joke as was Mr. Pynsent when Mr. Wagg made merry over the afternoon tea of the Pendennis family. But Mr. Thorpe rarely offends in this way, though he is sometimes, like almost all reminiscence writers, too forgetful of even the restricted and rational application of the rule *de mortuis*.

He will hardly complain of us for having so far treated him in any fashion suggestive of the person whom he describes as "a *Saturday Reviewer*," and of whom he asserts that he had the reputation of having been weaned upon pickles; and therefore he cannot reasonably object to our winding up with disapproval of him for his remarks on Devon. He admits, and well he may, that the country "between Teign and Dart" is lovely; but he says "the drawback is the people," and he has the assurance to quote "every prospect pleases." Indeed, he appears to have adopted his Phœnician theories very mainly to account for the "Punic faith" of his neighbours. He says (not in his haste) that they are all liars; that one of them once got through twenty quarts of cider (and what for no?); that they never run (why should they, if walking will do?); that they have no superstition (a terribly common failing now, but we will undertake that Devonshire is better off than most counties), and no wit—which simply shows, not for the first time, that a Northerner, or at least a Mercian, may not relish as wit the perfectly genuine variety of that quality which is found in the West. Now we shall not argue in detail with Mr. Thorpe, who seems to be in nearly the same bond of iniquity as his sometime neighbour Herrick. But if he likes to convey to us (at his own expense, and unencumbered) that "small estate between Teign and Dart," we will take it, people and all. "And we can't say no fairer nor that."

STATE MEDICINE.*

SINCE the appearance of the late Dr. Parkes's large work on *Hygiene* no equally useful and important contribution to public or State medicine has been made as Dr. Arlidge's *Hygiene, Diseases, and Mortality of Occupations*. Its publication is especially acceptable at the present moment, when labour questions, in the shape of the eight-hours day, and the relative healthiness of different industries and callings, are becoming burning political and social questions; and the work is the more opportune as it is the result of many years' labour and is free from all but scientific considerations. The influence of occupation on the health and physique of the various classes of the community is a very wide and difficult subject to treat, and only a physician who has spent a long professional life in a large industrial centre, and who has been in communication with others similarly placed, can speak with confidence on it, or expect to obtain a hearing; and our author possesses these qualifications, together with a wide acquaintance with the home and foreign literature of the subject. The problem which Dr. Arlidge endeavours to solve is not merely to ascertain the death-rate and relative prevalence of diseases in different occupations, but "to discover what, if any, pathological consequences are rightly assignable to them, and what, when such are found, are their causes." This very complicated problem necessitates a discussion of the conditions and circumstances of labour, and a classification of occupations according to these conditions, and the influence of variations of temperature, moisture, dust, &c., incident to each of them. Dr. William Ogle has prepared the way for a comprehensive study of the subject by his statistics of the relative mortality of different occupations as shown by the Registrar-General's Reports; and while availing himself of these tables Dr. Arlidge has collected an immense mass of information relative to the diseases which precede or cause death, and which are amenable to hygienic measures if applied sufficiently early. We miss from his pages all but the slightest reference to physical examination and measurement as a test of the influence of occupations on the physical well-being of large classes of the population—the physical degeneracy, as it is sometimes called—which falls short of pathological conditions in the ordinary sense of the word, but which from a national point of view is not of less importance than high death-rates. Dr. Arlidge's results do not always agree with the generally received opinions as to the healthiness or unhealthiness of a certain trade or occupation. Coal-mining, for instance, is generally believed to be one of the most unhealthy occupations; yet, if accidents be left out, the diseases and mortality of miners from all causes is below that of the general male population of the country, and much below that of persons following sedentary trades and some shopkeepers. Although occupations are so various in manufacturing countries like our own, and the insanitary conditions may seem to be equally numerous, nevertheless Dr. Arlidge, with a view to preventive measures being taken, reduces them to four groups; namely:—"1. Want of outdoor bodily exercise, often associated with constrained positions of the body; 2. Abuse of food and drink; 3. Needless exposure to the causes of ill-health found in places of work; and 4. Deficient ventilation and working space." The real difficulty is the early detection of these evils and remedying them when found; but everybody who has given the subject consideration will agree with the author that defective ventilation surpasses in its disastrous effects on the health of the employed all other injurious conditions taken together, and it is fortunately the one insanitary condition of labour which is most easily removed.

The publication of a further ten years' mortality statistics has induced Dr. A. Haviland to issue a second edition of his large and valuable work on *The Geographical Distribution of Disease in Great Britain*, and the results, as far as he has gone, justify him in doing so, as they confirm his former conclusions. The present volume deals with general climatic conditions as determined by air, water, and soil, and with the local geographical conditions, and the race, sex, and ages of the population of the Lake District. The future volumes will deal in like manner with the large river basins, the Thames valley being the next to be issued. It is

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* *The Hygiene, Diseases, and Mortality of Occupations.* By J. T. Arlidge, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

The Geographical Distribution of Disease in Great Britain. By Alfred Haviland, M.R.C.S., &c. Second edition. London: Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

quite impossible to give the faintest notions of the nature and the amount of facts which the author has collected, and we can only refer to some of the conclusions he has arrived at, hoping that the reader will study the work itself to see how far they are to be relied on. "With the facts before him," says Dr. Haviland, "which twenty years' statistics, spread over Great Britain, have confirmed, no medical man would send (1) a consumptive case to live where he would be subject to the *full force* of prevailing winds; (2) or one dreading rheumatism and heart disease into an unventilated, pent-up valley, where the mortality from cardiac affections is high; (3) nor would he send the offspring of cancerous parents to reside, either for education or earning their livelihood, in low-lying, clayey, flooded districts. Rather would he advise the consumptive to seek well-sheltered, fertile, upland localities, where the trees are symmetrical and erect; those suffering from the forms of heart disease associated with rheumatism, well-ventilated, well-aspected districts, where the wheat-plant thrives and yields plentifully; and those having reason to dread cancer, the high, dry districts, characterised by either limestone or chalk formations." The volume is illustrated with some admirable coloured maps of the geographical distribution of cancer in England and Wales, of phthisis and heart disease in the Lake Districts, and also a geological and contour map of the Lake District. Apart from its value as a contribution to State medicine, the work is full of interesting facts relative to the mountains, rivers, lakes, meteorology, anthropology, and botany of one of the most interesting and attractive parts of our country.

THE STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.*

If all the volumes of Professor Knight's series are as interesting as that upon which we have some remarks to offer here, the University Extension student is greatly to be congratulated upon the high quality of the educational material supplied to him. The *Study of Animal Life* is an able account of the principal facts and theories of zoology written in a style which is too seldom met with in books of this kind. The public to whom the volume is addressed have, as a rule, to put up with a great deal of aridity in their pursuit of knowledge. There has been hitherto hardly any connecting link between the highly readable, but generally inaccurate and elementary, magazine article on the one hand, and the solid text-book on the other hand, which is calculated to repel by its want of attention to the needs of such readers as like their powder, if not wrapped up in jam, at least in small doses. Mr. Arthur Thomson has shown that it is quite possible to combine a pleasant way of writing with due attention to the more serious matters treated of. The following passage will serve as an illustration of the author's style. Speaking of the care for the well-being of their offspring exhibited in creatures quite low in the scale of life, Mr. Thomson writes:—"The evening shadows grow longer—shadows of death to the Ephemerides. The trout jump at them, a few rain drops thin the throng, the stream bears others away. The mothers lay their eggs in the water, and wearily die forthwith—cradle and tomb are side by side; the males seem to pass in a sigh from the climax of loving to the other crisis of dying. But the eggs are in the water, and the dance of love is more than a dance of death. Turning homeward we cannot but think sadly of other Ephemerides, of patient larval life, of the gradual revealing of the higher self, of shrouds thrown aside and wedding robes put on, of hunger eaten up by love, of the sacrifice of maternity, of cradle and tomb together. Yet we remember the eggs in the water, the promise of the future beneath the surface of the stream. Under the horse-chestnut tree, too, the wind has blown the shed petals like white foam, but the tree itself is strong, like Ygdrasil, and among the branches a bird sings in the twilight. Returning in more matter-of-fact mood to parental care, we need not dwell upon those cases where the young are simply sheltered for awhile about the body of the mother, hanging to a jelly-fish, on some sea-urchins hidden in tents of spines, in one or two sea-cucumbers, half buried in the skin, adhering to the ventral surface of the common little leech (*Clepsine*), &c."

The author attempts to provide for the two classes into which the students of zoology are apt to become divided. There is frequently a mutual antipathy between the anatomist and the field naturalist; rarely are these two types commingled in one individual—as they were, of course, in Darwin. Mr. Thomson tries to allay this internecine feud, and assures both parties that they are equally necessary; but those "who pin their faith on a pterygoid process" are besought to guard against being too pedantic. On the other hand, the kind of naturalist who rejoices in compiling interminable volumes about the birds of his county or his village, is reminded that he can avail himself of the opportunities offered by the interesting and ingenious theories of "animal colour," and become quite philosophical by discovering that a particular sort of caterpillar is not eaten by domestic fowls, or by pretending that he has been deceived as to the whereabouts of a "protectively coloured" insect. The book has, in fact, a very wide scope; the author ranges from such elaborately technical matters as the chemical composition of protoplasm to the views of purely popular writers like Grant Allen or the late Richard Jefferies upon the Struggle for Existence. Occasionally even our author drops into poetry; Tennyson, of course, comes in for the lion's share of quotation; but then he is the recognized poet of science, and any attempt to keep his name out of a science-book of a popular character would be as futile as Mr. Dick's endeavour to keep out of his memorial the head of Charles I.; but it might be surmised that Walt Whitman, were he still with us, would be not a little astonished to find himself freely made use of in a text-book of zoology; Mr. Ruskin, too, is the sole authority quoted on the subject of snakes—not, however, without explanation and correction. It might, perhaps, be imagined that this blending would not produce an altogether happy result, but this surmise would be absolutely the reverse of the truth.

The *Study of Animal Life* is divided into four parts; in the first part there is an account of the social life of animals, of the shifts to which they are put to secure a foothold or to improve their position, their industries, and their loves. Part II. is physiological and psychological. Part III. treats of the anatomy and classification of animals, recent and extinct, real and hypothetical. The section upon the Vertebrata begins with a figure of that fabulous monster the "Ideal Vertebrate," which is the modern representative of the old-fashioned dragon or unicorn, and is quite as protean in form. Part IV. is evolutionary, and the author gives, incidentally, some interesting notes upon the lives of the founders of philosophical zoology. The volume concludes with two appendices; the first of these contains an epitome of what is known concerning the relationship of man to the anthropoid apes, and a section upon the practical and intellectual justification of the study of biology. Appendix II. has notes upon the "best books" on animal life. The list is thoroughly up to date, and most comprehensive.

FISHING.*

These are two additions to the fast increasing literature of fishing from the sportsman's point of view; the serious matter of the supply of food—and such good food, too—to the public being left, and properly left, to the care of the scientific marine biologist and the Legislature, both of which authorities are showing commendable activity in that direction. Their Reports, Blue-books, and statutes are invaluable—but they are not sport. Sport is the theme of the enthusiastic angler.

By Hook and by Crook is a very dainty volume, got up in very good form, as attractive as printing can make it, with illustrations by the author, coloured and otherwise very well drawn, some of them most gorgeous painted imitations of flies famous in salmon-fishing, the curious prototype of fabulous insects that never existed even in the imagination of a salmon, to him merely something in motion to be rejected if not palatable.

There is a pleasing variety in this book of anecdote and precept in fishing experience, chiefly for salmon and trout, but more especially salmon. It may be said to be a light and amusing treatise on salmon-fishing, with a chapter or two on trout, and a glance at chub-fishing on the Thames. The author is evidently an experienced salmon-fisher, who knows all the details of his craft, which he imparts both by direct instruction and by way of narrative in an agreeable chatty manner. In the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland are to be found the principal waters for salmon-fishing, and spring fishing is to be preferred to autumn fishing for reasons duly assigned. Fresh-run fish in their brilliant condition; he-fish and she-fish, sometimes called cock-fish and hen-fish; fish that have been too long in fresh water, though not yet spawned; kelts, mended kelts, and diseased fish are all described, with comments valuable to the seeker after true sport. The author agrees with other writers that the kelt (spawned fish) of both sexes is most destructive of small fish:—"Great numbers of smolts (young salmon) are thus destroyed before they have a chance of reaching the sea." There is an

* *The Study of Animal Life.* By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., F.R.S.E., &c. London: John Murray. 1892.

* *By Hook and by Crook.* By Fraser Sandeman. With Illustrations by the Author. London: Sotheran & Co.

The Sea and the Rod. By Deputy-Surgeon-General C. T. Paske and Frederick G. Aflalo. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim.

argument in the air—a salmon-fisher's argument, of course—that salmon can do no harm to a trout river, because they eat nothing whilst going up to spawn; they spawn and starve, and go down to the sea to recruit themselves. But the kelt is here and elsewhere said to be a ravenous monster seeking whom he may devour in the way of smaller fish. There is also the human-food argument. The salmon must be protected and allowed to go up stream at his own sweet will because he is human food; but the trout which he or she devours is also human food to the trout-fisher, who is obliged by law to let the salmon up to prey on his food when the salmon himself is not fit food for any one. As we have said before, artificial spawning-beds would be a great economy from the human-food point of view, and the trout-fisher would have his trout in peace.

By Hook and by Crook is a fantastic title, and the writer uses the editorial *we* throughout, sometimes, when he has a companion with him, in a way that is confusing; however, as he "claims no literary or artistic merit" (preface), there is no more to be said, further than that we find no fault with either. The drawings may be said to be decidedly good for their purpose. There is good advice given on tackle in general, especially for salmon, and on the making of salmon-flies, of which fourteen examples are drawn in the brightest hues. The book can be recommended as pleasant, amusing, and sketchy, not laboured, and what there is of fishing-lore is good. There is no index, but the table of contents, the chapters being short, suffices.

The Sea and the Rod is a reasonably small book devoted to the purpose of turning sea-fishing, which, as a rule, is a very serious and arduous piece of work, into a sport with rod and line. The different fish which are capable of affording sport to the fisher with a rod are described, with illustrations, and their habitat, food, and corresponding bait are given. Bass-fishing heads the list, a big bass being a formidable monster at the other end of your rod and line, the sport bearing a due proportion to his size and activity. The sea-waters of Europe are traversed by the authors; but the great American bass-fishing, of which the world hears so much, is not even alluded to. It is surprising how many sorts of fish, familiar to the landsman as part of his diet, usually caught by the professional fisherman in professional style, can be got hold of by means of a rod, and be made subservient to sport. You can fish with a rod from a pier, or from the rocks, or from a boat, and the variety you can so catch in the sea, in these various ways, is far greater than the variety you can catch in the rivers, and, as variety is charming in itself, there is that charm, as well as the rest, in sea-fishing with a rod. This book is instructive to a certain extent; but to get it by heart would be a very long way from being a sea-fisher. The most promising way of being a sea-fisher is to be born in a seaport town and begin early. That sort of person can initiate the sea-fishing aspirant to the mysteries, of whom he will learn more in a day than all the books could teach him in a lifetime. There are many coast-going people who disport themselves on the sea, and fish for sport in boats with hook and line, besides the professional *hooker*, whose pretty tan-sails rejoice the artist, though the hooker himself has not much to rejoice in. Hookers catch a number of fish, and it is not unlikely that the addition of a rod may enhance both the sport and the trouble when the amateur turns hooker.

The title-page announces this book to be "an exhaustive account of the habitat and peculiarities of the chief species of British sea-fish that are to be taken with rod and line, &c. &c." This is rather an ambitious description, which can hardly be said to be justified by the performance.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANDED INTEREST.*

MR. GARNIER'S is a well-meant book, and may be useful in an indirect manner by calling attention to the recent work of Mr. Vinogradoff and Mr. Maitland, and to recent publications of medieval materials. We regret that on its intrinsic merits we cannot commend it for anything beyond good intentions. Mr. Garnier has compiled a mass of information which must have cost him a good deal of labour, and he has mostly gone to the right quarters for it, though he does not seem to have gone much outside English books. But his work is undigested, though he writes with plenty of fluency and confidence. Not only he does not write like a scholar, but he falls decidedly short of common workmanlike exactness, and fails to know things which ought to be known by this time to all students of medieval history. He persistently writes the impossible form "Witangemote" (besides some other strange words intended for Anglo-Saxon), and, what is still odder, "sheriff's *tourm*." He states that in Anglo-Saxon society "horseflesh, at first used, soon became unfashionable," thus ignoring the Christian prohibition of it. He adopts without suspicion a citation of the false Ingulf as an authority for the history of tithes. He confuses fealty with homage in speaking of the Council of Salisbury, though he states the distinction elsewhere; and he also confounds homage with livery of seisin. He repeats the exploded error about cornage having to do with blowing a horn. He talks of the "crabbed Latin manuscripts" of Domesday, which, if he has ever seen Domesday, shows an extensive ignorance of other medieval handwriting. His account of forms of conveyance lacks both historical and legal grasp of the subject, and can only confuse an unlearned reader. He thinks that charters were written in something called Norman-English, and that a charter of feoffment was not required to be in writing before 1845 (what the Act of 8 & 9 Vict. did add was the requirement of a deed: *writing* and *deed* were practically synonymous for lawyers in the thirteenth century, but not in the seventeenth or nineteenth). In dealing with the Restoration period he wholly omits to mention the introduction of strict settlements. Finally he goes out of his way into Roman law, and informs us in his glossary that "*res mancipi* = property of which a person can dispose: *res nec mancipi* = property of which a person cannot dispose" (every beginner in the Institutes knows that *res nec mancipi* were much easier to dispose of). A reference to Hesiod's "*Weeks* and Days" is, we presume, a misprint. There are signs up and down the book of some practical acquaintance with English country matters, but this does not save Mr. Garnier from describing, on the authority of Rees's Cyclopædia, a supposed archaic manner of making a hedge which is still quite common in at least one of the home counties. In short, this is one of the books that spoil good materials by unscholarly work. Mr. Garnier describes himself as B.A. Oxon. We trust that neither the History nor the Law School of that University is answerable for his qualifications to write legal history.

* *History of the English Landed Interest; its Customs, Laws, and Agriculture.* By Russell M. Garnier. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE LAND OF BURNS AND POEMS.*

THE subject of this Memoir, Hew Ainslie, was a Scotsman of humble origin, born in Ayrshire in 1792, four years before the death of Robert Burns. As a boy he seems to have been remarkable chiefly for his rapid growth, and for "a most sensitive and accurate ear for rhythm," and this was stimulated and his love of song educated by his mother, who seems to have had the true Scotch feeling for ancient ditties and legends. On growing up, he unsuccessfully endeavoured to study law, and, failing in this, got a situation in the Register House, Edinburgh. Here his work seems to have been that of a mere copyist, and the remuneration in proportion to the labour. At this period Sir Walter Scott was preparing for the press his *Minstrelsy*, and the sorry form of practical joke, that of writing forgeries, was in full vogue. We learn "Ainslie fell in with the general humour"; some were accepted and printed in that publication, and others were taken by Robert Chambers for his *Scottish Ballads*. For a short time Ainslie acted as amanuensis to Dugald Stewart; but this was not very successful, and, having married, and his family increasing, he resolved to emigrate to America, and try to improve his own and his family's condition in the New World. In the summer of 1820, with two companions, he went through Ayrshire visiting the country of Burns, and this journey was described in a small prose work, enriched with a good many of his own lyrics. This he very happily entitled *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*. The title was certainly a good one, though, perhaps, not startlingly original. Mr. Latto says, "it was to Hew Ainslie that the Scottish and English speaking world is indebted for the proverbial phrase now on every lip." Copies of this work are exceedingly scarce, and we are not altogether surprised that it did not run through innumerable editions. The volume was sent to Sir Walter Scott seven years after its publication, and when the poet was nearing the end of his life. The friend who sent it to Sir Walter stated that the publication was a pecuniary failure, and that it had fallen into unmerited oblivion, with the usual request that Sir Walter would give his opinion of its merits. Courteous and prompt as usual was the answer, which is given at length in this memoir. Mr. Latto is not satisfied with it, and thinks that "the keen grey eye" which could discern in

* *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns and Poems.* By Hew Ainslie. With a Memoir of the Author by Thomas C. Latto. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner.

Byron's feeble *Hours of Idleness* "scintillations of promise," ought in this work to have seen genius where none ever existed.

Our opinion so exactly coincides with Scott's that we cannot do better at this date than simply repeat the words in which he truly described the writing of Hew Ainslie:—"It seems to be the work of a very amiable man with a feeling for the beauties of nature and some command of language to describe them. The work has, of course, its faults, one of the greatest of which is a want of that quality, the most necessary to eminent distinction, I mean, originality. The author appears rather to have written as he thought Allan Ramsay or Burns would have written in his situation than from the stream of his own thoughts." Nothing can be more complete than this criticism, and Mr. Latto may spare himself "making the tenderest allowances for troubles and harassments then torturing the proud soul of this most lovable of men," for, whether in or out of torture, no soul, proud or simple, will impartially utter any other verdict on the work.

Many of the lyrics are pretty, and full of that tender pathos and delicate observation which lies hidden within the Scottish character, however dour and unbending its exterior may be. "The Rover of Lochryan" we would single out as possessed of real and individual merit. Before Ainslie left for America, he had a great desire to pay what he called his "devours" to Mistress Jean Armour. On arriving at Dumfries, he visited Burns's grave, and then sought Mrs. Burns's humble cottage. After a pleasant "twa-handed crack," they walked together to Lincluden Abbey, and Mrs. Burns paused on a sheltered and lovely spot. "It was just here," she said, "that my man often paused, and I believe made up many a poem an' sang ere he cam' in to write it down. He was never fractious—aye, good-natured and kind baith to the bairns and to me." On parting, Ainslie said to her, "I wad like weel ere I gae, if ye wad permit me, to kiss the cheek o' Burns's faithful Jean, to be a reminder to me o' this meeting when I am far awa'." She laughed, and holding up her face to him, said, "Aye, lad, an' welcome." So she and Burns's fervent disciple parted, he to America, in his own words, "to seek for themselves and friends a resting-place in the young world of the West, where those seeds of freedom and independence that 'the voice of Coila' had sown in their souls might flourish and bloom, unstinted by the poisonous pruning of despots or the deadly mildew of corruption." We must hope America did not disillusion Ainslie of these crudely expressed aspirations. He seems to have had a struggle for existence, chiefly in the brewing trade; but there is a pleasing picture of him in his declining years dwelling in a district called Gotham, now the centre of New York, tending his flowers and dwelling under his own vine and peach-trees.

Ainslie appears never to have lost his love for his native country, and to have made several visits to Scotland. In one of these he was cursed by being made a lion of. We learn that "Professor John Stuart Blackie, a brother poet and one of the most accomplished and versatile men of genius that Scotland has produced since the days of Robert Burns, showed him much kindness." A sentence such as this gives us an insight into the critical capabilities of Mr. Latto; but, though the memoir before us is full of lapses in knowledge and taste, we should have thought some sense of the fitness of things would have checked such an absurd comparison. We all probably "feature" the parent ape; but, except that their names begin with the same letter, it is impossible to mention the poet and the ci-devant Professor in the same breath. We do not object to the bracketing together, as poetasters, of Professor Blackie and Hew Ainslie; they have both written political effusions of about the same value. Ainslie's excuse must be his residence in America, and he has redeemed such lines as:—

> Where the Eagle made the Lion tame,
> And the Cap has cowed the Crown,

by such stirring words as these:—

> Gi'e her sail, gi'e her sail, till she buries her wale,
> Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
> She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
> An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.

But we are unaware of any redeeming features in the eccentric muse of the Professor.

Mr. Latto is an enthusiast, and it is a pity that he has not depicted the subject of his memoir with some clearness and a little more discrimination. Scotchmen have a high regard for the famous names of their countrymen, but they do not usually speak of the "dynasty of Stair," and there might have been found a simpler way of expressing what we are here to understand was Ainslie's belief that Burns thought he was best fitted with Jean Armour as his wife because "Mary Campbell, though gentle and amiable, had yet Highland blood in her veins, and the ire of the scions of Macallum is sometimes easily roused and sometimes not so easily laid." The Macallums have had much to bear from history, but they did not bestow their "ire" on every one of the name of Campbell.

THE NEW PERSIAN DICTIONARY.*

FOR some years past Johnson's edition of Richardson's *Persian-Arabic English Lexicon* has been out of print, and Dr. Steingass (already famous for his work on Arab lexicography) has been commissioned to bring out a new and revised edition of the ponderous quarto so well known to students of Persian.

In any Persian lexicon that aims at completeness the chief difficulty which arises is due to an *embarras des richesses* in the matter of Arabic words and phrases. Since the days of Omar, as is well known, the Arabs as conquerors, literary or otherwise, have forced their company on the Persians, and as a result it might be hazardous at the present day to affirm that this or that Arab word was quite unlikely to be met with in a Persian author. On the other hand, to include the whole Arabic Dictionary in one devoted primarily to Persian will, of course, so increase the bulk of the latter as to render it perfectly unwieldy. This was the fault generally found with Johnson's edition of Richardson. When it came to writing in the Arabic vocables Johnson, as he himself confesses, did not know where to stop, and, to quote his preface, included in his new edition "a large number of Arabic words of very questionable usefulness, merely because they had found a place in the former editions." Dr. Steingass, who wanted to keep his work within reasonable bounds, and, further, had many additions to make to Johnson's list of words and significations, has done his best to prune away these superfluities. His aim has been "to restrict the selection to such words as may either *reasonably* be supposed to occur in Persian authors, or which are *actually* found in the prescribed text-books, and in those productions of Persian literature the perusal of which will be most beneficial to the student." For this purpose the results of his own reading of Persian authors naturally would form the main groundwork; but, in addition, he has laid under contribution several works by native scholars, more especially the celebrated *Muntakhab-ul-Lughat*, a dictionary composed for and dedicated to Shah Jehan of Dehli. For the purpose of this compilation the Persian author, 'Abd-ur-Rashîd al Husaini, had carefully examined all the best native Arabic lexicons (such as the *Kâmûs*, the *Sihâh*, and others), and from their pages had culled all the Arabic words that were (as he wrote) "necessary and of frequent use," explaining them for the benefit of his countrymen in Persian "equally comprehensible to the popular understanding, and approved by the educated." He further quoted passages in support of his explanations, and these are taken from the chief Persian poets—from Firdûsî down to Sa'adi and Hâfiz—whose works still form the true popular literature of modern Persians. This work Dr. Steingass has incorporated in his present new edition.

One of the minor difficulties which beset the student of the Persian of to-day arises from the perversion or change of meaning which many common words, both Arabic and Persian, have suffered, more especially such as are to some extent technical terms. An instance from our own Latin-absorbing English will give an example in point. The word *consul* in Latin was the name given to the governor of a province that was generally in extent equivalent to a modern European kingdom. In nineteenth-century English a *consul* is often a small merchant who looks after the interests of his countrymen in foreign seaports. It would be absurd in an English dictionary to label the word consul with the signification of "governor of a province." This, however, exemplifies the sort of mistake we are always coming across in our Persian lexicons. Even Dr. Steingass is not entirely guiltless on this count. Now nothing is more curious than the apparently arbitrary manner in which Persian has selected and absorbed Arabic words. With genuine Persian vocables to hand, they have often chosen to bring the foreign Arab word into common use, and have either left the Persian aside as obsolete, or, while continuing to use it, have virtually changed its meaning. Take, for example, the Persian equivalent for the word "silver." A modern Persian uses *Nukrah*, the Arabic term denoting this metal; while the native Iranian word *Sîm* is at the present day applied to "wire," whether of silver or any other metal; although originally, of course, it must have meant "*silver-wire*" exclusively, and this, too, merely as a secondary meaning. Such being the case—namely, that *Sîm* alone never means *silver*

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* *A Comprehensive Persian-English Dictionary; including the Arabic Words and Phrases to be met with in Persian Literature, &c.* By F. Steingass, Ph.D. London: Allen & Co.

at the present day—we hold that Dr. Steingass misleads the learner when he writes, as the signification of this word:—"Silver: a wire of silver or any other metal; the string of a musical instrument; a sort of fish," &c. He ought, we think, to have given the meaning "silver" last, and further to have stated that it was obsolete.

It is, of course, easy enough to pick holes in a dictionary of over 1,500 pages, double column, but it is in no captious spirit that we would point out certain small defects which, in our opinion, somewhat mar the great work that Dr. Steingass has accomplished. Thus he has occasionally misled the learner by a too rigid adherence to uniformity. You must take the language as it is, not as it ought to be; we in English speak of *omnibuses* and *etceteras*, though we all know how very inconsistent and wrong it is so to do. When borrowing certain short Arabic phrases and incorporating them into their daily speech, the Persians have in some cases, and for unknown reasons, taken the words over with the terminal vowels (called *tenwîn* in Arabic), which, though not written, are pronounced in the *classical* language. A case in point is the phrase which in Persian is used to signify "aforesaid," or "before mentioned," and which occurs a dozen times over in every Persian passport, or like official document, to save the repetition of the person's name. These words in modern usage are pronounced "Mushâr*un* ilaih," with the *tenwîn* at the end of the first word—*i.e.* classically, and according to the rules of the Arabic grammar. This point Dr. Steingass ignores; for, under the article for this word, he transliterates the phrase, "mushâr ilaihi," which is both too little and too much according to the modern usage; for he omits the *tenwîn* (*un*) of the first word, and adds the final *i* to "*ilaih*," which no one in the pause at the end of a phrase ever pronounces. These, however, are but minor points, and we have only adverted to them in the hope that in any future edition more care may be bestowed in marking obsolete significations (by putting them last, or printing them in italics), and further striving to give the Persian as spoken among the educated in Tehrân at the present day. The sum of the matter, however, is that Dr. Steingass has brought a most laborious work to a successful termination, and deserves the profound gratitude of all students of Persian for the conscientious manner in which the book has been compiled.

SICILY.*

ALTHOUGH in one respect a fragment, in that it contains only part of the work mapped out by the author, this volume is nevertheless complete in itself. It presents us with the history of Sicily down to the eve of the Saracen conquest. At that point a second volume was to have started, and was to have ended with the death of the Emperor Frederick II., the proposed limit of Mr. Freeman's great *History of Sicily*. With the exception of the Index, the present volume had been passed for press when the author left England on his last journey, and it is now published with a short preface by his eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. Arthur Evans, who announce that he has left materials for a continuation of his larger *History* down to the Roman Conquest, and for a volume on Norman Sicily. It was, they say, one of Mr. Freeman's maxims that, "in order to write a small history, you must first write a large one." The truth of this saying, as far as he himself was concerned, is, to some extent, illustrated in this volume. In the first half of it he was going over the ground already covered in his larger work, which has been interrupted at the end of the second Carthaginian invasion and the establishment of the rule of the elder Dionysius in Syracuse. Throughout this part of the book no fault can, we think, be found with the selection and arrangement of the matter, or with the manner in which it is handled. The book is, so far at least, a model of what a short history ought to be. It is really wonderful to see how sufficiently for the writer's purpose the contents of his three large volumes are presented here in some two hundred pages, how little of the story is left out, how much that was at first said in many words is here said not less forcibly in few. While the rest of the book is by no means unworthy of its author's reputation, the treatment of the next period from the death of Dionysius to the death of Agathocles does not in our opinion show the same digestion as the earlier chapters. Of those who came from Greece to help, or professing to help, the Greeks of Sicily, the last was Pyrrhus, who, without having to fight a single battle, delivered Greek Sicily from all fear of barbarian conquest. His achievements and aims are admirably expounded here. It was not enough for him to be King of Greek Sicily; he aspired to be King of the whole island, to rid it altogether of the presence of the Carthaginians; to do, as we read here, what Pentathlius and Dorieus, and Hermocrates, and Dionysius had only tried to do. He advanced into the Punic district, the north-west part of the island, won the stronghold of Heraclea from the Carthaginians, stormed Eryx, made himself master, by what means we do not know, of Panormus, the head of Semitic Sicily, and reduced the Carthaginians to offer to give up all else in the island provided that he would leave them Lilybæum. He refused, and failed before Lilybæum, as Dionysius had failed nearly ninety years earlier. His departure from Sicily left it, according to a saying attributed to him, as a wrestling-ground for the Romans and Carthaginians. The struggle began twelve years later. In the chapter on the First Punic War, the "War for Sicily," as Mr. Freeman calls it, adopting a term used by Polybius, the narrative is confined to the principal events that took place in the island, and the sea-fights off its coasts. The defeat of Hamilcar off Ægusa is a turning-point in the history of Sicily as an outpost of Europe, the land on which the strife between East and West was carried out in all its fulness; for it "determined that Sicily should remain European" for more than a thousand years, and indeed, in one sense, for ever, in that "it made the second Semitic occupation something wholly unnatural." After a sufficient and interesting record of the events that led to the complete subjugation of Sicily to Rome, a single chapter is devoted to the next thousand years, during which the island was first a Roman province, was for a short time held by the Vandal king ruling in Carthage, was part of the Ostrogothic kingdom, and was finally regained for the Emperor reigning in Constantinople. By its conquest by Belisarius Sicily may, it is remarked, be said to have been won again for the Greek world. Of that world it remained a part when Lombards and Franks deprived the Eastern Emperor of nearly the whole of Italy, and its Greek character was rendered complete by the action of the Emperor Leo III., who separated it ecclesiastically from Rome, and placed it under Constantinople. The Saracen invasion of Sicily in the ninth century, and its complete conquest in the tenth, was a new phase in the old struggle between Greeks and Semites, "made more keen by the religious opposition between Christendom and Islam." Unhappily, he who of all Englishmen was best fitted to tell the story of that struggle, and who looked forward with confident hope to the performance of that part of his great work, now rests from his labours.

* *The Story of the Nations—Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

THE SERAPION BRETHREN.*

AFTER a lapse of some years, the second volume of the English translation of these remarkable tales is now before us. We are by no means sorry that some time has passed between the publication of these two volumes, as it gives us an opportunity of again referring to the work of one of the greatest masters of fantastic writing, and at the same time of congratulating Colonel Ewing upon the admirable manner in which he has done his far from easy task of translation; while in these days of the popularity of the short story it may be of use to call attention to the existence of the masterpieces in this form produced by the imaginary members of the Society of the Serapion Brethren. The nine tales contained in the present volume, with the exception of perhaps "Mademoiselle Scudéri," are, we believe, now for the first time presented to the English reader, though some of them appeared long ago in a French translation, Hoffmann having been a favourite in France long before even his name was generally known in this country. They are all more or less characterized by the weird and humorous imagination, half real, half fictitious, and altogether fascinating in bewilderment, which is so remarkable a feature in Hoffmann's work, and which, as one of the Brethren remarks, after having related the story of "Albertine's Wooers," has "something of a kaleiodoscope character that, in spite of its crackiness . . . does ultimately form interesting combinations." Certainly the adventures of the Clerk of the Privy Chancery, Tussmann, who is so jealous of his official title, the love-stricken Baron Benje, his uncle Manasseh the Jew, and the mysterious Goldsmith, make up one of the most excellent pieces of grotesque fooling ever penned. The somewhat ghastly story of "The Uncanny Guest" is followed by the already-mentioned "Mademoiselle Scudéri," a most enthralling "shocker" of the time of Louis XIV., one Cardillac, a Court jeweller, being the mysterious villain, whose propensities lead to disastrous consequences for the hero and heroine, which are barely averted by

* *The Serapion Brethren.* By Ernst T. W. Hoffmann. Translated by Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Ewing. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

the tact and courage of the little old lady of the Rue St.-Honoré. This perfect little romance of crime has no further foundation in history than the fact that Mlle. Scudéri is reported in Wagenseil's Nürnberg Chronicle to have received a valuable present from an unknown source, presumably a gang of thieves, in grateful acknowledgment of an impromptu couplet reflecting on timorous lovers who had petitioned the King to take steps to put a stop to the frequent robberies at night which were then common in the streets of Paris. "Gambler's Fortune" strikes a different note, and is, perhaps, one of the most dramatic stories in the volume; but we must refer the reader to the book itself if he would know the history of the Chevalier Menars and the mysterious Colonel, for we have no intention of spoiling, even by a hint, the interest which, if he is a genuine lover of this kind of literature, he will feel in reading it for himself. The next story, the longest in the volume, is a *novella* in the style of Boccaccio, in which "Signor Formica," or Salvator Rosa the artist, contrives, in his endeavours to procure happiness for two lovers, to play off a variety of the most ingenious tricks upon a most extraordinary trio, in the persons of Splendiano Accoramboni, the doctor, Pasquale Capuzzi di Senegaglia, the heroine's amorous uncle, and the dwarf Pitichinaccio. The boisterous fun which runs through this tale smacks somewhat of the pantomime, with its cudgelling and horseplay; but it has a true Italian ring about it, and we pity the man who can read the story without thoroughly enjoying it. "The Life of a Well-known Character," "Phenomena," and "The Mutual Interdependence of Things," are all stories which would make the fortune of any sixpenny magazine; but "The King's Betrothed," with which the volume ends, is a tale in the true vein of Hoffmann humour. Herr Dapsul von Zabelthau, the astrologer, who lives in hopes of a union with a higher spiritual nature in the person of the sylphide Nehabilah (which in Syriac has very much the signification of our expression "Peaky Nose"), the poet (was ever there such a poet?) Amandus von Nebelstern, Porphyrio von Ockerodastes, *alias* Daucus Carota, the King of the Vegetables, and his attendant "spooks" and gnomes, are all the most humorous of their kind, and one closes this record of the Serapion Brethren Society with a fervent wish that Colonel Ewing may yet give us an English rendering of the "Nachtstücke," "Kater Murr," and the "Phantasiestücke in Callots Manier," by the same author.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GEORGES PICOT (1), a French jurist, journalist, and official of no small experience, historian of the States-General, and a careful student of English politics and administration, has reprinted in a small volume, with some documents attached, an article which he published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for last July on the quarrels between Church and State in France, and the stoppages of salary by which they have been accompanied. M. Picot writes as what he has, we believe, all his life been, a *centre gauche* man, though apparently with what most *centre gauche* men have recently shown, a decided leaning towards *centre droit*. Looking at the matter from the historic point of view, he is tolerably philosophical, observing that the Concordat has lasted nearly a century, that there have been four or five squabbles between Church and State during the time, and that none has lasted very long. We are not quite certain that the details of his survey quite justify the comparative calmness of his conclusion. He shows, indeed, that in 1832—his principal date of comparison—anti-Clerical feeling took an even coarser and more grossly violent form than it does now. But he does not seem quite to take into account the greater strength which was then at the Church's back, or the more really threatening character of the actual symptoms which he himself enumerates. He quotes, for instance, a remarkable little book which we ourselves reviewed here not long ago—M. Copin-Albancelli's *La Franc-maçonnerie*—and he endorses and relies upon the author's estimate of the small number of Freemasons actually existing in France. But he seems a little to forget that M. Copin-Albancelli himself very lucidly shows how this handful of agitators manages, like our own Temperance agitators, to secure casting voices in a number of constituencies wholly disproportionate to its real strength. So, also, he himself represents the *radicaux*—the actual anti-Clericals—as insignificant in numbers; but he does not seem to take full account of the influence they exert on candidates wishing only to be elected, and very indifferent, though not themselves, perhaps, actually hostile, to the Church. So, again, M. Picot speaks the most admirable sense when he urges that to construe "lay" or "neutral" instruction into anti-Clerical instruction is a gross misuse of the law; so he holds stoppage of salary for anything but non-residence to be illegal, and points out that, if the clergy are kept out of the schools, the schools must not be made instruments against the clergy. Excellent sweet reasonableness! Unluckily we know perfectly well, not only from watching France, but from our own experience in England, that it is the small active body which knows how to agitate, to give or withhold its influence, to throw weight into or take it out of the scale, that gets its way, not the large, respectable, indifferent, and—with all respect be it spoken—rather sheep-natured body of electors. That is precisely the objection to universal—to any very extended—suffrage. And wherever such a suffrage prevails, no institution, unless immensely stronger in itself than a Church like the French, which has lost nearly all its property, and has only a very indirect political status or influence, can think itself safe merely because those who actively, deliberately, and from a conviction or interest wish for its downfall are but a small part of the total electorate.

M. Richard O'Monroy (who seems to have dropped his viscounty) is a bold as well as a pleasant person. Having resolved to borrow M. Halévy's Madame Cardinal, he has dedicated the result of borrowing to M. Halévy himself, with full acknowledgment. This disarms. It is true that Mme. Manchaballe (2) is very much—is almost dangerously—the inferior of her immortal mother, elder sister, or whatever else she may be called, in the highly honourable profession of trafficking in your own flesh and blood and making the best of that traffic with colossal innocence. In the first place, of course, she is not original, and in the second, the pen of "Monsieur Richard," as his respectable friend always calls him, is not exactly the pen of that delightful Academician whom Englishmen like so much and who detests England so cordially. Our viscount, as we have said, is a pleasant *fils des croisés*, if his morals want a little looking after (and, indeed, we know from history that the crusaders had a sad habit of coming back with a slightly damaged morality). But he has not M. Halévy's inimitable *malice*; he "charges" where his master "gauzes," slips into platitude where his master is ravishingly simple and ironic, and is sometimes almost, if not more than almost, offensive, which M. Halévy never is. Still he is at his best a right pleasant companion, and the story how Mme. Manchaballe, the least charitable person in the world, was done in a sort of charitable fashion by a little girl, a sham connoisseur and a sham Stradivarius, out of four hundred francs, that of the impromptu baccarat party, which saved a really very strained situation, and some others are very agreeable fooling of the "loose-girt" order. It should be said that there are a few things in the book which are not directly *Manchaballeries*, but they are of the same character as those which are.

M. Edouard Cadol never fails to provide the lovers of puzzle-novels with satisfactory ware, and the statement of the opening situation of his *Fils adoptif* (3) will show that he is *par sibi* here. In the interval between the double ceremony, civil and religious, which the petty anti-Clerical spite of Republican France inflicts upon decent people, the bridegroom thinks it well to examine a packet of papers left by his dead father by adoption. Its contents seem to show that his half-wedded bride (with whom he is, of course, not yet domiciled) is his sister. He sends the packet to his father-in-law, with request for directions what to do, and the father-in-law burns the packet and blows his brains out. *Que faire?* For answer see M. Cadol. Both *Ruses de guerre* (4) and *La fiancée bien gardée* (5) are books out of the common way, if not especially interesting. In the former M. Albert Rhodes depicts the devices adopted by an American family of rich *trappeurs* for securing marriages of affection with a French family of distinction, alliance with which has been offered to them by accident. And in the other book (at least in its title-story) M. Claudin, who, from the title of another book of his, appears to be a *boulevardier* of more than fifty years' standing, tells in a quaint and old-fashioned but not unpleasing style how two young persons (of no great interest to us) waited virtuously till their husbands and uncles were dead, and then were blessed with virtuous wealth and happiness.

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(1) *La pacification religieuse et les suspensions des traitements*, 1832–1892. Par Georges Picot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Madame Manchaballe.* Par Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Le fils adoptif.* Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Ruses de guerre.* Par Albert Rhodes. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La fiancée bien gardée.* Par Gustave Claudin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

HAVING attempted to give in two previous volumes the Alpha and Omega of art, Mr. Hume Nisbet in a third volume—*Where Art Begins* (Chatto & Windus)—has "sought to give something of what lies between," though the title of the present volume seems indicative of some further expansion of his preliminary book on "The Alpha of Art." Between the first and the last, the beginning and the end, lies the whole alphabet of art, which is suggestive of a boundless field of observation. Mr. Nisbet's reflections on art are therefore extremely discursive, without any tangible beginning or end, and not reducible to any definite scheme or system. They range from the purely personal expression of opinion and conviction to observations on theory and practice, the relations of art to mankind, the teachings and examples of old masters and new, with a dozen or more subsidiary subjects. Mr. Nisbet's discourses are somewhat indeterminate. He gives, for instance, a chapter on "Illustrative Art," or book illustration, ranging in airy fashion from Dürer and Rembrandt to Bewick and Doré. The mantle of Hogarth, according to Mr. Nisbet, has descended in these days upon "Ally Sloper," where alone are to be found "Hogarthian satire and Rabelaisian humour." Then Mr. Nisbet regards the "Devonshire landscapes" of a recent illustrated edition of *Lorna Doone* as "distinctly Turneresque," faithful to nature, and "engraved with sympathetic tenderness." Again, Wilkie and Van Dyck, being "Court favourites," are said to have allowed their individuality and good taste to be biassed by the "buzzing of the gartered insects about them." In short, Mr. Nisbet's book is chiefly made up of personal talk about art of the random and not undiverting kind that seems proper to those who hold that none but the painter has the "right" to be an art critic (p. 243).

There is no fear lest the illustrator of Shakspeare should be so "intrusive" a designer, as Mr. Hume Nisbet puts it, that one or more of his designs should be so unduly assertive that the text must appear "mean, washy, or weak." Mr. J. Moyr Smith's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Quaritch) has, at least, the not common merit of a definite and legitimate aim. There is nothing Boydellian, or of the elegant pictorial style, about Mr. Smith's etchings and smaller text illustrations. The artist has chosen a somewhat novel point of study, and his work is marked by some thought and considerable invention. The play is illustrated from the point of view of its stage representation, the history of which is briefly summarized in the introduction to the volume. Costume and archæology have, it seems, engaged the artist's skill and taste to a far greater degree than the purely poetical elements of the play. These, of course, have not been entirely without influence, but it is certain that Mr. Smith is less successful and persuasive in dealing with the world of faery than in designing stage pictures of a spectacular nature in which architecture is the dominant subject. There is something grandiose, almost Martinesque, in "The Triple Marriage in the Temple" and "The Interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe."

The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times, by W. Cunningham, D.D. (Cambridge: at the University Press), "treats of a clearly-marked episode in English economic history," or, in other words, "the rise and fall of the mercantile system." The episode is tolerably extensive, since it extends from Elizabethan times to the days of Peel and Cobden, and offers material for some 700 pp. in Dr. Cunningham's present volume. "The sketch of this portion of the subject in my first edition," the author observes, "was so slight that it has hardly served even as a scheme for arranging the mass of materials that had to be dealt with."

Reduction, not expansion, has been the aim of Mr. Charles Lowe in preparing a new and revised edition, in one volume, of his political biography, *Prince Bismarck* (Heinemann). This form of reconstruction is generally a gain to the reader, and Mr. Lowe's work is no exception to the rule.

Dr. George Smith's *Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar* (Religious Tract Society), treats of Martyn's life and labours with a completeness that was impossible when Sargent's popular *Memoir* was written, or when Bishop Wilberforce's edition of the "Letters and Journals" was published. "My aim," remarks Dr. Smith, "is to set forth the two autobiographies written in the Letters and Journals of Henry Martyn and in the Diary of Lydia Grenfell in the light of recent knowledge of South Africa and India, Persia and Turkey"—an excellent aim that is well realized in this volume.

Among the enemies of gardens—cats, dogs, poultry, the invisible worm, and so forth—the gardener, it has been sometimes found, is not the least. But the amateur, especially the lady amateur, for whose delight is written *The Gentlewoman's Book of Gardening*, by Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Douglas (Henry & Co.), is not to be placed in this category. The gentlewoman gardener is apt, indeed, to love gardening too well, and kill with too much kindness flowers and shrubs that need more liberty than she is willing to grant. The authors of this pleasant book hold wise and generous views of gardening, and write in a style at once recreative and instructive.

"The amazing ignorance of the majority of ladies as to the most elementary facts and principles of business" has induced "Senex" to compile a useful handbook, entitled *Counsel to Ladies and Easygoing Men* (Leadenhall Press), full of cautions and advice with regard to investments, Companies, securities, and other matters of the kind.

The Child set in the Midst (Leadenhall Press) is an anthology of verse by modern writers, selected by Mr. Wilfred Meynell, for the pleasure of "mature readers to whom the child is already dear and delightful." The poems here collected are "poems about children, not for them," and we may assume they have been chosen as illustrative of the editor's claim for nineteenth-century poetry—that "it has, one may almost say, discovered the Child." Mr. Meynell's collection ranges from William Blake—who is scarcely a nineteenth-century poet—to Francis Thompson; and includes Wordsworth's great Ode, Mr. Coventry Patmore's charming poem "The Toys," and other fine, imperishable poems, together with examples of very different kinds of verse, even to the excessively sentimental and the extreme of gush.

We have received *The London Daily Press*, by H. W. Massingham, descriptive articles reprinted from the *Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society); *A Handy Book for Brewers*, by Herbert Edwards Wright, M.A. (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects*, edited by George Holmes (Sotheran & Co.); *The Ancient Irish Church*, by John Healy, D.D. (Religious Tract Society); *Stapeldon*, a tragedy, by the author of "Æonial" (Parker & Co.); *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific*, translated from the German of F. Engels by Edward Aveling (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, with introduction and notes by Major-General Maxwell (Scott); *Physiography*, by the late Andrew Findlater, new edition by David Forsyth (W. & R. Chambers); *Sussex Archæological Collections*, vol. xxxiii. (Lewes: Farncombe); *Comedy and Comedians in Politics*, by the Countess Hugo (Ward & Downey); *Lyrical Studies*, by M. S. C. Rickards (Baker & Son); *Poems*, by James Mather (Gardner); *Imogen; or, Only Eighteen*, by Mrs. Molesworth (W. & R. Chambers); *The Story of Clifton Camville* (Seeley & Co.); *Religious Art* (Aberdeen: Avery & Co.); *The Story of a Life; and other Poems*, by Esther Powel (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Hidden Teachings of Psalm XXIII.*, by J. B. Johnson, M.A. (Masters & Co.); and *The Pupil's English Grammar* (Blackie & Son).

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics and Politicians.

THE political news of the end of last week was more interesting than had been the case for some time past. A letter from Lord ROSEBERY to the British East Africa Company, on the subject of Uganda, announced the result of two days' Cabinet Councilling, and bore very evident marks of a compromise. The Government accepted the "principle" of evacuation, but offered to pay for its postponement till next March, and reserved liberty of action thereafter, though granting the subsidy only for the better carrying out of the evacuation itself. In other words, this is a respite in terms arranged so as not too much to shock the party of scuttle in the Cabinet and out of it—and so far so good. The subject, among other things, afforded Gladstonians an opportunity of turning their eyes away from the polling in Bedfordshire, where, though they just managed to retain the seat, the figures were even more disagreeable than in Leeds. For whereas, using round numbers, Mr. FLOWER won by 2,000 in 1885, and by 1,000 in the summer of this year, Mr. WHITBREAD could not muster more than 242—scarcely more than a third of what his predecessor had won by, against the fullest tide of anti-Home Rule feeling, in 1886. Some representatives of the Colonies waited on Lord RIPON to congratulate him on his succession at the Colonial Office.

On Saturday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appeared in the audacious capacity of a recreant to riding, walking, tennis, cricket, football, golf, and all kind of exercise at the Athletic meeting of the not unfamous Birchfield Harriers' Club, and defended his *fainéantise* very amusingly.——Next day Mr. O'BRIEN tried to be sweetly reasonable on the subject of landlords and tenants in Ireland, contrasting the conduct of Colonel TOTTENHAM with that of "the SMITH BARRYS and "CLANRICARDES." We shall only observe to that, to couple Mr. SMITH BARRY and Lord CLANRICARDE together puts any man who does it out of court when the court is composed of persons who know; and that, if (which we do not at the moment know or assert) Colonel TOTTENHAM has given his tenantry more favourable terms than Mr. SMITH BARRY, this does not in the least prove that Mr. SMITH BARRY has acted wrongly.

Electioneering at the beginning of this week had concentrated itself on the Cirencester division, where the Gladstonians, alarmed probably by the figures in Bedfordshire, were prosecuting with extreme vigour their two favourite practical measures, rowdyism at meetings and the proclamation of the thing that is not. CALEB BALDERSTON, by the way, and his thunder—nay, even that other atmospheric disturbance which the classical poet made his famous jest of the horrible and pestilent wind—have been quite outstripped by the "severe storm" which, according to Gladstonian critics, prevented people in Bedfordshire from voting for Mr. WHITBREAD, but allowed them to vote for Colonel DUKE.——Lord HOUGHTON made his entry into Dublin on Monday, and met with a reception very differently described by Unionist and Separatist authorities. On the same day Mr. COURTNEY spoke at Liskeard on agricultural depression, and Mr. STANLEY (on taking up the freedom of Swansea) very vigorously on the subject of Uganda.

The Irish landowners, by their Convention, have taken a sensible attitude towards the proposed Eviction Inquiry, denying its necessity, but welcoming it on the understanding that it shall be impartial and exhaustive. That, however, is the rub. On the other hand, the extremer Nationalists pooh-pooh it, and very candidly ask that all evictions shall be taken as wrong, to begin with.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

Besides the announcement of the Government's intentions as to Uganda, which may be said to be half-home, half-foreign politics, there were not a few items of importance in purely foreign news this day week. The text was published of the despatch which M. SHISHKIN, M. DE GIERS'S *locum tenens*, had sent to the Porte, or rather to the Russian representative there, in the matter of the reception of "STAMBOLOFF" (as the Russian document, with a petty rudeness quite worthy of the whole conduct of Russia in this matter, calls the Bulgarian Prime Minister). The despatch was equally remarkable for the absence of dignity and the presence of ill-temper; but whether it was, strictly speaking, a menace or not may remain matter of doubt. The Mauritius Council had passed a vote of thanks to the Home Government for the measures adopted in reference to the hurricane. Details of the fighting in Dahomey showed to all

appearance that Colonel DODDS's success was a solid one, though the great loss of his foes was chiefly due to their courageous folly in endeavouring to pick up their dead under fire. The Carmaux struggle was still going on; the news that the Russians had for the present definitely retired from the Pamirs was confirmed, and the King of GREECE had been ruthlessly quarantined on returning to his own country.

It was announced on Monday that the SECRETARY of STATE had given his consent to an inquiry into the Indian currency question, and that the AMEER was making preparations for the reception of Lord ROBERTS. In reference to the Uganda matter, it was interesting, if not exactly surprising, to find that French critics laid more stress on the prolongation than on the abandonment, and that German critics thought that abandonment a very proper thing on Mr. GLADSTONE'S part. More details were received of the cannibal success over the HODISTER Expedition; a *modus* had been arrived at in the quarrel over the Greek schools in Bulgaria; and the long-planned cross-ride from Vienna to Berlin and Berlin to Vienna had been started with considerable interest in both capitals.

On Tuesday morning it was announced that the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry (by the way, this Government appears to be going to "inquire within "upon everything") had been received with modified satisfaction in India, that the East Africa Company had decided to accept Lord ROSEBERY'S respite, and that the date of the International Monetary Conference had been fixed for November 22 at Brussels. The French Mission had arrived at Fez with the usual honours. Father MARTIN, a Spaniard, had been elected General of the Jesuits.

It appeared on Wednesday morning that Count D'AUBIGNY'S Morocco mission was not, on the whole, going on so much more smoothly than Sir C. EUAN SMITH'S. There had been here also "discourtesies," demands for redress, and difficulties about giving it. But the French are not apt to display Britannic mildness in such matters; or, if another point of view be preferred, to consider their own dignity as impregnable and invulnerable with Britannic calm. The competitors in the Berlin and Vienna ride were beginning to come in, the palm of the first day's batch being won by the Austrian Lieutenant VON MIKLÖS, who did the distance in something over seventy-four hours, himself and his horse, however, being much exhausted. Prince FREDERIC LEOPOLD of Prussia came in first on the other way (which is thought to be the harder ride), with ten hours longer record; but a smile may cross irreverent faces as it is read that the Prince's aide-de-camp was but a discreet ten minutes behind. The Carmaux rioters were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment from four months downwards.

The second day's ride put Count STAHREMBERG, a pure Austrian, three hours ahead of his Hungarian compatriot, while the German competitors lessened, but not so much, Prince FREDERIC LEOPOLD'S record to Vienna. Count STAHREMBERG had the credit of bringing his horse in in very good condition, and comparatively undistressed; but there has been a great waste of horseflesh over the affair generally, and it has given some excuse to those humanitarians who point out that in old English long-distance riding it was the endurance of the rider that was tested, and that nobody dreamt of riding a single horse till he dropped.

Yesterday morning some comfort came for the Germans, who had on the whole been completely beaten by their Austrian rivals in the long ride, by the registration of the second best record in favour of Baron REITZENSTEIN. It is to be noted, however, that the Baron's horse dropped down dead when he dismounted, while Count STAHREMBERG'S was, as has been said, fairly fresh.——There had been more fighting in Venezuela and in Dahomey, Colonel DODDS'S chassepots, or their representatives, having again done wonders.

An attempt of a character more spirited than intelligent was made on Wednesday to rob two banks at once during open day in Kansas. There was much shooting, with considerable results, but the gang got the worst of it.

The Church Congress. The Church Congress at Folkestone opened on Tuesday in fine weather, which unfortunately did not last. The welcome given by the town authorities was cordial, and an insignificant attempt at anti-Ritualist brawling, much exaggerated in some newspapers which do not love the Church, was at once put down. The Congress was formally opened by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY in a Presidential address, on which, with some of the more striking features of the debates, we dwell further elsewhere. The chief subject of the first day's discussion was "The Church "and Labour Combinations." Sermons were preached in the different churches by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, the Dean of CHRISTCHURCH, the Head-Master of Harrow, and Canon JENKINS of Lyminge, a neighbour to Folkestone, and unequalled among Evangelically-inclined Churchmen as a canonist and a Church historian and antiquary. The proceedings of Wednesday were multifarious, and dealt with some burning subjects—Church schools, the Church and the agricultural labourer (Dr. JESSOPP giving expression to some of his well-known pessimism as to "Arcady"), and a women's meeting, in which Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH and the Duchess of BEDFORD deplored the drinking (and other) habits of their sex. The Duchess, as reported, pronounced abstinence to be a "vital neces-"sity for a Christian worker." From which we must gather either that Bishop TIMOTHY was not a Christian worker, or that the Duchess "does not agree with "PAULUS." A discussion on Vivisection on Thursday made, as usual, some angry passions rise, but the disputants were kept in tolerable hand.

Speeches and Meetings. Yesterday week Lord ROSEBERY, fresh from obtaining the Uganda respite, relaxed on Polytechnics. The Incorporated Law Society met at Norwich on the same day on which the Church Congress opened at Folkestone, and listened to a Presidential address from Mr. RICHARD PENNINGTON. The Amalgamated Sailors and Firemen's Union has been meeting during the week at Liverpool, and the Society, also "Amalgamated," of Railway Servants in Farringdon Street.

The London County Council. At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday two objects dear to its Progressive majority were attained. The Treasury (as, indeed, was known) had withdrawn its objections to the system of issuing loans by annuity, and the purchase of a great part of the North Metropolitan tramways was forced through by much closuring.

The Law Courts. The preliminary trial or examination, according to island law, of COOPER for the murder of his wife at Douglas went on before the Deemster of the island at the end of last week, and the prisoner, being sworn, gave evidence on his own behalf to the effect that the fatal wound was given in a scuffle, he not remembering that he had a knife in his hand when he returned a blow from his wife. Medical evidence was called to support the possibility of the statement, which, when put thus shortly, perhaps looks less plausible than as actually given. The prisoner was, however, committed by the jury to take his full trial for murder.——For some days the police courts have been busy with a series of charges against the collectors and sellers of cigar-ends as unlicensed dealers in tobacco. As the tobacco thus "twice laid" has presumably already satisfied the demands of the Exchequer, this seems rather sharp practice, and it would almost

appear as if the authorities must have got scent of some more direct evasion of duty under cover of the trade. Few people, we should trust, would, save in the most exceptional circumstances, care to smoke other people's cigar-ends, even when refashioned into a sort of nicotian shoddy; but the traffic in them seems a little below the notice of the law, unless we are to have a complete "Régie."——On Wednesday the police-court decision went against the Farringdon Road costermongers, but a case was granted.

Racing. The chief race of the last day of the First October Meeting at Newmarket was the Rous Memorial Stakes, for two-year-olds, in which General WILLIAMS's Perigord won easily, thus again showing himself a good horse. The Scurry Nursery brought out a very large field of less distinguished youngsters, and was won by Captain MACHELL's Erin. ——Nothing in the minor meetings of this week requires notice except the Nottingham Handicap on Monday, which went to Warlaby.

By an oversight last week in this place, the odds of 5 to 2 on La Flêche and Orvieto for the Lancashire Plate were mentioned as "the betting" instead of "the place betting"—a quotation which would, indeed, have been "unusual," if not impossible.

Rowing. In the race between the London Rowing Club and the Cercle de l'Aviron the French crew surprised spectators, and perhaps themselves, by winning almost easily. It appears that one of the London slides (mechanical devices again) went wrong, and it is argued that the crew was by no means the best, or anything like the best, that could have been got together. But a defeat is a defeat, even if you can give the most admirably logical reasons for it; and it is clear that in this, as in other matters, it will not do to trust too much to the "one jolly Englishman" principle.

Correspondence. This day week the omniscient and polite Mr. WALTER WREN showed his omniscience in the argument about wheat-growing by apparently not knowing that "junk" is *salt* beef, and his politeness by a remark about Mr. SUTTON "selling seeds." ——A correspondent of the *Times*, dating from the Athenæum, and signing himself "Geographicus," supplied on Thursday morning a very neat ironical rejoinder to Sir GEORGE BOWEN on HANNIBAL'S pass in the Alps.

Miscellaneous. One hospital, St. George's, had its opening address on the 1st of October, though it was Saturday; but the majority postponed the celebration till the following Monday, when speeches were delivered by distinguished members of the faculty at most of the schools.——The weather has been, with rare intervals, very bad throughout the week, and several accidents have happened, especially in North Wales and Cheshire, to railway embankments; while in the same neighbourhood a lady, the wife of a clergyman and a bard, was blown into the river Alyn and drowned on Tuesday.——It has been resolved to confer the freedom of Liverpool upon Mr. GLADSTONE.

Obituary. At half-past one on Thursday morning Lord TENNYSON "crossed the bar." His illness had been brief, and was hardly known to any but his nearest friends before it became very serious. At no time since the death of DRYDEN has any English man of letters died who was so indisputably the greatest man of letters of his day and country, nor has any English poet, at any time, had so long a career of perfect production, with no dotage, with hardly any intervals of distinctly inferior work, with sheaves full and full-eared, with the respect of the careless multitude, and the admiration of the competent few. If we have had greater poets (and we have not had more than three or four of his quality), we have had none of more exquisite perfection in his own way—none whose way led him through a more various paradise of daintier devices, and who blended a healthier and sturdier sense with a rarer faculty of poetic charm.——M. HECTOR CRÉMIEUX, who committed suicide last week, was a French dramatist of old standing and some repute, whose chief performance was the libretto of *Orphée aux Enfers*.——The death of M. RENAN, one of the few persons in Europe who can be said to have been absolutely at the head of his own special art, is more fully noticed elsewhere. By it France, like England, is left without her "greatest man of letters," and in a state of desolation in that respect in which she has never been since the period between the death of VOLTAIRE and the rise of CHATEAUBRIAND.——Germany has lost what we call a Waterloo veteran (who was to her a Leipsic veteran also) in the person of the Hanoverian General MÜLLER, who died at the age of 96.——Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, who died suddenly last week, was a person of considerable distinction in two different ways, which, though it is not easy to say why, are not very frequently traversed by the same individual. He served for many years as an army surgeon, saw some fighting, and obtained nearly the highest rank. Then he betook himself to the antiquarian side of English literature, and became one of the chief authorities on its history during the Elizabethan period in the wide sense. Dr. NICHOLSON did not write very much, and was fonder of putting his great and accurate knowledge at the service of others than of embodying it in literary form himself.——Dr. HENRI DE MUSSY, long medical adviser to the princes of the House of ORLEANS, was very well known to many persons in this country, in which he was for a time resident, as one of the oldest and most respected members of the faculty at Paris, to which he belonged by ancient family descent as well as individual practice. Dr. DE MUSSY brought to the exercise of the profession in which he was so distinguished the qualities of quick insight, untiring patience, wide learning and wisdom, and a remarkable blending of gentleness and strength. And, as the same qualities shone in his private relations, it is not surprising that all who knew him well had for him a deep affection, which is the measure of their present loss.

Books, &c. The long-delayed book season has shown signs, if not of beginning, of "going to "begin." *Moltke, his Life and Character* (OSGOOD, MCILVAINE, & Co.) will be fortunate if it dissipates the disappointment of former MOLTKE books,——The second volume of "A. K. H. B.'s" *Reminiscences* (Longmans) is sure to be amusing.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE death of the POET LAUREATE is something more than a momentous national event. It is an event the like of which has not occurred in this country within the memory of any but very old men, and does not seem likely to repeat itself even in the lives of the youngest among us. Seventy years have elapsed since the last English poet entitled to rank with Lord TENNYSON as a singer passed away; and if we may admit that any voice of equal sweetness is still unsilenced among us, we shall hardly assert that in range and compass, in variety of modulation, in "sympathetic" quality, it will bear comparison with that which death has so lately hushed. To the great majority of Englishmen, therefore, the melancholy event of Thursday last is an absolutely new experience, and one with which the people of any nation may for long periods together remain unacquainted. They now know what it is to witness the extinction of one of those beacon-lights

of humanity which often remain unkindled for generations, and, when extinguished, leave as long a darkness behind them. The illuminant has in this case burned so long, and with so steady a power, that we have been apt to take its rays for granted; and the loss, though it will be felt with the more suddenness of shock on that account, will be, in its first freshness, perhaps, the less easily measured. It will take some little time to accustom us to the thought that the one great English poet of our age—the one poet of the last three-quarters of a century whose place is clearly and indisputably among the Immortals—has been taken from us. And not till we have fully realized all that is implied in the mere fact of that loss shall we be in any mood to apply ourselves seriously to the task of measuring it.

For once, however, the commonest of those obituary platitudes which do duty on these occasions seem significant and adequate enough. "It is too soon to "attempt to fill the place," &c., is a phrase of more real meaning in Lord TENNYSON's case than it would be in many others. That he was pre-eminently the "poet "of his age, the interpreter of all that was deepest "and strongest in its thought and emotions," has been said, of course, a hundred times. It is true that he was this, and to have been this is a great thing. It is not necessarily the same thing as to have been a great poet; that is only the heresy of those who may be good judges of "thinkers," but have not equally good taste in poets. But in Lord TENNYSON, as we all know, the two propositions coincided. He was not only the interpreter, but the poetic interpreter, of the mind and spirit of his age; and to do a great thing poetically is to be a great poet. But there is a yet greater achievement than to have been the poet of an age, and that is to be a poet of the ages. And it is time alone, of course, that can determine whether the higher title is to be added to the lower. We shall have to wait until the years have worked their will on the recorded thoughts and emotions of the now closing century ere we can say for certain how much of the poetry in which these thoughts and emotions were enshrined will perish with them. For even supreme expression will not wholly avail to preserve that element in them which does not itself hold of the eternal nature of man. That much will remain of Lord TENNYSON's poetry even after this process has accomplished itself—and that by so remaining it will establish its claim to be the poetry, not of an age, but of all time—we should be the last to deny. But we must not allow any one to remain under the illusion that the immortal part of Lord TENNYSON's poetry is to be found in precisely those passages which will incur—along with the passing phase of thought that inspired them—the ravages of time. *In Memoriam* is undoubtedly a great poem, and in so far as it needs any other vital principle than inheres in its noble manner, it will live by its sometimes solemn, sometimes passionate, response to certain "obstinate questionings" of the human soul. But its immortality is independent of the perfection with which it expresses a certain liberal reading of theology.

It is not by matter of this kind, so far as it is a question of matter at all, that Lord TENNYSON's verse will live. But that there is abundance of the stuff of world-poetry to be found throughout all his work is beyond dispute; and for the rest—his future fame may safely be left under the guarantee of a quality which some of those who insist on his merits are not, perhaps, the best able to appreciate. He was, and to the last remained, the master of a poetic manner which has only been surpassed by the poet who surpasses all poets, and has never even been rivalled but by two or three at most in the long line of his successors. And in a far greater—to an astonishingly greater—measure than any other poet that we know of, does his splendid faculty of expression seem to have descended upon him by the direct bounty of the gods, rather than to have been attained (though it was, no doubt, ceaselessly cultivated) by the sedulous self-training of the artist. There are poets in whom technical mastery and spiritual insight appear like birth-twins of the poetic genius, and in whose development the singer keeps even pace with the seer. But Lord TENNYSON's song burst from him in full perfection almost at the first opening of his lips. It long preceded the revelation of those powers as a poetic thinker which bulk so largely in the imagination of the unpoetic. The music of the *Lotos Eaters* has never been excelled by the poet himself, even if to excel it is possible in human language; and how strange, then, is the reflection that the singer of this unequalled lyric was almost a beginner in song. Again, it is one of the chief glories of our departed LAUREATE to have lent a new and a nobler rhythm to the blank-verse measure than it had ever received from any voice or hand of English poet since the death of MILTON; and this, too—for the *Morte d'Arthur* and *Œnone* are among his earliest productions—was an achievement of his poetic youth. That he should have improved upon the consummate art displayed in these masterly performances was from the nature of the case impossible; but what could be done he did; he maintained this unsurpassable standard of artistic workmanship until the very last. If, as some contended, the force of the imagination showed signs of abatement in his declining years, if the word-magic became less potent, the imagery less splendid, as he drew nearer to his end, the majestic music was to his latest utterances unimpaired. The poet of "Teiresias" and "Demeter" was the poet of ULYSSES and TITHONUS; the lyrics of the first volume are not more perfect in form than the lyrics of the last. This is not the moment—if, indeed, there be any fitting moment—in which to revive the interminable discussion as to the shares of form and matter in the sum total of poetic result. But this at least may be said, that where a poet possesses Lord TENNYSON's matchless mastery of expression, it would need extraordinary poverty of matter to jeopardize his claim to live.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

EXCEPT in point of weather, the thirty-second Church Congress has been, in its earlier stages at any rate, a favoured and successful one. Although there was a little of the usual Philistine brawling both outside and inside the Congress walls, no serious disturbance had, up to the time of writing, interrupted the harmony of the meeting; while the expression of almost all sections of opinion had been free enough and lively enough to satisfy the most exacting demands. The ill manners of some street rowdies, who were promptly dispersed, were more than compensated by the reception which Mr. PALMER, a Congregational minister, gave to the visitors in the name of the Folkestone Nonconformists. If Mr. PALMER's style was a little florid, his meaning was excellent, and its spirit beyond praise. Indeed, Mr. PALMER, in dwelling on the points of agreement rather than of difference between the Church and Nonconformity, made, whether consciously or unconsciously, a criticism of the most far-reaching extent on these Congresses as wholes, and on their own proceedings. Whether the community of principle between the Church and the sects will ever overcome the difference of practice and detail which induced, not the Church to cast out the sects, but the sects to leave the Church, is a point on which the strongest heads and the most charitable hearts, even when found in conjunc-

tion, have differed very much, and have doubted even more than they differed. But that the good side of these Congresses consists in their perpetual exposure, amid superficial difference, of fundamental unity, there can be no doubt whatever. The Congress is now anything but young. It has covered the conventional period of a generation, and more; it is more than old enough to be a bishop, if it were a man. During that time the subjects with which it has busied itself, and the attitude which it has shown towards those subjects, may, indeed, supply the meditative student with food for half-ironic, half-melancholy musing. He will contrast the crazes of the nineties with the crazes of the sixties, will note the undoubting faith of both periods in the all-importance of their own fancies, will see how it was "necessary" for the Church then to be this and now to be that. But behind all this he will see the Church herself with all that is indispensable in her, and most that is valuable, the same now as thirty years ago; and will take good heart in thinking that, when the "all-important" fancies and nostrums of this time are as dead as those others, and more dead, the unchangeable will still remain unchanged.

It is, of course, almost unavoidable that the passing features should for the moment attract most attention. It is not mere frivolity which must be interested in remembering how of old time "be content with your "wages" was thought a sufficient command, and how at the present moment Canon SCOTT HOLLAND has discovered that it is the duty of the Christian workman, not, of course, directly to covet more wages for himself—that may be left for 1902—but to be "re-"sponsible to others for the wages he accepts"—that is to say, if we may translate so delicate a euphemism, to be discontented with his wages lest, haply, others should be contented with theirs. It is not mere flippancy which must think, when Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH denounced the presence of ladies in smoking-rooms, that not so many years ago exactly the same language would have been applied by feminine censors of feminine ways to the presence of ladies on platforms. In many other ways the temporary, the personal, element may meet us as usual. We know of old the speaker who thinks that the agricultural labourer will never be attracted by music and stained glass (having, it must be supposed, some natural attraction for whitewash and three-deckers); and the speaker who thinks the Church too "finicking," and wants her to be aggressive, to be blunt, to be this, that, and the other. All these people are in their place, and the Congress is none the worse for their place being in it. As the Archbishop excellently remarked of the nominal subjects of discussion, that they should "float upward from the community," not be formally prescribed from above, so Church Congresses would be of no use whatever if they were like that too memorable Turkish assembly which was due to the ingenuity of MIDHAT. So long as decency and order are observed, and a fair say allowed to every respectable sayer, there can hardly be too much freedom of individual utterance in them. For, as the best and wisest of their original advocates have always held, they are essentially additions to the regular hierarchy and administration of the Church. It would be an evil day, indeed, when a Church Congress should mistake itself for a Synod; and a worse when it should assume functions of appointment and investiture. But it is an admirable assessor to the constituted authorities, an admirable safety-valve and "tell-tale," an admirable meeting-ground for opposing parties, whereon they may discover that neither is infra-human. We do not think it either an idle compliment or a rash assertion to say that the existence of the Church Congress has counted for something in that better understanding by such parties of each other which has made the LINCOLN judgment possible, and its working as a difference-healer something more than merely probable.

But it is to the evidences of what is permanent that we prefer to turn, and they are sufficiently numerous. There may, indeed, sometimes have been Primates who would have dwelt, more than the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY did, on the ostensible unity and unchangeableness of Church teaching. But it would be rash to say that each particular occupant of the Chair of ST. AUGUSTINE is not entitled to use his own discretion in such matters, so long as he does not transact or compromise with important matters of discipline and faith. There can be no fair imputation of such transaction on the address which was delivered at Folkestone last Tuesday. The Archbishop made decent reference to certain important public affairs—such as the Uganda question—in which the interests of the Church are concerned; and if he abstained from referring to the LINCOLN judgment, few people will fail to appreciate the good taste of that abstention. It was not that the presence of an audience composed of persons who must be supposed to regard the judgment, some with disgust, some with approval, and many with mixed feelings, made the reference improper. But it would have been nearly impossible for the Archbishop to make it without either patting himself on the back, or apologizing for himself, or explaining, or in other ways assuming an attitude that must almost certainly have been unbecoming. The historical argument which concluded the speech was strong, as historical arguments always are when they are well founded; and it contained very unaggressively put but awkward hits for more than one division of the Church's enemies, as well as much that was cheering for the Church's friends. But the passage which was best was the passage referring to the old vexed question of "science." Even here the Archbishop's characteristic moderation may lead some to wish that he had broadened and deepened the line which he took, and had pointed out the utter confusion and hopeless mistake of supposing even the possibility of a contradiction between science and theology, between the natural and the supernatural, between the human and the divine. But, perhaps, strong meat is not more good for Congresses than for babes, and the Archbishop's milk was sincere enough. He had by anticipation allowed gently for possible extravagances in those who were to follow him, and what did follow was fully covered by the allowance; so that, though there is time to mar as well as to make, it may be hoped that the Congress of 1892 will rank as one of the most reasonable, yet not the least interesting, of the list.

UGANDA.

THE decision of HER MAJESTY'S Government to "ac-"cept the principle" of the evacuation of Uganda was, perhaps, inevitable, and has been arrived at in a less offensive way than might have been expected. We do not like the phrase "principle of evacuation." When used by a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE it necessarily suggests exceedingly disagreeable memories. Still, the various acts of acceptance of this principle, so called, vary in degrees of poltroonery and ineptitude. In the present case the Ministry, whether by its own motion or under a stimulus applied by Lord ROSEBERY, has at least decided that, though there is to be, or may be, a scuttle, it shall not be precipitate. Moreover, a space is to be allowed to the Company before it is left entirely to its own resources, which may be so used as to secure a further postponement, and even an entire renunciation, of scuttle. We could certainly prefer that

the Cabinet had decided not to "adhere to the accept-"ance by their predecessors of the principle" that, as the East Africa Company cannot maintain itself by its own resources, it must not expect indefinite support from the State. But since it has adhered to this acceptance we have at least the consolation that the withdrawal of the Company's officers is to be postponed with the intention that, when it is finally effected, as little harm as may be shall be done to those natives of Uganda who have trusted us.

This regard for those towards whom we have contracted obligations of honour is a respectable feature in Lord ROSEBERY's letter to the Company. The existence of any feeling of the kind in the breast of any colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE's has given this act of scuttle (if it is to be scuttle) a certain dignity which distinguishes it from previous Gladstonian feats of the kind. It may even in the end prove powerful enough to prevent the complete evacuation of Uganda by all representatives of English authority. A Government which can be persuaded by Sir GERALD PORTAL "that dangers may arise from immediate evacuation "at the appointed time, which might be obviated by "some further delay," may at least conceivably be persuaded that these dangers must arise from evacuation at any time, and ought to be obviated by retention of the country. Lord ROSEBERY's letter to the Company, announcing the decision of the Cabinet, may certainly be said to be worded as if he were asking all men interested in Uganda to supply him with good reasons for not withdrawing from it after all. Those who are opposed to the evacuation would certainly do well to act on this supposition. What they will be well advised not to do is to follow the example of an extraordinary person signing "A. T. T. P.," who sends a letter to the *Times*, in which he urges forty retired manufacturers and ironmasters to subscribe the ridiculously small sum of 1,000*l.* each, in order to keep Uganda open, by informing the City and the world that he personally is "off shortly to seek, like "the swallow, a warmer climate"—and hopes to hear that something has been done. "A. T. T. P." appears to be a very typical representative of the large class of persons who, unconsciously no doubt, have taken the immortal JEAN BON for a model. They go below, but they bid the rest keep fighting. This will not avail to avert the withdrawal of the representatives of English power from Uganda. It can only be averted by vigorously enforcing the arguments which have been put within the last few days by Bishop SMYTHIES and Mr. STANLEY respectively. The Bishop argues with great force from the disgrace which must be incurred by withdrawing from a country in which we have shattered all native government. Whatever is to be the judgment finally passed on the East Africa Company, the fact remains that its officers represent at this moment all that stands between the natives and the Arab slavers. What power of self-defence they had we have destroyed, or at least greatly weakened. In these circumstances it would be base to withdraw unless some security is provided that the people of Uganda are not to be left entirely at the mercy of the Arab slavers. Mr. STANLEY, in his speech at Swansea (which, by the way, was exceptionally free from his faults of manner), devoted himself chiefly to the material advantages of occupying Uganda. Mr. STANLEY may have represented Uganda more beautiful than life; but he is right in thinking that a strong expression of feeling in favour of real occupation is as likely to be produced by the conviction that the country is worth taking as by demonstration that it cannot be left without discredit.

ERNEST RENAN.

WE have elsewhere given M. RENAN the title of the greatest man of letters of France, and we have not much fear but that the description will be endorsed by the best and most competent judges. For many years the successive works which have issued from his facile and golden pen have delighted readers who have never—whatever exception they might take to them in other ways—had the slightest difficulty in recognizing with the utmost frankness the extraordinary merits of their style. Like all really good styles, M. RENAN's appeared pretty early, but constantly improved with practice. It has sometimes been suggested that he owes the almost universally recognized primacy which he has lately enjoyed as a writer to the gradual dropping off of elders or contemporaries, and there no doubt is, as there always is, something in this. But the intrinsic merit of his literary manner was so great that it must at any time have put him among the foremost. To the very last the exceptions to which he was open were exceptions of matter, not of form. M. RENAN was accused of excess in egotism, of defect in taste, of fantastic exegesis, of an almost criminal contempt of logic. But in some remarkable way the style, merely as style, was never the man in these evil respects. Descending directly from ROUSSEAU and CHATEAUBRIAND, it had, if not the full merits, little or nothing of the defects of either. It was never declamatory, and seldom or never trivial. Robust, sublime, energetic, it was not; it was frequently too luscious, too coquettish, if not too effeminate. But it was at its best, and even as a rule, a kind of French which was a perfect godsend and delight simply to read without the faintest necessity of troubling oneself about agreement or disagreement with what it endeavoured to convey. It was possible to be seriously disgusted with M. RENAN's matter, to be out of measure diverted with his logic, to be moved nearly to indignation by the light heart with which he worked to establish a mere *Que sçais-je* on the ruins of a conscience or a faith. But in persons endowed with a sense of literature, it was impossible that these various unfavourable judgments on his thought and aims should not be accompanied by a constant running fire of applause for the masterly perfection of his literature.

If we were partisans of the old misreading of *de mortuis* we might stop here, or expand our previous observations with *quant. suff.* of anodyne comment. Indeed, we have not exhausted by any means the good that there is to say of M. RENAN. Among his private friends there was, we believe, but one opinion of him; even among those who did not fail to see his foibles—foibles more lightly looked on in France than here, where even the most personally egotistical of men think it well to disapprove of egotism. No one disputed his kindness of heart. His learning was not the subject of such unanimity; but the best English authorities, we believe, admit its solidity as far as it went. It may, perhaps, be that too much has been made in some of the accounts of him which have appeared since his death of his "ironic" and "amused" attitude towards life. This attitude has been very strong in his later works, especially in his *Drames*; but it is permissible to doubt whether familiarity with the earlier will not show that it was assumed pretty late, that it was in a certain degree a conscious or unconscious haven of refuge from political and other disappointments. It has been imitated and caricatured, as was inevitable, by a knot of young men of letters who perhaps occupy a rather disproportionate prominence in the estimates of their coevals on this side of the Channel. But, though M. MAURICE BARRÈS is an exceedingly clever young man, and though M. THÉODORE DE WYZEWA has read, for a Frenchman, a

great number of books in languages other than French, it does not seem necessary to take much notice here of the recent foundation of a sort of Renanic school. M. RENAN, like one wise in his generation, suffered these persons, but he was hardly responsible for them, and his own achievements and acquirements were massive enough and accomplished enough to make it quite unnecessary to do more than refer to his copyists.

It seems, however, to us quite impossible in this place to shirk the "hot ashes"—to avoid discussing, as charitably and briefly as may be, M. RENAN'S attitude towards theological affairs. It would be to some extent dishonest, and to a still greater extent futile; for, great man of letters as M. RENAN was, he never could have attained the position he has occupied in the estimation of others, and it is extremely doubtful whether he would ever have felt the stimulus which made himself, if he had not handled, and perpetually handled, these burning subjects. With rare exceptions, and those scarcely ever including his happiest work, that work is always busying itself with religion; now with the historical, now with the moral and ethical side of it. The *Origines* and the *Histoire d'Israël* do not play, or attempt to play, more havoc with historical Christianity than the *Drames Philosophiques* do with Christian ethics and philosophies. Now the charge against M. RENAN—a charge which can be formulated with such strict moderation and impartiality that it is not indecent to repeat it, even over his grave—was that in each of these cases he attacked without understanding either what he was attacking or even his own method of attack. His historical and critical methods have been the delight of adversaries who could keep their tempers, and the despair of defenders who could keep their wits. The crudest caricature of Christianity which the imagination of an anti-Christian could frame could not be so mythical, so baseless, so unsubstantial, so contrary to every principle of criticism, as the structures of imagination which M. RENAN put in its place. The innocent and unhesitating caprice with which he handled his authorities, silencing one at this moment as unworthy of credence, and admitting him the next as a valuable witness, without a tittle of rebutting or confirmatory evidence in either case; the eager freedom with which he drew on the absolutely conjectural to supply the details he wanted, and the placid calm with which he bid details that he did not want stand out, were as unique as the style in which he did these wonderful things. But when the joke was a little over there came the stern and uncomfortable afterthought, "What are we to say of an historical critic who, affecting to treat the history of the greatest historical institution of the world, violates the simplest rules of his art or science at every step?" Nor were things much better on the ethical side, though here it would be more unpleasant and is less necessary to insist. It may be sufficient to say that to some persons M. RENAN'S dealings with Christian ethics were even less satisfactory than his dealings with Christian history and Christian dogma. They violated somewhat too rudely the excellent maxims that serious things should be treated seriously or left alone, and that open license and ribaldry are preferable to unctuous, and not in the least passionate, suggestion.

It was, however, only in his latest years that M. RENAN offended in this way, and even then he could plead the immense excuse of his exquisite and incomparable literary manner. Nor, for ourselves, do we agree with those who thought him much of an actual corrupter either of morals or of faith. The average man is not much affected by such work as M. RENAN'S; for he is *gêné par le style*, to begin with, and, even if he can forgive that, he is never quite sure what the author is driving at. Perhaps M. RENAN was not always very sure what he was driving at himself. But he could write French as no other man living could, and this merit will remain.

TWO POPULAR CRIES.

"TO Hell wi' the Auld Kirk!" "*À bas la patrie!*" are two popular cries which are said to have been uttered recently at meetings of a political kind in Scotland and France. As to the second amiable shout, a soldier who happened to be present is said to have observed that it was *un peu fort*. But we do not know that any one thought the place referred to as the proper destination of the Auld Kirk in any sense too warm or too remote. The frank exclamations of popular passion—or shall we say reflection?—were very significant. If there was one thing which the Frenchman, even the most revolutionary Frenchman, used to be proud of and fond of (after *sa mère*), it was *la patrie*. But now a certain proportion of Frenchmen have discovered that *la patrie* is too expensive, and interferes too much with equality and freedom. *La patrie* means military service, *la patrie* means taxation, *la patrie* keeps a watchful eye on robbers, murderers, dynamiters, and will, on occasion, misapply the beloved guillotine on the thrapples of these fine fellows. If there were no *patrie*, no flag, no Assembly, no police, it would be a fine time for poltroons and assassins, and the advanced thinkers who sympathize with those gentlemen and their aspirations. What else would follow if there were no longer any *patrie*, it is not easy to conjecture. Apparently there would be no foreign policy, no army, no navy; nothing but the brotherhood of mankind, tempered by anarchy. Historical experience (which is not familiar to the enthusiasts for the destruction of their native land) does not tell us much about what the end of all this would be, though conceivably grape-shot might in the end have a word to say in the matter. It is more evident that any country which happened to maintain its *patrie*, and not "down with" it, would probably annex and overrun the countries in which the cry of *à bas* had greatly prevailed. Thus if the Chinese, for instance, kept up the spirit of discipline and patriotism, Europe would soon become Chinese, and, really, worse things might happen to Europe. However, it is probable enough that the venerable Tories who still cry "*Vive la patrie!*" in France may for some years have the better of the detached and disinterested enemies of their native land. To be sure, *la patrie*, its glories, its victories, all its fortunes, good and evil, mean nothing to them, do not bring them in one franc per annum, do not waken in them one thought of pride, of courage, of loyalty, of self-reliance, and so, as far as they are concerned, *la patrie* may very conveniently go to the place where some of the Scotch wish it to meet the Auld Kirk.

A singular meeting it will be, in Hades, between La Patrie, with her scarred face, her torn tricolour, her tarnished gilding, and tattered laces, and the dour, the not inglorious Auld Kirk, with her ancient blue banner of the Covenant, her Bible, and the rest of her appurtenances. "To Hell wi' the Auld Kirk" of which the Scot was once as proud as the Frenchman was of fair France. To Hell with the Auld Kirk, that HAMILTON and WISHART burned for, and that KNOX burned witches for, among his other noisy and stout-hearted labours. Oh, futility of revolutions! *O pectora cæca!* The Auld Kirk originally came down from Heaven like a bride; a rather austere, sour-featured, elderly virgin some said, but a bride for all that, and of celestial origin. There were to be a new Heaven and a new earth, when once the wicked, pagan, Popish super-

stition of the Mass was denounced and driven forth, when every one believed in the "Trewth" of JOHN KNOX, when all men had their cheap Bibles in their plaid neuks, when all the Scarlet Abominations of the Service Book had been overthrown, when not a saint was left in his niche, nor a pane of glass in a window, nor a roof that could be sold as old metal covered a minster in all the pious land. These—and other—benefits the Auld Kirk conferred on Scotland; for her the scattered yet lovely Remnant starved on the hills, or glorified GOD in the Grass Market. She has been the mother of saints of a dour description, she has lifted up her voice against the Woman that sitteth on the Seven Hills, "as if ane was no broad eneugh for her auld "hurdies." She has been severe to right-handed backslidings and left-handed fallings off; yea, her own children, when "no soond," she has chastened. And therefore she is to-day the Abominable Thing among some of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Scotch friends, even as Rome was the Scarlet Abomination of yore. So certain lewd fellows of the baser sort yell "To Hell wi' the Auld Kirk!"

TORPEDO-BOATS.

ONE cannot but admire the undaunted resolution with which the partisans of the torpedo-boat fight the battle of their "doxy." The late M. GABRIEL CHARMES would probably have challenged any man who presumed to doubt her charms. The *Times'* Correspondent with the Blue Squadron is only a very little less Quixotic than the ingenious Frenchman. He has returned to the lists this week with a long and intensely convinced statement that the peerless Torpedinea is the most lovely damsel in all the world—or, rather, the best able to scratch our eyes out, for he confesses to a wish that she did not exist. His faith is in her powers of doing mischief rather than in her charms. In answer to Admiral COLOMB, he has undertaken to give his reasons for the belief which is in him, that we ought to build more torpedo-boats. We make no complaint of this. It is equally to be desired that all the big voices which keep saying "to a poor man "believe or be ——" could be forced into giving their reasons. If the Correspondent can prove his point, we promise him our support.

Unfortunately, the proof is defective. The Correspondent undertakes to show that there are things which a torpedo-boat can do, and do better than others. He has, therefore, to show that the things can be done, and that the torpedo-boat is peculiarly fitted to do them. In our opinion he fails to do either. Thus he says that it is the intention of the French to begin a naval war by sending out swarms of torpedo-boats to cripple our big ships in harbour. He cites the so-called surprise of Sir GEORGE TRYON in the manœuvres of a few years ago as a proof that this could be done. But on that occasion the Admiral thought that the game was to begin next morning, and was not on the look-out. You cannot argue from such child's play as this to war. Again, the Correspondent quotes the destruction of the *Blanco Encalada* in his own favour. But it proves nothing to his purpose. The *Blanco Encalada* was not sunk by a torpedo-boat, but by a "catcher." This example, if it proves anything, proves that we should build the larger, and not the smaller, vessels. The Correspondent acknowledges that torpedo-boats cannot go on long expeditions. Surely, then, it is sound policy to prefer the craft which can do the torpedo-boat's work and cruise into the bargain. As a matter of course, he quotes the old cutting-out expeditions as analogous to the service to be expected from torpedo-boats. But that, again, proves nothing to his purpose. Cutting out was the work of the boats of our cruisers. A parallel to it must be looked for in the employment of steam-launches, not in the use of independent torpedo-boats. The true equivalent to the torpedo-boat was the old fire-ship, which was dropped because it was found to be an encumbrance, as its modern representative might well prove to be if attached to a squadron ordered to cruise off an enemy's port in rough weather. The Correspondent goes a great deal too far when he says that forts could not protect French ships at anchor. It depended on the strength of the forts. Nobody ever attempted to cut out a French frigate from Brest or Toulon. To prove his point he ought to show that a torpedo-boat could rush into any fortified anchorage with at least some credible prospect of coming out. This, it is needless to say, he does not even attempt to do.

Like most advocates of his school the Correspondent has wild notions of probability. It is a small matter that, after saying, truly enough, that the French never showed themselves good at cutting out, he should go on to argue for more torpedo-boats on the ground that they will do this very work with extraordinary rapidity, determination, and success in the next war. They may; but it is rash to argue from previous incapacity to future capacity. Our advocate, again, has found an amazing argument in support of the favourite contention of his school that torpedo-boats will in future go about sinking whatever they meet. It has been pointed out that this might lead to the destruction of a neutral, and very serious trouble to the belligerent which had torpedoed the wrong ship. The Correspondent thinks there is nothing in this, because neutrals have always been inconvenienced in war-time. It is difficult to be civil with such talk as this. Neutrals have never endured inconvenience when they were strong enough to resent treatment they did not like. If the Correspondent will pay a little attention to elementary history, he will find twenty cases in which neutrals have gone to war in resentment of injuries, or have secured their removal by a threat of hostilities. A man who can believe that the German Empire would sit quiet when one of its steamers with, perhaps, five hundred Germans on board, had been sent to the bottom by a French or English torpedo-boat is—well, he is not a person who can be accurately described in the only language we care to use of the *Times'* Correspondent with the Blue Squadron.

TEMPERAMENT.

"THE temper of the leopard changes for the worse "by being fed with two meals instead of one a "day, and the temper of a gentleman of sanguine "temperament who for some months lived on vege-"tables became much less excitable." The person responsible for the foregoing assertion was Dr. PEREIRA, and it is reproduced by Mr. ALEXANDER STEWART, F.R.C.S., of Edinburgh, in a portly volume, constituting the second edition of his work entitled *Our Temperaments* (London: CROSBY LOCKWOOD & Son), wherein he seeks to erect the study of temperament into a first-rate science—that is, a science to be taken seriously, and not as a plaything, like astrology, phrenology, theosophy, and so forth. It does not appear from Mr. STEWART'S account to be an altogether satisfactory science. Everybody, it would seem, has a temperament; but the temperaments of most of us are so much mixed, and the mixtures leave so much room for doubt, that the utmost possible classification of individuals by temperament would give but little information, even if it were much clearer

than it is how a person of any given temperament may be expected to act.

The first fact to be thoroughly apprehended is that the word temperament, when properly used, refers only to the following attributes of mankind:—The colour of the hair; the colour of the eyes; the colour of the face (also called complexion); the shape of the face; the shape of the nose; the shape of the neck; and the shape of the body. There are four temperaments, now called the Sanguine, the Bilious, the Lymphatic, and the Nervous. Everybody belongs to one, or some, or all of these; but, as regards the four attributes, consisting of shape, there is no difference between the first three of the temperaments, every one with a tapering face, a thin nose, a long neck, or a "slim" body, being *pro tanto* of nervous temperament. And whether it is harder to convey in words (or even to agree about) the colour of a person's hair, eyes, or face, Mr. STEWART may decide for himself if he can.

But the inconclusive and extremely unexciting nature of Mr. STEWART'S volume, which largely consists of quotations from other people, is considerably relieved by his illustrations. The frontispiece consists of the portrait (lithographed in several colours) of a sanguine gentleman. His eyes are blue, his cheeks are scarlet, his hair, moustache, and eyebrows are almost as red as his cheeks, and he wears a green tie. Another person exactly like him, except that he has a pointed chin and a red "imperial," that his coat is off, his collar perpendicular (because his neck is so long), and his tie (the same tie) tied in a bow instead of a knot, is of a mixed temperament, Sanguine and Nervous. His palette and brushes declare him an artist by trade. A ferocious youth, scowling over the back of a chair, and firmly grasping a book, which he is apparently about to throw at somebody's head, illustrates the Bilious Temperament. His tie is blue, with white spots. A fat, fair poet, lolling in an easy-chair, with a pipe in his hand, displays the full horrors of the temperament described as "Lymphatic (chiefly)." His tie is white, but amorphous. The aspect of him gives some notion of what may be meant by Mr. STARKWEATHER (quoted by Mr. STEWART), when he says that the hair of the thoroughly Lymphatic person is "lifeless in its expression." From Mr. STEWART'S account of the "mental characteristics" appropriate to the pure (*i.e.* unmixed) temperaments, it appears that it is less unsatisfactory to be Bilious than anything else; and if you are Bilious, you have to be, in the words of the anonymous critic of an unspecified French play, "passionate, jealous, revenge-"ful, unscrupulous." The Sanguine, the Lymphatic, and the Nervous are almost sure to come to grief in some way or other, and on the whole it is, perhaps, just as well that "pure" temperaments are rare, and most people are too "compound" to be at all easily analysed. It may be added that temperaments of a nervous character are becoming more and more common, in consequence of the "railways a-fuzzing and a-wuzzing," and so on, and that Mr. GALTON and a friend once sat for ever so long in Kensington Gardens looking for "a typical "JOHN BULL," and could not see one. If they had, he would, we imagine, have been very sanguine, very bilious, and rather lymphatic.

THE MILITARY RIDE.

SUPPOSING that the ride from Berlin to Vienna was meant to prove something, one is exceedingly puzzled to make out what it can be. If two bodies of horsemen start respectively from A and from B; if these points are, say, 350 miles apart; if the difficulties of the road from A to B occur so as to make it easier than the road from B to A; if there are no rules as to the quality of the horses used, no allowance for obstacles, or for weight; if the horsemen do not start all together, but in successive batches, so that the conditions of weather vary materially from one batch to another; if all these "if's" are allowed—what, we repeat, can this competition prove? To our mind it proves nothing whatever as to the relative quality of the horses and riders. Supposing that C is a 10 st. man, mounted on a thoroughbred more than up to his weight, and that he rides in fine weather from A to B. Supposing that D rides 13 st. 6 lbs., on a half-bred horse only just up to his weight, and has to cover the grcund from B to A in torrents of rain. Putting accidents aside, it is clear that C must do the distance quicker than D. But what does that prove as to the respective qualities of the riders and their mounts? The common sense of the world answers that it proves nothing. Let C and D go over the same country under equal conditions, and then we may learn which is the better horse and the better horseman.

Put Vienna for A and Berlin for B; Hungarian Hussar for C and German Dragoon for D, and here you have the history of the late military ride. As a competition intended to prove the qualities of horses and riders it is absurd, if only because the road from Vienna to Berlin is easier riding than the road from Berlin to Vienna, and no allowance is made for the difference. It would be almost as rational to arrange a match between two cutters not of the same tonnage, of which one should be sparred for racing and the other for cruising, and to make it a condition of the race that one should run from Plymouth to the Solent in a south-westerly wind, while the other was turning down Channel from the Solent to Plymouth. What kind of race would that be? Unfortunately, the ride does prove something. In the first, it proves the existence of what we are afraid we must call a great deal of callous brutality among German and Austrian cavalry officers. We read of horses ridden to death, lamed, dragged past the winning-post, and so forth. Now this is thoroughly bad. It is cruel, and it is not good horsemanship. A good rider is not one who founders his horse, but he who gets the utmost out of it without diminishing its value. The Emperors of AUSTRIA and GERMANY do not, we presume, expect their cavalry officers to overwork their mounts in war. It is the horses that are useful, not their hides, as CROMWELL pointed out to MANCHESTER. The reports are full of stories like this:—"Lieutenant VON RECUM'S horse broke down at Kalau; "while Baron VON ZANDT'S thoroughbred horse "Schnippe died at Altdobern." From the extraordinary number of breakdowns among the German horses, we suspect that the cavalry officers of that army must be indifferent horsemen, though they may be showy riders—two things which are not at all synonymous. The Hungarians, we note, have generally contrived to bring their horses in, even though they have overridden them; but then they had the easier task. Count STAHREMBERG brought his horse into Berlin in good condition, but then the animal is a very fine thoroughbred, and the Count rode with his brains, and not only with his spurs, as so many of the others seem to have done. The prizes offered by the EMPERORS, and the talk in the newspapers, seem to have produced among the competitors anything but a healthy state of mind.

TWO IRISH TRIUMPHS.

NOTHING seems to have been wanting to the spectacular success of Lord HOUGHTON'S official entry into Dublin except some sort of recognition from those supposed to be authorized to grant or withhold it of his mission as a "messenger of peace." One can, of course, understand and allow for the awkwardness of the position in which both of the two Irish factions find themselves as regards the attitude proper to be maintained towards the new LORD-LIEUTENANT. It would clearly never do for the Parnellites to show the slightest sign of confidence in a GLADSTONE Government; and, equally clearly, it would never do for the Anti-Parnellites to let it be supposed that they were in any more trustful mood than their rivals. Still, it is unfortunate that some sort of decent compromise could not have been arranged between a Viceroy laden with *largesse* and the representatives of an expectant people who are thus sternly controlling their desire to embrace him until they have seen the colour of his political money. Could not a respectable "stage "crowd" have been got together by arrangement out of the somewhat numerous staff of "supers" possessed by the Anti-Parnellite party—of course, on the understanding that, if Mr. REDMOND'S or Mr. HARRINGTON'S remarks on their conduct became *too* spiteful, Mr. HEALY should be at liberty to disavow them? Their action need not have had any more real significance than the posturings of a chorus of village maidens in an *opéra-bouffe*; their words of welcome might have been as patently empty as the goblet that the careless stage reveller sometimes holds upside down in the excitement of a drinking song; but, at any rate, they would have saved appearances and carried off the pageant, which, as it was, might just as well have marked the arrival of a mere coronetted minion of Toryism destined to be the puppet in the tyrannous hands of Mr. BALFOUR.

Our Gladstonians over here are, it is to be noted, consoling themselves for the frigidity of Lord HOUGHTON'S reception by reminding each other that "the real Irish business rests with Mr. MORLEY," and that if the landlords, who are seeking to regain possession of their lands before a new raid is made upon their rents by the Government, "once understand "that they may reckon on as much passive resistance "[from the Irish Executive] as is compatible with the "law"—a truly delightful phrase—"they will not be "able to do much" in the way of saving their property, in the interval between the present moment and the time when Mr. MORLEY'S Commission reports. The implied assumption that it will be all up with them, or with as many of them as the Commission have to deal with, when that body does report, is a truly edifying commentary on the "strict impartiality" with which these "inquirers" are to proceed. It is, however, only the assumption that runs through the blatant screed of which Mr. O'BRIEN has just delivered himself in the *New Review*, and the singular title of which—"Are the Irish Evicted Tenants Knaves?"—appears to show that the writer has, in some inexplicable fashion, confounded the parts played by the two sets of conspirators in the Plan of Campaign. Surely it will be time enough to consider whether the evicted tenants are knaves when some one has asked the equally unmeaning correlative question, "Are the Irish agitators "fools?" In the meantime Mr. O'BRIEN'S sinister rejoicings over the appointment of the Commission—which he undisguisedly recognizes as created for the purpose of indemnifying the beaten party against the consequences of their defeat—are scarcely consistent with his foolish vapourings over his pretended victory, and his childish talk about "the Nemesis" which has "overtaken" Mr. SMITH BARRY. Where, by the way, is that avenging goddess to be found? In the Old Tipperary or in the New? Our own impression is that the most conspicuous temple dedicated to her is that dilapidated structure once known as "The O'Brien "Arcade." In fact, the whole article of the eponymous patron of this precious edifice is evidence enough of his consciousness of the truth of matters. And his amusing wrath with Mr. REDMOND for having so ruthlessly avowed that the Plan of Campaign was "founded "for political purposes" shows equally clearly that Mr. O'BRIEN is not only aware that he was handsomely beaten by Mr. SMITH BARRY and Mr. BALFOUR, but that he is quite sensible of the value of the lost stakes.

ROCKETS.

LET not any one suppose from the heading of this article that what we are about to say refers in any way to the "airy messengers" which are often a source of amusement, and sometimes a real assistance, in the ordinary circumstances of every-day life. The rockets we mean to speak of, if they come down with the stick in the orthodox manner, never ascend with the soaring ambition of their brethren of the Crystal Palace. The theme of our discourse is the war rocket, once viewed as a formidable engine of destruction, but now eclipsed almost entirely by the improved projectiles which science has placed in the gunner's hands. Time was when great things were hoped from the wild, screaming fiends. They undoubtedly terrified the horses of opposing cavalry, and seriously interfered with the symmetry which should characterize a well-ordered charge. Savages, even at the end of the nineteenth century, have a prejudice against meeting them, and still regard them as one of the incarnations of the evil one. But in times when cavalry seldom or never will decide the fate of the day, and when combatants can deliver their blows at distances beyond their range, rockets are scarcely to be found in a modern armoury. Besides, the eccentricity of their behaviour has ever rendered them, even under favourable circumstances, but untrustworthy allies. Like the elephants of the ancients, or the boomerang in the hands of any but one to the manner born, they sometimes proved more dangerous to friends than foes. Your comrade will scarcely support you very genially if the missile you discharge at the enemy may double back and cut him in half, and a cool-headed antagonist will soon learn to despise an effect which is usually but a moral one. Yet when first they were brought out rockets seemed to have a great future before them, and up to fifty years ago there was still a "rocket troop" in our service. During the campaigns in the summer and autumn of 1813 the original British rocket troop distinguished itself more than once. It was at the sieges of Wittenburg, Frederick Fort, and Gluckstadt, while it specially shone at Leipzig, and two years later at Waterloo. At the former battle it was attached to the troops under the command of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, who rose like another of his brother marshals to a throne, but who knew how to keep the seat he had gained there better than the rest. When his numerous foes were closing in on Napoleon as he stood at bay round Leipzig, the rocket troop, which had been sent out from England as an experiment, was at the request of Sir Charles Stewart brought into action to support the attack made by Bubna upon Regnier. The report sent home as to its performances was a most complimentary one, and it is said to have produced a great sensation, perhaps by the very novelty of its projectiles, in the part of the field where it was employed. Its commanding officer, Captain Bogue, lost his life on this occasion, however; and it was brought out of action by Lieutenant Fox Strangways, who lived to be a General in the Crimea, and died himself at Inkermann.

At Waterloo, where rockets were next used, they do not appear to have accomplished much, for the high corn interfered greatly with the action of projectiles discharged so near the ground as they were. Insinuations were also heard in certain quarters as to their discrimination; and the cavalry, in whose support they were fired, would gladly, it seems, have been saved from their friends. In the letters which Colonel Siborne has recently

published from officers engaged in the memorable battle we find Major E. C. Whinyates, who commanded the rocket troop on that occasion, indignantly repudiating this charge, which he, it appears, never heard of at the time; an omission which, he justly hints, some candid friend would certainly have taken care to correct, had the soft impeachment been a true one. An English Major of Dragoons who was lying wounded in the French line gave testimony more in favour of the new projectiles, for he said he "heard the rockets passing, and the French swearing at them and the English for wishing to burn them alive, and that they evidently did not like them at all." Altogether, from 250 to 300 rockets were used, and these were chiefly of the kind known as "ground," and were not fired with any elevation. A great awkward, lumbering carriage, with an apparatus called a bombarding frame, intended for discharging heavy rockets, did not accompany the troop when it went to the front down the slope of the position; but a letter from Colonel Dansey describes how he saw it, "with its great long frame cocked up in the air at an angle of about forty-five degrees, firing away." This officer was not an enthusiastic admirer of rockets; for he goes on in the following strain:—"As to what he [the man in charge of it] might have been firing at 'tis hard to say; to be sure, rockets in those days were not what rockets are now [1843]; but I should think that, if those rockets that were fired went from the frame as they would now, they must have gone about a mile and a half, and Major Whinyates ordered him to cease firing, as there were some foreign cavalry of our side between him and the enemy." Perhaps these were the dragoons who complained of their allies; and, if so, it may easily have been with good cause, as those who have ever had occasion to watch the erratic path of a war rocket will admit. If they were valuable in 1843, it is strange that it was just about that time that the rocket troop was finally disbanded, and that no efforts have since been made to revive their use. It is said that some years ago, while a croquet party was going on in the garden of the Commandant at Shoeburyness, simultaneously with some rocket practice on the sands, an uninvited guest, "trailing clouds of glory" behind him, made an eccentric and sudden inroad into the midst of the company, and was received with more consternation than curiosity. Perhaps we may not unfairly assume that such a startling proof of its inherent treachery may not have been without an effect in causing the weapon to disappear from our field equipment.

In the naval service, although rockets are in no greater favour than they are on land, their use has not altogether been abolished. It is often impossible to take guns ashore in boats even when men-of-war are equipped with such weapons suitably mounted for land service; and yet, when a boat's crew is despatched to destroy the stronghold of some savages who have to be taught to respect the Queen's name, something more substantial in the way of a projectile than a Martini-rifle bullet may be required. If rockets acted up to their pretensions they would form an almost ideal armament for a boat's crew attacking a slave dhow up a river, or sent to set fire to a hostile village. Some idea of the distrust with which they are viewed may, however, be drawn from the fact that the regulations have laid down that when one hangs fire on board a boat, instead of shooting off at once as it should do, the crew are at once to leap overboard! The sight of a boat's crew "diving at the flash" like a flock of puffins is sufficiently ludicrous, and it is no wonder that naval officers prefer to leave severely alone weapons which may necessitate such undignified proceedings. Nor will even the valuable incendiary capacities they can lay claim to reconcile the Admiralty to an arm which can so readily cut both ways. It may be sport to see the engineer hoist with his petard, but only so to the onlookers, and scarcely so to the engineer himself; and if an actual demonstration of the proverb is ever likely to be given, it will probably be at the hands of a rocket.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE negotiations between the Master Spinners Federation and the representatives of the workpeople having come to nothing, the Federation has issued notices that wages will be reduced 5 per cent. on and after the 7th of November. Unless great tact and judgment are exercised, t seems inevitable, therefore, that at the beginning of the winter the depression in Lancashire will be increased by a serious Labour dispute in its greatest industry. Unfortunately the conduct of the Federation has tended to encourage resistance on the part of the operatives. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Federation began by recommending a reduction of as much as 10 per cent., but that the members of the Federation refused to support it in sufficient numbers to warrant an attempt to carry out the policy. Then the proposal was dropped, but some little time ago it was revived in a modified form, a reduction of 5 per cent. being substituted for one of 10 per cent. The requisite proportion of members has accepted the second proposal; but it is not surprising to find that many of the operatives think, or at all events allege, that the employers individually are not very favourable to the policy, and that in large measure they have been coerced into supporting it by the officers of the Federation. There is probably no ground for the allegation, but obviously it is suited to encourage resistance amongst the operatives. Furthermore, it appears that the Bolton employers will hold aloof, although those of Oldham appear to be supporting the Federation. There is thus a want of unanimity amongst the employers, taking them all together, and that further tends to encourage resistance. It may be, of course, that the employers will rally when the time of struggle comes; but it is unfortunate that there is not greater unanimity either to enforce the reduction or to adopt some other policy. A strike under any circumstances is bad, and must do much mischief, but a strike under the impression that the employers are not united, and will not act earnestly, is especially unfortunate, as it may lead the whole body of operatives into action that will cause grievous distress. There is no doubt, of course, that the cotton trade is in a bad way, that even under the most favourable circumstances profits are unduly low, and that in too many instances profits have disappeared altogether. Nobody disputes on either side that a remedy of some kind is required. But while the employers insist that the only practical course is a reduction of wages, the operatives contend that a reduction of wages will do no good, that it will merely increase competition, and that profits will be as low in the course of a few months as they are now. On their part, the operatives propose a restriction of the output, offering, if the majority of the employers agree, to bring such pressure to bear upon the minority as will compel them also to fall into line. Since both parties admit that the trade is unprofitable, and that the present policy must be modified in some way or other, it ought not to be so very difficult as it seems to bring about an agreement between them. We have suggested before now in these columns that the two plans should be combined, that the employers should agree on their side to reduce the output somewhat, provided the operatives accept some reduction of wages. The difficulty, of course, is that no plan that can be pursued will restore prosperity in the early future. The condition of the trade is, firstly, a result of the Baring crisis, which gave a shock to credit all over the world, and greatly reduced the accommodation formerly afforded to the foreign customers of the country. Secondly, it is the result of short crops, wild speculation, drought, and famine in the Far East. Thirdly, it is an outcome of the Silver crisis, which for the time being is disorganizing trade between the gold- and the silver-using countries. And, lastly, it has, no doubt, been aggravated by a succession of exceedingly large crops of raw cotton in the United States. The planters have exported immense quantities to Liverpool, the price of the raw material has fallen severely, all who held large stocks previously have suffered heavy loss, and in the meantime the consumption in the Far East, owing to the causes already referred to, has not increased proportionately. It is evident, therefore, that the depression in Lancashire cannot be cured, either by reducing wages or restricting the output; it must be a very slow consequence of revival abroad. But, though it may help employers to get rid of some of their surplus stock if there is a great strike, in the long run it will add to the troubles in Lancashire by plunging the body of operatives in distress, and so reducing their purchasing power. It is to be hoped, therefore, that, while there is yet time, good sense and good feeling will induce both parties to arrive at some kind of compromise.

The payment of the interest on the National Debt on Wednesday caused a general decline in rates. The discount quotation in the open market is now little better than $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., and loans for short periods are made at $\frac{1}{2}$ per

cent. Yet the Continental demand for gold is increasing. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank lost 78,000*l.*, and it seems probable that a considerable amount will be taken for Austria, Germany, France, Egypt, and possibly Russia.

The announcement that the International Silver Conference is to meet at Brussels on the 22nd of next month, the appointment of a small Committee to inquire into the Indian Currency Law, and the Report of the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, which is regarded as favourable, have all combined to reassure dealers in the silver market; consequently, the price has recovered to 38⅜*d.* per oz. But the improvement is largely speculative, and is not likely to last.

The Chartered Mercantile Report states that, to provide for losses, it has been found necessary to apply all but 10,000*l.* of the reserve fund, amounting to 125,000*l.* At the present value of the rupee the capital is now worth a little over 450,000*l.*, or about 15*l.* per share, which shows a loss of nearly 300,000*l.* It is added that it will be necessary to introduce fresh capital, and the Directors are considering a scheme of reconstruction.

There is a better feeling in the stock markets this week, but business has not much increased, and the improvement is hardly likely to last. Partly it is due to the recovery in silver and partly to the sale by Messrs. Baring Brothers of Central Argentine stock of the nominal value of 1,700,000*l.* The announcement of the sale came as a joyful surprise to the market. Only a few weeks ago the Governor of the Bank of England stated that the liquidation of the Baring estate would probably prove slow in the future, and as it could not be expected that it would be completed in the three years originally arranged for, a new agreement would be necessary. The City, therefore, was quite unprepared for so large a transaction, and there is a hope, consequently, that the liquidation will proceed much more quickly than any one anticipated, and will turn out to be more favourable. Naturally, also, people look upon the purchase as proof that the great capitalists of London now take a very favourable view of Argentine affairs. As a result, there has been an advance in all Argentine securities. There is no doubt that the economic condition of Argentina is better than it was. Confidence is slowly reviving, trade is improving, and the installation of the new President is expected to put an end to political troubles. But the public will do well not to be led away by the sanguine feeling that now prevails. There are yet many difficulties. There may be troubles of one form or another, and, at all events, it is too early to conclude that every change in the future will be for the better. Especially investors should avoid Argentine Government securities. Industrial stocks have a real value, whether they are quite worth present prices or not, but nobody can say what is the value of the Government securities. In the American department there is also a better tone, largely due to the more hopeful feeling respecting silver. But it is to be hoped that the British public will not be induced to speculate. The silver crisis is not yet at an end. Nobody knows what will be the composition of the Congress to be elected next month, or whether, therefore, silver purchases will or will not be stopped. While that is the case uncertainty must continue. We would therefore advise investors to keep aloof from the market yet awhile. In the Inter-Bourse department there is more weakness than has been apparent for some months. The settlement on the Paris Bourse, which has just ended, was a rather difficult one. There is a very large speculative account open for the rise, and the value of money is advancing. Any accident, therefore, may bring about a sharp fall. The report that our Government has decided upon sending an official to report upon Greek finance supported the market for Greek securities; but Mr. Law's mission has no political significance. Mr. Law is the British Commercial Attaché for the East, and it is part of his duty, therefore, to study Greek finance, though, of course, it is possible that, without committing his own Government in any way, he may be able to render a service to Greece.

Trade continues to decline, and in every industry almost wages are being reduced. Except in cotton, the workpeople generally recognize that under existing circumstances resistance is hopeless, and every day almost there is a report that they are yielding. At the same time, it is remarkable how well the home trade is keeping up. The decline is mainly in the foreign trade, and it is gratifying to note that even yet the railway traffics are good.

There has been little change in British, Indian, and Colonial Government securities during the week, but the movements are generally upwards. In Home Railway stocks there are both ups and downs, but generally prices are lower than last week. Lancashire and Yorkshire closed on Thursday at 106½, being a rise of 1½ compared with the Thursday of last week. But Great Western closed at 164⅛, a fall of ⅜; North-Eastern closed at 158⅛, a fall of ⅝; and North-Western closed at 173¾, a fall of ⅞. Brighton "A," a more speculative stock, closed at 157¾, a fall of ¾. In the American market, on the other hand, the movements are all upwards. Erie shares closed on Thursday at 26¾, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ⅝; and Union Pacific closed at 40⅞, a rise of 1½. These are purely speculative securities, and ought not to be touched by investors. Coming to the dividend-paying shares Louisville and Nashville closed at 70¼, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2¼; Illinois closed at 100½, a rise of 1½; and Lake Shore closed at 136, also a rise of 1½. Passing next to bonds, Atchison Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds closed at 86¾, a rise of 1½, and Mexican Central Four per Cents closed at 70½, a rise of 1¾. In Argentine Railway stocks there has been a very marked improvement. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 71–4, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 129–31, a rise of 5; Central Argentine closed at 68–70, also a rise of 5; and Argentine Great Western Debentures closed at 52–4, a rise of 6. The Argentine '86 loan closed at 66¼, a rise of 1½. In the Inter-Bourse market the changes have not been great, but Greek Monopoly bonds closed on Thursday at 60, a rise of 2½, compared with the preceding Thursday.

A CHEDDAR CAVE.

ONE of the finest sights in Somersetshire is the gorge leading down into the little town of Cheddar. Tremendous cliffs overhang the road, steep as a wall, now retreating from the highway, now jutting out into fantastic buttresses and towers of grey rock. At times it would almost seem as if nature, following Mr. Whistler's sequence, had attempted to imitate on a gigantic scale man's architecture. It is almost as if one were gazing on the stupendous ruins of some vast cathedral, the great walls still standing, with here and there a tower or pinnacle perched on the top of masses of crumbling masonry defying the strong hand of time and rearing itself proudly still above its fallen sisters. Some of the huge rock buttresses run up perpendicularly to a height that dwarfs the grandest cathedral man ever built or conceived, and in under these cliffs run the marvellous caves which, though only discovered within the century, have already achieved fame and reputation all over England. Stalactites and stalagmites, marble, and alabaster, or its kin, are here, all the wonders that mother earth can work under ground, if you but give her time. But Mr. Cox's cave at Cheddar is somehow different from any other cavern we have seen or conceived. To us a cave has always meant, and indeed still means, a vast and gloomy chamber, or series of chambers and passages, in pitchy darkness, along which we feel our way, bumping our heads and abrading our knees, bearing aloft a tallow dip fixed upon a stick to serve as a fitful torch. In such a cave there will be dark and gloomy recesses, bats will flap their wings in our faces, white owls speed forth out of the gloom and hoot dismally, while an occasional treasure, stalactite or stalagmite, or kindred wonder, is pointed out to us by our guide, or better yet, come upon by our own unaided efforts, with no human book of words to explain and to expound.

But the Cheddar Cave, the cave of Cox, is altogether different from this. In fact, we rather fear it is an "up-to-date" cavern, with all the latest fittings and improvements. Nature began this decorative work which should place Cox's cavern on a level, in point of splendour, with a grand transformation scene at Drury Lane, and Mr. Cox added the footlights and the "book." That is to say, Nature provided marble pillars and stalactites and a

roof with groined tracery of exquisite colours. She even provided formations which exactly resemble artistic stage-drapery in many folds, and musical stalactites which ring when they are touched, and so provide a sort of orchestra floridly described to you by your cicerone as fairy bells. But Mr. Cox has laid on gas throughout, and provided reflectors in crucial places, whereby a strong light is thrown upon anything of especial interest, just as we turn the lime light full on the gyrations of a skirt-dancer, and Mr. Cox has provided descriptive programmes. Furthermore, Mr. Cox has laid down gravel and stones on the floor to make his cave smooth and easy to walk upon, and remove all fear of slipping. In fact, to quote the advertisement, "This cavern is one of the very few which ladies can visit without fear of inconvenience or damage to clothes. . . . The cavern is clean, well ventilated, easy of access, no climbing, only one place to stoop!" This is all very well, and doubtless quite as it should be, but it is hardly what would be called adventurous, and we yearn for the improvised torch and the gloom and mystery of the old-fashioned cave, wherein we lost ourselves as children, and alarmed our nurses. But let us take the cave as we find it, and describe its beauties, for it really is beautiful, though we have been tempted to jeer a little at its attractions as advertised. The chambers are full of the most startling forms and the most marvellous colouring, and we suppose the gas and the reflectors are needed to get a clear impression of the latter. There are places where the roof appears to be hung with fold on fold of glistening drapery, red and grey and blue and olive, all vivid and glistening from the moisture that never leaves it. In the third chamber—there are seven in all, but one is inaccessible, and can only be seen through a fissure in the rock by gas-lights and reflectors like a peepshow at a fair—is an exquisite pool of water, clear as crystal, which reflects the marvels of the roof, and suggests some church font of wonderful workmanship. This pool, brimming with the crystal water, but never apparently either overflowing or diminishing, was fortunately preserved when the chamber beyond was explored. A passage has been cut *under* the solid rock which forms the basin, "the one place to stoop" in fact; and so you can get beyond the pool, and penetrate to the heart of the cave. In the further chamber our painstaking friend pointed out many grotesque formations of rock resembling creatures and things of ordinary life. The wings of a bat, a rat running up a rock, a bunch of carrots, and even, in one of the earlier chambers, a baker's loaf, thus bringing the marvellous and the commonplace into somewhat idiotic collision, and instituting comparisons which it would be a mild futility to make in thought, but which when proclaimed and duly noted and commented on by a guide, attain the acme of unconscious and rather irritating absurdity. Lastly, we are bidden to approach a peephole, one by one, and gaze upon "The Fairies' Grotto." The name recalls one in a flash to Drury Lane again, and the delights of childhood's pantomime. We summon up in a flash the scene—canvas coloured to represent rock, a good deal of tinsel-paper, and probably a certain amount of real water behind, and in the foreground a ballet of muslin-skirted houris, with the Fairy Queen as coryphée. Well, really, the original is not unlike that, if you can fancy seeing the same scene, say by looking down a kaleidoscope, minus the "human interest" of the ballet. The man turns up the gas in the Fairies' abode (which is some thirty feet away in the heart of the rock), and you stare, one at a time, down a fissure in the rock. At the end of it is a pool of the clear rock water, and reflected in it, you see the roof of the tiny grotto beyond—the roof itself you cannot see. It is a sort of cavern in miniature, only more gorgeously coloured than any we had previously seen, unless that was the effect of the light and the reflection. We all know how beautiful even commonplace things look when seen in a strong light at the end of a long funnel. Anyhow the little cave is very beautiful, and on the whole well named, for it is *very* like the fairy grotto of our youth, all orange and red and cream and amber, all glittering with the natural moisture on it, and gleaming with the strong light turned upon it and intensified by the darkness of the fissure through which we gaze.

This is the last of the wonders of the cave, and we walk back past the former marvels, taking a last look at each, to be informed with needless iteration that it is all finer than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; that Mr. Gough's cave, higher up the road, is a delusion and a snare; and, finally, that the charge is one shilling each. It is all a little commonplace and nineteenth century. One almost begins to wonder they do not advertise extra exits in case of fire; but still it is really exceedingly beautiful, and very carefully preserved, for which we should be grateful.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE collection of works of art now on view at the New Gallery is described as an "Autumn Exhibition of Pictures, Sculpture, and Design by Living Artists." Such is the simple announcement that meets the eyes of the public in the public prints. No notice is appended of the fact that a very considerable number of the paintings has been previously exhibited—many, indeed, very recently—in some one or another of the principal picture-galleries. The present exhibition at the New Gallery is, in short, not a new exhibition. The matter chiefly concerns the sight-seers, ever seeking the thing that is new, who comprise the bulk of the visitors to the larger galleries, and those who are charged with the duties of criticism and comment. With few exceptions, the more notable works in the present exhibition have been fully discussed in the *Saturday Review* in connexion with their first appearance at Burlington House and elsewhere; and there is, therefore, no occasion to offer the *crambe repetita* of criticism by re-endorsing old judgments or re-affirming old conclusions. It is not superfluous, however, to point out that the opportunity of seeing once again the masterly, though very familiar, portrait, "Mrs. Percy Wyndham" (135), by Mr. Watts, is an opportunity that the lover of art should not let slip. And, in the like spirit, attention may be drawn to the presence of paintings so various in aim and style as Mr. Alma Tadema's "Hadrian in England" (50); Mr. Clausen's "Labourers at Dinner" (157); Mr. Lorimer's clever, if not entirely harmonious, "Pot Pourri" (119); Mr. Poynter's small study for his Academy picture "Diadumene" (7); and certain landscapes by Professor Costa, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Arnold Priestman, and Mr. R. W. Allan. Unfortunately for the lover of art, with such re-exhibited works there are many others that are neither important nor new, nor in any sense worthy of the honours of revival or survival with which they are favoured.

Mr. Burne-Jones, whose collected works are to form the winter's exhibition at the New Gallery, contributes a design for a mosaic to be set up in the church of St. Paul at Rome, which is likely to prove one of the most imposing, as it is one of the most interesting, examples of the artist's decorative designs for churches. The design occupies a considerable portion of the further wall of the South Room at the New Gallery, yet it is a reduction to one-ninth of the size of the projected mosaic. Apart from such matters as scale and position, lighting and material—the two last considerations must alone prove potent influences—something of an imaginative process is necessary in order to realize from the sketch the full effect of the finished work. The sculpture in the entrance-hall comprises the upper portion of Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful memorial of Shelley, the figure of the drowned poet, in marble, and some admirable sketches by Mr. Roscoe Mullins, among which we note a delightful "Comus" (370), and an excellent design for the pediment of the Harris Free Library and Museum. Passing to the West Room, we notice, among other tolerably familiar canvases, Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Alma Tadema (40); "The Shadow of the Saint" (17), and "An Unpainted Masterpiece" (58), two recent and well-remembered paintings by Mr. P. Burne-Jones; Mr. Ayerst Ingram's brilliant little marine sketch "In Channel"; "A Portrait" (80), a charming example by Mr. Mouat Loudan, fine in colour; and characteristic landscapes by Professor Costa, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. W. Llewellyn —"The River Camel, Cornwall" (43), a sensitive record, compact of truth and poetry—Mr. David Murray, Mr. Priestman, and Mr. Hope McLachlan, whose study of a watery land under a moonlit sky of torn and fleecy clouds —"Under an April Sky" (87)—is marked by delicate observation and excellent technical skill. Here also is Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Sunrise in the Severn Valley" (9), a landscape that is new to us, a painting that shows power and perception of no ordinary order in suggesting the solemnity and stillness of the hour of dawn, before "the wind blows cold" and woodland and river are stirred.

In the North Room there is little that calls for note, in addition to the works by Mr. Watts, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Lorimer already mentioned, with the exceptions of Mr. Jacomb Hood's very striking and expressive portrait of Mr. Seymour Haden (154), an admirable landscape with cattle, rich and low in tone, by Mr. Edgar C. Wills (162), and a capital Venetian study, "Bathers" (174), by Mr. Matthew Hale. In the South Room there are water-colours; and for those who are sequacious of Mr. Ferdinand Khnopff's cryptic drawings, there are two dazzling and, we conceive, entirely satisfactory specimens of the Belgian pastellist in his most enigmatic manifestations. We cannot profess to be able to fathom the sweet influences which such drawings yield, according to the more devoted of Mr. Khnopff's admirers.

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

OF old, man was classified among creatures as the monopolist of laughter. The new man is more correctly ranged as a letter-writing animal; a function which is usually associated with the antithesis to laughter. In this respect, if in no other, Cardinal Newman was an embodiment in name and habit of the race and age. He never laughed; but he wrote a pile of letters large enough to make a respectable paper Alp. It is the pen rather than the sword that the Peace Society of the future will have to regulate. Meantime, there are certain classes of letter-writers who are in fairer fortune than are their fellows—namely, those who can treat the pen as an instrument of sport. The lover, most prolific of letter-writers, is in full pursuit. The man of law, who fills the letter-boxes, is bringing to earth his client's foeman; and haply the publisher addresses himself to an author "with a little meat on him yet." The theologian, especially in times of controversy, is a keen sportsman with the pen—all the keener because the actual chase is traditionally unclerical. Where, as was common in Wesley's days, even games ranked as a dissipation, the instinct of man to master something or somebody showed itself in tracts and treatises without end. It was as a rather prim Evangelical that Newman himself began to pass his days with pen and ink as his sole armoury of pursuit and propagation. The two large volumes of Miss Mozley's *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman* show to what lengths the diversion of daily letter-writing may be carried. The habit, formed at Oxford, was never broken; and not the least curious documents concerning the Birmingham Oratory would be the stationery bills of its founder. According to his habits, he probably preserved them; and they would gain point as belonging to a man who made no expenditure on himself, and who chose Birmingham as a place of residence when he left Oscott because it would cost so much to carry his books out of the neighbourhood.

The collection of a really representative set of Cardinal Newman's letters, written during the Roman Catholic half of his life, is in progress at the Birmingham Oratory. Meantime, a few score of letters, more or less, do not count for much among the multitudes that exist; so that the promiscuous holders of them have been allowed more than common freedom of casual publication. No biography of a recent Roman Catholic is complete without a little string of them; and no controversy is held to have run its natural course in a Roman Catholic paper—hardly even in the *Guardian*—until some one produces, carefully docketed, from a pigeon-hole a hitherto unpublished communication from Oxford or Birmingham as precise in its sentiment as in its calligraphy. The latest published of these letters are to be found in the *Irish Monthly*. They were addressed to Dr. Charles Russell (an uncle of Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General), for some time President of Maynooth College, who took a part in Newman's conversion by sending him tracts, and to whom Newman dedicated one of his books. Dr. Russell had perhaps a certain kindness towards the Conservatism which created Maynooth, for those were days when an Irish priest was not necessarily a politician nor was Home Rule the dream of an English statesman. Certainly, when Mr. Gladstone began his Anti-Vatican crusade, in the early 'seventies, Dr. Russell was shocked; and we have the singular spectacle of Cardinal Newman sitting down to minimize the meaning of Mr. Gladstone's words, and to devise an apology which the Prime Minister of the moment may consider rather timely in its publication. What Mr. Gladstone would dearly like to repudiate in Ireland, if only Wales and Scotland would not awkwardly overhear, and make him repudiate the repudiation, Providence has repudiated for him, out of the very mouth of the Roman Church itself, by the word of Cardinal Newman, who writes to Dr. Russell, in the February of 1875:—

> As to Gladstone, if he writes, I think he will say that he has been quite misunderstood; that he did not speak of the great mass of English, nor again of Irish, Catholics—indeed, that he had expressly excepted them from the subjects of his animadversion in various passages of his pamphlet—that he was glad to find that he had elicited from them the patriotic spirit of which he was already so sure, but his words held good still against those at whom they were originally aimed—that I myself had pointed out who they were—that I had spoken of them as extravagant and tyrannous, and as having set the house on fire; those are the objects of his attack. That the Pope is at their head, therefore he calls them "Vaticanists"; that nothing has been made good by me or any one else to dislodge him from this position, which is the position he originally took up; that what is witnessed in England is witnessed all over Europe; that the tomes of theologians are not the appropriate dépôts of evidence or *loci* for appeal in this matter, but the Ultramontane newspapers; that it has been all along notorious that Rome was cautious, logical, unassailable in doctrine; but the present question was as to the political use, or rather abuse, of her doctrine, &c. &c.

If future editions of Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Odes* retain his own notes, posterity will have another and a varying record of the impression made by these events on the only contemporary Roman Catholic with a larger literary name than Newman's. The footnote is to *The Standards*—which, as it says, "was written soon after the publication of an incendiary pamphlet by Mr. Gladstone against the English Catholics." The curious who would solve the riddle of these utterly divergent appreciations may look for it in Newman's tenderness for all that had upon it in any form the hall-mark of Oxford, and particularly of Oxford in his own days. A Conservative himself, his personal sympathies were throughout with the Minister whom Oxford knew rather than with Lord Beaconsfield whom Oxford knew not. When he started the Catholic University in Ireland, the staff was one long array of men who made a sort of mimic Oxford in the midst of Dublin. Even in dedicating a book he was led, if he could be, by the old local tradition. The names of Oxford friends appear naturally enough on his dedication pages over and over again; but when he asks an Irish priest, racy of the soil, to accept a dedication, the link is ingeniously found. The terms of the inscription of *Loss and Gain* to Dr. Russell are familiar; and now we have the letter in which permission to use those terms was asked, because of "the fitness and desirableness of the book's being dedicated to one who has ever shown such sympathy with Oxford thought and Oxford men. As I love Oxford myself with a sort of filial love, so I love one who, of all men whom I know external to Oxford, has felt the most kindly to Oxford."

The Cardinal's allusion in one of his letters to the production of his books as rather an accident of a life devoted to other toils, recalls what was said of a great novelist—that he wrote his last work to make amends for a bad apple year. In regard to a rumour that he was writing a book in 1862—at no time an unlikely rumour, one would say, about so voluminous an author—the Cardinal tells his Irish correspondent that it "puzzles" him; adding somewhat sententiously, and with a delightful sense of the time required for news to travel from London to Dublin:—"I believe his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman formally announced the fact (*sic*) some years ago; but he could have said so on no good authority, for nothing can be further from the state of the case. There are indeed," he proceeds to say, "half-a-dozen books I wish to write, but I have no preference for one over another, and in matter of fact am far too busy with the routine work of each day as it comes, to be able to begin any one of them. And really, had I ever so much time, I doubt which of them I should take. Hitherto I have hardly, if ever, written a book without being fixed to it by external circumstances, and now external circumstances, instead of pointing in any particular direction, rather dissuade me from writing any." An external circumstance came soon enough with Kingsley's *Macmillan* article. In a letter to Dr. Russell, dated May 1864 (the Irish magazine, of course, gives it as 1684), Newman owns

"I am writing from morning to night." A little later, when he is revising his "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley" for inclusion in the *Apologia* volume, he says of the various criticisms coming to him from within his own camp:—"I have altered some things, but only with the purpose of expressing my own meaning more exactly. This is all I have to aim at; because I have reason to know that, after a severe, not to say hostile, scrutiny, I have been found to be without matter of legitimate offence. In a day like this, in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which is open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgment in order to satisfy objectors." A specification of these efforts made to narrow liberty of thought and speech, and of the persons who conducted the "not to say hostile" scrutiny, would form an interesting, and not necessarily an unedifying, footnote to history; but it is one which Father Matthew Russell, S.J., in editing his uncle's correspondence, does not attempt to supply. Cardinal Newman certainly did not shrink from setting before his followers an example of frankness; for, in all the letters he wrote he had the sure prospect—one need not say hope—of publication before his eyes; in all, at least, save one. Yet the letter to Bishop Ullathorne at the Vatican Council, which he described as the most private he ever wrote in his life, and which got surreptitiously into print, is one of the first in value and interest of all the thousands he ever penned; a fact which does not seem to add to the reputation of the common letter as a spontaneous revelation of the writer's thoughts.

REVIEWS.

*PEER GYNT.**

THE range of the work of Dr. Ibsen, which is open to those persons who will not give themselves the trouble to learn Norwegian ("a very easy language," say our translators magnanimously) increases yearly, and almost six-monthly. *Love's Comedy*, unless we mistake, still waits, as do the poems and some other things; but almost all the most characteristic work of this certainly very remarkable writer has now been Englished. Unless we misread a pathetic little aside of the Messrs. Archer, they were rather afraid that the glory of translating *Peer Gynt* would be snatched from them, as that of translating *Brand* already has. Were it not for this, we take the further liberty of entertaining certain doubts whether they would have been in a hurry to attempt it. Not, let us hasten to say, because of the difficulty of the task, though this must certainly have been very great, as we shall note a little more fully in a moment; but for a reason of which we shall also have more to say presently. *Peer Gynt* is undoubtedly "for thoughts," both to Ibsenites (when they have any capacity for thinking) and for thoughtful students of literature (when they constrain themselves, as it is a pity they should not oftener, to disregard the rant and cant about Ibsen, and take him as literature, which, though often flawed and spoilt literature, he certainly is).

The play was produced at what, in the hideous half-educated slang of the day, is called a "psychological moment." It was published in 1867, and must have been written a little earlier, either at the same time with or a little after *Brand*, which appeared a year before it. The Messrs. Archer think that "the publication of two such poems within the space of two consecutive years is surely unique in the history of letters." We hardly think so; but we have observed that an exhaustive and critical acquaintance with "the history of letters" is not the most distinguishing feature of your Ibsenite. However this may be, the two works are certainly very remarkable works, and the fermenting influences under which they were produced are very remarkable too. Dr. Ibsen was when he wrote them just past "the middle of the road"—at the very acme, therefore, of physical and mental power; and he had just been subjected to the stimulant which has such an extraordinary power on Germans and Scandinavians and Americans, and which is often not without intoxicating effect even on the better balanced and more richly estated temperament and intellectual tradition of their English cousins. Fresh from the parochialism of Norway, Ibsen seems to have felt Rome and Naples, with all their Imperial and classical traditions, excite whatsoever power there was in him; and in these first sprightly runnings of his matured genius the dismal *goût du terroir* which afterwards manifested itself in the "social" plays was little perceptible. It showed, indeed, more in *Brand* than in *Peer Gynt*, which is, to our thinking, quite the greatest thing that the poet has done. *Peer Gynt*, no doubt, has limitations, and grave ones. At the best it is a formless extravaganza, and unluckily its formlessness and its extravagance are not original. As in *Brand*, as everywhere in Ibsen—where he is at his best—the influence of *Faust* is paramount. To say "No Goethe no Ibsen" might be a little unkind; it would hardly be at all unfair. Indeed, the influence of Goethe, like the influence of Italy, was a distinctly good one on the Norwegian poet. The effects of both showed that he was of the second, not the first, order of genius—that he wanted models and leaders, that he could but follow. But both produced in him the best work he has done, and to do great work after a greater model is the mark of the secondary geniuses, just as to do great work after no model at all is the mark of the first. The Messrs. Archer think the analogies between *Faust* and *Peer Gynt* "fanciful or fortuitous." This (if they have read the Second Part of *Faust*) can be only an alliterative way of saying *Pereat qui ante Ibsenium Ibsenii origines creaverit.* We can only say that, while M. Ehrhardt, whose opinion on the subject shocks them, wrote or published in the present year, the Faustian origin of *Peer Gynt* was plain to ourselves from the very first account we read, years and years ago, of the play, long before we ever perused it.

It is time, however, to give some notion of the piece itself, which is at least as much in need of an argument as its original. Peer Gynt, "a strongly built youth of twenty," as Ibsen after his fashion introduces him to us, opens the ball in a wrangle with his mother Ase. Peer, the last scion of a once respectable family who have spent most of their goods, is a sportsman, a Lothario, a "schamer," as they would say in Ireland, and a most incorrigible liar, being apt half to dream and half consciously to appropriate the rich stores of Norwegian folklore as having happened to himself. We have not turned two pages before he tells in this way a story of his having been carried by a reindeer along a sort of "Striding Edge" among the mountains. He is roused from this to more practical considerations by his mother telling him that Ingrid, a girl of expectations whom he might have won, is going to be married next day. Peer is stung, and after much by-play goes to the wedding. He sees here a newcomer, a girl named Solveig, with whom he instantly falls in love; but he falls out of this into one of his wild fits, and, the bridegroom being an utter nincompoop, avails himself of the fact to carry off the bride bodily into the fjeld. And this ends the first act, and, as the old books would say, the second day. The next morning a sufficiently offensive scene shows us Peer casting off Ingrid with the most brutal contumely, having had enough of her. He is outlawed for his crime, and the poet leaves us in pretended doubt whether the next few scenes are objectively or only subjectively real. Starting by an orgie of a tolerably matter-of-fact kind, with a crew of sæter-girls, Peer slips simply *ins Blaue*. He meets a "green-clad one," who is the Troll king's daughter, courts her, and goes through an elaborate and in the end painful initiation as a Troll neophyte. Having escaped with considerable difficulty, and with the warning that flirtations with Trolls bring consequences, he has to fight with an indefinite fiend called the Boyg, who nearly gets the better of him. But he is saved by a kind of apparition of Solveig, with whom he soon after has a chance of living happily, though outlawed. But his Troll love appears, frightens him away, and he starts for America after seeing his mother die. This brings us to the end of the third act, between which and the fourth many years pass. The fourth opens on the coast of Morocco, where Peer, a "handsome middle-aged gentleman," is entertaining on board his yacht a comic Englishman, with a ditto Frenchman, German, and Swede, who are inexpressibly dreadful. They contrive to set their entertainer ashore and desert him, but are blown up in the yacht in his sight, and Peer proceeds to experience much that is very new in Africa. He plays prophet, and is fooled by a very agreeable Moorish maiden named Anitra, escapes her wiles somewhat plume-fallen, and has sensations in a Cairo madhouse. Then the fourth act closes. By the beginning of the fifth we find him off the Norwegian coast, an old man, with apparently a fresh fortune, on his way home. The incidents now, exactly as in the latest scenes of the Second Part of *Faust*, begin to get uncanny. When the ship is wrecked, and even before, an uncomfortable fellow-passenger who is not on the manifest makes grewsome remarks, which he repeats when Peer is floating ashore. After this things get even worse, and at last there appears a most uncomfortable "button-moulder," who is a more Faustian personage than ever. He points out to Peer that he, the eminent Gynt, has only tried to be "himself" (there is a good deal of

* *Peer Gynt.* By Henrik Ibsen. Authorized Translation by William and Charles Archer. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

moralizing about this throughout the piece), and has not succeeded, that his going to Heaven is quite out of the question, and that he is not distinct and original enough for Hell. He must just be melted up again, and a fresh button moulded of him. This does not suit Peer at all, and he manages to elude the button-moulder several times, on this or that excuse. At last, however, his last shift breaks down, or is on the point of doing so, when Solveig (of whom we have had glimpses throughout as waiting and praying for him) appears, gathers him to her bosom, solves the button-moulder's riddle by declaring that Peer, his true self, has been all the while in her own heart, "in her faith, hope, and love." The button-moulder departs, muttering threats, but the last word is Solveig's.

Now, it would be an insult to the intelligent reader to tell him the fact, which he no doubt anticipates, that this ending disturbs the Ibsenites dreadfully. It is worse than *The Wild Duck*, about which they all say as little as possible, having an uncomfortable idea that their master is laughing at them—as he is, consumedly. It is worse than *The Lady from the Sea*, which they all wish had ended by the heroine going off with that impossible sailor. For it is sheer spiritualism, nay, flat Christianity. Imputed righteousness, vicarious salvation, all manner of horrid notions, throng the distracted mind of the Ibsenite as he contemplates it; and he feels that he might as well be orthodox, even if he has not the additional pain of remembering that it is the *Chorus mysticus* over again, the end of the *Cold Heart* and of *Sintram*, and of all manner of things romantic, rococo, and devilish.

Accordingly Ibsenites show high displeasure with the end itself. "A crowningly unreal self-realization," says Mr. Bernard Shaw, and though we are not quite sure what Mr. Bernard Shaw meant, the master evidently receives a rebuke. "Peer's return to Solveig," say the Messrs. Archer tearfully, "is surely a shirking, not a solution, of the ethical problem. It would be impossible to the Ibsen of to-day," and indeed we think, regretfully, that it would. Moreover, the disciples cannot let their master weave this brilliant and variegated phantasmagoria round them without trying to bring it down to their and his baser apprehension by all manner of non-natural and allegorical "intentions." That it is as *Faust* is, as all great life-histories are, simply a history of life, a sketch of the mistakes and recklessnesses of youth, of the reticences, corrections, and cowardices of middle age, of the chill disillusions and forebodings as the shadows lengthen, of the (in fortunate cases) awakening to the fact that nothing exists but love and God, and that God and love are one—they cannot, and will not, think. They would not be "Ibsenites" or "modern" if they could. So they have invented the most astonishing exegeses. It is a satire on the Norwegian people. It is a satire on—bless us all!—any people "in the end of the Romantic period." It is a counterblast to something of Björnson's. It is Heaven only knows what else. The simple fact being (and they naturally being willing to die rather than recognize it) that *Peer Gynt* is a work of romantic art, not of the very greatest, being imitative, to begin with, and flawed in various ways, but great for all that, and falling in with all the other great works of romantic art in being very considerably irreducible to any little peddling scheme of satire and purpose and what not. It was, we think, the last work in which the Romantic sun shone fully on Ibsen; the Ibsenites have a kind of inkling of that fact, and let such credit as may be due to them therefor be paid.

NOVELS.*

YOUNG persons with literary pretensions are accustomed to speak and write disparagingly of sensational novels. But, in spite of such weighty disapproval, they still hold their ground in an age which is nothing if not "educated." Most of us have a hankering after horrors of some sort, and if an individual objects to a book as too horrible, it is usually because it offers him horrors of a different description from those which he specially affects. Unconsciously he is not disgusted, but disappointed. At any rate, the sensational is ever more palatable than the shallow and pompous dulness of those didactic and *epoch-making* discourses known only by courtesy as novels. We welcome, therefore, a novel like Mr. Frank Barrett's *Out of the Jaws of Death*. It will keep us awake without effort after an evening spent at a popular theatre; but it raises no doubt as to the authenticity of the books ascribed to the minor Prophets, and deals no crushing blow at even the most effete of religions. Its commonplace title is no just criterion of an originally treated and cleverly constructed plot, while the writing is sufficiently correct and forcible. The river-side dialect occasionally appearing in the first volume seems to a reader unversed in either, curiously similar to that spoken in highly educated circles of society in the United States of North America, and when written phonetically is not more difficult to understand. Though three hairbreadth escapes, a kidnapping, two apparent murders, and an attempted suicide occur in the first seven chapters, they form only an introduction to further and more sensational episodes. Mortal struggles in less cultured slums, dynamite explosions in transpontine studios, deportations to Siberia and triumphant returns, keep up the interest to the last page. The character of the villain, always ready and usually able to explain his actions, is an excellent piece of mystification. His final disappearance would form a thrilling climax to an Adelphi melodrama. The heroine's devotion to her chivalrous protector, even to the extent of purposely creating a suspicion in his mind of her own treachery and dishonour, is lightly and effectively dealt with. The necessity for such self-sacrifice can only be realized by those who will follow the web of intrigue woven by Russian spies and Nihilist societies, and so skilfully unravelled by Mr. Frank Barrett. Mr. Barrett has evidently read Boisgobey to good purpose without incurring the charge of imitating that ingenious writer. Certain touches indicate that he might excel in more serious romance; but we should be sorry if his latent sympathies with "work" and "earnestness of purpose" should by this means be developed, and that then he should cease to amuse.

The review of a novel may with propriety be specially addressed to the author, the publisher, or the public, according as it is good, bad, or indifferent. For the thoroughly bad novel the publisher must alone be held responsible, because it is always produced at the expense and risk of the harmless lunatic, its author. As to the indifferent novel, the matter is not quite so simple. A great majority of novels published belong to this class, and, except perhaps in the way of temper and advertisement, the review does not concern the author and publisher at all. Readers of such books seldom read reviews, and, in any case, do not mark the opinion of the critics; while the public which is amused by the notices does not read the books. To this category belongs the last thing in theological, psychical, or sensational fiction; it embraces also the bad work of the best writers and the better work of the bad. From this store it is that the young man at the library satisfies the amiable lady who "wants *a* book" or "So-and-so's new book." No anonymous scribe can hope to influence the fate of those books, or that their author will receive his remarks with that patient attention and gratitude which they no doubt deserve. On the other hand, a good book (not necessarily a great book) is always worth talking about. The author of such work likes to have his strokes marked, so to speak, and he cannot mind very much if he is found fault with a little, and very gently, in the wrong place. Mr. Cresswell's latest novel, *A Woman's Ambition*, may fairly be ranked among the good books of the season, and, therefore, we address our observations more especially to him. He seems to have set himself the task of showing, not only that a woman may value her children's love and respect, and a man his independence and authority more than money, but that the woman will commit a crime to preserve the one, and the man behave shamelessly to preserve the other, and that both will even sacrifice a fortune to attain their end. It is true that the woman's eccentricity amounted in the end to insanity, but she was sane enough for all practical purposes when she was guilty of murder. The book would have been very much more effective had Mr. Cresswell been able to command a better method of narrative. An author with a good dramatic or sensational story to tell should endeavour to catch something of the theatrical method of Dumas or the synthetical method of Wilkie Collins. The atmosphere must *be* artificial, whatever it may *seem*. Now, Mr. Cresswell, who writes well, for the most part, when he does not fall into the use of the historic present, never seems able to get away from the tea-table; the atmosphere of the drawing-room is often fatal to his best effects. He has the bad habit, too, of describing each character as he brings him on the scene. It is the more superfluous, since he has other and better means for their development and giving them individuality. Mrs. King, the heroine, is drawn with power and insight, and, but for the melodramatic handling in the last chapter, would have been wholly admirable. Pauline Villars, the money-lender's daughter, is also very well done, and the idea of making her

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* *Out of the Jaws of Death.* By Frank Barrett. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

A Woman's Ambition. By Henry Cresswell. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

King Zub; and other Stories. By Walter Herries Pollock. "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour." London: Henry & Co. 1892.

My Flirtations. By Margaret Wynman. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Silent Sea. By Mrs. Alick MacLeod. London: Richard Bentley. 1892.

suspect her father of the murder at the same time that her lover, Fred King, is tortured with a similar fear on behalf of his brother, is well conceived. Mrs. Townley, her inconsequent aunt, is amusing and distinctive; while the Villars brothers are in their way creations. The printer has collaborated once or twice in the spelling and French, and the binder stains the hands of the gentle reader with an unpleasant hue of crimson lake.

Journalists and political economists are, perhaps, the only prophets who live to see their predictions unfulfilled. There must be plenty of the former alive who denounced the cult of the short story, and promised for it only an evanescent popularity. The short story, they said, belonged to France. It was contraband in this country no less than realism, naturalism, and other *isms*. These critics rallied round their three-volume novel, looking on it as a kind of literary expression of *Rosbif*, as part of the Constitution that was being undermined by a foreign kickshaw. This was a strange position for those who try (even if they do not succeed) to hold the faith of Sir Walter Scott, and speak the language of Edgar Allan Poe. All this came from our great national sin of judging a work of art entirely by its size. Quantity not quality is wanted by the British public. "A great religious painter" meant and still means to many people a painter of religious subjects on a large scale. It is a terrible mistake; but better taste and Mr. Rudyard Kipling have done much to dispel the illusion. Lately some of our elder novelists have turned their attention to the Cinderella of fiction, and every year sees much of their best work appearing in shorter form; while the appearance of short stories from time to time in an essentially popular series, such as the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," is an earnest of growing appreciation. We cannot say that *King Zub: and other Stories*, by Walter Herries Pollock, has many Whitefriars characteristics. Not that these tales are by any means devoid of wit or humour, but they seem to hail from a more austere and ethical order of the literary Religious. The majority of them are tinged with a pathos and that element of the fantastic which, if connected at all with wit and humour, is related only by divorce. This applies particularly to "The Last Act" and "King Zub," with one exception the two best in the volume. Was it not Prosper Mérimée who objected to an effect being obtained by the agency of dumb animals? Though there is much to be said for the theory, we could give many instances against it, among others the story of King Zub. Who or what King Zub was we shall not say. With Mr. Gladstone, we should like nothing better than to hear the subject discussed. Perhaps only those who know and care for music can appreciate the psychology of "The Last Act." But the pathos of the tenor who has lost his voice is too human not to appeal to every one. "Sir Jocelyn's Cap," written with Mr. Walter Besant, is quite Hoffmannesque in its delightful inconsequence, or, to borrow the diction of an esteemed contemporary, is "writ with pellucid originality." "Three Meetings" is a rendering of Tourgénieff's "Trois Rencontres," which, on being compared with the original, will be found to be a scholarly and satisfactory version.

The older humour is not dead after all—at least the announcement was premature—and the lady who writes under the name of Margaret Wynman has vindicated her sex from the old charge of having no appreciation of humour, old or new. *My Flirtations* is one of the most amusing books we have come across for a long time, as it is assuredly the lightest of light literature. In a small volume of thirteen chapters Miss Wynman gives to the world, in the form of thirteen masterly little sketches, or skits, her impressions of latter-day Lotharios. *My Flirtations* is something quite fresh. The distinctive characteristics of the young men are carefully marked, and there is none of that terrible sameness too common in fiction and real life. "My father the R.A." and his studio are described with all the ill-nature and versimilitude of filial criticism. The most successful of the types are Gilbert Mandell, the artistic suitor, and Val Redmond, the ladies' man. There are few of us who have not met at one time or another the originals which may have suggested to the author these specimens of young England. Of Miss Wynman we have only one complaint. She should not attribute to her sister Christina the joke about the young man who tried to start a *salon* and only succeeded in running a restaurant. This is old, and it is not even quoted correctly. To be funny about Mr. Rider Haggard is equally stale. Miss Wynman can be so amusing on her own account that she need not go to others for her *bons mots*. We should like to know whether "an admiration for the log-rollers of the *Saturday Review*" means admiration for the writers or that which is written. Let us hope that it is a judicious mixture of both appreciations. *My Flirtations* has in Mr. Bernard Partridge a sympathetic illustrator, who in his own line is unrivalled.

Australia, though discovered many years ago, has not yet been "invented." As a colony, it is highly successful; as a literary background, it is a failure. Adam Lindsay Gordon certainly made a gallant effort to create the landscape, but the result was only a series of brilliant negatives. "The thing can be done, and Australia should do it," would be a highly appropriate motto for the rising generation. No one who remembers the concluding chapters of Lord Lytton's *Strange Story* can deny the great possibilities of the country. If the gold is becoming exhausted, there are mines of Romance still unworked and waiting for some writer with a little enterprise. And we all know the princely fortunes promised to writers of fiction. It has not been given to Mrs. Alick MacLeod in *The Silent Sea* to arouse in us any great intellectual excitement, or to make the life or the landscape picturesque or even human; but, as stories about Australia go, hers is certainly diverting. There is considerable observation, and the attempts at characterization are interesting. The main plot of the story is quite simple. Victor FitzGibbon becomes engaged to Miss Helen Paget, a lady older than himself. Subsequently he comes across the younger and more attractive Doris, and falls in love with her. Doris, however, conveniently dies. Besides this, there is a very elaborate and highly ingenious sub-plot anent a gold-mine that would only be spoilt in the telling. Mrs. MacLeod has rather abused the privileged convention of three volumes by spinning her story out to an absurd, if requisite, length. It is better to read the story backwards, beginning at vol. ii. or iii., and leaving vol. i. to the last. Though there is no "looking backwards," it gives one the impression of having been written after the manner of *Caleb Williams*.

ALBUQUERQUE.*

MR. H. MORSE STEPHENS has made a very readable book out of the foundation of the Portuguese power in India. According to the practice of the series to which it belongs, it is called a Life of Affonso de Albuquerque, but the Governor is only the central and most important figure in a brief history of the Portuguese in the East down to the time when the Dutch and English intruded on their preserves. The author has a becoming enthusiasm for his man and his subject. He is perhaps using language of undue emphasis when he describes the period in which Albuquerque "fought and ruled in the East" as of "entrancing interest," unless the words are to be understood in a very general sense and of the whole doings of the time. The greatest feats of the Portuguese are tame beside the conquest of Mexico; and nothing they did will compare in colour, in variety of incident, and sudden romantic change with the conquest of Peru. Albuquerque, his predecessors, and successors are but "officers and gentlemen," respectable, but almost commonplace by the side of that extraordinary brood of brothers and half-brothers (on the wrong side of the blanket), the Pizarros. Yet the first resolute effort of the Europeans to seize upon the trade of India in India is of "great historical importance." On that point Mr. Stephens can be emphatic without fear of contradiction, and he is fortunate in having it as a subject. Allowing for the limitations of size, and so forth, in which he works, he has done it justice.

It is only by something like a figure of speech that Albuquerque can be described as a ruler of India. The capture of Goa was, no doubt, the beginning of European conquest in the Peninsula; but in itself it was little more than the occupation of a strong place in which the Portuguese could store their goods and refit their ships safe from interruption by native princes. There is more doubt as to the wisdom of the conquest than Mr. Stephens is disposed to acknowledge. We do not complain that Mr. Stephens asserts an opinion of his own, since he puts the facts before his reader with impartiality, and so enables him to form an opinion for himself. From these facts it would be easy to make out a strong case for the contention that Albuquerque was a less really wise man than his predecessor in command, Francisco de Almeida. This officer was strongly opposed to a policy of conquest, and gave most sagacious reasons for his opposition, which Mr. Stephens quotes with laudable candour. "With respect to the fortress in Quilon," so he wrote to the King, "the greater the number of fortresses you hold, the weaker will be your power; let all our forces be on the sea; because if we should not be powerful at sea (which may the Lord forbid) everything will at once be against us; . . . Let it be known for certain, that as long as you may be powerful at sea, you will hold India as yours; and if you do not possess this power, little will avail you a fortress on shore." Wiser words than these were never written by any servant to any king. If one wanted to explain in the

* *Rulers of India—Albuquerque.* By H. Morse Stephens, Lecturer on Indian History at Cambridge. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

fewest possible words why the Portuguese power in India withered under Dutch and English attack, one could not do it better than by quoting Francisco de Almeida, and then adding that his advice was not taken. When the time of trial came the forces of the Portuguese were locked up in fortresses. At sea they had only ill-armed and undermanned trading ships. It was, no doubt, necessary for the Portuguese to possess some safe "strength"; but it ought to have been sought in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, which might have been colonized from home, and made strong enough to stand for a time by itself. Then a quarter of the resources wasted on forts from Ormuz to Malacca would have enabled the Portuguese to maintain an efficient squadron of men-of-war, with which they might have made head against the Dutch and English East India Companies. Now it was Albuquerque who put Portugal on the road which led it first to showy prosperity and then to ruin. In his case it is no excuse to say that the Dutch and English attacks could not be foreseen. The Portuguese had been attacked at sea by the Egyptian fleet, and then Francisco de Almeida did foresee the danger with prophetic sagacity. If Albuquerque did not, he must, we are afraid, be counted the less wise man.

But if the course he chose was essentially unwise, it cannot be denied that he followed it with great energy, and that he showed eminent faculty in dealing with the details. He was quick to discover that much could safely be risked against native enemies, who, if once you get them on the run, can be kept on the run. His seizure of Malacca was a dashing piece of work, and the two sieges of Goa were creditable. In these cases there were substantial results to show; but his first cruise in the Red Sea, when he was serving under the authority of Almeida, was even more to his honour. Without a dockyard, with bad ships and insubordinate officers, he kept the sea for two years, and succeeded in occupying Socotra. Mr. Stephens does not conceal the flaws in his hero's character, of which some were ugly enough. Albuquerque's ferocity to his Mahometan prisoners may, perhaps, be excused by the mediæval training of Spain and Portugal. It does not appear that the Mahometans were themselves shocked by what was, in truth, an imitation of their own practices. But to murder the Minister of a sovereign with whom you are in negotiations was always thought wrong—while, to encourage a son to poison his father was, is, and will be, an act of atrocious wickedness. Albuquerque did both these things. To be sure, the father was only the heathen Zamorin; but, if Dom Affonso had consulted doctors of learning and gravity at Coimbra, they would, we think, have told him that parricide is always parricide. Mr. Stephens might be more precise about the blackness of this crime. We do not suppose that any reader will be led to underrate the wickedness of parricide by Mr. Stephens's leniency to Albuquerque, while he will obtain from him a pleasantly-written and trustworthy book on an interesting man and time.

WALES AND HER LANGUAGE.*

As might be gathered from the title-page, this is a very hard book to review; and it is, as a matter of fact, even harder than that would suggest, as the author has mercilessly heaped together all his gleanings in Wales and her language. We begin the volume at the beginning, and make the author's acquaintance in the first lines of his preface as follows:—

> 'A preface is the place for apologies and explanations plus anything else that may set off the author's vanity. I shall not apologize to the Welsh nation, because I feel rather indignant that none of them has attempted a similar work, and I shall not apologize to the English public, as this was not primarily intended to meet their eye. If they read it, it must be at their own risk, whether they find it dull or unintelligible, especially as I have in certain instances given quotations without translations, though it might be affectation to deny that a circulation in England would be gratifying.'

This, and what follows, leave on the reader's mind the impression that the author has a will of his own, and that he has the courage to speak out his mind; but one is disappointed to find him wasting words on mere trifles, as illustrated by later passages in the preface, to the following effect:—

> 'In the case of certain names the author has either dropped the usual prefix of St., or put it in quotation marks. Some of the persons to whom this prefix is applied were beyond question Saints, *i.e.* they lived in a heavenly atmosphere above the general spirit of the world. There are, however, some serious objections to the use of the term as a formal distinction—one is, that thereby the men who put such epithets into circulation as current coin are in effect telling the world, "these men and women were holy Saints, they lived in quite an unreachable plane, or one to which a very few need aspire, therefore you may be satisfied to remain as you are—unholy sinners." Another objection is that the authority, which guarantees the fact of so-and-so being a saint, is the ex cathedrâ voice of the man who, on a given occasion, professed to hold the power of the Keys. . . . It will also be noticed that I have abstained from calling any places built of stone and mortar *Churches*. I believe that a religion which attaches any sanctity to Places is nearly nineteen hundred years out of date, at least, when an opportunity is afforded to know better.'

These words are dated "6 mo., 1892," so we gather that the author is probably a Quaker, and we rejoice to have for once come across a writer who is not a Churchman or a commonplace sort of Dissenter; but, as our interest in him increases, we note the difficulties under which he labours. Thus, in speaking of a school inspector, he cannot avail himself of "the usual abbreviation H.M.I.," because "it involves acquiescence in the term *His* or *Her Majesty*, applied to a frail, mortal creature"; and on one and the same page we find the "Bishop of 'St.' Asaph," who by the way was never Professor of Welsh at Lampeter, as implied by Mr. Southall; a "Welsh 'Sunday School' class," which should have been a Welsh "1st day class," and "the month called 'August,'" followed hard by a "period in 'October.'" With regard to *St. Asaph*, perhaps it serves him right to be distinguished; and *Sunday* could not expect to be mildly treated; but what has *August* done to be pilloried in this way; and why should poor *October* never be forgiven his old-fashioned reckoning? This may seem frivolous; but life is too short for one to indulge in "the month called 'August,'" or any other described in that way. There may be some satisfaction in the thought that one is not as other men are; but there is a sad reflection inseparable from it—namely, how vastly more numerous is the camp of the wicked who write *August* without inverted commas and take their *Sundays* easy! Then, to take a somewhat less elevated view of the ethics of this question, why should a little of this concern for words not have been extended by the author to the correction of the press? He might then have saved himself from speaking of "an hot-headed Eisteddfodwr" to a people not given to dropping their aspirates, and also have prevented Lady Llanover from being made masculine. As it is, the misprints are considerably more numerous than they ought to be.

As to matter, the contents of the book vary greatly, but chapters iii., iv., and v. are fairly consecutive, as may be gathered from their headings, "Education Fifty Years Ago," "The Bilingual Movement," and "The Bilingual Movement (continued)." The author begins, in chapter iii., with the Commission of 1846 to inquire into the state of education in the Principality, and cites several passages from the Report of the Commissioners. The account which he gives of their work, and of the attitude assumed by the Welsh press when the Report was published, is very instructive. The Commissioners were, doubtless, now and then misled by partisans, which was all the more natural as they had no knowledge of the language of the people, and only too often they showed themselves unsympathetic; but, on the whole, their Reports leave the impression that they were honest men and outspoken. In the pursuit of their inquiry they probed the social condition of the Welsh, and found that a good deal of immorality prevailed among the people. The Report accordingly gave profound offence in the Principality, and naturally; for, though the facts could not be to any considerable extent denied, it looked as if an opportunity had been sought of exposing the sins of Wales, and of holding it up as an awful example of immorality and ignorance to the rest of the United Kingdom. If the same kind of inquiry had been conducted in East Anglia or Devonshire, the same or a worse state of things would have been found to exist; at any rate, that was the Welsh belief. Moreover, the Government made a mistake by ordering an inquiry into the means afforded the labouring classes of acquiring a knowledge of the English language. Mr. Southall cites Bishop Thirlwall on this point (p. 48) to the following effect:—

> 'I think this addition was unnecessary, because the investigation of this point must have formed a main part of a full enquiry into the state of education in Wales; while the putting it thus prominently forward was attended with two unhappy effects: one is that it lent a handle to those who wish to represent the Commission as an engine framed for the purpose, among others equally injurious, of depriving the people of Wales of their ancient language. The other is, that it tended to suggest or confirm an exaggerated conception of the efficacy of schools, in producing a change in the language of the country.'

Nevertheless, we believe that the Commission, though bitterly resented, did good in the long run; for once the question of

* *Wales and her Language considered from an Historical, Educational and Social Standpoint; with Remarks on Modern Welsh Literature and a Linguistic Map of the Country.* By John E. Southall. Newport, Mon.: Southall.

education was raised, it could not readily be laid. The Commission led the way in Wales to the establishment of schools under the auspices of the National Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society. These held pretty nearly exclusive sway over elementary education there until the sweeping measures of 1870 altered the appearance of things educational to a certain extent. Mr. Southall traces the history of education down to the appointment of Lord Aberdare's Departmental Committee in 1880, which made the Intermediate Welsh Education Act passed by Lord Salisbury's Government inevitable in the present, and implies the establishment of a Welsh University in the future.

The author devotes much of his space to the discussion of the position which the Welsh language ought to occupy in Welsh education. He very justly criticizes the old-fashioned practice of trying to teach English by means of English to children who did not understand English, and gives the history of the rise of the Society for the Utilization of the Welsh Language. The object of this Society is to secure that Welsh-speaking children should be taught English by means of explanations in the Welsh language which they understand. Of course this was nothing very new, as all schoolmasters who understood their business utilized the vernacular, more or less, before. The Society has, however, done good in securing a recognized status for Welsh as a medium of instruction in Welsh schools. Credit for this, also, is due to Lord Salisbury's Government, which has almost entirely reversed the cramping system framed by Lord Sherbrooke in the days of his Liberal prosperity before his unfortunate experiment on lucifer matches. Some of the men connected with the Society last named are fond of talking "big" as to the great things to be expected from the use of Welsh in the schools; but that serves either to let off steam or else to show that they do not understand what they are talking about. You may credit Welsh people with sentiment *ad libitum*, and they may sweetly sing hymns to Mr. Gladstone to his heart's content, but they have always an eye to what pays. They think one thing essential, and that is to have their children taught English; no fine talk about the ancient language will make them lose sight of that object. So there is never any danger of Welsh arrogating too large a place in Welsh education. Mr. Southall is lucid and sound on these points, and his remarks are well worth reading.

The other chapters of Mr. Southall's book follow no particular order of subjects, so far as we can discover; the one on the Study of the Language and Literature is usually sound, but very unequal; but the one on Welsh nationality looks as if written chiefly because nationality is in some form or other the topic of the day. The chapter on the Geographical Limits of Welsh is highly interesting as far as it goes, especially when the author gives the results of his inquiries on the spot as to the date and limit of linguistic change within the last half-century, or thereabouts. The plan of his work would seem to have required far more of this kind of investigation than he gives; and as to his linguistic map, we cannot conceal our disappointment. We miss the linguistic islands we should have expected here and there, and altogether the map is not minute enough to add precision to one's general impressions of the boundaries. Besides, we should be inclined to question the width of the zone of less than 60 per cent. Welsh, as drawn between the English and Welsh parts of Pembrokeshire, for one is usually given to understand that the boundary there is mostly well defined.

We have so far said nothing of the earlier chapters, entitled "Philological Scraps" and "Historical" respectively. Here we at once fall foul of the author's philology, which opens with the following enumeration of the languages spoken in the British Isles in the last century as follows:—

English.	Gaelic in the Highlands.
Welsh in Wales, and parts of Shropshire and Herefordshire.	Erse in Ireland.
	Norsk in the Orkneys.
	French in the Channel Islands.
Cornish in Cornwall.	
Manx in the Isle of Man.	

We do not much like "Gaelic" and "Erse" in the way they are here used, for both are Gaelic and both are Erse; though no one speaking either Scotch Gaelic or Irish Gaelic acknowledges the term "Erse." But when we have come to "Norsk," which we presume is a Scandinavian word meaning "Norse," we expect the next item to read "Français in the Channel Islands," for there is just as much occasion for *Français* as there is for *Norsk*—that is to say, none at all. When we hear a young person enlarge on her knowledge of *Norsk*, we know that she is newly come home from Norway. So it is to be supposed that Mr. Southall has also been there, and we hope he has had a good time of it.

A little further on we come across an identification of Pelagius with *Morgan*, followed by some etymologizing after this wise:—"The real meaning of the name I take to have been *Great Head; cean* being the Gaelic form of Welsh *pen*—the head. Possibly he was a Monmouthshire man, as Gaelic was spoken here, according to Professor Rhys, as late as the fifth century; in any case, he was one of the numerous clan of 'Morganiaid,' who have given their name to the *Gwlad Morgan*, known by the Saxon as Glamorganshire." This extract is marvellously well stocked with inaccuracies, and if Mr. Southall will consult a good authority, he will find that Pelagius is the Welsh Morien, the old form of which was *Morgen*, "Sea-born, or Offspring of the Sea," whereas the old form of *Morgan* was *Morcant*. He will be gratified, perhaps, to find that the translators of the Book of Common Prayer have anticipated him in wrongly calling the *Pelagians* of Article IX. *Morganiaid*. But we must stop, for we could not hope to do justice to the many wonderful etymologies in the book; not to mention that we prefer to dwell on its merits. Among these last may be mentioned the placing on record of some rare bits of information collected by the author at first hand, a work for which he seems to have a special talent; witness his discovery that the Welsh name for Leominster was and is Llanllieni, as in the Radnorshire doggerel which he prints thus:—

How many miles, how many
Is it from Leominster to Llanllieni?

For this sort of information, Welsh antiquaries and philologists could not be too grateful to Mr. Southall; it would be infinitely more valuable than any amount of etymologizing by the light of nature can ever be. Lastly, we had almost forgotten to mention the credit due to Mr. Southall for the dogged perseverance which has enabled him to learn Welsh so thoroughly, especially in these days when the general tendency is to talk largely about things rather than to study them with painstaking attention.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

IT is not reassuring, on the very threshold of this book, to be told that the author offers her most grateful thanks to Sir Frederick Burton, *R.A.*, to William *Rosetti*, Esq., and to Mr. *Colwyn*. Surely a writer on art might be aware that the accomplished Director of the National Gallery is not a Royal Academician, and still more might be expected to know how to spell the names of Mr. Rossetti and of Mr. Sidney Colvin. Such prefatory blunders prepare us for great carelessness in the body of the book itself, and, indeed, it is easy work to glean a sheaf of errors from its pages. Miss Gerard, having constantly to refer to a celebrated contemporary of Angelica's, can never make up her mind whether to write Rafaell, or Raphael, or Rafael Mengs, and so uses the three forms as indifferently as people did in documents of the sixteenth century. "Aümerkungen" for "Anmerkungen," and "Baukunft" for "Baukunst," are examples, taken from a single page, of Miss Gerard's remarkable German. George *Keats* is quoted as a friend and admirer of Angelica's; the name should, of course, be Keate. More serious is the apparent ignorance of the very names of some of the great masters. When Angelica bought two pictures at high prices, it is difficult, at the first moment, to understand what they were; for Titian masquerades as Titiens, and Paris Bordone as Paris de Bourdon. Fra Angelic*e* is an odd name for an old Tuscan painter. After this it seems merely comic to read—not once, but repeatedly—of "Cupid and *Pysche*." Why not "Pisk" at once?

But, although it is evident in every chapter of her book that Miss Gerard is not a student of art-history nor a sensitive press-corrector, she might yet be capable of producing a sympathetic biography of the fascinating and unfortunate lady who is the subject of her volume. But we are forced to say that her style is in keeping with her scholarship. On her first page we read "that the all-sanctifying 'Von' has never graced the plebeian patronymic" of Kauffmann; and on her second, after a quotation from Gering, the author proceeds:—"This rather poetic flight to one side, it was certain," &c. It is constantly difficult to believe that we are reading a book originally composed in English, so awkward and so foreign are the constructions. When we add that the book has no method, that it speaks vaguely of new material without giving any references to the source or nature of such novelty, and that it is a rather flagrant example of the pseudo-pedantic or spurious-research monograph which the minuteness of modern inquiry has brought into fashion, it will be seen that but little can conscientiously be said in favour of this new Life of Angelica Kauffmann. Without disrespect to Miss Gerard, we must think that she has rather rashly undertaken a task which required other powers and accomplishments than hers, and we cannot but regret that a labour which it has

* *Angelica Kauffmann.* A Biography. By Frances A. Gerard. London: Ward & Downey.

evidently been very difficult for her to pursue did not prove impossible. The sentimental reader will do well to turn back once more to Mrs. Ritchie's charming romance of *Miss Angel.*

Yet *Miss Angel,* though founded on fact, is, after all, a fiction. We do not know why some one of delicate perceptions and fine literary skill should not, even now, prepare a biography of Angelica Kauffmann which should supersede Steinberg and Rossi. He should not, however, in our opinion, be an art-critic by profession, nor even one who is very intimately concerned in the history of art. We are growing, with our massing of facts and our passion for research, too indifferent to the value of the evolution of character in biography. In the case of the greatest men in each art the personal element is, no doubt, comparatively unimportant, and is often swallowed up in a consideration of the works. It is a positive good fortune that we know so little of the lives of Molière, of Shakspeare, and of Velasquez. No personality, however exquisite, could help seeming insignificant by the side of the masterpieces of these men. But when we descend lower in the scale of genius, we find artists the value of whose production has dwindled, or has even disappeared altogether, while their personal charm remains, and even increases. Among these Angelica Kauffmann takes a very high place, and the proper way, we conceive, to treat her figure in literature is to minimize emphatic reference to her pictures and decorations, while drawing more and more attention to the romance of her life and the problem of her extraordinary charm.

Recent art-criticism has been increasingly severe on the productions of Angelica. The fashion for portraits of the middle of the eighteenth century, which has extended and descended to those of Cotes and Hayman and Zoffany, has shown little sign of extending indulgence to the waxen images of Angelica. Yet, in her own age, she stood far above these men in popular repute, above Gainsborough, by the side of Reynolds. The great result of the Rushout sale was to produce astonishment at the enthusiasm of Mr. Bowles of Wanstead, and incredulity at the zeal of Alderman Boydell. If we persist in regarding Angelica as merely, or as mainly, the painter of these feebly-drawn "Damon and Musidoras," and "Cupid disarmed by Euphrosynes," we become unable to appreciate what manner of woman she was. It is a case for the ideologist. We have to detach our Angelica from a universal misconception of her *ego.*

The education of Angelica Kauffmann was elaborately artificial, and of the kind which ninety-nine times out of a hundred ends in woeful failure. The tactics adopted by her father were those of exciting the sensibilities at every point, and of training the hand and eye to follow the most recondite suggestion of the sensitive brain. The second, in all probability, prevented the ruin of the constitution by the first. All evidence goes to prove that the physical health and elasticity of Angelica were exceptional, and these enabled her to bear the mental strain of her childhood, but the constant hard work of hand and eye did its part too. The first of those remarkable scenes which rise to the memory in thinking of the career of Angelica is presented to us when we recollect that at the age of eleven, with the utmost gravity and the zeal of a professional painter, she had sitting after sitting for a finished portrait from the venerable Bishop of Como. Would that the prelate had left us some notes of the conversations which occupied these hours. Nearly sixty years later, aged and worn out with excess of emotion, "the Mother of the Arts" received young poets and philosophers in her Roman lodgings with the same tender gravity, the same delicate professional earnestness. Let us not think that we understand this rare and complex figure of a woman because we have looked at half a dozen of those mythological groups which served her hands instead of needlework. Her charm was in herself—in her complex simplicity, if we may use such a phrase, in the combination of innocence and ardour with which she threw herself into the full stream of the social and intellectual life of her time.

How did this charm of hers display itself? This is the problem which should arrest the attention of a biographer. She was scarcely beautiful, yet an age which mobbed the Gunnings in the Park was not less infatuated about this Swiss girl who painted portraits. Her portrait of herself is grotesquely ugly; it resembles nothing so much as one of the funny heads Mr. Flinders Petrie finds in Egyptian mummy-cases. But we have the noble rondo of Reynolds, and on this the student of the fascination of Angelica should ponder long. As we have said, it is scarcely beautiful, but it has the gifts that win passionate admiration and sympathy, extreme mobility and vivacity, a sweet wishfulness to please, a refined and gentle dignity, and, above all, the air of an elegant and attentive intelligence. Everything here is distinguished and yet amiable; a soul of uncommon sensitiveness sits at the lamplike eyes, and yet there is something familiar, something Swiss, which removes any suspicion of priggishness. There is no trace here of the Muse or of the prophetess; all is instinct with womanly simplicity. This is the face of her who, at the age of forty-eight, was to enthral the greatest intellect, and, perhaps, the most capricious fancy of the age, and to inspire one of the purest and tenderest of the friendships of Goethe.

Among the symbolical compositions which Angelica Kauffmann delighted in drawing, there was one which seems to have been her favourite, since she often repeated it. It represented, with various detail, a shepherd and shepherdess met by the side of a tomb in Arcadia, and weeping there in the shadow, while in close propinquity, behind the summer boughs, their fellows are dancing on the green sward. Ambition cut short, grief relieved by reflection, the joy of life resumed in spite of indignity and bereavement, the round of instinct, in short, etherealized by intelligence and sensibility—this was the ideal of Angelica. We cannot but suppose that in that daily conversation which delighted all who took part in it, which was not too high for hind and clown, which was not too girlish to stimulate Goethe and Herder, Reynolds and Garrick, Winckelmann and Klopstock, this ideal, unobtrusively sustained, was the animating spirit which inspired and directed all the "gifts of wit and ornaments of nature." It is said, and we love to believe it, that a young nobleman in the Guards went melancholy mad because Angelica refused to paint his portrait. This could not be merely blighted love or disappointed vanity. It must have been more than this; it must have been a sense of the gates of mercy closed, the possibilities of life extinguished. He, the semi-fabulous young guardsman, had staked for the esteem of Angelica, for the most distinguished thing that life could give, and had lost; the dregs of time were not worth draining.

EDUCATION, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL.*

COMPANIONSHIP is not altogether a matter of choice, or a result of the community of ideas. A less homogeneous couple than the anonymous pamphlet on *Private Schools and Private Schoolmasters,* recently published by Messrs. Digby & Co., and Herbart's *Science of Education* and *Æsthetic Revelation of the World,* now first translated into English, and introduced by Mr. Oscar Browning, will not often fall before the eye of the general reader.

From margarine to metaphysics, from noteworthy observations on dietary and dormitory to the conception of a boy as standing "in the middle between Platonic ideas and noumenal existence," the gulf seems about as great as that between "Principal" and "Assistant" in the view of our pamphleteer; but it is bridged over; for, though "mind and matter," in the words of the lady with the wig in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* "glide swift through the vortex of immensity," they have met here for a while.

Private Schools and Private Schoolmasters cannot be pronounced a pleasant piece of reading. A flavour of the revenge of private wrongs, real or imaginary, is too apt to suggest itself. It is a tremendous indictment, levelled at a large class, and doubtless supported by experience. Overdrawn as it may be here and there, its publication is not a matter for regret. In Secondary Education the ears of the British public are so stuffed with wool that little short of the roar of a general convulsion of the educational globe will penetrate them. Yet it may be hoped that readers, in addition to being numerous, will also be judicious enough to exclude from their condemnation some of those designated as "educated" and "semi-educated" Principals. The tertiary deposit of "uneducated" trainers of the young mind may be left to a merited fate. An ex-Minister of Education is quoted as saying that "the children of the working classes are treading upon the heels of the children of the middle classes." He is short of the truth. Boys from the Elementary Schools, with their set hands and closely-trained habits, contracted as the range of their information may be, are preferred for lower clerkships and mere counting-house work to the slipshod specimens from schools conducted by unqualified adventurers on no system but that of hoodwinking parents. Between two classes of office-stool, these hapless ones fall to the ground, beaten out of the field by boys from schools under some recognized government and supervision when better posts become vacant.

Yet we must not overlook one great cause for the existence of these anomalies, the unwillingness of many parents to entrust their children to the general companionship of the Elementary School. The complaint is not of what they learn in the school,

* *Private Schools and Private Schoolmasters.* London: Digby, Long, & Co.

The Science of Education. By Johann Friedrich Herbart. Translated by Henry M. and Emmie Felkin. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

but of what they learn out of it. From nine to twelve is all very well, the next half-hour is the plague. This is especially true in the case of the girls, but it is not without force in the case of the boys, and in towns unprovided with a grammar school.

As we have no machinery for the training of the secondary teacher at present, it is hard to see how the work could at all go on without agencies, unsatisfactory as they are. There is no such thing as the "Scholastic Profession," except in the minds of unqualified "Principals." Degrees are tests of the possession of certain information, and nothing more. The very name *Preceptor* is enough to deter a man who has any of the old feeling in him from seeking union with an institution which has identified itself with that truly appalling title; and, indeed, those who are dignified with the letters M.C.P., L.C.P., F.C.P., apparently differ in nowise from their less exalted fellows.

What is a man to do, be he public or private schoolmaster, when he needs help? His acquaintance will not be likely to supply him. His scholastic neighbours will keep their good things to themselves. He is driven to the agent. Some of these people are tricky enough, but many a schoolmaster will be found to testify to the character of others, and many an assistant must know that without their intervention he might have been entirely without employment.

We pass over the educated and semi-educated Principals—both a trifle overdrawn—to prey on the garbage of the uneducated Principal. It is to be feared that he is not overdrawn, the resources of form and colouring being inadequate to the purpose. "Morally but little removed from the criminal classes" is a very strong expression to use about any one; but if this is true, there is no denying that "decency and common sense should combine to clear him out of the world with the utmost despatch." His *F.S.Sc.* (by the way, is the "Kensington" Society still in existence?), his prospectus, his "study," his espionage, and the details of laundry, dormitory, and dietary, are sketched with the vigour of genuine hatred. A Ministry which possesses a new broom, as Vice-President of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, in the shape of Mr. Arthur Acland, might turn his besom power to purpose in this direction.

The chapter on Teaching in Private Schools contains some strictures on examinations, from the tone of which some might imagine that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were in league with the College of Preceptors and the South Kensington authorities to strengthen the hands of ignorant and incapable teachers. Some exception, apparently, is taken to the action of the Cambridge Syndicate in granting certificates to candidates who know no mathematics, no language but their own, and no science. These certificates, be it remembered, are what they purport to be, and nothing more. If they are abolished, a step from the Elementary School to a higher position is gone. A ladder is incomplete without its lowest stave, and it is hardly fair on the lowest stave to blame it for its position. This is a specimen of the ill-guided redundant energy of the writer. He quotes the experience of a man who works largely for the Cambridge Local Examination to this effect, *inter alia*:—"In French and Latin I get up the set books, and then make a tremendous dash at irregularities in grammar; they always pay." Of course they do. Would he have examiners set the regular declensions and conjugations? He has "the utmost contempt" for the work in which he is engaged. It may be inquired why he goes on with it? On the whole, however, this pamphlet is useful by its very faults. It is hard to awaken a sleeping nation without using force a little in the wrong direction sometimes.

To turn to Herbart, his translators, and his patron, Mr. Oscar Browning, is like passing from the gross atmosphere of a dull day to the sublimest ether, so attenuated that ordinary life can with difficulty be sustained by it. Herbart is in a balloon, and those who travel with him must be prepared for aeronautic experiences. His translators evidently feel what a frightful job they have in hand to render him intelligible. His style, as they justly observe, presents many difficulties to the translator. When Dr. Johnson became restless under a piece of harpsichord playing, the mother of the young performer attempted to soothe him by telling him that the piece was difficult. "Madam," was the reply, "I could have wished it were impossible." He that will assert that this book is readable will be in danger of propagating a sense of his own want of appreciation of that essential quality of a book.

The preface is readable. There is a good deal about Mr. Browning; but that is inevitable, and not altogether undesirable. Fourteen pages of the concrete can well be endured before nearly three hundred of the abstract. It is a pity, however, that any more time should be wasted in recommending teachers to study Comenius or Rousseau. Does Mr. Browning use Comenius as a mere name, or is he actually acquainted with the pages of the *Orbis Sensualium Pictus*, translated by the faithful Hoole? If so, will he seriously recommend teachers to study, for instance, Lessons XXXIV., XLVI., LVI., and LXXV.? They are verily object-lessons with a vengeance. From the first comes this piece of elegant Latinity:—

> "Saltans *Pulex*, 9.
> *Pediculus*, 10.
> fœtens *Cimex*, 11
> mordent nos,"

the figures referring to those in the accompanying cut. There is no danger of dulness in following this notable example. The class-room will be in fits of laughter, of course; except, perchance, those boys who are "in the middle between Platonic ideas and noumenal existence," a species not known to be numerous at the present day.

Or, again, is it of the slightest use to set up Herbart as a model of teaching? "Greek was begun with boys from eight to ten years old by translating in their order Homer (the Odyssey), Herodotus, and Xenophon. . . . Generally, in the thirteenth year, or as soon as Cæsar could be read fluently, Latin syntax was begun." To us the chief value of this arrangement would seem to be that it might be used as an example of *hysteron proteron*. It is not altogether extinct at the present day, after its kind. A Diocesan Inspector in Religious Knowledge found himself some years ago in a dame's school. He asked if the children could read the Bible, and was informed, in reply, that they would have finished it in three weeks, but at present they were only as far as Thessalonians. The mind of such a child would have been order itself compared with that of a hapless eight-year-old plunged into the Odyssey, to be followed by the Ionic forms in Herodotus, and so on. Accidence does not seem to have occurred to Herbart's mind as a necessary foundation for translation.

As to Herbart's psychological excursions, those that have a mind to take them are welcome to pay their fare and start when they will. We are staggered by finding on p. 95 that "the child enters the world without a will of its own"; but we recover slightly when an explanation is given that, "instead of a true will, there is only a wild impetuosity." He calls this truly "a principle of disorder, disturbing the plans of the adults and placing the future personality of the child itself in manifold dangers." Thus, as in other disputes, the difference does not appear to be so much as to the facts of the case, but as to the terminology which shall be adopted. No doubt that in this remarkable book there are many valuable thoughts and suggestions; but they are presented in a form which will practically repel all but an extremely limited number from considering them, and those that consider must be careful not to conclude rashly that they have grasped the author's concepts.

If it should be desired to test these Comenio-Herbartian ideas of teaching languages, the best course would be to set up such a school, and get Mr. Browning to make himself answerable for its management. And, should the publishers of Herbart's book find that its sale drags, which is within the limits of things possible, let them reprint Hoole's *Comenius*, woodcuts and all.

FORTIFICATION.*

IT is an extremely difficult matter to give any definite idea of the distinctive features which characterize modern fortification, and almost impossible to forecast the developments of the art which the future may have in store for us. Views, especially on the Continent, are so various and irreconcilable, such widely divergent conclusions are drawn from the self-same experiences, and preconceived prejudices are so obstinately cherished, that it will probably take some years ere anything like unanimity in expert opinion can be hoped for. In these pages Major Clarke has done much, at any rate, to clear the ground for discussion and place a broad issue before the public, and in doing so he deserves the thanks and approbation of all who appreciate principles more than technicalities, and would be guided by the exigencies of the moment rather than by the formularies of a text-book. Some portion of the work before us has already made its appearance in the "Proceedings" of the Royal Artillery Institution, and there attracted considerable attention. The remaining pages, which now for the first time make their appearance, will equally well repay perusal, and can hardly fail to influence our contemplated schemes of coast defence. In vigorous language Major Clarke, although sometimes there is, perhaps, a too pronounced flavour of polemic about his words, propounds

* *Fortification, its Past Achievements, Recent Developments, and Future Progress.* By Major G. Sydenham Clarke, C.M.G., R.E. London: John Murray.

liberal principles, and supports and illustrates his contentions with aptly-chosen examples from military history. He writes like a soldier for soldiers, and his practical common sense invests a subject usually redolent of repelling technicalities with an unexpected and refreshing attraction. If he asks us to forget some old friends and familiar traditions, he does so with a *bonhomie* and frankness that disarm our prejudices and suspicions. His range is wide. He tells us what has been done, what is doing, and what he hopes will be done, in perhaps the most exacting of military sciences, and he finally enlists our sympathies for coast defence, and shows us how to act, by exhibiting the strength and weakness of our most probable opponents. It is an agreeable surprise to find an expert thus lightly handling what has hitherto been the most empirical and technical of subjects. In England little has been written about fortification, and we have been content to take our views from the Continent. Thus it has probably come about that the influence of Vauban, the great French engineer, whose complicated and intricate system has had so vast a bearing on fortress construction throughout Europe, rules us from its urn up to this day, and modifies the lines even of our coast and harbour defences. At a time when fire effect was small, and mobility contemptible, armies clung to large towns for their supplies, and looked to high parapets and deep ditches to give them security. Lest such chasms might, serve as sanctuaries to the foe, flank defence became indispensable and to secure it traces became more and more complex. Musketry being still in its infancy, the columns of assault had to be detained under fire by all imaginary works and obstacles, and these in their turn required flank defence. Thus it came about that a sort of geometrical puzzle was evolved, and that tactics were forgotten in the elaboration of fascinating details. The pencil was mightier than the sword in the eyes of pedants, and mathematical niceties were more jealously regarded than the objects they were intended to effect. The cult flourishes in some places even now, and there are those to whom "undefended space" and problems of defilade are as the breath of life. Yet it may be demonstrated that the issue of war has never been decided by symmetrical designs or the skill of the mechanic. Horn works, crown works, tenaillons, demi-tenaillons, and all the rest of the jargon, never won victories.

Brisac, Mons, Lille, and Tournay, masterpieces though they were, had all to capitulate in their turn, and broad military principles in each case proved too strong for theory. Our sieges in the Peninsula point the same moral, and were decided like our battles by tactical considerations, by the intelligence of our general, and by the courage of those he led. The Russian experiences before Schumla and Silistria in 1829 tell the same tale, and the lesson should be particularly impressed on us by the story of Sebastopol. Such instances are not quoted to show that dockyards and arsenals are to be left without permanent defences. Todleben himself has recognized their value; but it is quite certain that, had he built them at Sebastopol, they would have differed very considerably from the stereotyped pattern of the day—that there would have been little masonry, and no contortions of trace. Since the Crimean War, however, many will contend that the situation is altogether altered by the introduction of rifled artillery, and that iron and steel must be opposed to the power of modern guns if the attack is not to have the advantage of the defence. The teaching of recent war appears, however, to point to an entirely opposite conclusion. The factors in the problem are undoubtedly altered. The development of the accurate curved fire of artillery, which is supposed to favour the attack, and the introduction of the magazine rifle and the machine-gun, which will, on the other hand, aid the defence, may be said to counterbalance one another. But a third factor, the use of railway communication, is likely to benefit the artillery defence enormously, and to more than place matters on an equality. The gallant resistance made by Vicksburg and Petersburg during the American war, and the prolonged siege of Paris in 1870, hardly seem to suggest decadence in the powers of the defence, while the earthworks round Plevna will remain lasting monuments to the containing power of the modern rifle, and the value of judiciously planned earthworks. In their most palmy days Vauban's costly conceptions never offered so obstinate a resistance as these improvised intrenchments, and what was then done by the Turks can be again accomplished.

Tactical principles and human nature do not alter as do armaments, and form the only secure basis on which systems of fortification can be built. The highly complicated structures of iron and cement which exercise the inventive ingenuity of foreign officers may be dismissed as hopelessly unpractical. Mobility is more valuable than complete protection, just as a Khakee coated skirmisher is more efficient than a man in armour. A fortified place should be before all a suitable fighting position, and tactical should have precedence of all other considerations. Permanent enceintes must be for ever rejected, and their place taken by good road and railway communications. We no longer require towering réduits or monumental revetments, but the defenders should rely on infantry redoubts with artillery posted outside supported by a field force, manning field works in the intervals between. These modern strongholds should be characterized by invisibility, low command, plenty of head cover within, and good obstacles or entanglements without. A full development of musketry fire and unimpeded interior communication should be especially aimed at, and finally a ceinture railway should connect the chain of works, and endow the guns with some of the mobility in which they have hitherto been deficient. Such briefly are the leading features of the system which Major Clarke would inculcate. So far we are entirely with him, and have ourselves pleaded for similar principles and designs. The doctrinaire is our aversion as much in war as in politics. But we may fairly ask Major Clarke whether the professor and his drawing-board at whom he girds with such "damnable iteration," not perhaps without just a suspicion of animus, is the really responsible offender in this case. Light comes from above. The reform must begin higher in the military hierarchy if all is to be as it should be in the future. The professor enlightens us, but with the reflected wisdom of mightier potentates, who move in higher spheres and are primarily responsible for the examination-papers and text-books which rouse our author's wrath; and if he wishes to do effective service he must attack the source of the Pierian spring.

The latter half of Major Clarke's book deals with questions of coast defence; and here his considerations are characterized by the same ability and largeness of grasp that illuminate the previous chapters. The superiority which fortifications have acquired over ships owing to the invention of the position-finder, and the disabilities that armour has imposed on the vessels is demonstrated by the incidents of actual warfare, and especially by those of the bombardment of Alexandria. We have not sufficient space to fully follow him here into all the ramifications of the subject; but, in general, the premisses he argues from are sound, and the conclusions he arrives at just. On the coast, as inland, works must be built so that the power of fire should have its fullest development, in the one case artillery fire being of the most importance, and in the other musketry, and when the first condition is satisfied as much protection as possible must be given. The means, too, should be adapted to the end. At distant stations, far away from a possible enemy's base, guns will never, while England holds command of the sea, be called upon to pierce plates as thick as in some situations more likely to be heavily assaulted. Above all, those of our artillery officers, who may be called upon to fight our coast-defences, should have a special knowledge of the nature of the targets they may have to fire at, and should be able to recognize the type of every foreign man of war. When, however, Major Clarke gives the preference to the Zalinski over all other torpedo systems he enters on more debatable ground. The Brennan, which can course a hostile ship, under complete control, from the shore almost as a greyhound does a hare, has a large circle of admirers, and its performances last summer at Hurst Castle were extremely gratifying. We must remind him, too, that the policy which prompts some of our Australasian colonies to arm their forts with more powerful guns than he thinks the circumstances of the case warrant, is a deliberate one, arrived at by them after mature consideration; and that the views of their statesmen, where they differ from his own, are not to be disposed of by a mere dogmatic assertion, however confidently pronounced.

Some very interesting diagrams, showing the angles of impact of projectiles, efficiently supplement the text; and several appendices, which summarize the results of a long list of sieges, and the effect of the German fire on some of the Paris forts, are extremely instructive, and close a work which we cordially welcome as a valuable addition to our military literature.

WATTS'S DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.*

LESS than three years ago the second volume of this important work was reviewed in these pages, and, considering the enormous labour involved, it is most creditable to the editors that another contribution of 856 closely-printed double-

* *Watts's Dictionary of Chemistry.* Revised and entirely re-written by H. Forster Morley, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of University College, London, Professor of Chemistry at Queen's College, London, and M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., Fellow and Prælector in Chemistry of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, assisted by eminent Contributors. Vol. III. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

column pages is already in the hands of chemists. No alteration in the plan of the work has been found necessary. A certain number of articles have been entrusted to special writers, no one of whom contributes more than two; but the mass of the work has been done by the editors, of whom Mr. Pattison Muir has, as before, taken the inorganic and Dr. Forster Morley the organic portions.

The work of the editors may conveniently be considered first. The utmost possible condensation has been practised throughout, and the free use of abbreviations has permitted the introduction of an enormous mass of numerical and other data, and of original references, which otherwise would have been impossible in the prescribed limits. Using a most wise discretion, the editors have throughout kept the book as a dictionary instead of a treatise. Except in a few rare instances none of the articles are what is commonly called readable. Facts and theories by thousands are presented in the briefest possible terms, and the result is that the student or worker in chemistry who seeks for information on special points will be more likely to find what he wants here than in any other work in the English language. It is true he will not be able to use the book until he has become acquainted with the contractions used in it, but the reference is materially assisted by a printed bookmarker, which can be inserted on the page consulted. As to the condensations, a fair example is afforded by the opening lines of Mr. Muir's article on Iodine. In mercy to the reader we will only quote a few of them :—

> 'I. At w. 126·53. Mol. w. 253·06 (v. infra) [113°–115°] (Stas); [114°–115°] (Ramsay a. Young, *C.J.*, 49,460): solidifies at 113·6°. (Regnault, *J.*, 1856.41); (200°) (Stas); (184·35°) at 760 mm. (R. a. Y., l.c.) Sublimes *in vacuo* without melting (L. Meyer, *B.* 8, 1627). S. G. 4·917 at 40·3°, 4·886 at 60°, 4·857 at 79·6°, 4·841 at 89·8°, 4·825 at 107°, 4·004 liquid at 107°, 3·866 liquid at 151°, 3·796 liquid at 170°; vol. increases for 1° by 000·235 (Billet, *J.*, 1855.46). V.D. c. 250°–1000°, 125–127; c. 1500°68. (v. *Properties*, p. 10).'

There is much more of the same character, and it will be generally admitted that it cannot be described as popular science, but the whole is intelligible without difficulty to every student, and if it were replaced by verbal description a very large space would be occupied. When the chemist turns to such an article it is generally because he wants to know the melting or boiling points, the specific gravities at various temperatures, the rate of expansion, or some other physical or chemical constant. It would be difficult to put more information on such points into an equal space. Mr. Muir's account of iodine from the inorganic standpoint is followed by a series of short and equally succinct articles by Dr. Morley on the organic compounds of the element, and the whole story may be taken as fairly representative of the care and skill with which the editors have done their work. Of the extent of Dr. Morley's labours some idea may be formed from the fact that the articles on methyl compounds, entirely compiled by him, extend over more than 150 pages.

We must now describe a few of the most important of the special articles contributed by outsiders, and it will be best to take them in alphabetical order.

Isomerism, by Professor Armstrong, an essay partly historical, partly descriptive, and partly critical, presents a clear view of the latest discoveries and suggestions in regard to that most complex problem of chemical science—the arrangement of atoms inside molecules. Constitutional formulæ, or in other words the aggregations of chemical symbols, which represent the probable mode in which elementary atoms are grouped in molecules, were in partial use before the time of Kekulé, but that remarkable genius greatly extended their use, and his theory, now universally accepted, led to a revolution in organic chemistry. The great objection to such formulæ is that they must be written on a plane surface, as though molecules had but two dimensions. Many chemists, and above all Van 't Hoff, have for years past been engaged in devising geometrical formulæ by which three dimensions may be represented. It may some day be possible to introduce the dynamic idea also into structural formulæ; and in that case our statement of chemical constitution will be complete up to a certain point.

Dr. Hutchinson has contributed the article on Isomorphism. It is interesting, but somewhat sketchy, and might have been improved by the introduction of a greater number of tables of isomorphous groups. Probably the limits of space prevented this.

One of the most important articles in the volume is that on Rare Metals, by Mr. Crookes, whose researches in this branch of science have contributed in a remarkable degree to the progress of scientific thought. The close resemblance, the almost identity of many of these metals, and the evidence, chiefly physical, by which they are distinguished, are clearly explained, and few will be disposed to doubt the theory of the author, that some of them ought to be classed as quasi- or meta-elements. The hypothesis in its latest form is suggested in the following passage, which opens a vista of future research :—

> 'It may be safest to call these recently-observed bodies, not, as yet, elements, but quasi- or meta-elements. Our notions of a chemical element have been enlarged; hitherto the elemental molecule has been regarded as an aggregate of two or more atoms, and no account has been taken of the manner in which these atoms have been agglomerated. The structure of a chemical element is certainly more complicated than has hitherto been supposed. We may reasonably suspect that between the molecules which we are accustomed to deal with in chemical reactions, and the component or ultimate atoms, there may intervene sub-molecules, sub-aggregates of atoms or meta-elements, differing from each other according to the positions which they occupy in the very complex structures commonly known as didymium, yttrium, and the like.'

The next important article is that on Molecular Constitution of Bodies, contributed by Professor J. J. Thomson, in which the physical evidence derived from thermal effusion, thickness of solid and liquid films, diffusion, spectroscopy, electricity, and heat are discussed with mathematical illustration. As might have been expected, it is suggestive as well as useful. Mr. Shenstone's article on Ozone is somewhat marred by the absence of the latest discoveries in regard to this singular variety of oxygen. He does not describe the method by which it has been liquefied or the properties of the pure substance, sky-blue both as liquid and gas, nor its very remarkable formation during the action of fluorine on water. Probably the last fact had not been published when the article was written. In other respects the author, whose researches on ozone are well known, has done his work well.

As might have been expected, a somewhat lengthy article on the Periodic Law is included in the volume. It is written by Mr. Douglas Carnegie, and is clear and tolerably exhaustive. In 1864 Newlands showed that the elements, when placed in the order of their atomic weights, exhibited a certain periodicity, and could, to some extent, be arranged in groups of seven. He described this great discovery as the "Law of Octaves." Five years later Mendeléeff confirmed and extended this law, and it is now to inorganic chemistry almost what the law of gravitation is to physics.

When the final volume of this great Dictionary is completed we trust that the editors will be able to confer one more boon upon their readers. References to original authorities throughout the volumes are most ample; but in very few cases is it possible for the student to ascertain the dates of discoveries. It might surely be easy to give a table showing the year in which the volumes quoted appeared. At present the dates cannot be found without difficulty. For example, we are referred to the "*Philosophical Magazine* (4), 50, 651," and, not unnaturally, wonder when the discovery or observation was made.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.*

THAT society in Russia was "rotten before it was ripe" is a truth which has been known for more than a hundred years; but we were not quite prepared for the horrible picture of social corruption and depravity which is presented for our scrutiny in these pages. This rottenness is with scarcely a doubt due to the forcing process to which the social system was subjected by the hasty innovations of Peter the Great; and it must be confessed that the contention of a certain school in Russia that the reforms of that monarch were, on the whole, disadvantageous, if not disastrous, to the Empire, is not without a certain justification. Since his reign down to that of Nicholas, an identical policy has been consistently followed by the Czars; internal prosperity has been sacrificed to external grandeur and commanding influence abroad. His son made a new departure, and set before himself the gigantic task of introducing constitutional government, but paid for his humanity with his life. This catastrophe naturally occasioned a complete reversal of his policy, so that the nation has had ample cause to rue the baleful activity of its self-constituted champions, the Nihilists. The present Czar, repudiating alike the ideas of Peter the Great, Western civilization, and the liberalism of his father, has reverted to the retrograde policy of Nicholas, who strove to keep Russia

* *Russian Characteristics.* By E. B. Lanin. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1892.

hermetically sealed against the influences of modern enlightenment and culture.

But with what sort of result? If a tithe of the allegations put forward in this book are well founded, the state of Russian society resembles that which Gibbon depicts as disgracing the latter days of the Roman Empire. The race is swiftly degenerating, both morally and physically, and thus there is little fear that the Russian people will ever be the "heirs" of the British nation, as the author appears to apprehend. Yet, if the reader will examine the pages of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's *Russia*, written about fifteen years ago—that is to say, towards the close of the reign of Alexander II.—he will find nothing to inform him that the ethics of modern Russia are on a par with those of Sodom and Gomorrah. And the late Czar pronounced this very book to be the best that was ever written, or could be written, about his country; though none have been more aware of the defects of the Russian people than their rulers. In fact, it nearly exhausts the subject to which it was devoted. The apathy and fatalistic flabbiness which characterize the Russian peasant are indicated, also the absence of that energetic industry and spirit of order and economy which distinguishes his Teutonic neighbour. But these defects may justly be imputed to the communal system of land tenure, which precludes all motives for individual effort. Assuming, therefore, that Mr. Lanin's account of Russian society accords with facts, it is manifest that, during the present reign, the symptoms of acute and alarming disease have shown themselves in the body politic, which, unless miraculously healed, prognosticate nothing less than dissolution at no very remote date. Now, this state of things, we infer, must have been caused by the reactionary policy of the present Czar's Government, since it did not exist during his father's reign; and the question, therefore, naturally suggests itself how far this book is exaggerated and based on facts carefully selected to heap opprobrium on an object of aversion. Mr. Wallace, in treating of serfdom, purposely abstained from representing its "occasional monstrous manifestations," in the belief that "the criminal annals of a country fail to give a fair representation of its real condition"; and a tremendous indictment may be framed against a government by a judicious collation of revolting incidents. Again, there may be a deep substratum of fact which may yet be notably enlarged by an ardent imagination and the implacable fury of the goosequill, set free from restraint. Such, we strongly suspect, is the general character of the essays now under consideration.

Were we to attach implicit credence to this "indictment of a nation," there is not a single virtue to which a Russian can lay claim. He is a liar, a drunkard, a sluggard, a thief. The Czar's Government is accused of deliberately brutalizing its subjects with drink, in order to stupefy them into acquiescence with the actual state of things, and thus stave off national bankruptcy and revolution; and cases are adduced where grog-shops have been forced upon village communities which had "locally opted" for their exclusion. In certain instances we may estimate the strain of exaggeration which doubtless pervades this work. "*Half* the soldiers in a regiment," writes the author, "lie down drunk in the ditches while on a march against the enemy." Now is it reasonable to suppose that a Government which finds the greatest difficulty in feeding its armies in the field would burden its transport system with liquor sufficient to intoxicate half of them on any given occasion? If Russian soldiers disperse to such an extent on the battlefield, the phenomenon is due, as it was in the Franco-German war, to quite another military crime than drunkenness. If a writer chooses to indulge in wild statements of this sort, his readers are certainly justified in largely discounting his other statements. His complaints as to the regulations for obtaining theatre-tickets, and the abuses of the passport system, are scarcely better founded, at any rate as far as a foreigner is concerned. It is everywhere difficult to get tickets for a really popular play; in Russia one has, in such a case, to apply to a theatre Board, which is apt to vouchsafe a supercilious reply. In London, where individual enterprise is more developed, one avoids this kind of rebuff by applying to Messrs. Mitchell, or some other well-known caterer for the public convenience. As regards passports, both in the last and the present reign, the tourist meets hardly more annoyance in Russia than elsewhere on the Continent. It is possible, however, that the experiences of suspected natives may be different. The truth appears to be that Russia is now in a state of transition and ferment. No one can foresee what the future will eventually bring forth.

OLD HALLS OF THE HIGH PEAK.*

THE picturesque district of the High Peak is dotted over with old halls that were once the abode of families of repute and distinction. Their glory, in too many cases, has departed. "The pathetic interest of these buildings lies in their reception-rooms having been converted into sculleries, their drawing-rooms into dairies, their private chapels into cowsheds." To describe accurately these relics of the domestic architecture of the past, and to record the history of the families who once dwelt in them, was a worthy ambition for a local archæologist; but the present volume does not precisely fulfil the hopes that might reasonably be entertained. It is a handsome book, and Mr. Tilley—for the modest reserve of the initials on the title-page scarcely conceals the secret of the authorship—has spent much labour over his self-appointed task. He has intense local patriotism, and suspects the historians and archæologists of a conspiracy to defraud Derbyshire of its just meed of praise as the birthplace of notable people. "No county," he declares, "has been so sadly fleeced of its honours as Derbyshire. Men whose homesteads are yet standing, whose memorabilia are so much of the nation's history, have had the orthography of their names altered to make them Frenchmen, or are said to be natives of Lancashire, Cheshire, or Notts. And yet forsooth, such reprehensible inaccuracy has been recapitulated again and again without exciting indignation or comment." This spirit of "reprehensible inaccuracy" seems to be catching, for in the first sentence of his introduction Mr. Tilley quotes without dissent the claim made by Philip Kynder, that "Bradford ye crowned Martyr y^t cutt ye triple crowne and rent the Roman pale asunder" was of Derbyshire birth. Yet it is tolerably notorious that the "first Protestant martyr" was a Manchester man. Mr. Tilley should not endorse the conduct he condemns so strongly even upon suspicion. "Among the physicians of Charles II. was Sir Edward Greaves, Bart., but the Ulster King-at-Arms has ignored him. Bah! he sprang from a Derbyshire house, no one will criticize the omission." Genealogists and heralds will do well to work now in fear and trembling, for the vigilant eye of J. T. is upon them. Speaking of Snitterton Hall, he says, "Here is an old edifice that echoed with shouts whilst yet the King of the Peak was living at Haddon; the homestead of cavaliers who fought at Edgehill and Naseby; the rooms in which gathered the Dakeyns, Cowleys, Needhams, Brownes, Wendesleys, and Sacheverells; where Sir Aston [Cockayne] quoted his own epigrams over his wine; and it is neglected and forgotten. But not intentionally. Oh, no! It is the fault of those compilers who tell us of Stratas of which they know little; of Flora, of which they know less; of Fauna, of which they know nothing." A critic as stern as this would find ample room for animadversion in Mr. Tilley's own pages.

The glories of Chatsworth and the picturesque beauties of Haddon are not to be exhausted in slight articles, and it is in the description of places not so well known that the value of Mr. Tilley's book consists. At Holme Hall Henry Bradshaw found his bride; and if his brother John, as seems likely enough, visited there also, then its walls have sheltered at one time the future judge of the "great Stanley" and the future judge of Charles I. On the tomb of a nephew of Bradshaw's bride is an inscription adapted from the best-known words of Menander. This Mr. Tilley oddly calls "a beautiful Christian legend." In the account of the Saviles of the Greaves we are told:—"It is not beneath remark that it was one of the Saviles who wrote the once famous ditty 'Sally in Our Alley.'" It would be difficult to imagine a time when "Sally in Our Alley" had ceased to be famous, and Henry Carey's left-handed connexion with the Saviles is at all events not very creditable to that noble family. Ashford Rookery was the residence of a squire whose claim to immortality is that he sat for hours on horseback drinking beer until he was intoxicated. Little Longstone Manor House was occupied by a young lady who "combed her hair for a coronet"! Thomas Longsden was mortally wounded in 1658, and his fall was witnessed by his wife, who placed herself at the head of his company and defeated the Royalists. Within a fortnight of this display of martial spirit "Captain Bess" was a widow and a mother. Of Colonel Bagshawe, of Ford Hall, we are told that "he was in the East when *Lawrence* and Clive were laying the foundation of our Indian Empire, and, but for ill-health, would, no doubt, have shared in the victory of Plassy"—a chronological as well as a military feat.

There is a notice of the curious will made in 1616 by Peter Columbell, who left his goods to his son Roger on condition that he refrained from smoking. The heir was to forfeit his property

* *The Old Halls, Manors, and Families of Derbyshire.* By J. T. Vol. I. *The High Peak Hundred.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Buxton: C. F. Wardley.

if caught with a pipe in his mouth by either his brother or sister. Roger had married, against her father's will, a Sacheverell of Radcliffe-on-Soar, and the lands which should have been hers went to her cousin, Sir William Hutchinson; but he, to use Mr. Tilley's phrase, "had scruples about the receipt thereof, and so split the difference." Why Arthur Dakyns, who sprang from the Chelmorton branch of the family, adopted his extraordinary motto of "Stryke Dakyns, the Devil's in the Hemp" is a puzzle not easy of solution. Another historical puzzle is due to Mr. Tilley, who tells us that Challoner witnessed the execution of Garlick and Ludlam. As Challoner was not born until 1691, his presence at Derby in 1588 is a remarkable circumstance. "About this time" (that is, about 1593) "there was a dignitary in the Church named William Barlow, who had five daughters whom he married to five bishops, which fact may not be known to everybody. Of course he is spoken of as of Chorlton; but we feel positive that research will establish the fact that the memorabilia of the Derbyshire Barlows have never been placed to their credit." On this it may be remarked that the father of the young ladies who proved so attractive to the episcopal bench is said to have been a native of Essex, and is not claimed as a member of the Chorlton family. Why does not our author undertake the researches which he so frequently declares will be crowned with success? In the account of Wormhill there is not the slightest reference to the fact that Brindley the great engineer was born in the parish, although a memorial of him stands not far from the hall.

Mr. Tilley has had so fine an opportunity that it is a pity he has not made more of it. Of the illustrations, the heraldic are the most important, as the pictures of the halls are on too small a scale to be of much service. One of the appendices is devoted to a "synopsis of High Peak dignities," from which it appears that this district claims four Barons of the Exchequer, twenty-one Knights of the Garter, three bishops, ten admirals, eight Lord Mayors, forty-seven authors, six physicians, two consuls, ninety-six sheriffs, and 108 knights of the shire. The defects of style, and the small but irritating inaccuracies of Mr. Tilley, need not prevent us from recognizing his book as a storehouse of antiquarian gossip that should prove pleasant reading amid the hills and dales of Derbyshire.

CHOICE FERNS.*

THIS huge and unwieldy quarto opens with a phrase so delicious that it is worthy of quotation. "The sole object of the Author," it says, "as well as of the Publisher, in bringing out this new book on Ferns, is to render these most interesting plants attractive." Altruism was never carried further; but we wish the self-denying pair of public benefactors had set about their philanthropic duties in a spirit of greater simplicity. The book is like a fragment of a gigantic florist's catalogue, and we miss the sobriety which should mark a publication of this kind. What purpose, too, can be served by the excessive bulk of the volume we cannot tell. The present instalment of 666 pages is alphabetically arranged, and yet only comes down to "Athyrium." At this rate *The Book of Choice Ferns* should ultimately vie in size with *The Dictionary of National Biography* or *The Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The author, whose preface is throughout of a charming naïveté, points the reader to the illustrations of his book, and remarks that it is "hardly possible to imagine anything more satisfactory." We are sorry to disturb such a graceful optimism, but we cannot agree with him here. The illustrations are what is rudely called "a scratch lot." By the side of faint antiquities we find brilliantly coloured oleographs, possibly brought from a similar source, but certainly ill made, if made at all, for this *Book of Choice Ferns.* The proof is that they do not fit into its pages, like the plate of *Asplenium bulbiferum,* opposite p. 508, which has had to be cropped, not merely at the top, but at the side. Others, and it is these which seem to awaken Mr. Schneider's wildest approbation, are photographs reproduced after some cheap and nasty fashion; these do occasionally, it is true, give the general forms of the ferns, but they do it at the sacrifice of all that is beautiful and delicate, while in other instances these "photo-processes" result in a mere horrid smudge, like the "Corner of a Fernery," opposite p. 368, which might be a cascade, or a Red Indian, or a Peruvian feather-mantle, but is not recognizably a scene in a fern-house.

If this enormous manual of ferns is to be prosecuted in a manner which can possibly be approved of, the author and publisher must be more fastidious. So far as the letterpress is concerned, although it is deformed by a great deal of verbiage and many platitudes, the author seems to be master of his subject; but we do not understand the principle of his selection. He should have limited himself to fewer species, or else have striven to be exhaustive. As it is, he falls between the popular and the scientific.

* *The Book of Choice Ferns.* By George Schneider. Vol. I. London: L. Upcott Gill.

THE DESCENT OF CHARLOTTE COMPTON.*

THE full title of this small but pretentious book tells us that it relates to a lady who bore the almost impossible title of "Baroness Ferrers de Chartley," as well as that of Baroness Compton, and that she was "daughter of James Compton, fifth Earl of Northampton, and Elizabeth Shirley," who, according to the same document, bore the still more impossible title of "Baroness F. de Chartley." The author is described as "her great-granddaughter." The family of Compton is of considerable antiquity, and may be reckoned genealogically high up in the third rank of the Warwickshire gentry. Its fortune was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by its representative eloping with a city heiress. Previously the Comptons had been squires, living on their own estate or farm of Wyniates, or Wingates, one of whom had the good luck in his youth to act as "whipping boy" to the future Henry VIII. Shirley is particular to add to his rather partial notice of them in *Noble and Gentlemen* (p. 265) that they "were pre-eminently distinguished for their loyalty"—a description which is for thoughts. The Comptons took to antiquarian patronage for a time, and one Marquess of Northampton, not otherwise remarkable, was head of the Archæological Institute. In 1716 the Lord Compton of that day married Elizabeth Shirley, the granddaughter of Robert, first Earl Ferrers, who had been summoned to Parliament in the old barony of Ferrers. The barony had been held by the Devereux family and was one of the minor titles of Robert, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. Lady Dorothy Devereux, his daughter, married Sir Henry Shirley, and carried the barony to her descendants, one of whom, as we have seen, was Lady Compton. Her daughter, the sole heiress of herself and of Lord Compton, inherited a long list of baronies or coheirships to baronies, including Ferrers, Bourchier, Lovaine, Basset, and Compton; but it is doubtful whether the Crown ever acknowledged her right to any except the first and last. She took her baronies into the Townshend family, and they are now in abeyance among her descendants. It will be seen at a glance that Charlotte, Lady Ferrers and Compton, reckoned a wide range of remarkable people among her ancestors. A book on these people might be made extremely interesting. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and his son, the Parliamentary general, were men of note. The first married Sydney's widow, Walsingham's daughter. Sir Henry Shirley, the husband of Lady Dorothy, was great-grandson of Surrey the poet. The first Lord Compton married Frances Hastings, great-granddaughter of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, "the last of the Plantagenets." There were Cliffords, Nevills, Percies, Beauchamps, Greys, and Mowbrays in the pedigree, which, in fact, comprised the best names of the old families that were extinguished in the Wars of the Roses. In competent hands their history would be not only entertaining, but useful.

It cannot be asserted that the author of the volume before us has succeeded in a difficult task. This is partly owing to the style in which it is written. The very first sentence in the book will serve as an example:—"Amongst the pictures of the past, one, whilst tracing these outlines, recurs again and again to memory," &c. We need not continue. What does this sentence mean? A picture recurs to memory. It traces these outlines. Analysed like this, the sentence, so far, has no meaning. Nor does a meaning come in when it is pursued further. We have "a gory string of human heads" to finish it, and we are told in the next paragraph that "something analogous is the impression given by the great ancestral structure before us." This "ancestral structure" appears by the next sentence to be "the gates of York," whereon the head of somebody's father is suspended, and then, in a separate paragraph, we have this brief but blood-curdling catechism:—

> 'Where then is the counter spell?—possibly in the awe-struck memories of childhood.'

Page after page of this kind of thing becomes very monotonous, the more so as the text is swelled by a great array of footnotes telling us that the author is quoting from the Psalms, Max Müller, Shakspeare, Scott, Pope, the *Quarterly Review,* Waagen, Tennyson, and Guizot.

When we get to the body of the book we find it consists of a series of separate studies. Robert Clifford, killed at Bannock-

* *The Descent of Charlotte Compton.* By Isabella G. C. Clifford London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

burn, the poet Surrey, Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1397 (a long quotation apparently from Dallaway, but here we are left in some doubt); Robert Devereux and Spencer Compton are successively brought on the stage, and the volume concludes with some very tall writing, from which we extract a sentence relating apparently to the death of Charles I., but we cannot feel sure :—

> 'The great-great-grandson of Henry Tudor (Henry VII.) stands upon the scaffold, in the place wrested by his sacrilegious son (Henry VIII.) within sight, on the river's brink, of the fatal mound of Tower Hill, whence the usurper "rose up to go down" and possess himself of the coveted inheritance.'

At "place" there is a footnote referring to York House, at "usurper" one to "Hallam's 'Middle Ages' and 'Constitutional History of England,'" and at "inheritance" to "1 Book of Kings." The volume ends with a quotation of some length from Jeremiah, and then a curious fact comes to light. Charlotte, "Baroness Ferrers de Chartley," never comes in at all. The book bears her name; it is adorned with her arms and coronet; it has her portrait—but she herself is never mentioned.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR GEORGE GREY.*

SIR GEORGE GREY'S connexion with the history of our Colonial Empire has been exactly contemporaneous with the reign of Queen Victoria; and it is claimed for the living subject of this biography that he shares with the Queen alone the rare distinction of having been during the whole of that period ceaselessly and intimately connected with the progress and development of the Colonies, always interested in their welfare, and occupying, almost without intermission, positions of trust and responsibility in relation to them. The record of such a life could not fail to be of great interest to the increasing number of those who recognize that the history of Britain during the last fifty years has been made mostly outside these islands, and largely in those vast territories of the Empire occupied by what are now comprehensively called the self-governing Colonies. Sir George Grey's, moreover, is a striking personality. Largely gifted by nature with the qualities that make men great, and possessed of personal characteristics at once amiable and commanding, such a man, once embarked upon a public career, was destined to play a conspicuous part in the world, and to leave deep marks upon the political history of his times. With such material at hand it was impossible for any writer to fail altogether in producing a book of some interest; and the volumes before us do unquestionably contain a good deal of matter that is both interesting and new. But to reflect upon the potentialities that lay in the subject is to regret that the task of dealing with it was not entrusted to different hands. As book-makers the authors lack literary skill and judgment, while as biographers they are of those who think it necessary to put down as rogue or fool everybody whom they find opposed to the opinions or policy of their hero. The book, it must be remembered, is an example of that most pernicious form of biography—one written by other hands during the lifetime, and with the assistance of, the subject of it. As regards the composition of the work it suffers, as so many of its class do, from want of compression. The inevitable "early years" section, it must be admitted, is cut commendably short. But throughout the book are chapters—such, for example, as those which deal with Prince Alfred's visit to the Cape during Sir George Grey's second term of office there, and others containing letters from native chiefs, and a good many other people, of very little interest or importance, set out at length—such chapters, and there are many such, should not occupy more than a fifth of the space allotted to them. The chapters, too, criticizing the Colonial Office are rather rambling and inconsequent; while a long one among them, comparing the personal and political characteristics of two Colonial Secretaries—Lords Grey and Carnarvon—though the subject would have been a suitable one for treatment by Sir George Grey himself in an autobiographical memoir, becomes an impertinence in a book like the present. There are not a few instances of a tone of cant and self-righteousness in the authors' style. Sir George Grey himself, indeed (like a still more famous political protagonist nearer home, to whom in many respects he bears a striking resemblance), does not appear to have been altogether free from a tendency to claim for his views and policy the peculiar and personal approval of the Divine Ruler of the universe. While it would be unfair to attribute to Sir George Grey himself all the extravagant assumption of his own infallibility made for him by his biographers, or to associate him wholly with the partisan spirit observable in connexion with some questions of New Zealand politics, it is at least unfortunate that he should, by the part he has avowedly taken in the preparation of this work, have laid himself open to imputations of this nature.

The story of Sir George Grey's career as a Colonial Governor is one of bold and vigorous administration, of large political ideas fearlessly put into execution, of solid and far-seeing, if sometimes too heroic, acts of constructive statesmanship. But, as told in these pages, the story is also largely polemical, being in fact a studied vindication of the hero's policy at all the points of his official career that gave rise to opposition and controversy—and they were many—a comprehensive *apologia* for his political life. Sir George Grey was eminently and essentially a pioneer of Imperial rule. He was one of those men cut out by nature to make the crooked ways straight and the rough places smooth. Literally a soldier born and bred, his explorations and early political employment in Western Australia marked him out as the fit instrument for the pacification and organization, with dictatorial authority, of the rough and turbulent elements that go to make up communities of colonial settlers in the early stages of their growth into civil societies. At the age of twenty-eight he found himself the Governor of South Australia, at that time (1840) the youngest separate colony in the Empire. The work that he did there, the order that he brought out of chaos, the prosperity that he substituted for depression and despair, justified the selection of the Colonial Office; and thenceforward, wherever there was disorder and confusion and strife, Grey was the man to be sent to put things right. But he was something more than a soldier-statesman, able to reduce lawless mobs to order and obedience. His were no dictatorial methods, though he wielded in these early stages a dictator's power. He was a pacificator by conciliation, not by force of arms. He used his troops more for road-making than fighting. His personal sway over native races was phenomenal. And as the English communities under his rule became law-abiding and prosperous, he displayed a resourcefulness and a faculty almost amounting to genius for initiating and developing the means and instruments of progressive civilization—schools, hospitals, libraries, and suchlike institutions of all kinds. He bestowed his own fine library upon the people of Cape Colony. But he had his limitations, and they were very clearly marked. As the autocrat of a benevolent despotism he stood unsurpassed. But this form of government was by no means the goal of his aspirations for any people. On the contrary, he was ever the champion of constitutional methods based on the broadest theories of democratic ascendency. When he was Governor of New Zealand he took upon himself to suspend the operation of the Constitution Act sent out from Downing Street because he deemed it not sufficiently popular in its form. This action of his exemplifies what has just been said. He could not work under the trammels imposed from above by official superiors; nor, enthusiast as he was in theory for the freest forms of constitutional government, was he capable of himself brooking the restrictions from below placed upon a constitutional governor. Hence he was continually in hot water with the authorities at home, though it must be said that he more than once succeeded in justifying himself both before the Government and the public in England, and created strong revulsions of feeling in his favour. And hence, too, when he went back to New Zealand to administer the more popular form of constitutional government he had succeeded in winning for the colony, he chafed under a position in which he felt himself impeded, harassed, and thwarted by a Parliament and Ministers under whose advice alone he could act. He was, in fact, "too strong" a man to be practicable in any position but one of absolute autocracy. But though, again, in South Africa, his contempt for official restraints and conventions brought him there too into frequent collision with the Government at home, the same splendid audacity, that feared no responsibility however tremendous, allowed him to dare one of those great master-strokes of State that make or save empires. Upon the outbreak of the Sepoy Mutiny he, upon his own sole responsibility, not only denuded Cape Colony of troops and horses and materials of war to send to India, but intercepted for the same purpose troops from England on their way to China. It is claimed by the authors, with much circumstantiality, that it was this diversion of a portion of his force that gave the cue to Lord Elgin to return with the troops already with him in the China seas to Calcutta. But it has been pointed out on irrefragable authority that Lord Elgin's resolution to return was taken a month before, and that he had actually reached Calcutta by the time that the other troops left the Cape. The act was in each case spontaneous and independent. This does not detract

* *Life and Times of Sir George Grey, K.C.B.* By William Rees and L. Rees. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

from the signal merit due to Sir George Grey; but it reflects the reverse of merit on his biographers.

Of the later years of Sir George Grey's life, spent at first in retirement at his beautiful island home in New Zealand, so often and so rapturously described by travellers who have visited him there and come away fascinated alike with the charms of the place and with the delicate and gracious attention of one of the kindliest and courtliest of men; and of the years since he came out into the world again and threw himself into the turmoil of politics as a member of Parliament, and some time Premier of the colony he had first ruled, and again reigned over without ruling as Governor—of these years there is less to say; and, in truth, he would have left a greater reputation behind him if, as in another notable instance that will occur to everybody, he had been able to keep himself in the retirement he had once courted. That such a man, at such an age (he was then sixty-two), and with such a record behind him, should prove successful as a member of a colonial Parliament was an impossibility. Lord Carnarvon, who was (it is hardly too strong to say) his lifelong enemy at the Colonial Office, once said that Grey was a "dangerous man"; and, though we are far from holding that Lord Carnarvon was always right and Sir George Grey always wrong in the frequent and acute differences that arose between them at almost every point of colonial policy and administration at which they touched, we fear it must be allowed that the latest phases of Sir George Grey's life go far to justify Lord Carnarvon's estimate. His ultra-democratic tendencies, the germs of which were always traceable, developed with age to the verge of social and political license. It is said that he was at one period of his career promised the Governor-Generalship of Canada, and some people thought him a possible Viceroy of India. In addition to his general democratic proclivities, he had a strong instinctive sympathy with inferior races, which enabled him to win their affection, and was of great value in the case of the poor savage peoples of New Zealand and South Africa. But the idea of placing supreme power in India in the hands of a man combining with these characteristics great capacity and strength of character is a thought to shudder at. Grey would have been a strong and capable Ripon. What mischief his latest political views were capable of doing among men of English race in Australia he has done. His craze for elective colonial governors, in the support of which he stood virtually alone in the Federal Convention that met in Sydney in 1891, may, from want of general sympathy, be comparatively harmless. But it is as the instigator of one of the most unwarrantable and unscrupulous "Labour movements" that has yet been seen outside the great and good democracy of the United States that Sir George Grey's capacity for mischief has been shown. At the conclusion of the Convention he made a kind of triumphal progress through the colonies of the Australian mainland, speaking to enthusiastic crowds in support of the claims of Labour in general and of the "Labour party" in the various colonies in particular, disseminating, with the weight of his authority, dangerous political doctrine, and sowing the seeds of social and political evils that have borne their first fruit in the reckless and purposeless strikes that are spreading disaster throughout Australia. A disappointed man, of autocratic temper and with a firm belief in his own infallibility and the possession of a divine right to rule, Sir George Grey resembles Mr. Gladstone in these, as in some other and better personal characteristics, as well as in the craving for popularity, and, to a less degree, in the recklessness of his political conduct in seeking it, that mark his extreme old age. In one respect the comparison is politically altogether in Grey's favour. He was, and is, a thoroughgoing Imperialist, and (Ireland apart, as to which he was misled by the colonial analogy) believed intensely in the value of maintaining the integrity of the Empire, to some extent even anticipating the views of the Imperial Federationists. An interesting conversation is recorded, in which the whole question was discussed by Sir George Grey, the Duke of Argyll, Lord John Russell, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Gladstone, and others. The Imperial views of the majority found but little favour with Mr. Gladstone, "the whole leaning of whose mind," it is said, "appeared to be an apprehension of the too great extension of the Empire."

SCOTTISH GENEALOGIES.*

OLD Nisbet is so well known among heraldic students that this volume of his plates cannot but be welcome. The editor thinks they were originally intended for an edition of his *System of Heraldry*, but do not appear to have ever been published. So far as we can tell without Mr. Ross's help, the prints which form the chief part of the book have been copied by some photographic process from old impressions of poor engravings. Nisbet's engraver was not much of an artist at the best; and, if we might hazard a conjecture, it is that these "plates," as Mr. Ross calls them—meaning, we suppose, prints—were rejected by Nisbet as too bad even for him. There is a copy of the *Heraldry* in the British Museum which belonged to Home of Eccles in 1723, and he has written his name on the title-page. In this copy there is a very poor engraving of a figure in armour bearing the shield of Home. Why Mr. Ross should include it in the series to which he says himself it does not belong we cannot imagine. Some small shields at the end are illustrations of *Cadency* which do not occur in Nisbet's book, it is but too easy to see why. One plate contains some curiosities of foreign heraldry, and Mr. Woodward, the most accomplished of Scottish heralds, has been called in to describe and assign them. Some of them would have rejoiced the heart of Thackeray; for instance, "Von Haldarmansteten (Suabia) Tierced in pairle reversed, argent or and azure."

The *Genealogical Chart* compiled by Mr. Logan may be very useful, in spite of its enormous size. The chart seems really trustworthy, and we have tested it severely. It has its faults, but they are not those of carelessness. It is the more strange that the introduction contains several slips, some of them serious. In one paragraph "the direct lineal descent from the Conqueror" is made to run through Richard II. and Mary, both of whom were childless, as well as Elizabeth and Cardinal York, both of whom died unmarried. Some of the notes are, however, very curious. James I. was an ancestor of every King and Emperor and nearly every prince now reigning in Europe. According to Mr. Logan the representative both of the old Scottish Kings and the Kings of Wessex is the Duke of Parma; while James I. is represented by Princess Maria of Bavaria.

Both these handsome volumes hail from Scotland, and we must congratulate their producers on the good taste and, indeed, beauty of their typography. The *Nisbet* volume is issued in an edition limited to one hundred and forty-five copies, and as it contains, in addition to the prints of arms, carefully compiled pedigrees, brought down to the present day, of the families whose arms are represented, it is very certain shortly to become scarce.

* *Alexander Nisbet's Heraldic Plates.* Edinburgh: George Waterston & Sons. 1892.

Genealogical Chart of the Royal Family of Great Britain. By Rev. Robert Logan. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

STAFFORDSHIRE HISTORY.*

WE gladly notice the punctual appearance of another volume of the William Salt Archæological Society's *Collections for a History of Staffordshire.* It begins with a continuation of the extracts from the Plea Rolls, translated by Major-General the Hon. G. Wrottesley, who carries his work from 16 to 33 Edward III. His translations are, as usual, clear and precise, and his notes few and to the point. One of them refers to the continued use of compurgation in the case of denial of a summons; another is appended to a plea of villenage brought by the attorney of Sir Hugh de Wrottesleye against two sisters who had withdrawn themselves from his manor. This suit occurs from time to time until the eve of the outbreak of the Great Plague, when, as the editor observes, many suits were dropped; indeed, but few of those that were in Court before Michaelmas Term, 23 Edward III., are to be found later on. In looking through the extracts our attention was caught by the suit of a widow against the Vicar of Colwych for forcibly taking her cow, worth forty shillings. The vicar answered that no force had been used, and that the cow had been delivered to him by the executors of the woman's husband, and was due to him as "the best animal," *nomine principalis.* The case went to a jury, with what result we do not know. Many of the extracts throw light on manorial customs, descents of manors, and questions of genealogy. One of another kind relates the attempt of a notorious cattle-stealer to save his neck by turning approver and bearing false witness against two innocent persons. When he was confronted with the men whom he had accused, he declared that he had been forced to accuse them by the sub-warden of Stafford Gaol, who had, he said, inflicted divers hardships upon him, "putting him on the ground naked, and keeping him without food." A jury was satisfied that the gaoler had done nothing of the sort, and the man was hanged. We next have two series of *Pedes Finium,* Fines of mixed counties, including manors in Staffordshire, and Staffordshire Fines, the first series being edited by General Wrottesley, the second by Mr. W. Boyd.

* *Collections for a History of Staffordshire.* Edited by the William Salt Archæological Society. Vol. XII. London: Harrison & Sons.

The volume receives special distinction from its fourth section, which consists of the often-quoted "Chetwyndorum Stemma," or "Chetwynd Chartulary," compiled by the well-known antiquary, Walter Chetwynd of Ingestre, in 1690, and now printed for the first time. General Wrottesley, to whom Staffordshire archæology owes so much, has contributed an Introduction to the Chartulary, in which he gives us a history of the Staffordshire Chetwynds down to the reign of Henry VII., together with a short account of the Myttons, a marriage with the heiress of the Myttons having been the foundation of the fortunes of the Chetwynds of Ingestre. The first of these Myttons, one Eudo de Mutton, held in 1166, as is recorded in the *Liber Niger*, two-thirds of a knight's fee of Robert FitzRalph, the head of the house of Standon, and, General Wrottesley believes, a near kinsman of his tenant, Eudo. This Eudo ended his days as a canon of the Augustinian Priory of St. Thomas the Martyr, at Stafford, founded by Gerard FitzBrien of Stafford, who probably belonged to the house of Standon. Two of Eudo's grandsons—Adam, who succeeded to the fief, and his brother—were benefactors of the priory in the reign of Henry III. Although Adam's son died in his minority, he left an infant daughter and heiress, named Isabella, who married Philip, a cadet of the house of Chetwynd of Chetwynd in Shropshire, and from this marriage came the Chetwynds of Ingestre. The eldest son of Philip and Isabella, another Philip, married another Isabella, who, after her husband's death, was presented by a Stafford jury at a special assize in 1324 as maintaining a large body of armed men and causing a disturbance of the King's peace. She and her son, a third Philip, belonged to the Lancastrian party. About this Philip there is in the Chartulary a quaintly told story, written in English, recording how he and his brother Roger and a certain John de Freford, married the three daughters of "old Sir Rauf of Grendon by on Johanne that was cosyn to a Bishop of Bathe"—namely, Robert Burnell, the Chancellor—and being "alle courajouse men and wiliefull," conspired together to cheat their brother-in-law, Robert of Grendon, "bot a soft and esy man," of his inheritance. Robert "enformed the gode Duc Henry [of Lancaster] hou thit he should thus wrongwisely be disherited, and besoght of hym lordshyp and help, and he graunted hym, and then Duc Henry rode and put them owt." In the next reign the Chetwynds did their share of service in the French wars; one was at the relief of Hennebon, another fought at Crecy, and a third followed first the Earl of Huntingdon and later John of Gaunt. Like many other landholders at that time of war and pestilence, the lords of Ingestre were for a while at least impoverished by rights of dower. When we find that at the accession of William de Chetwynd to the family estate in 1349 "no less than three widows of previous lords of Ingestre were dowered from his patrimony," we can easily understand how it was that for some years he served as an esquire; his annual rent was no doubt less than 40*l.* a year, and he would not, therefore, be compelled to receive the burdensome honour of knighthood. Early in the next century matters were even worse, for the fifth Philip de Chetwynd found his estate burdened with the dowers of four widows; he, however, retrieved the fortune of the family by his marriage with Helen, widow of Lord Ferrers of Chartley. The last document but one in the Chartulary is the petition of Alice, widow of William Chetwynd, to Henry VII., complaining that her husband had been treacherously slain by the order of Sir Humphrey Stanley, sheriff of the county. In General Wrottesley's notice of this murder the sheriff is said to have been Sir Humphrey Stafford. As, however, he tells us that the murder took place in 1494, the misprint must be in the General's excellent introduction, and not in the transcript of the document; for in the list of sheriffs given in Shaw's *History of Staffordshire* Sir Humphrey Stanley appears as the sheriff for that year. The volume ends with a paper by the Rev. the Hon. George Bridgeman, correcting, by the help of original records lately printed, several errors in the History of the Parish of Blymhill that appeared in the first and second volumes of the Society's publications.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IF Mr. J. J. Pool's *Studies in Mohammedanism* (Constable & Co.) had not been "respectfully dedicated to Islam in England," the general reader would still have found Mr. Pool's account of Islam in England sufficiently curious. Indeed, he could hardly have missed its significance in a series of sketches of the history and teaching of Islam, even without the finger-post of the dedication. We confess we were not aware that a "world-wide fuss," which Mr. Pool thinks is altogether beyond its deserts, had been made over the "Church of Islam" in Liverpool. After all, there is nothing alarming nor surprising in the existence of this little fraternity of English disciples of the Prophet. For centuries past there have been such converts—they used to be called renegades by our plain-spoken fathers—and Mr. Pool, as a student of history, must be well acquainted with the fact. Yet, although he rightly estimates the fuss made by sensational newspapers, Mr. Pool deals with the Liverpool Institute with portentous seriousness, and has done his best, all in the way of good intention, no doubt, to magnify what is a very small matter. However, the present volume, with its expository chapters on the doctrines of the Koran, and its careful comparative view of Islam and Christianity, is not likely to add a single member to the English community of Islam in Liverpool. But is not Mr. Pool a little hasty in asserting that "Islam, the world over, is a lost cause"? In Africa, at least, according to some excellent authorities, the cause is still gaining ground.

A more thorough and more practical book of manual instruction we have not seen than Mr. S. Barter's treatise on *Woodwork* (Whittaker & Co.), with a preface by Mr. George Ricks. In the hands of teachers especially this volume must prove extremely valuable. It comprises a brief yet excellent introduction to the subject, and sections, illustrated by admirable woodcuts, devoted to Drawing, Timber, Tools, and Bench Work, the last of which is a complete course of instruction in the form of a series of exercises, every phase of manual operation being clearly explained and further exemplified by photographic drawings of the operator at work.

Mrs. Walford's skill in delineating young people is happily revealed in *The One Good Guest* (Longmans & Co.), and in this respect the story ranks with the best of the lighter examples of fiction of this accomplished writer. But we have known several stories of Mrs. Walford's that are far more engrossing and of a more ingenious design. In fact, as to plan and development, *The One Good Guest* is a trifle thin and disappointing.

To certain translated examples of M. Zola's short stories—*The Attack on the Mill; and other Sketches* (Heinemann)—Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes a thoughtful and judicious essay on the *Contes à Ninon* and the rest of M. Zola's diversions from the more characteristic and elaborate style of fiction exemplified in the Rougon-Macquart series. English readers of *La Débâcle* may now compare the lesser with the greater, these war sketches of "The Attack on the Mill" and "Three Wars" with the former work in the light of Mr. Gosse's interesting essay. One chief defect of M. Zola's short stories, which decrees for them a much lower place in art than those of several of his contemporaries—*e.g.* Maupassant—is very clearly indicated by Mr. Gosse in his admirable remarks on the "fault of mechanical construction."

Those who scorn a fairy-tale, and ask with childlike eagerness "Is it true?" will find a story to their mind in *Had I but Known*, by Ella Fordyce (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) "This short story," observes "Edna Lyall" in the preface, "bases its claim to be read on the fact that it is strictly true." Of all possible claims, it occurs to us that this is the least convincing. The story that is true is not necessarily the story that must be read, or is of necessity readable and alive with actuality. However, this present "actual life-story," though absolutely devoid of artistic merit, is not uninteresting nor unreadable. But a practised story-teller would have made something vastly more attractive of the material.

Very slight materials are manipulated to an artistic end in Esmè Stuart's *Virginia's Husband* (Innes & Co.), which is a story based on that productive theme the *mariage de convenance* as it obtains in France. The final device by which the victims of convention discover that they are in no sense martyrs is perhaps somewhat artificial and improbable, but the story nevertheless holds the reader interested and speculative to the very end.

Rachel Reno, by William Earley (Digby, Long, & Co.), is a romance of a wild and distempered type. It is a story of Wales in the days of "Rebecca," when turnpikes fell by night. The Rebeccaites are headed by "a too apparent leader," whose features are said to be "decisive as a Ludwig." Another is described as "sedate as Schleiermacher"; another is "penetrating as a Radetsky"; a fourth you might have taken for "Vittoria Alfiére." The simple, yet expressive, "watchword" of this secret Society was "Hist." The villain has a "Latin" accomplice, of wondrous speech, who, when urged to commit murder, declines by observing, "Non, non, occido. Non kill him, beat him, non more. Non; feared of neck, don't mind 'bracelets'; jail (carcer), but noose—'laqueus nexilis,' non, non." The speech of this scrupulous scoundrel is even less gay and foolish than the deeds of the stupendous villain of this excruciatingly silly book.

"Thirty Cornish Authors" are represented in the slim volume of *Poems of Cornwall*, edited by W. Herbert Thomas (Penzance:

Rodda), and most of them are living, and we assume writing. Who would have thought the old county had so many poets? The portraits of eighteen Cornish bards are grouped in the frontispiece, and brief biographical notes on the authors enlighten the curious reader, who may be pleased to learn that Mr. Hosken has "astonished the world by his Greek dramas." On one of these "Greek" dramas Mr. William Cock, regardless of rhyme, writes:—

> Awake! O Cornubia! rouse thy slumberous frame!
> Tell Albion's sons thou hast a mighty bard!
> Make thou a way for his melodious strain
> Whose song-wrapt soul the mystic muse doth guard.

There is more patriotism than poetry in Mr. Cock's lay. Even the miners are disappointing, and produce nothing racy of the soil; while the rest, with one or two exceptions at the most, achieve nothing more notable than verse of the artless album order of the era of "L. E. L." or Miss Geraldine Jewsbury.

Love for an Hour is Love for Ever, by Amelia E. Barr (Hutchinson & Co.), is a tedious and over-spun story of parted lovers, who, however, do not grow broken-hearted, for all their thwarted hopes. Francesca, an impulsive and romantic damsel, is deserted by her Lancelot on highly conscientious grounds. He cannot marry her, he deems, because he understands that his mother was either insane or had murdered his father by withholding the necessary medicaments from him in his last illness. So he disappears from the scene without a trace of his journeying. But the ardent Francesca, with certain hopeful friends, seeks him, and finds him in Mexico, the scene of previous and more pleasing stories by Mrs. Barr.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart, by Alan St. Aubyn (Chatto & Windus), is a simple and pretty story of the contrary course of love and the inevitable complexities, which are, in this instance, of the kind tolerably familiar to novel-readers. There is, indeed, nothing new or striking in Mr. St. Aubyn's treatment of an old theme. The charm of the story lies in the effective use of familiar material.

Mr. Charles Colton's *Richard Savage*, a play (Watts & Co.), must be pronounced a less moving work than Johnson's *Life* of the poet, since it altogether wants the force and intensity of tragedy. Dramatic form it has, but not dramatic vitality. There is, indeed, a note of true pathos in the final scene in Bristol gaol, when the unhappy poet realizes his degradation, and owns to the fair Cressid who would console him that his genius had departed, and all he wrote "was of the intellect." But, by admitting that poetry was not of the intellect, he spoke as a poet still. Yet when he observes, somewhat obscurely,

> Partly play,
> And in part fate, have quenched the holy light;
> I am no poet now.

the faithful Cressid replies "Happy you die," instead of urging the comfortable doctrine "once a poet, always a poet."

Socialism Tested by Facts, by M. D. O'Brien (Liberty and Property Defence League), deals with Fabian essays, *Looking Backward*, and other writings of the kind—of which most people are heartily wearied—at considerable length, with excellent directness, and perhaps with too great seriousness.

We have also received *The Two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians*, with Polycarp's "Epistle to the Philippians," translated, with notes, by Horace E. Hall, M.A., "Christian Classics" series (Religious Tract Society); *The Vicar of Christ*, by Father William Humphrey (Art and Book Co.); *The Little Martyr of Prague*, by Father Joseph Stillman, translated by M. C. E. (Art and Book Co.), the story of the martyrdom of a Jewish boy convert to Christianity by certain Jews, founded on a MS. letter preserved at Stonyhurst; the fifth annual *Report* of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education; *Posy Rings*, an interesting Royal Institution address, by Dr. John Evans, on a very fruitful antiquarian subject; *A Message to Earth* (Lamby & Co.), issued in conjunction with writings recognized by the Esoteric Christian Union; Shakspeare's *Henry V.*, edited with notes by W. Barry (Blackie & Son); and Part I. of a new *Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), edited by Dr. Francis Brown, assisted by Dr. S. R. Driver and Dr. C. A. Briggs, based on Robinson's translation of Gesenius.

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. TOWARDS the end of last week the new VICEROY of IRELAND declined to receive an address from the Dublin Chamber of Commerce on the plea that it contained "controversial "matter." This controversial matter consisted only of a strong expression of adhesion to the Union, which, it need hardly be said, is at the moment the law of the land. So the QUEEN'S representative refuses to allow the QUEEN'S subjects to express their loyalty to the QUEEN'S laws.——The nomination at Cirencester took place this day week. The Gladstonians had been introducing lambs to mob the country districts.——Police protection at the end of last week was being withdrawn in Kerry, thus keeping pace with the renewal of outrage.——The anniversary of Mr. PARNELL'S death was celebrated in Dublin on Sunday with much fervour, and a pleasant comedy was going on between Mr. VINCENT SCULLY (a violent Nationalist and Home Ruler, be it remembered) and a certain evicted Father McDONNELL.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made at Bristol on Tuesday one of the first regular political speeches preliminary to the re-opening of business after the holidays. A remarkably intelligent hearer who interrupted his remarks on the disasters of the General Election by crying, "You see, you didn't tell no lies, sir!" summed up the past very well, and reflected aptly on the present, as far as East Gloucestershire goes. The weapon to which he referred, and others, were plied briskly up to the polling, which took place on Thursday; but the constituency is a rather unusually scattered one, and the result is scarcely likely to be made public in time for notice here.

A very remarkable correspondence has been published between the Secretary of the North Wales Property Defence Association and Mr. GLADSTONE, in which the PRIME MINISTER, after at first undertaking to supply the figures on which he based his statements as to the raising of Welsh rents, failed to do so, and took refuge in silence. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE is very busy, as his inability to attend the Poet Laureate's funeral and hold the Union Jack has shown; but, after all, Prime Ministers have private secretaries among the handsome things about them.

The Gladstonian papers have made solemn and somewhat mysterious mirth over the appointment of Mr. Justice MATHEW as President of the Eviction Commission, regarding it apparently as a sort of tit-for-tat for the Special Commission on Mr. PARNELL and his company. We have not the least objection to accepting the omen. Mr. Justice MATHEW'S colleagues, like just judges, found that Mr. PARNELL and his company were guilty of promoting courses which they knew led to murder, and of other misbehaviour of the most serious kind. And we have no doubt that Mr. Justice MATHEW, like a just judge, will find that at least the majority of evicted tenants have only themselves and their evil advisers to blame. The general facts are, and were, perfectly well known in both cases, and we and our side have, as we had, nothing to fear and everything to hope from investigation of them in detail by any honest man and trained lawyer.

A most curious contribution to the history of politics was made yesterday morning by Colonel SAUNDERSON, who vouches for a document from an Irish inspector of police to a sub-sheriff, informing him that police protection can only be granted "during daylight." As the Colonel points out, this division of authority between Queen VICTORIA and Captain MOONLIGHT would be odd in any case. But it is a real instance of Mr. MORLEY'S sincerity in following "Irish ideas" that he should have made the distribution exactly in this way. A plain man—supposing that so singular a plan had occurred to him at all—might have given the protection at night and withheld it in the day.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. M. RENAN was buried yesterday week with an imposing ceremony and many speeches. That of M. BOURGEOIS, the Minister of Instruction, was marred by the indiscriminate and fulsome eulogy which is the worst of all possible compliments; the *savants* who spoke (and especially M. GASTON BOISSIER, one of the best masters of French style that M. RENAN has left behind him) were much better. Cholera was bad in Buda-Pest, and the French had killed many Amazons.——On Saturday morning a long letter of the very first importance from Captain LUGARD on the Uganda question was published. We may say without fatuity that almost all its arguments have been repeatedly urged in these pages; but the popular and not always quite foolish preference for one "who has

"been there" will give Captain LUGARD'S voice a weight which no outside argument could possess. Contributions of importance to this question have since been made by Mr. STANLEY correcting some errors which he thinks exist in English minds on the subject; by Mr. ARTHUR SILVA WHITE, who knows the geographical aspect of the case thoroughly, but to whose interpretation of the political we should take more exception, and by Sir GEORGE TAUBMAN GOLDIE, who pointed out—what is, no doubt, true—that "effective "occupation" is not directly stipulated for on the Sphere system.

On Monday morning details of the operations of the Isazai or Black Mountain force were published, and it was asserted that AFZUL KHAN, our "man for Chitral," had got the better of his brother, who had fled, not to the Russians, but to Gilgit. A peculiarly impudent statement about the Pamirs had been published in the *Turkestan Gazette*, assuming the entire point at issue—to wit, what is Russian territory, and what is not. It was said that in Dahomey Colonel DODDS had determined to abstain from taking Abomey; in which case it does not require much knowledge of African ways to predict that the Dahomeyans will regard his abstention as equivalent to a defeat. The French mission in Morocco had got its apology.

On Tuesday further particulars of the claim (and possible actual occupation) on the Pamirs by Russia were given, it being alleged that the encroachment extended right down to Sarhad on the Wakhan frontier, close to the Baroghil Pass. This would be a complete violation of the agreement of twenty years ago, and a thing utterly inadmissible, unless the worst counsels prevail at both Foreign and India Offices. The Chins were once more troublesome in Burmah; Mr. MERCIER had been committed for trial in Canada; and at Alexandria there had been a Customs dispute between Egyptians and Greeks over a ton and a half of haschisch, which is a grandiose and rather terrible quantity.

On Wednesday it was reported that a Canadian Volunteer lieutenant had been deprived of his commission for advocating annexation to America. This will shock some people, but appears to us to be perfectly fair and rational. If a man wishes Queen VICTORIA not to be Queen, he is, according to modern ideas, free to hold, and even express, his opinion, provided he does not use violent means to turn it into fact. But he cannot decently hold what is indirectly, if not directly, the QUEEN'S commission, and advocate the alienation of the QUEEN'S dominions. A door must be open or shut.——The COLUMBUS celebrations have become acute again in Spain and America, and the imitation caravels have attracted great attention at Huelva, where has been much junketing.——The German EMPEROR has paid a visit to Vienna, where he continued to express his satisfaction at what is called the Great Ride, His Majesty's peculiar temper being, no doubt, all the more set on such expressions by the general judgment that the great ride was a very useless waste of good horseflesh, and a not particularly creditable exhibition of mostly bad horsemanship.

Except for the COLUMBUS celebrations (which, by the way, extended to this country, the Spanish Ambassador presiding over a dinner at the Hotel Métropole, attended by some prominent representatives of England and the British colonies), and the continuance of the Carmaux deadlock (which is such an exquisite commentary on Democratic government), there was little that was very noteworthy in Thursday morning's news. The Italian Government had made a long statement of financial and other policy, but it did not come to much when it was sifted down. President KRÜGER had expressed himself in favour of shortening the period of residence after which foreigners acquire political rights in the Transvaal; but whether he said this with one eye on Swaziland the telegrams say not.——Friday contributed nothing of importance.

Congresses, &c. The more serious work of the Church Congress was completed yesterday week with discussions on preaching, on the importance of Christian life as well as Christian doctrine, and on other matters. The Congress came to an end next day with a service in Canterbury Cathedral. The proceedings of the Congregational Union this week at Bradford were enlivened by a visit from the irrepressible Mr. KEIR HARDIE, who bearded the Congregationalists with much vigour till they howled him down. On Thursday the Union, at the instigation of the Reverend Doctor HERBERT EVANS (why is it that more Congregationalist ministers are Doctors than, in proportion, any Church or other sect can show?), pleaded for justice to the Church of England. The Reverend Doctor came, like the Hanoverian lady, "for all the goods" of the Church and all her chattels too; or, in other words, demanded disestablishment *sans phrase* and disendowment to the bare bone.

The Laureateship. The inevitable discussions about Lord TENNYSON'S successor began even before Lord TENNYSON himself was buried. Some Gladstonians are very anxious that the office should be abolished. But it hardly seems a sufficient reason for abolishing an old post, dignified in former times and recently by some of the greatest names of English letters, that a particular party, being in office at a particular time, has only one candidate, and knows him to be utterly unworthy.——Monday's papers were full of pulpit and other expressions about Lord TENNYSON, and of preparations for his funeral in Westminster Abbey, which took place on Wednesday with a great concourse of people, a stately ceremony, the Union Jack as pall, a group of pall-bearers which could hardly have been more distinguished, and the singing, not only of his own perfect "Crossing the Bar," but of some hitherto unpublished verses in the same key. So henceforward shall Poets' Corner more than ever deserve that most delightful of Fullerian conceits, that it is "enough to make passengers' feet move metrically "who go over the place where so much poetical dust "is interred."

The Law Courts. Sir PETER EDLIN was, perhaps, hard upon Mr. SAMUEL BEAN, aged ten, who robbed his mother, in telling him that he was the wickedest little boy that he, Sir PETER, ever saw or had ever heard of. Even in conventional estimation, the amiable young persons of Mr. SAMUEL'S age at Liverpool, not long ago, who drowned a smaller boy for the sake of his clothes, must be deemed to be worse than SAMUEL; and he, moreover, had the recognized excuse implied in "cherchez la femme!" in the person of Miss MABEL PALMER, aged thirteen. There was a certain breadth and generosity, too, in the way in which SAMUEL spent the money upon MABEL and others. Had he locked it up in a box, and spent a few shillings every day on tarts till it was gone, we might have said ditto to Sir PETER.——A court-martial was held at Windsor on Wednesday, in the matter of the late disorder, and one trooper was found guilty of posting an insubordinate placard.——An open verdict was returned on Thursday in the inquest on MARION SHARPE, who poisoned herself at Brompton, the jury, however, taking occasion to clear Dr. HERON'S memory of suspicion.

Racing. The Duke of York Stakes, another big new prize, brought out a very large field at Kempton Park, this day week, and was won by Mr. SMITH'S Miss Dollar. The racing of the first day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting was interesting. Sir Hugo, El Diablo, Dunure, Bumptious, and others ran for the Lowther Stakes, but the Derby winner could not give El Diablo a stone and a pound, and was

beaten by a neck. The Selling Plate gave a dead heat between Detective and Mistral, the first-named winning easily when the heat was run off. In the Clearwell Stakes Perigord just succeeded in giving The Prize three pounds, and getting in by a head. Orme and Orvieto made a match of it for the Champion Stakes, but the three-year-old won without difficulty, and finally La Flêche landed the Newmarket Oaks.

Next day the large field of twenty-eight turned out (in very nasty weather) for the Cesarewitch, which was won by the favourite, Mr. HOBSON'S Burnaby. The PRINCE OF WALES won the Stand Nursery with The Vigil, and Mr. MILNER the Select Stakes with St. Angelo, while, in another big field of twenty, Mr. JENNINGS'S Acrobat secured the Autumn Handicap. There was not much of interest on Thursday except the Middle Park Plate, which was won by Mr. MCCALMONT'S Isinglass.

Miscellaneous. Last week an inquest was held at Oxford on an undergraduate of Christ Church who had committed suicide. This is not the first of its kind recently; and until recently the kind has been very rare. To ask people to think now appears to be considered the most unreasonable of all demands. But if the exercise is not wholly out of fashion, those who are still given to it may, perhaps, observe a certain difference. Once upon a time (that is to say, always till some twenty or thirty years ago) University education was one of those things that did not happen to everybody—that happened, indeed, to very few persons who were not already provided with more or less fair prospects, or who had not shown unusual brains. It was, moreover, till then almost certain that any one who worked tolerably hard would be provided for, at least till he had made a mark in his profession. Circumstances—too many to mention, but principally the "throwing open of the Universities to "the nation," as it is called—have crowded Oxford and Cambridge with "strug-for-lifers," for not more than fifty per cent. of whom, at the most liberal estimate, can there, in any conceivable community, be any career of the kind for which University education fits their powers and educates their tastes. Result—inquests for the more impatient and a slow martyrdom for the others.——Exceedingly bad news of the completion of the harvest were published on Monday, oats being the only cereal of which there was anything cheerful to say.——It was announced on Wednesday morning that the purchase of the *Foudroyant* had been completed, and that she would shortly arrive in England, her upper decks, &c., being replaced, and everything made shipshape, to be stationed in the Thames as a naval museum.——On Wednesday, among the applications for music and dancing licences before the County Council, was one, the effect of which is to turn the extensive building in Shaftesbury Avenue known as the Royal English Opera House from a theatre into a music-hall. The Licensing Committee has since continued the policy of refusing dancing-licences to the East-End "saloons." Let us hope that Ratcliffe Highway and its neighbourhood will be as grateful for the consequences as Piccadilly Circus and *its* neighbourhood are for the closing of the Argyll.——The Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall has been well attended.——The appointment of Canon LUCKOCK, a sound churchman and a learned divine, to the Deanery of Lichfield is a good one.

Correspondence. On Tuesday last Miss COBBE took up the gage flung at her by Professor HORSLEY at the Church Congress, and Mr. EDMONDSTON of Thule informed the public how a couple of ornithological 'Arries had succeeded in defeating his attempt to preserve the great skua. It is a pity that rowdies of this sort cannot be taught manners in the only way they are likely to understand. Mr. HORSLEY replied, still in a great state of indignation, to Miss COBBE on Wednesday, while Mr. LAWSON TAIT, intervening, said agreeable things to his learned brethren who believe in vivisection—a foolish question-begging term, by the way, which makes rational argument almost impossible. A very violent squabble, of which we take fuller notice elsewhere, has been going on about a sort of alleged trade-union among naval officers, for bullying the Admiralty.

Obituary. The heavy obituary of last week was made heavier towards the close of it by the death of Mr. WOOLNER, R.A., a sculptor, especially a medallionist, of great thoroughness and a remarkably poetical conception, no mean artist in verse, and a very genial and amusing companion. No one who came in contact with him could help recognizing his warmth and kindness of heart, the sincerity of his purpose, and the nobleness of his ambition; while those who knew him well found in his talk and manner the marked and unmistakable attraction that West-country folk find in rough cider.——Dr. BICKERSTETH, till recently Dean of Lichfield and long Prolocutor in Convocation, and Mr. RALPH DUTTON, Chairman of the South-Western Railway, were the chief names in the obituary at the beginning of this week.——Of M. XAVIER MARMIER we speak in our French Literature article.

Books, the Theatre, &c. The most interesting book of the week, beyond all question, is Mr. LANG'S "Green" *Fairy Book* (LONGMANS), a complement to his "Red" and "Blue" collection of those things which wise men love and Mr. HOWELLS contemns.——The Covent Garden opera season opened on Monday.

THE LAUREATESHIP.

"WHA is to be oor poet, noo ROBBIE'S deid?" the local idiot of Dumfries inquired, at the funeral of BURNS. The question as to the future Laureate was discussed with unseemly frequency long before the great recent loss of England and of literature. The world has grown accustomed, by the usage of many years, to seeing the laurels in the possession of a great poet, like Lord TENNYSON and like WORDSWORTH, or of a great man of letters who had a lofty poetical ambition, like SOUTHEY. To appoint any one less than these is felt to be a descent, and we forget that, before SCOTT refused the laurels and SOUTHEY took them, they had long been a laughing-stock. It is true that this was but an eighteenth-century interval, and that the seventeenth, like the nineteenth, saw laureates most worthy of the laurel. When SOUTHEY accepted it changes were made in the duties of the laureate; he was no longer to the country what the bellman used to be to the town, and now the laurels are "greener from the brows" of three illustrious wearers. But they have not always been an honourable distinction, and if a new Laureate be appointed, at worst he must be better than many of his predecessors, and can be nothing more discreditable than a fluent mediocrity. He may not be a poet, but he is certain to be an educated man of some taste and cultivation.

To descend on such a person for a time after the author of the "Lotus Eaters," of the "Ode on the Duke of "Wellington," and of the lines on VIRGIL for the Mantuans, is only distressing because we have grown accustomed to associate the laurels with great poets and poetry. But we cannot get poets by longing for them, any more than the local idiot could whistle up a new BURNS. We know, at least, that we have many worthy gentlemen who can turn out verse as prompt and pat as if it were prose. As far as quantity and punctuality go, there is no lack of qualified candidates; there is a

great "wale o' wigs" among our versifiers. Many minor poets can sit down quickly and take their pens and turn out "in a general way anything," like the too ready witness. In *Huckleberry Finn* we meet a rural muse who saluted each local event with her "Tribute." "The neighbours said it was the Doctor "first, then EMMILINE, then the undertaker." It is certain that we have plenty of prompt poetical EMMILINES. Any one of them would, we are sure, be punctual and business-like as a laureate, delivering his orders with promptness and dispatch, and turning out a fairly well-rhymed, well-reasoned article, grammatical, and not too distressing to the critical ear. The real embarrassment lies in the wide dead level field of choice. England, to be sure, has at least one poet, if not two, whose name would not clash incongruous with the names of laureates most renowned. But, equally of course, we have no idea whether the laurels will be offered to one of these, or whether he would accept them if they were. Lovers of poetry would prefer to see a great poet succeeded by a poet; but if this is not to be, we need not feel broken-hearted. There have been infinitely worse laureates than any one who is like to be chosen. The post does not seem very enviable, because, among other reasons, it provokes comparisons. But, like the title of R.A., or like membership of the French Academy, the laureateship, we presume, has a certain value. Innocent people, because poets have been laureates, will infer that a laureate must be a poet. And it would certainly be most absurd to abolish the position because there is a difficulty in getting the right man to fill it at a given moment, or because certain persons have wit enough to be ashamed of their own candidate. The best laureate, alas! must die; the worst, thank Heaven! will. Nor could there be anything more childish than to throw the wreath of JONSON, of DRYDEN, of WORDSWORTH, and of TENNYSON into the dustbin, instead of letting even some new PYE serve as a wig-block to keep it ready for a happier day.

UGANDA.

WITH the announcement of the decision of the Cabinet postponing the evacuation of Uganda, the acceptance of the offer by the British East Africa Company, and the publication of various documents (of which the most important was Captain LUGARD'S letter of this day week), the Uganda question has, or should have, if the British nation retains any good sense and good feeling, entered on a new phase. We would fain hope, if with no extraordinarily sanguine expectation, that it may be possible to lift the discussion altogether out of the party rut. We shall not in this article use or hint at the word "scuttle"; we shall not make any allusion to the antecedents of either party; we shall not contrast the conduct of the late and the present Government in any way; we shall pass no strictures on the behaviour of the Company; and we shall consent for the time, and for the sake of argument, to ignore altogether the possibility of there being a faction, distinct from supporters of the Government in the wide sense, who for ulterior purposes wish that the outlets of British trade should be stopped, that possible spheres for the employment of the Services should be cancelled, and so forth. Let us assume for the moment that all Englishmen are anxious simply for the welfare of England. We think it possible, and more than possible, to show, arguing on this hypothesis, that the gravest of all possible errors will be committed if the territory which extends northwards from the Victoria Nyanza to the banks of the Nile is allowed to pass from under a tolerably close and direct surveillance by British agents, still more if any opening be allowed for the substitution of any other agency for that of Great Britain.

There is one fallacy—produced, we are bound to suppose, in good faith by the advocates of evacuation—which it is necessary to clear out, to begin with. It is said that if we go we shall be in no worse position than we were in a few months ago; that existing agreements reserve Uganda and its neighbourhood to us, and that we can resume possession at any moment. This is, as we have said, a fallacy, though it has the grain of truth and plausibility which is needed to make a fallacy dangerous. There *are* agreements which affect Uganda, and the retirement of the Company would not directly or of necessity vitiate them. But these agreements leave something more than a heel of the position vulnerable, and, what is more, they would not of themselves suffice to keep us in a dog-in-the-manger attitude. They hold good with Germany and Italy—that is to say, they look only to that part of the horizon of Uganda and the neighbouring regions which extends, speaking roughly, from north-east to a little west of south. At the time when they were made, it was apparently not suspected that any danger could come from the rest of the circle. "But," say the advocates of evacuation, "this rest also is covered by the "capitulations as to the frontier of the Congo State and "by the agreement with France." There are two dangerous errors here. The frontiers assigned to the Congo State some years ago were, indeed, definite enough; but they were positive, not negative. It was not definitely agreed that any first-class European Power, having interests outside these limits, could bar the progress of the State beyond them. Indeed, at that time the region between the former Egyptian Province of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Congo itself was one of the few blank spaces on the map; and it was apparently not dreamt at our Foreign Office, or if dreamt was neglected, that perfectly easy access to the neighbourhood of the Nile could be attained by that affluent of the Congo itself which in its lower reaches lies between the territory of the Free State and that of France. Nor did the Anglo-French agreement (whatever its fair and equitable construction of extension might be) directly affect anything that lies east of Lake Tchad. It was, no doubt, a mistake that it did not; and it is more than arguable that constructively it did. But it was not so expressed, and it is undeniable that a complete refusal on our part to take any police duty in the regions of our "sphere" would go far to justify either France or Belgium in taking up the neglected task. So, also, Italy and Germany themselves, despite far more precise agreements, would have the old "house-smoking-through-the-"roof" plea to urge. Suppose the one to have turned—which is not impossible—her protectorate over Abyssinia into a solid fact; suppose the other to have reduced, as she is actively trying to do, the whole of the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, which belongs to her, to peace and quietness. What more legitimate than for either to say, "This "sphere of yours is not validly occupied, is not occu-"pied at all. It is a hindrance to our peaceable and "profitable enjoyment of our own spheres—a danger "to them—a bait to rivals and enemies on the further "sides of it. We cannot be damnified by your laches; "and we must do the best for ourselves"? We can only say that the Power which used this argument would, in our opinion, be justified by every principle and every precedent of international law and comity.

We may now turn to the further question, Would the loss of Uganda and the states or regions which practically go with it be a serious one to England? And here, again, if only prejudices and question-begging terms be dropped, we have no fear of proving the case. There has, perhaps, never been such a consensus of testimony, much of it by no means favourable in sentiment to England, to the commercial poten-

tialities of a region as there is to those of Uganda, Unyoro, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Equatorial Provinces, and the rest of the East-Central Soudan. Rule out the missionaries, rule out "Jingo" travellers, rule out any one you please who can fairly be challenged, and there will be left from impartial sources sufficient evidence to convince the most incredulous, if the most incredulous will only not stop their ears. The greater part of the country is quite free from the worst tropical climate. Much of it is high and healthy. Much of it is excellently suited, not merely for the lazy and wasteful taking of the gifts provided by nature which the tropics usually suggest, but for useful cultivation, for pasturage, for the development of mineral wealth, and so forth. It has a vast population who are perfectly ready to be customers for English goods, as well as a vast surface ready for development by English labour, enterprise, and science. Allow for exaggerations, take note of contradictions, search narrowly between the lines for admissions and slips, and it will be found to be the very best and the very last good region of any considerable range open to European expansion.

To those whom we would chiefly address—that is to say, the unconverted—the purely political side of this part of the question is, no doubt (except that of honour and prestige, which for the present we hold to be forbidden by the terms of our own reference), the hardest to approach, yet even here something may be done. Even they will scarcely maintain that commercial affairs are better conducted under different flags than under the same, or that it is an advantage to have trade routes cut up and barred by rival and jarring tariffs and administrations. Now we have at present secured the rights (be they of possession, of influence, or simply of way) over the entire trade route from Cape Town to Alexandria. We do not suppose that any of those persons with whom we are arguing would leave Egypt, however much they may be anxious for the leaving in itself, without taking measures against the blocking of the ways in that country; and however little enthusiastic they may be about the extensions of the Cape Colony at the other end, we suppose that they would not desire to see the cautery applied to the possibilities of growth in that direction. Now, once again, there is an absolute consensus of all competent authority to the effect that in Uganda, the actual head of the Nile, close to the head of the Congo, and connected by short secured land routes and the two great southern lakes with the Zambesi, lies the heart and key and centre of all such African trade and power as is not confined to the coast States of the extreme North, or the almost independent region of the Niger. Keep a hand on, at any rate keep other hands off, that central point, and all must be well; let go of it, and all must almost certainly be lost. Those who plead for the retention of Uganda do not advocate any costly or elaborate expeditions; they maintain that such expeditions are not necessary; they go so far as to say that, if there is anything on earth that is likely to bring them about in the future, it is the policy of evacuation. They say that a very small expenditure and a little intelligent diplomacy, especially with the making of the railway to the Nyanza, and the establishment of a flotilla on its waters, will amply suffice. And it certainly seems not too much to ask that at least a fair trial should be given to a policy which should be offensive to nobody, and may be of vast benefit to the body politic.

NAVAL GRIEVANCES.

THE waspish letter which appeared in the *Times* of Monday, under the heading of "A Discreditable "Project," will be found, in the long run, to be of material service to the persons whom it is designed to rebuke. It has, indeed, already served to give extended publicity to the fact that naval officers in general are suffering from grievances which even the most hostile critics of the "Discreditable Project" allow to be severe and to call for remedy. This is in itself a distinct gain for the authors of the "project" in question. Much harm may, indeed, be done if the Admiralty and Parliament allow themselves to be animated by the spirit of the author of the letter and, we may add, the writer of some further comments on the subject in the *Times* of Wednesday. At the risk of giving an advantage to stupidity and ill-will, we note that the writer, or writers, in the *Times* have taken exactly the tone used by the authorities towards the very legitimate complaints of the sailors in 1797. The grievances, we are told, are real, and each man may legitimately complain of them for himself. As long as he does no more than this, his conduct is correct. The critics do not add that it is also most convenient to authorities who do not propose to bestir themselves to supply a remedy, since individual complaints can be safely neglected. When, however, men complain together, this is "illegal and in-"subordinate." The "sympathy and generosity" of the country will be "frightened." It will be shocked at discovering that the complainants are not, as was supposed, "the incarnation of discipline, legality, and "patriotism"; so, it is implied, if not expressly stated, the acknowledged grievances shall not be remedied. Now this is in every detail the language of the official people who rejected the absolutely just complaints of the sailors in 1797 as the work of ill-disposed persons, and threw their petitions to the House of Commons into the waste-paper basket, with results which make a lamentable passage in the naval history of this country. It is thoroughly contemptible, pedantic, and dishonest. Moreover, it is habitually found in the mouths of persons who, when discontent refuses to be kept quiet by paper regulations and technicalities, are found ready to give to fear what they would not give to justice, and that with grovelling haste.

Of course, only the stupidity and ill-will to which we have referred will suppose for a moment that we are drawing any comparison between the events of 1797 and the "Discreditable Project." The comparison is between the language of certain directly and indirectly official persons then and now. As regards the project, agitation, or whatever else it is to be called, it is a very simple matter. For some years past naval officers have complained of certain grievances common to them all. It is not denied that these grievances exist, and ought in fairness to be remedied. Yet they have not been touched. In the meantime attention has been paid to the complaints of some classes of officers who have combined to make themselves heard. The citizen and officer (by the way, we should have thought such a martinet as this "officer" would have called himself subject, and not by a name which either conveys the unimportant information that he is member of a City Company or is a cant Americanism)—this citizen and officer indulges, towards the end of his letter, in the ill-bred practice of talking at some unspecified body of officers whose "organized agitation" has extorted "ad-"vantages which neither their utility as a class nor "the individual merits of the majority of them de-"served." Now, without wasting time over the justice or manners of this attack on the officers unnamed, we may simply draw the moral from the recorded facts. On the showing of this critic of the "Discreditable "Project," the Admiralty has yielded to the organized agitation of some officers, while it has persistently neglected the grievances of those who have not agitated. Be it observed, too, that nothing was heard of any offence against the QUEEN'S Regulations and the Naval Discipline Act, on the part of those who did

gain their point. This being so, we are not in the least surprised to hear that many officers have come to the conclusion that combination, for the purpose of stating their grievances, is not an offence against the Articles of War, and that if they want to obtain redress, they would do well to combine. That a technical breach of the regulations has been committed is possible. If so, the officers will doubtless regret it, and amend what is wrong. We do think that Captain ROBINSON has at least gone near to showing too much journalistic enterprise in this matter; but that is a very small thing, which does not in any way affect the justice of the demands of the officers, nor the question whether they are likely to get attention paid to them without some common action. What breach of the regulations there may be is certainly only technical. It is mere scolding to talk of "want of patriotism," or of "illegal and insubordinate means."

Let it, however, be allowed that there have been errors of judgment on the part of various officers afloat and of Captain ROBINSON on shore. In the fallen condition of humanity errors will occur. If officers are doing things which have even a colourable appearance of being illegal and insubordinate, may it not be the case that they have had provocation? Supposing that to be so, it would be wise to inquire into the case after insisting on the immediate dissolution of whatever irregular Committee may be in existence. Nobody, we take it, will propose to get rid of all the so-called insubordinate officers in a body. Neither will it be suggested that the indiscretion of a few officers is to be made an excuse for refusing redress of grievances to the whole navy. This would amount to publicly declaring that the naval service is penal. Now it is not denied by the almost rancorous critics of the "Discreditable Project" that the demands made by the officers are, in the main, reasonable. They are eight in all, which have been published in the *Army and Navy Gazette* and reprinted in the *Times*. They give various forms of the two fundamental demands that the pecuniary position of the officers should be improved and that the terms of service should be made less severe. The list at first drawn up was very properly modified by the omission of the demand that, when a ship is kept on commission for more than three years, the pay of all ranks should be doubled. This is obviously absurd. A ship should not be kept on a foreign station for more than three years in ordinary circumstances, but she must stay if there is need. So must her officers and men, nor have they just ground for making the necessary calls of the service excuse for a claim of increase of pay. But the other demands are some of them manifestly just, and none of them quite unreasonable. As sailors cannot take their families with them as soldiers can, it is fair that they should not be kept abroad for more than three years, as a rule. It is also quite fair that naval officers should be relieved of the present heavy expenses for servants. Whether the request that instruments should be supplied for the band is to be met by concession or by the abolition of that luxury is a question which does not profoundly interest us. Still, if the dignity of HER MAJESTY'S naval service is supposed to require the presence on board of big ships of a certain number of brass instruments, it does seem fair that the officers, who are not commonly men of means in the navy, should be exempted from the burden of providing them. Neither does it appear unreasonable that officers should not be called upon to pay Income-tax. We notice that the officers seem anxious to have it understood that they are not asking for an increase of pay. This anxiety seems to us ill placed, for two reasons. The first is that they are asking for allowances and revisions of rates which amount to the same thing. The second is that the demand would be quite justifiable, at least in the case of the senior lieutenants. A lieutenant of more than twelve years' service in his rank, who must be a man well on for forty, cannot with command money, and other allowance, get four hundred pounds a year. And he is liable to find himself on shore on half-pay, and if he is a married man has, when on active service, to maintain his family on shore and himself at sea. The first-lieutenantship of one of H.M.'s ships is a place of at least as much importance as a head-clerkship in a Government office. Yet a head clerk who does not go abroad, lives with his family, and is not liable to intervals of half-pay, will receive twice as much as the naval officer.

The grievance as to leave is a crying one. Two weeks on full pay for every year of service abroad is the utmost he is allowed—and to that he has no right. As compared with the terms given to army officers, this is harsh treatment, and the demand that the two weeks should be increased to six, and given as a right, is not excessive. It must be remembered that officers cannot retire when they like. It is an unheard-of thing that an army officer should be refused leave to send in his papers, but there have been numerous instances in which the Admiralty has declined to allow lieutenants to resign, even when they were prepared to forfeit their pensions. Of course the Admiralty may take the dry official line. It may reply that officers knew the terms on which they engaged—which is, of course, formally true, though only formally in the case of the boys who enter the *Britannia*. It may, if it likes, adopt the tone of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and the letter will bear it out. But it must be clearly understood that this will be done at the expense of confirming the discontent of the officers and spreading the belief that the naval service is not one in which fair treatment is to be expected. Whether it is worth while to incur this risk for the sake of maintaining official orthodoxy is a question which, in our opinion, only requires to be stated.

HISTORY: HOW SHE IS WROTE.

MR. LECKY has been discoursing to the youth of Birmingham on the true method of writing, or, which amounts to the same thing, of studying, history, and the conclusion at which he practically arrives is that his own method is the true one. His inaugural address, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, was the *rationale* of his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, an apology for his manner of interpreting the course of events. The chief criticism which we have to make upon this theory is that it is in its essential points unhistorical. History was formerly, he says in effect, a branch of poetry; since the eighteenth century it has become mainly a branch of science. The historians of an earlier age essayed to paint pictures; modern historians aim at solving problems. The former endeavoured to glorify, or at least to give life to, the past; the latter to furnish a key to the future. We doubt whether this division of historic methods into chronological periods can be maintained; and we do not feel able to give an unqualified assent to Mr. LECKY'S theory of the functions and purpose of history. THUCYDIDES and TACITUS and MACHIAVELLI flourished before the eighteenth century of our era. Was it their exclusive aim to paint pictures? Were they not bent upon solving problems? MICHELET and CARLYLE and Mr. FROUDE belong to the nineteenth century. Have not they painted pictures?

The study of history obeys the prompting of an eager curiosity; it is inspired by a passion for knowledge, which is as potent in human minds of a certain character as the passion for power, for wealth, and for physical enjoyment. The nature of the curiosity, the points to which it addresses itself, the subjects on

which ignorance is felt as a void painfully aching until it can fill itself with ascertained truth, depends upon the character of individual minds. To some orders of intelligence, the impulse of curiosity, the "want to know, you know," addresses itself to the exterior semblance of the past. Their impulse is to reconstruct it in its image as it lived, to re-edify its buildings, to repeople its streets, to clothe its shadowy personages not only with flesh and blood, but with the toga and tunic, the doublet and hose, of their age and country. To others the prime necessity is to realize the genius and character of the great men who have carried on the affairs of the world, and of the various classes of the community who furnish the moral soil from which these stately growths have sprung, and which they in turn have nourished by their fruit and fertilized by their deciduous foliage. To yet a third class, the unsatisfied craving for knowledge spends itself on the effort to trace the genesis of general ideas and dominating conceptions in a community, their embodiment in laws and institutions, their development and transformation from generation to generation. But the divisions between these orders of minds is not chronological. They are simultaneous. THIERS, GUIZOT, and MICHELET—the pragmatical historian, the philosophic historian, and the picturesque historian—were contemporaries. HALLAM and MACAULAY, CARLYLE and BUCKLE, Mr. FROUDE and Mr. LECKY himself, are instances as conclusive in our own literature. In particular periods a certain method to which the authority of a dominant genius has given vogue may be the mode; but its ascendency will be slight while it lasts, and is essentially precarious.

Mr. LECKY, though he does not absolutely assert, seems inclined to the doctrine which Mr. JOHN MORLEY has set forth, that the only use of the study of the past is to supply us with guidance in the present, and the means of foreseeing and providing for the future. To some minds, we dare say, astronomy is only useful as supplying the conditions of the art of navigation, and chemistry and physiology are but the handmaids of medicine and agriculture. Now, valuable as the teachings of history are, they are not its only value, and they are rather susceptible of interpretation at discretion. Thus MITFORD made the history of Greece a protest against democracy, and GROTE an apology for it. The chief function of history is not directly didactic. It is to fill the mind with living pictures of society, with images of human character, and vicissitudes of fortune, with great ideas and conceptions of social order and progress, enlarging and disciplining it, supplying illustrations rather than premisses for definite conclusions. Interpreted in a pedagogic spirit, history, like the sacred volume, will be the book where each his doctrine seeks, and, at the same time, the book where each his doctrine finds. We do not impute this narrow view to Mr. LECKY, though he occasionally uses language which comes dangerously near the sanctioning it. Like science, history pursued for its own sake will be fertile of unforeseen applications to practice, which the study of it for the sake of those applications will never yield.

IRELAND.

IT is not our business to inquire how far the celebration of the anniversary of Mr. PARNELL'S death was inspired by genuine reverence for the memory of the lost leader, and how far by a desire among those who took part in it to reanimate the popular detestation of those who deserted him. We shall assuredly, however, be safe in saying that the latter motive was at least as powerfully operative upon the bulk of the Parnellites as the former, especially if Mr. J. J. O'KELLY, who was selected to "speak a piece" on the occasion, may be taken as fairly representative of the general views of his party. Mr. O'KELLY, we regret to say, was imperfectly heard, and his oration was not rendered the more audible from the fact that it was read rather than delivered. The earlier portion of his speech suggests the idea that, among the "copious notes" to which he referred so constantly, some fragments of a general discourse in honour of somebody else must have inadvertently slipped in. There seems, at any rate, to be no very striking appropriateness in a description of Mr. PARNELL as "the man who made "the homes of the nation safe and inviolable, giving "to man security for his labour, and to woman security "for her honour." This flight accomplished, however, Mr. O'KELLY appears, we admit, to have got to business with reasonable despatch. "Before Mr. PARNELL'S "time the constitutional power of the Irish people had "been wasted, or used only for the benefit of corrupt "lawyers, who made the backs of the people so many "stepping-stones to place and wealth, with the ap-"proval and blessing of a number of bishops." This, to be sure, is to the point. "Corrupt lawyers" has all the air of being a hit at somebody, and "the blessing "and approval of a number of bishops" also smacks a little of the allusive. So, too, does Mr. O'KELLY'S reference to the hatred which his departed leader brought down upon himself among "a class of shoneen "Irishmen whose only possession in life was the un-"fortunate country which they managed to sell to "every new British Ministry." And, on the whole, it may be said that the tone of the proceedings at Glasnevin Cemetery does not seem quite to justify the complacent reflection of the Gladstonian press, that the two Irish factions have really nothing to fight about, and that there is no reason why they should not kiss and be friends without further delay.

Perhaps, however, these simple-hearted students of the political situation may find the reason they have hitherto failed to discover in an attentive perusal of the resolutions, passed a few days later at the Convention of Delegates from the various branches of the National League, and in the speeches delivered afterwards by the two Messrs. REDMOND and Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR. The resolutions affirmed the adhesion of the Parnellite party to those terms of settlement of the Irish question which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT once described—in a phrase which seems likely to prove no less embarrassing to him than a certain famous observation about "stewing in Parnellite juice" —as constituting a scheme of "Fenian Home Rule." The Convention, that is to say, declared its determination of insisting on the Irish Parliament of the future having "full power to deal with the laws re-"lating to the ownership and occupation of land in "Ireland"; on its possessing absolute "control over "the Constabulary, as well as the appointment of all "judges and magistrates"; and on its being empowered to enact laws which shall be "subject only to "the veto of the Crown or of the representative of the "Crown in Ireland." These, it may be said, are conditions from which the anti-Parnellites have never dared to express dissent; and there should, therefore, be no obstacle to the reunion of the two parties. When, however, we find Mr. JOHN REDMOND reaffirming the resolution of his party to hold aloof from that Government with which their opponents are in, at least, provisional alliance; when Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR proceeds to recall the fact that they had "some of the enemies of Irish "liberty"—meaning, it is to be presumed, the distinguished author of the definition of "Fenian" Home Rule—"in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet"; and when Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND casually remarks that, if any negotiation for the relief of the evicted tenants "would lead "up to a union of their party with the party controlled "by Mr. HEALY, he would fight to the last," it must

be admitted that obstacles begin to declare themselves. It may dawn upon the childlike Gladstonian that there is something more to be considered on the question of a proposed reunion between two quarrelling factions than mere identity of political professions; and that the fact that one of them, in addition to a personal grudge, entertains the deepest possible distrust of the other, is, perhaps, a sufficiently good reason for their not falling at once into each other's arms.

It would be difficult to find a more amusing illustration of the sentiments by which they are mutually animated than is supplied by the incident of Father McDonnell's eviction at the suit of his patriotic landlord, Mr. Vincent Scully. It is seventeen years since this delightfully and typically Irish priest became Mr. Scully's tenant, and it appears that for all but the first few years of that period they have been at loggerheads about the rent. In 1885, after having apparently for some years applied vainly for a reduction, Father McDonnell returned Mr. Scully's Christmas offering of 5*l.* as "too paltry and too shabby" for his acceptance, and three years afterwards treated a similar present from his landlord in the same way. In 1889 the worthy priest wrote to his landlord's agent informing him that "what I and the people require him "to do is but fair and just between man and man—to "act on the principle of arbitration, the principle "proclaimed and sanctioned by our Parliamentary "leaders, and approved by the people at large"; and in the following year the dispute was, in fact, submitted by Mr. Scully to Mr. O'Brien, by whom it was referred to the Archbishop of Cashel. Upon the delivery, however, of the Archbishop's award, it was discovered that Father McDonnell's acceptance of "the principle approved and sanctioned by our "Parliamentary leaders" was of a strictly qualified kind; for, although Mr. Scully was prepared to acquiesce in the decision, his reverend tenant repudiated it as one which had been "given by what is called by "jugglers the feat of legerdemain." He then proceeded, mysteriously enough, to denounce his landlord for having "turned his back" on arbitration, called him "a second Smith-Barry," and, casually remarking that "no parish priest of the archdiocese of Cashel was "ever evicted from his house since the days of Oliver "Cromwell," defied Mr. Scully to do his worst. Mr. Scully, apparently thinking that the Cromwellian precedent was none the worse for its antiquity, upon this evicted him, and is now being violently attacked by the Nationalist Boards, not so much for the eviction as for having "delayed the step "until now, in order that Mr. Morley might be "held up to odium as a priest-hunter." The charm of this characteristically Irish series of incidents is such that no comment could possibly heighten it.

Mr. Morley, however, seems in a fair way to incur another kind of reproach than that of the priest-hunter. His administrative policy is beginning to bear fruit already in two different directions. The repeal of the outstanding proclamations under the Crimes Act has been followed by a revival of Moonlighting outrages in Kerry, where also, "in accordance," as it is stated, "with a promise made a few weeks ago to the Killarney "Town Commissioners by the Chief Secretary," the police establishment is, with admirable timeliness, being reduced. And the announcement of Mr. Morley's intentions with respect to the evicted tenants has made it necessary to serve upwards of a hundred and twenty processes on tenants in the same county who purchased their farms under Lord Ashbourne's Act, but are now declining to pay the annual instalments, in the belief apparently that "under existing circumstances no harsh "measures will be adopted to enforce payment." Mr. Morley is preparing for himself a merry Christmas.

The Silver Question.

Silver, as Mr. Lloyd says in the brief preface to his *Silver Crisis* ("The Statist" Office. 1892), has provided "a problem that is agitating some of the "most important countries of the world." Indirectly, as well as directly, it affects us, and has its permanent, if not always conspicuous, place in the telegrams. Its friends the bimetallists secure it a competent share of the space given to correspondents, who, again, are well supported by the Anglo-Indian detailing his undoubted sorrows. Characteristically enough, the orthodox doctors among us have not come out to fight a regular battle for the true faith. In France some one of them would, long ago, have appeared with a regularly reasoned treatise to confute the heretics. With us the defenders of the faith take a different course. They argue this point and that, here a stroke and there a stroke, given in weekly paper or magazines. Then they publish them in a volume, as Mr. Giffen did, and Mr. Lloyd has done. It is a nice question which is the superior system; for, if the French makes the better volume, the English tells twice.

These papers have already told in the *Statist*. In their collected form they naturally, as Mr. Lloyd himself knows, have the defects which are inseparable from a collection of essays written independently—there are gaps, and the want of hooks and eyes occasionally makes itself felt. Still, their subject gives them unity, and one doctrine is consistently preached throughout. Mr. Lloyd, too, does not relieve his feelings by telling the bimetallist to read Locke, Liverpool, and Adam Smith. He gives a compactly expressed reason why there can be no such thing as bimetallism. You cannot, says Mr. Lloyd, fix the relative value of commodities by law, and therein lies the most effectual answer to the bimetallist. Everybody can see this truth at once when it is stated in simple terms. The bimetallists confuse their readers by keeping to sonorous generalities. The average housekeeper would be revolted if she were asked to do her shopping on the condition that the shopkeeper could give a yard of thirty-six, or a yard of thirty-two, inches for a half-crown, at his discretion. She would insist on getting her thirty-six inches, though she would, perhaps, allow the shopkeeper to call it a yard and four inches. The usual bimetallist maintains that it is possible to compel the shopkeeper to sell his thirty-six inches for thirty pence or for twenty-eight, which is essentially as ridiculous a proposition as the other. He would die, of course, before confessing that the case is as simple as this; but his martyrdom would not alter the fact.

Mr. Lloyd follows the silver question from the United States to India. He proves (we do not expect the bimetallist to agree with us, of course) that the persistence of the silver question is due to the irrational efforts of the United States to give an artificial value to the metal. If the great Republic could only have acted on the excellent rule contained in the Scotch proverb—"better a finger aff than aye wagging"—the market would have reached a stable condition long ago. Silver would have fallen to the bed rock—to its natural price, in fact, as fixed by the cost of production and the demand of the market. The efforts of the Union to resist the law of gravitation have only resulted in lumbering its treasury with masses of coined silver which it cannot force into circulation, and in bringing it into danger of a serious financial crisis. As for India, Mr. Lloyd asks the famous question whether we cannot leave it alone, and answers that we must, under penalties. His demonstration that any success we might attain to in raising the value of the metal in India would produce a corresponding disturbance in the

Chinese trade, by which we should lose all we had appeared to gain, is convincing. We do not wholly follow Mr. LLOYD when he says that, if somebody must suffer by the depreciation of silver in India, it had better be the Europeans than the natives. If we are to understand by this that the choice is between allowing the Europeans to suffer or making experiments in currency which would produce disturbances in all the relations of business in India, he is, of course, right. The results of this latter policy would, of course, react on the Europeans themselves. But the choice is not so limited as this. Since it is for the good of India that things should take their natural course, it is surely just enough that the Europeans who draw fixed salaries, and cannot make a fresh bargain, should be compensated for the loss suffered in exchange between silver and gold currency.

CAN COUNTIES "DOP"?

IT is impossible, in view of a recently published correspondence between the North Wales Property Defence Association and Mr. GLADSTONE, to help asking oneself the question which stands at the head of this article. Nevertheless, we would not have our readers to suppose that we are in any doubt about the answer. Indeed, the sentence itself, for all its interrogative form, is not so much a question as a mere *cri du cœur*. Counties cannot "dop." We know it. Everybody knows it; and Mr. GLADSTONE better than any one else (except, perhaps, Mr. THOMAS ELLIS) when he made that memorable speech of his at the foot of Snowdon. For, if dopping had been a thing by any possibility to be expected from a county, it seems certain that Mr. GLADSTONE, acting upon those admonitions with which Professor STUART has inscribed the mindful tablets of his heart, would have gone slow. He would not have said that "in Wales there were "actually four counties in which during that period of "distress the rents, so far from being reduced 24 per "cent., so far from being reduced 7 per cent., were actu-"ally raised." Or, if he had said so, he would not have ventured to fence with the Secretary of the North Wales Property Defence Association when that gentleman applied to him for further and better particulars, for fear that the aspersed counties of that half of the Principality should have sternly brought him to book.

It is, indeed, easy to see from the correspondence how secure Mr. GLADSTONE feels himself from the risk of receiving a lawyer's letter. To Mr. OWEN'S first communication, enclosing a report of the above-quoted remark, and asking to be favoured with the authority on which it was made, Mr. GLADSTONE replied through his private secretary that "the figures on which "he based his recent statements with regard to the "reduction of rent in Wales were obtained from "the late Chancellor of the Exchequer." Thereupon Mr. OWEN again wrote asking Mr. GLADSTONE "either to specify by name the three counties "left unnamed," or—what, he added, would be quite sufficient for the purpose—to say that "the said three "counties are not in North Wales." To this Mr. GLADSTONE'S private secretary sent a reply which we venture to think will take high rank, short as it is, in Gladstonian epistolary literature. His chief, Mr. SPENCER LYTTELTON wrote, "would rather not trust "his memory, and would advise your asking for the "figures. If you will tell him what you would wish, "he will see whether they can be given." Translated into ordinary human speech, the answer amounts to this:—"You ask me for specific details of a general "accusation. I should prefer your asking me for the "evidence on which it was founded; and if, therefore, "you will kindly find out for yourself what that evi-"dence was, and apply to me for its production, "I will see whether you can have it or not. In the "meantime, kindly inform me whether you wish you "may get it." Matter-of-fact Mr. OWEN did upon this inform Mr. SPENCER LYTTELTON that he wished he might get it. He wrote on the 30th of September "making a respectful request that he might be "favoured with the loan of the document from which "Mr. GLADSTONE quoted his figures, in order that "he might make a copy of it." To this no answer; and to another letter in the same terms a week later no answer; and to yet another letter of even later date, addressed in this instance to Mr. GLADSTONE direct, no answer. The rest, in fact, is silence, and we cannot help reflecting how different, if counties were colonels, would or might have been the issue of the correspondence. But unfortunately they are not. They have solicitors, it is true, who may be said to represent them in their comitatual capacity; but these county officials cannot "dop" in their names. Nor can the landlords of the North Welsh counties indicated, or glanced at, combine to consult a solicitor, and to threaten Mr. GLADSTONE with legal proceedings for having slandered them in their character of landlords. So there is, unhappily, no chance of the faithful Gladstonian being again edified by a flurried letter from his revered leader, informing some menacing firm of legal correspondents that he never said the gun was loaded—or, in other words, that, though he stated that Welsh rents were raised during the period of distress, he did not for a moment mean to suggest that the landlords required them to be paid.

TIMBUCTOO.

THE habit of accurate quotation of verse is one of the rarest virtues in writers and speakers, even when the most familiar poets and the most accessible of books are referred to. It is not strange, therefore, that there should be no agreement among the correspondents who have been showing a lively interest in the famous quatrain about the missionary and the cassowary, "On the plains of Timbuctoo." There are almost as many disputants as to the authorship of this amusing jingle-jangle as there are various readings. Did Mr. THACKERAY write it? Or was Bishop WILBERFORCE, or BARHAM, the author? We shall probably never know. There seems to have been a scattering of the poppy of oblivion in the matter. But a large number of persons, knowing nothing of the author, are very well convinced as to what he wrote. Mr. HUXLEY gives one version, Sir GEORGE GROVE gives another, Mr. W. GREENWOOD another, and so on. But all differ, and some to an incredible extent. Then comes the cautious correspondent, the man who waits until the crop of errors is ripe for the withering, who declares that all the readings are incorrect, save his. And this, too, proves incorrect, according to the version we hold, which runs thus:—

> Would I were a cassowary
> On the plains of Timbuctoo!
> I would eat a missionary,
> Hat and coat and hymn-book, too.

Here, it may be noted, metre and rhythm are perfect, which is more than can be said for some of the other versions. Then the "h" and "c" of "hat" and "coat," corresponding in sound with the initial and final of "hymn-book," supply a pretty alliterative aid. Mr. HUXLEY'S version gives "Cassock, bands, and "hymn-book, too," which, we fear, may be interpreted in some quarters as showing animus. Missionaries do not generally wear cassock and bands, by the way. Sir GEORGE GROVE'S reading is in a different metre, and the third line—

> I'd soon devour that missionary—

obviously refers to some particular missionary, whose obnoxious features have been portrayed in a previous stanza. We do not despair of the recovery of that stanza, and possibly may arrive at the identification of that missionary. But is it not strange that a quatrain so attractive, so simple, so exquisite in music and sentiment, should have become so corrupt? Everybody knows it, for everybody has heard it; and once heard it is not to be forgotten. More retentive verses than these it were difficult to conceive. Yet the text has become hopelessly "varied," and it is literally the "rhymes" only that remain undisputed.

MR. LABOUCHERE ON FOREIGN POLICY.

"HAPPY," begins Mr. LABOUCHERE in the *North American Review*, "is the nation that has "no foreign policy." This is like saying, "Happy is the "man who has no lightning-conductor, no life-belt, no "spectacles, and no umbrella!" Such an ejaculation, not to be nonsense too rank even for the intellectual swallow of the Radical, must mean—can only mean—that that man is happy who is now, and ever shall be, exempt from the dangers, drawbacks, and discomforts against which these appliances are designed to provide; whose house is predestinately safe from the thunderstorm, and his life from the sea; whose eyesight will never fail him, and who is miraculously assured against the possibility of ever being caught in a shower. Happy, in other words, is the man who needs none of these protections; and Mr. LABOUCHERE may, of course, say that all he himself meant was, Happy the nation which, like that whose public he is addressing, has no foreign policy because it needs none. But, though he might easily enough give the form of sense to his proposition in this way, he would be yet a long way from ridding it of the essential foolishness of its matter. For it is perfectly plain to any one who is accustomed to follow the workings of the modern Radical mind that Mr. LABOUCHERE starts from the assumption that to be without a foreign policy is a good thing in itself, and then resolutely proceeds to pervert, deny, or ignore any fact, either of politics or of human nature, which makes for the conclusion that whether to have a foreign policy be a curse or a blessing, it is for this country a simple necessity.

The process is a very familiar one, though Mr. LABOUCHERE goes through it with a funny air of profundity and self-importance as who should suppose himself to be its inventor. It would be so economical to do without a foreign policy; it would leave the country, so long as other nations permitted it to exist, with such a heap of money to spend on fads; it would be so exasperating to the Tories to tread on their traditional principles, and to cut them off from that form of national service which they have practically monopolized and won distinction in for a hundred years; it would leave Radicalism with so absolutely free a hand for mischief at home, and with such undistracted leisure for turning all the institutions upside down; in short, the advantages which would accrue to the Radical (who is the People, none other being genuine) from dispensing with a foreign policy are so obvious, and would be so overwhelming, that, in the nature of things, there ought not to be, and anyhow there must not and shall not be, any need for a foreign policy at all. Let us, therefore, set to work to caricature the history of the past, and to distort the circumstances of the present; let us misread English statesmanship from the date of the war with revolutionary France down to the day of the occupation of anarchic Egypt, and malign every English statesman who has saved the life of the nation or upheld its honour, from PITT down to Lord SALISBURY, that so it may be demonstrated that our foreign policy for a century past has been either the insane pursuit of disastrous illusions or the deliberate promotion of sordid party ends. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S exercise on this agreeable and inspiring theme in the American periodical above mentioned is neither better nor worse, neither wiser nor foolisher, neither fairer nor more unfair, than scores of others that have preceded it at various periods since the rise of the New Radicalism. But it is more readable than most of them, and it is likely for some reasons to be more mischievous than any. For foreign critics, and especially French critics interested in the question of Egypt, will, of course, be apt to believe that, though Mr. LABOUCHERE'S views are not, perhaps, dominant in the Cabinet—from which, although not at all in consequence of these views, he has been excluded—they are more or less influentially represented therein, and under easily conceivable contingencies might, in fact, prevail. And it has at least to be admitted that this belief of the French critic is not so very wide of the mark.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD TENNYSON.

THE funeral of Lord TENNYSON was in some respects like most occasions on which large numbers of human beings are collected together. It may be that the Abbey authorities and the police thought the usual tendency of all crowds to become mobs would be controlled by the nature of the ceremony and the character of the congregation which might be expected to assemble. If so, their confidence was by no means justified. The sightseer element was very conspicuously present, and behaved as it is wont to do in all crushes. Men pushed, women fought, elbowed, and twisted their way in as they might have done at the door of a pit. There were some, chiefly women, who on common occasions could probably behave as well as dress and look like ladies, who endeavoured to fight their way into reserve seats without tickets, or contributed to produce confusion and try the admirable patience of the police on duty by neglecting to inform themselves in time of the difference between the West cloister and the South transept. It was perhaps inevitable, but it was certainly incongruous, that the "gentlemen of the Press" should be seen within a few feet of the grave, sketching or making notes, with no deliberate irreverence certainly, but with very businesslike secular activity, while the Dean was reading the prayers of the Church, and the choir was singing Bishop HEBER'S hymn. Such disagreeable details as these must, we fear, be accepted as inevitable. Neither were they so manifest as to spoil the effect of a very dignified ceremony. A great congregation, including some of the foremost of living Englishmen, was assembled. The beautiful Burial Service of the Church was enriched by the chanting of Lord TENNYSON'S own "Crossing the Bar" and "The Silent "Voices," set to music which had the merit of allowing the words to be fully heard. In spite of the unseemly conduct of some who came to stare, and to boast that they had been present, Lord TENNYSON was buried in his appropriate resting-place in a manner not unworthy of the nation which was honoured by his genius.

THOMAS WOOLNER.

AT any other moment than the present the disappearance from the world of art and letters of so remarkable a figure as Mr. Woolner would have attracted much remark. As time goes on his presence will be missed more than it well can be during the mourning for Lord Tennyson, although it was greatly missed at the Abbey on Wednesday. It cannot be said that Mr. Woolner carried off a unani-

mously voted palm with the work of his life. Some ill-natured persons used to declare that poets admired his sculpture and sculptors were amazed that he wrote poetry. The suggestion was unfair; but there was a grain of truth behind the jest. Not fully as a sculptor and still less as a poet did Mr. Woolner fulfil his promise; but very young critics scarcely remember how admirable that promise was. The want of familiarity with Mr. Woolner's early productions of both kinds which has been shown in the various obituary notices of him this week goes far to exemplify the short memory of the press. Mr. Woolner, who was born at the close of 1825, made his first mark before he was eighteen with a "Puck" which, in the then dead condition of sculpture at the close of the Chantreyan age, seemed quite a portent. It was a little group, with a great deal of landscape about it—a broad fungus, ferns, flowers, and rotten leaves, which were being drawn under by worms, all minutely designed. It was much talked about, although not sold, and among its admirers was the young and already successful poet Tennyson. After some years Mr. Woolner did fall in with the pre-Raphaelites, and was accepted as their sculptor. In 1850 he appeared in a new light, as a contributor of poetry to *The Germ*. Then he went to Australia, and it was not until his return in 1856 that he began to be famous. The next twenty years were his blossoming period.

In his early productions, and especially in his beautiful imaginative relievos, it was easy to see, what younger critics often question, that Mr. Woolner possessed qualities which naturally drew him to Rossetti and to Mr. Holman Hunt. In those early days he seemed to love detail for its own sake, to be tempted to overcrowd his compositions with the picturesque, and to resist the conventional forms in fashion. He ought thirty years later to have sympathized with the new school in sculpture, but by that time his early enthusiasm had worn itself out. At the very moment when sculpture was craving more truth of modelling, more vivacity, more individual a touch, Mr. Woolner announced that sublimity was only to be secured by smoothness, and produced busts which looked as though they had been made in some soft substance and subjected to heat. For the time—and perhaps only for the time—not a few even of the works which were unveiled twenty years ago with infinite gratulation seem questionable to their old admirers. But we ought to go further back, and among the earlier busts and reliefs of Woolner (for his statues were less fortunate) many will be found which must always preserve their charm. His "Virgilia" has a grace which is worthy to be called Shakspearian; he who visits the diploma gallery of the Royal Academy will find there few better compositions than his "Pallas and Achilles." Unlike Flaxman, Mr. Woolner was an indifferent modeller, but a very accomplished carver. He was an exceedingly skilful and imaginative artist, who was chiefly lacking in suppleness of temper.

As a poet Mr. Woolner made several appearances, and never without a certain success. It was not until 1863 that he came forward first with a book, several numbers of which had been admired in *The Germ*. To this volume he gave the extremely felicitous title of *My Beautiful Lady*, and he sold three substantial editions. It seemed at the time as though Mr. Woolner were about to take his place among the leading poets of the age; but *My Beautiful Lady* has not been reprinted until this very week since 1865, and is no longer familiar to the reading public. It is a tragic story of love told in eighteen lyrical or idyllic divisions, and in an almost equal number of measures. Of the latter some were fantastic, like those of Donne and his followers, but all were employed by a skilful hand. There was nothing of the amateur about Mr. Woolner's versification. What was wanted was a certain definiteness of style. All was graceful and polished, nothing was eminently fine. "To call My Lady where she stood," and portions of "I love My Lady," will probably live in anthologies of the nineteenth century. In 1881 and in 1884 Mr. Woolner came forward again with a *Pygmalion* and a shorter *Silenus*, blank-verse studies of merit, but somewhat cold and marmoreal in their severity. A man of great force of character, who was widely known and respected, he will probably fill no small place in the memoirs of the century. His presence was leonine and his speech Landorian, and few men of his generation had a greater fund of talk or a more telling delivery. He had, at one time or another, been the friend of almost every artist or writer of his age.

A BLIND MARSUPIAL.

THE animal kingdom in Australia is a study of perennial interest. The fish are wonderful enough, especially those which seem able to live without water. As for

> The strange bright birds on their starry wings,

their number is inexhaustible. The parrakeets alone in the Melbourne market on a fine Saturday are worth going all the way to see. So are the birds in the Zoological Gardens at Adelaide, where species never likely to be brought to this country will be found. An excellent and extensive collection of skins is in the Museum. Here, too, the astonished traveller sees the Ornithorhynchus, with its pouch and an egg in the pouch. In the Museum or in the Gardens the visitor could spend many days, comparing one by one all the extraordinary forms of pouched animals with the similar examples of his native land. There is no pouched cow, but it cannot, geologically speaking, be long since a graminivorous marsupial of about the same size ranged the bush. They call it now Nototherium; but, big as it was, another was still bigger, and must have been like an elephant in many ways. This was the magnified wombat, to the skeleton of which in the Cromwell Road we see appended the comparatively brief name of Diprotodont. It really seems sometimes as if the smaller the animal the longer its name. The *Ornithorhynchus anatinus* is only a few inches long. As to the size of the latest discovery among the marsupials we have so far no information. He may be as big as the Diprotodont, or no larger than the Duckbill; but on this head Dr. Stirling, who alone has described him, preserves strict silence—why no one can tell.

It was reported a little time ago in some of our newspapers that during Lord Kintore's journey across the island—Australians say the continent—from the northern territory, which belongs to South Australia, to Adelaide, a very singular marsupial was discovered. There was very little more about it, and a fully detailed account has been looked for with interest. That account is to be found in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of South Australia. Dr. Stirling, who accompanied the Governor in his long ride, is no doubt an excellent naturalist, and has spared no pains in dissecting the strange animal and counting all its teeth and bones; but Dr. Stirling tells his story somehow as if it did not interest him, and was not likely to interest anybody else. His style, moreover, "leaves to desire," and his meaning is sometimes not very clear. For this and other reasons it must be that the discovery has excited so little notice here. As was remarked above, we are not informed whether the creature is larger or smaller than the Diprotodont; but from the length of its name we are forced to think it is very small. Dr. Stirling calls it *Notoryctes typhlops*, and proposed at first to call it something nearly as long again, but found he was forestalled, as some presumably still smaller animal already bore that appellation. Dr. Stirling, having named his beast, proceeds to tell us how he encountered him. It seems that he was first observed by a Mr. Bishop at a place almost in the centre of Australia called Idracowra. Subsequently another gentleman, Mr. Benham, forwarded a specimen to Adelaide, where it was received by the learned with much curiosity. Finally, Dr. Stirling, in company with Lord Kintore, passed near Idracowra—how near we do not know; but five or six hundred miles is near in Australia—and Mr. Benham brought a specimen or two to meet him, and, what is almost as important, brought also a description of one which lived a measurable time in captivity, but appears to have died of fright in a thunderstorm. Furthermore, there was an account of one which burrowed its way underground with such rapidity as to elude the most instant and careful search. Lastly, the native name was acquired, *Oor-quámata*, and the fact that the creature is regarded by the blacks with superstitious awe.

It is well known, of course, that, besides the marsupials with which we are best acquainted, such as the kangaroos and wallabies, Australia boasts of animals which resemble squirrels—some of them very closely; of others which are, both in appearance and morals, very like wolves, but striped like tigers; of bears, which have acquired such a character that they are locally known as d—ls. Other queer forms there be, but the Notoryctes surpasses them all, for he is a marsupial mole. One reason he has not been discovered

sooner is that during the greater part of his life he is underground. And this fact also accounts for the most extraordinary feature described by Dr. Stirling, who mentions it quite incidentally, and as if it is not the most wonderful feature among all the wonderful features of the Australian marsupials. It is absolutely blind. "Nature, when she made the face, forgot to dot the eyes." Rudimentary eyeballs may be found, as in the Adelsberg Proteus, by dissection, but they are unconnected with the optic nerve, which also exists in a rudimentary stage. No other quadruped is known to possess this peculiarity. Otherwise Notoryctes somewhat resembles a mole; but his hair is longer, and sandy in colour—a fact which Mr. Beddard may work into the next edition of his book on the colours of animals. There is one thing more to be noted about the sand-mole. We have spoken of it as a marsupial. If any one looks at a kangaroo, he can see that the pouch is in front, and, especially when it is occupied, hangs well, and rather loosely, open. Now, if we could imagine that it was the habit of the kangaroo to discard the use of legs, to go about upon that part of its person where the pouch is found, and to use its nose for burrowing into loose sand-heaps, it does not require much imagination to show that the pouch must always be scraping up sand, to the great inconvenience of the occupant; but the pouch of the Notoryctes is turned the other way up. The parent mole may scrape along as it pleases, with its horny nose and its digging claws, through all its sandy burrows, and not a grain need enter the pouch. We must hope, before long, to have better accounts, and possibly a specimen or two, of this singular animal.

COMIC OPERA.

THEATRICAL fashions come and go. At one time there is a run on one class of play, and then it becomes temporarily extinct to give place to another variety. At the present time comic opera is in the ascendent, for a few days since more than a fourth of the whole number of London theatres which were then open were offering this species of entertainment. Nineteen houses had resumed or were continuing their business, and at five of them comic opera was being given; first and foremost, *Haddon Hall* at the Savoy, *Incognita* at the Lyric, *The Wedding Eve* at the new Trafalgar Square, *Cigarette* at the Shaftesbury, and *The Baroness* at the Royalty. This week the Prince of Wales's will open with a sixth, *In Town*, postponed from last week; and as Gaiety burlesque in its saner moments has no little affinity to comic opera, it will be seen that this kind of composition is specially in vogue just now, for it must not be forgotten how many other recognized forms of dramatic work there are, from tragedy to burlesque, passing through the intermediate classes of drama, melodrama, play, historical or otherwise, comedy proper, comedy farcical, farce pure and simple, and extravaganza of various descriptions. The attractiveness of comic opera is, however, comprehensible enough when it is good of its sort, when the music is pretty, scored with taste, and not too full of reminiscences; when the story is not too old, or too vulgar, or too stupid; when there is at least a little wit or humour in the dialogue; when the lovers are agreeable and the monarch—for in comic opera an eccentric monarch is as essential as a villain to a melodrama—droll in some comparatively novel way.

These requirements are very fairly fulfilled by *Incognita* at the Lyric. M. Lecocq is a musician, and not merely a composer of comic opera; a distinction which will be understood by those who have heard—in some cases endured would be the better term—works of the kind during a series of years. At the same time, it must be observed that there is confession that M. Lecocq's score of *La Main et le Cœur*, from which *Incognita* is adapted, is not among his best, in the fact that the original has been supplemented by other hands. What is left is bright and melodious; and the same may generally be said for what has been substituted. *Incognita* is interesting because it brings to the front a young composer of whom we had hitherto heard little, Mr. Herbert Bunning, who is reported to have exchanged a military for a musical career. He conducts in a manner which shows his perfect competency for the task, and he has also written several numbers which, if not remarkable when judged, for example, by the side of Sir Arthur Sullivan's writing for Savoy opera, are none of them without a certain degree of merit. The most elaborate of his pieces is a prelude to the third act. Since Signor Mascagni's almost too popular *intermezzo* to the *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *intermezzi* have become the rage. Perhaps Mr. Bunning would not have tried his hand had not Signor Mascagni led the way; the result, however, is quite sufficient to show that Mr. Bunning has both gifts and accomplishments for the profession he has adopted. This prelude is, indeed, no more appropriate to comic opera than is the tragic *intermezzo* in *L'Amico Fritz* to that purely pastoral story; but it has musicianly qualities. "Yvolde"—as another English composer, whose name is becoming favourably known, chooses to call himself—also contributes some graceful dance music.

As for the story of *Incognita*, which Mr. Burnand has dealt with cleverly, it will serve. Mr. Monkhouse is the eccentric monarch, King of North Portugal, who wishes his daughter Micaela to marry Gaetan, son of the King of South Portugal; and the story describes how Gaetan, having fallen in love with a peasant girl—in reality the Princess herself disguised—will not even look at the bride which the wisdom of councillors has designed for him. This is the whole plot; but what is far worse than too slight a plot in a comic opera is one that is too intricate, and so *Incognita* falls short in the right direction. A Miss Sedohr Rhodes, who has been much talked about, appears as Micaela, sings as well as her limited vocal means will allow, and in other respects shows capacity for the stage. Miss Aïda Jenoure, who made a very successful London *début* in *The Mountebanks*, is here pleasantly employed as Josefa, the Princess's confidant. Mr. John Child sings with a lusty tenor voice as Josefa's lover, but his general style is too heavy for light opera. Mr. Wallace Brownlow, who comes near to having a good baritone voice, fills the part of the Prince with some distinction. Altogether the piece, with its bright dresses and dances, constitutes a decidedly agreeable entertainment.

Of the Royalty opera, *The Baroness*, written and composed by Mr. Cotsford Dick, quite as much cannot be said. Some of Mr. Dick's music is tuneful, but he has probably found out that there is a difference between writing songs and pianoforte pieces and composing the score of an opera, even a light comic one. We do not want to be harsh, however, and do want to be just, so that we must admit that, ambitious as his finales are in comparison with the work by which he has hitherto been known, there is much in them that is creditable.

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Monday the *Times* published a final Report on the condition of the crops in Great Britain. But, although it is called "final," it is to be recollected that the harvest is about three weeks late, and that on the 1st of this month, when the returns were made up, there was yet very much to be done. For instance, we are told that there is still a good deal of corn out in Herefordshire, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, while in Northumberland, the North Riding of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Durham, and Cumberland, there are wide breadths still to be cut, and much remains to be done both in Scotland and Wales. As, unfortunately, the weather has been very unfavourable since the beginning of the month, it is only too probable that even the *Times'* estimate, bad as it is, takes too good a view. The wheat crop is one of the worst of the century—certainly the worst of the present generation, with the exception, perhaps, of 1879. Taking 100 as representing an average crop, on the 1st of October throughout Great Britain, the *Times* reports the condition to have been no better than 82·7. The crop, therefore, was about $17\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. under average. In several important districts matters are far worse. Thus, we are told that some of the reports from Bedfordshire are to the effect that it is the worst harvest for years. From Bucks comes the statement, "worst ever known, many yielding only 10 bushels to the acre"; from Cambridgeshire, "yield half an average"; from Cumberland, "crops terribly damaged"; Derby, "some wheat looks as if it will never ripen"; from Devon, "small inferior grain"; and from Essex, "quality very poor, a large percentage sprouted." Although, then, if we take the

whole of Great Britain, the crop is about 82¾ per cent. of an average, in many important districts it is far worse—in some not better than half an average, and in others even lower still. Bearing in mind that wheat is excessively cheap, the outlook for our farmers is certainly gloomy. Potatoes, too, are a bad crop. They have suffered widely from disease, and also from frost. The average condition is reported as 95¼. And beans likewise are bad, only 80·9. Barley is still the best of our grain crops, though it fell off somewhat in September, the condition being represented by 97. Oats, likewise, are fairly good, the condition being 93. Altogether, then, it will be seen that the cereal crops are unfavourable, that some are decidedly bad, and that in important districts wheat may almost be described as an actual failure. Prices, too, are very low, and the quality nowhere is good. Even barley, which promised so well, has suffered much in quality, so that a large proportion which was expected to be fit for malting will not now be so. Bearing in mind that the hay crop was exceedingly bad, it is evident that British farming has suffered seriously this year. Even the root crops are not very good, though they improved during September. The general population will not suffer much. We grow at home only a small proportion of our food, and prices, therefore, have not been seriously affected by the badness of the harvest, nor is it likely that there will be much advance, at all events for some months, for the yield is generally good all over the world, Russia being the most important exception. But the losses of our farmers must tell not only upon the agricultural labourers, but also upon the landowners. Every one interested in land will have less to spend, and it follows necessarily that, as agriculture is still our greatest single industry, its depression must have a bad effect upon trade. Up to the present the home trade has kept wonderfully good, having been little depressed by the great crisis through which the world is passing. But, as the agricultural classes will now be unable to buy as freely as usual from the towns, it is almost inevitable that the home trade must suffer. No doubt, the farmers of foreign countries will buy more freely from us in return for our purchases from them. But all the great countries from which we receive food have been affected more or less by the crisis, and are now suffering from the depreciation of silver, while the McKinley Tariff is also unfavourable to our trade. Upon the whole, then, it is to be feared that the bad harvest will intensify the trade depression.

The stoppage of gold exports from the United States and the rise in the value of money in New York, together with the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Egypt, are at length beginning to tell upon the money market. There has not yet, however, been as much rise as might have been expected, for it seems probable that before the year is out the withdrawals of gold will become considerable.

The silver market has been very firm during the week, and the price rose on Thursday to 38¾*d.* per ounce. But the advance is purely speculative, and it is only too probable that there will be another sharp fall before long.

In the Stock Exchange there has been much more business doing than for a long time past. South American securities especially are coming into popular favour. The Chilian Government has concluded arrangements with Messrs. Rothschild for a loan in gold of 1,800,000*l.*, to bear 5 per cent. interest, the issue price being 95. The loan is intended to pay off a floating debt incurred by President Balmaceda during the civil war, and recognized by the new Government, the object being to withdraw inconvertible paper, and so raise the value of the notes. The policy is, no doubt, wise; but it is to be borne in mind, firstly, that the loan will be followed by the export of a considerable amount of gold to Chili, which will tell upon our own money market; and, secondly, that the resources of Chili have been wasted by the civil war, and that a long time must elapse before the country will thoroughly recover. It is to be hoped, therefore, that British investors will not be too eager in their purchases of Chilian securities. Brazilian securities, too, have also been dealt in largely. We can see no good reason for the buying. Ever since the overthrow of the Empire the Republican Government has been carrying out a reckless and wasteful policy. It has given concessions of all kinds with a lavish hand. It has increased seriously the already too large guarantees to industrial Companies, and it has allowed banks to issue paper altogether beyond the requirements of the country. As a natural consequence there has been a wild speculation, and it is inevitable that Brazil must continue to suffer for years to come. No doubt the country has great resources; but, unless caution is observed, there will be losses in Brazil, not, of course, as great as those incurred in Argentina, but still serious. More unwise still has been the speculation that has grown up in Argentine securities. It is quite true that the new President is now installed, that the Provisional Government is at an end, that very soon it may be expected that negotiations for a settlement of the debt will be begun, that the crisis has compelled a large migration from the towns to the country, that production has increased, and that gradually the Republic is recovering from the crisis. There appears to be good ground for believing that the worst is over, and that especially industrial Companies, such as railways, will now make larger profits. But, even in industrial securities, the speculation of the week has been reckless. So great a rise is not justified, and it is only too probable that there will be a fall by-and-bye. As for the Government securities, no wise man will buy them eagerly. It is certain that the debt is too large, and that there must be an arrangement to reduce the interest. How great the reduction will be, what preference will be given to this or that loan, how the provisional debts and the Cedulas will be dealt with, nobody knows. Buying without knowledge at present quotations is mere gambling, and cannot end well, if there is not more judgment shown than there has been this week. The United States railway department has also been firm; but business has not been very active, on account of the Columbus fêtes in the United States. It looks, however, as if the great operators in New York were preparing for another attempt to put up prices. It is to be hoped that British investors will not follow them blindly. In the inter-Bourse market, the most remarkable movement has been a rise in Portuguese bonds to over 26. Nothing is known to justify a recovery. Portugal is admittedly bankrupt, and offers to pay no more than 1 per cent. upon its debt. To the ordinary mind, 26 for a 1 per cent. stock of a bankrupt Government seems an extravagant price. In Spanish securities there have been ups and downs. The great bankers in Paris are doing all in their power to support the market, but at the same time it is becoming clear, even to superficial observers, that the Bank of Spain cannot much longer go on lending to the Government. The great French bankers know very well what they are about, and we would earnestly advise British investors to leave the market to them; if they do not, they will have cause to repent. Russian securities likewise have been well supported, although for the first half of the current year the receipts fell off nearly three-quarters of a million sterling, and the expenditure increased about nine millions sterling.

There has been less movement during the week in high-class securities than in speculative, but the first have likewise risen. Consols closed on Thursday at 97¼, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ⅛. Canadian Three and a Halfs closed at 105¾, a rise of ¾; New South Wales Three and a Halfs closed at 95¾, a rise of 1; and New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at 96½, a rise of 1¼. Home Railway stocks show little change, the most important being in Midland, which closed on Thursday at 157¼, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1⅜. In the American department, again, the changes are not very considerable. Illinois Central closed at 101½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Louisville and Nashville shares closed at 71½, a rise of 1½; and Milwaukee closed at 81⅝, a rise of ⅞. But in Central and South American securities there has been a large business, and a rapid advance. To begin with Argentine railways, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed on Thursday at 131–3, a rise of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday; Argentine Great Western Debentures closed at 56–8, a rise of 4; Central Argentine closed at 74, a rise of 5½; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 80–2, a rise of as much as 9. Turning next to the Government loans, we find the Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 70¾, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 4½; and there was a similar rise in Funding, which closed at 65¾. Chilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 91½, a rise of 1; Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 73, a rise of 1½; Mexican Internal closed at 26½, a rise of 1¼; Mexican Six per Cents closed at 80½, a rise of

2¼. Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at 80¾, a rise of 2½, and Mexican National "A" Bonds closed at 47, a rise of as much as 4½. In the inter-Bourse department the chief movement has been in Portuguese, which closed on Thursday at 25⅜, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ⅞. South African mining and land shares have been strong, and a further advance has been maintained.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Leeds Musical Festival of 1892 will be remembered not so much for the greatness of the solo singers, or for the novel interest attaching to the works performed, as for the unsurpassed magnificence of the choir, which has been extended to 324 voices since the last Festival, and now represents the vocal talent of the whole of the West Riding. We are given to understand that this result has not been achieved without much internal friction. The difficulties to be overcome, and the changes to be wrought, have been great; but if the creaking of the machinery has been laid bare to the public in a somewhat ill-advised manner, their grateful appreciation of the result should be all the more cordially bestowed upon those who have borne the burden of this work, and brought about such a result; and in saying this special reference should be made to Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Joseph Barnby, who have done so much to make this great national Festival what it is. In 1889 a number of new and rarely heard works was gone through by a body of musicians of whom a most important section—the choristers, to wit—had sung themselves out before the Festival began, since rehearsals were held up to the opening day. The pleasure which amateurs felt at the interest of the compositions was dashed by the way in which they were performed by the jaded singers. It seemed that the famous Leeds Choir had fallen from its proud position, and that recovery, if it were possible, must be brought about by an entire change of organization. The change has been even more thorough than was anticipated, and the voices have this year been allowed a day of complete rest immediately before the Festival. The result was altogether satisfactory, and it is quite certain that a finer body of voices has not been heard in England, whether the mere beauty and strength of the material, or the intelligence and musical feeling of their performances, be regarded. As if in order to avoid overworking the choir, the number of new works was this year far smaller than usual, even according to the first arrangement; in actual fact, only two novelties were ultimately produced, and in only one of these did the choir take part.

Both the new works were successful and worthy of admiration, but it was not from them that the Festival derived its claim to be considered as the most successful ever held in Leeds. The two performances which produced the most overwhelming impression, and showed most clearly of what manner of stuff the choir was made, were those of Bach's Mass in B minor, first heard in Leeds six years ago, and of Dr. Hubert Parry's magnificent twelve-part psalm, "De Profundis." The great Mass, which in its own direction marks the ultimate attainment of human power, had been often sung in London since its first revival by the Bach Choir in 1875, but at no period of that choir's existence could any performance of equal merit have been given. In 1886 the fine choir then existing in Leeds had completely mastered the notes, and even the most complicated passages were sung with admirable precision; something remained, however, in the direction of intellectual grasp of the composition, and the London Society seemed to have entered more deeply into the spirit of the master than the provincial singers could. Now, however, the Festival Choir shows no trace of imperfection even in this respect; every passage was phrased with consummate art, and the soul of the work was as fully realized as its outer form. The effect made, not only by the splendid "Gloria" and the other numbers which appeal at once to all who have ears, but by such less obvious sections as the opening "Kyrie," was prodigious. For the first time since the revival of the Mass, all three trumpet parts were played on the instruments copied from the trumpet of Bach and Handel's day, an instrument the recovery of which is among the most curious incidents in recent musical history. The sound of the three parts, all exactly of the same quality, in the introduction to the "Gloria," in the imitations of the "Gratias," and many other places, was incredibly beautiful, and Mr. Morrow and his companions deserve all praise for their perseverance in mastering the new instruments sufficiently to attain so fine a result. The horn obbligato of the "Quoniam," and the flute part of many numbers, were excellently played, but one sad blot on the performance was the violin obbligato of Mr. Carrodus, exhibited in two solos with the most disappointing effect. There may have been excuses for the player, but the fact must be recorded. No part of the chorus showed any falling off; and, after the opening chorus, which was taken too fast, the voices rolled out the massive sounds of the "Gloria," the "Cum Sancto Spiritu," and the group for the crucifixion and the resurrection, in a manner that suggested to the mind the masonry of some grand old cathedral. In Bach, more than in any other composer, we seem to have embodied, not merely the spirit of religion, but the spirit of theology and ecclesiasticism. Handel expresses at times the religious fervour which seems to carry the soul up to the feet of God; but Bach concentrates in his music the Church history of the ages. The other most noteworthy feature of the Festival was the performance of Dr. Parry's Psalm, the production of which was the main interest of the last Hereford Festival. It is unnecessary to describe at length its massive construction, or the different ways in which the twelve parts are combined; the effect of the whole, as sung by the various sections of the Festival Choir last Saturday, was quite overpowering, and Miss Anna Williams's extremely fine singing of the difficult solo part was no slight factor in the result.

The new cantata, *Arethusa*, given on Thursday night, is the work of a composer who has not before essayed any of the larger forms of music, and upon whom, therefore, a somewhat excessive responsibility was placed, seeing that his work was the main novelty of the week. Happily Dr. Alan Gray's shoulders are quite broad enough to bear the burden, and the wisdom of the authorities in choosing his cantata for performance was amply proved by the result. It is a setting of Shelley's poem, for choir and baritone solo. It is graceful, melodious, expressive, and neatly orchestrated; the solo part is grateful to the singer, and when in combination with the chorus is duly prominent; on the whole, the work shows throughout the hand of a cultivated and genial musician, from whom much may be expected in the future. The other new work, Mr. Frederic Cliffe's Symphony in E minor, must also be considered successful on the whole, though in some respects improvements could be imagined. Its four movements are supposed to carry the hearers through the atmospheric impressions of night, from sunset (the opening allegro is so styled, and is a fairly graphic presentment of the feeling of the hour) to the dawn. Night has two movements to itself, one a serenade, in the course of which a rather commonplace theme is introduced with jarring effect, the other a more or less unconventional "Dance of Fairies." The first three movements are by far the best, since they have great structural interest, besides the remarkable warmth of orchestral colouring which the work exhibits in common with its predecessors. The finale is built upon too many subjects, and, good as some of these are, the impression conveyed is one of unrest and uncertainty of intention. The composer has not been quite careful enough with his themes, even in the other movements; in two prominent instances phrases are used which are a little too strongly influenced by well-known passages in Wagner, notably the "Liebeslied" in the *Walküre*, and one of the love-motives in *Tristan*. In spite of these shortcomings, however, the work produced a most favourable impression, and will no doubt attain the amount of popularity which it certainly deserves.

A programme that would satisfy all tastes would be hard to find; but the introduction of some inferior and dull music may be regarded as an almost necessary relief in a programme which includes the *Elijah*, Mozart's "Requiem," Bach's "Mass in B," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Brahms's "Song of Destiny," and the "Hymn of Praise." The Festival began and ended with Mendelssohn, and the Chorus sang with as much purity of tone and vigour on Saturday night in the "Hymn of Praise" as when they began on Wednesday morning with the *Elijah*. It is the fashion of the day to decry Mendelssohn, and to underrate—as it was, perhaps, once the fashion to overrate—him. His music undeniably lacks certain qualities. It is without mystery, and without the depth and power possessed by the greatest masters; but to an unprejudiced mind the loveliness of it will

always be intensely felt. The *Elijah* is not only the greatest and most popular oratorio that has been written since the days of Handel, but possesses a certain *dramatic* element which was never surpassed, even by that great creator of oratorios. Despite some magnificent things in the second part, there is no doubt that the climax ends with the first, when the life and death struggle between the false and the true prophet is accomplished, and Elijah has set his foot upon the priests of Baal. Mendelssohn has expressed all the elements of this drama in his music, and has, moreover, infused into it, side by side with the exceeding bitter cry of the people and the stern patience and scorn of Elijah, a vein of ever-recurring tenderness which thrills the soul with a suggestion of far-off reconciliation between truth and love. The airs "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me" and "O rest in the Lord" break upon the ear after the dramatic passages which have gone before with an indescribable tenderness and peace. Mr. Salmond's Elijah was disappointing to those who have heard this part sung by Mr. Santley. His voice, though of a beautiful quality, is wholly deficient in dramatic power, the quality most essential to the adequate rendering of this part.

The performances on Thursday will ever be remembered by those who attended them in connexion with the death of the Poet Laureate. The news that his short illness had ended fatally was announced in the streets just as the concert began, and was passed from mouth to mouth as the hall filled. With strange appropriateness Mozart's "Requiem" had been selected for the opening of that morning's performance, and was inevitably associated in the minds of all present with the death of our greatest modern poet. Instinctively, also, one contrasted this death with that of the composer. Mozart fancied that he was writing the "Requiem" for his own funeral, and died before it was completed, still young and in the zenith of his power. Tennyson lived to give his last message to the world complete, and to receive all the reward that fame can give to genius.

In the evening concert of Thursday selections were given from the *Meistersinger*, and here the associations with *one* master singer again seemed natural. If in the morning Mozart's music had conjured up those thoughts and emotions which we associate with the awful stillness of death, Wagner's marvellous song in the evening performance called back those emotions of joy and beauty which we associate only with the intensest life. Walter's song is, perhaps, the most rapturously happy melody in the world; yet when it is repeated again and again, with ever-increasing confidence and intensity, the effect of it becomes almost unbearable. It hurts with the sadness born of happy things, the sadness which lurks in all human joy, whispering that change must come and that no moment may endure. The quintet at the end of the scene with Hans Sachs was magnificently sung by Mme. Albani, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Pierce. The selections from the opera before this scene were not very wisely chosen and were received coldly.

In the Friday evening concert were performed two works, each in its way a masterpiece. One was the unfinished Symphony of Schubert, and the other Brahms's "Song of Destiny." For pure, undiluted music, fresh as the morning, and free from the self-conscious and subjective character of modern music, this Symphony of Schubert can hardly be surpassed by any musical composition. In the "Song of Destiny" we have all the restless searching, the unsatisfied desire, and the emotional yearning which marks the spirit of an age, and which no one has expressed with more genius than Brahms.

The programmes, even of the morning concerts, were a good deal too miscellaneous in their arrangement, that of Saturday morning being almost absurd, with its mixture of ballet-music and penitential psalms. But the arrangement had its own advantages; for room was found for a good many more orchestral works than are usually included in festival programmes. Dr. Mackenzie's picturesque ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and Mr. Edward German's original *Richard III.* Overture, were conducted by their composers, and Sir Arthur Sullivan directed a fine performance of his own beautiful *Tempest* music (the instrumental numbers only), and of his curiously cheerful *In Memoriam* Overture, the latter of which was interpolated on Friday morning with reference to the Laureate's death. The audience rose for the opening bars, which had some show of solemnity, but when these were followed by an Allegro more in the nature of a jig than of a funeral march, they sat down again in disappointed silence. Of the other pieces conducted by the same hand, Beethoven's Symphony in F, No. 8, Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain," and the *Oberon* Overture went far better than Schubert's famous unfinished Symphony; but undoubtedly the worst performance of the whole week was that of the late Arthur Goring Thomas's "Suite de Ballet," given on the morning when Sir Joseph Barnby acted as Sir Arthur Sullivan's substitute. The three movements which seemed so full of grace and airy beauty on the two occasions when the work was previously heard were gone through without the slightest attempt at reflecting the character of the music as suggested in the title. It is seldom, however, that a festival week passes without some far greater drawbacks than this, and, after all, the splendid performances of the wonderful choir could compensate a good many imperfections. During the whole Festival only one slip of any importance was made, in Walmisley's beautiful madrigal "Sweete Floweres"; in other pieces, whether with or without accompaniment, the singers were absolutely perfect, and mainly to them is the great success of the Festival due.

REVIEWS.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS.*

IN the second volume of his work on St. Andrews, "A. K. H. B." mentions that he once wrote an article on a "Celebrity at Home," and that the consequences were not wholly agreeable. His record of life at St. Andrews in his time is mainly concerned with people still alive, or lately dead, and, as in his excursion into "Society Journalism," he treads on treacherous cinders, perhaps also once or twice on human toes. But these expeditions are very rare, perhaps rarer than in the former volume.

It is nearly impossible to write about persons without giving offence, and it seems easy to abstain from writing about persons. A work named *Twenty-five Years of a Country Parson*, by St. Andrews at large, is the only field in which the aggrieved can revenge themselves, if any are aggrieved, which we doubt. If we are to find fault with the book (granting the *genre*, for which we have no great love), we might say that there is comparatively little about St. Andrews in it, and a good deal about the author's adventures in other places, country houses, London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Thus the work is inevitably autobiographical, yet incomplete; for the author frequently refers us to other books of his for a complete statement of his reminiscences. It might have been wiser to produce a regular autobiography, with unity and sequence. The present volume is, and aims at being, no more than a set of jottings, and what unity it possesses is derived rather from the author than from the place. Different people would give different accounts of St. Andrews in the last quarter of a century. Some would dwell on the golf, a game in which "A. K. H. B." does not take a hand; others would have more to say about the antiquities; others about the rather changeful fortunes of the University. But our author, like Socrates, is mainly interested in the people, especially in the distinguished visitors. As all readers of his former essays expect, he has much to say about bishops, about reading prayers in church, about the *Scottish Hymnal*, about the *Scotsman*, and, naturally and necessarily, about Principal Tulloch. He was the last of the great generation of modern St. Andrews, and his death is described with a becoming and generous emotion. There is a passage on his failure to revive *Fraser's Magazine*. It had sunk into decrepitude, and some one very unlike Principal Tulloch—some one younger, more modern, more at the local centre of life and letters—was needed, if something in the nature of a miracle was to be worked. Principal Tulloch had none of the "push" of the modern editor; he was not all things to all men and women, and he found much hardness in a work which another editor described as "a gentlemanly occupation." Principal Tulloch imparted but little vivacity to his magazine, and it is likely that an editor greatly inferior to him in all ways might have had more of the needful qualities. It is not easy to review Dr. Boyd's book consecutively. Among other interesting matters, he has some pages on Glamis Castle. It appears that the people who ought to know best do not believe in the Ghost. Sir Walter Scott, who felt "eery" in Glamis (a feeling which he only knew twice), mentions a secret chamber, but says nothing about its

* *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews.* By the Author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longmans. 1892.

mysterious legendary horror. Probably, then, the story is later than his time, and has neither truth nor a respectable antiquity in its favour. Dr. Boyd says that Sir Walter was "frightened." We demur to this, and to spelling the name of Prince Charles Stuart as Charly, and to Dr. Boyd's opinion that the Prince's features are perpetuated in the Royal Family of to-day, though this is clearly matter of individual judgment. As some portraits give the Prince brown eyes, while the English offer of a reward for him describes them as blue, it may be that his real appearance is as vague to us as that of Queen Mary Stuart. That he had the Royal memory for faces in an extraordinary degree (like a Royal person described by Dr. Boyd) is proved by a curious unpublished anecdote. This is a fascinating topic, but has only the very remotest connexion with Dr. Boyd's St. Andrews. But that venerable background of history is in itself and in its ancient reminiscences a far more tempting theme than are the distinguished modern visitors, though it is really curious to learn that Canon Liddon often mounted John Knox's pulpit and stood there, probably reflecting on the drastic eloquence of that amiable Reformer. Remarkable, too, are Liddon's observations on the institution of bishops; but the passage is one of the plums in the pudding, and it were unfair to extract it. Dr. Boyd seems to believe that Liddon did see the celebrated impaled persons, for Dr. Boyd has tested "the beloved man's sight." The sight of the beloved man was enviably good, also he used an excellent field-glass. The Turks are a conservative people, and were suppressing a revolution. It is impossible to define the exact lengths to which his zeal may have carried some person in authority, and, as we used to hang men in chains, the Turks may have exhibited a dead body on the old Oriental gibbet. But the controversy now interests few people.

It were superfluous in reviewing Dr. Boyd's book to do more than indicate that it possesses his usual qualities, and that it will be found excellent reading by students to whom such records of human existence are dear. We are given the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Carlyle about the author, and a mythical but popular version is contradicted. We learn something about the experiences of a Moderator, and of one who read *Dr. Jekyll* seven times over, and we are informed that the author burns books which he no longer values. Unluckily, you no sooner get rid of any book than you find yourself in need of it. Nobody will burn Dr. Boyd's book, and among the perilous embers on which he treads, we do not think one will seriously scorch the most sensitive person whom he happens to mention.

NOVELS.*

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL is always best when writing about the City, and when the movement of her story allows her to bring in descriptions of ancient City monuments and street scenery. We do not say she is always best when writing about business; but her thorough belief and interest in all that pertains physically to old London, the genuineness of her own appreciation, give to her City stories, or to some of them, the air and life of reality. *The Head of the Firm* is not one of Mrs. Riddell's very best novels; nor is it by any means one of the worst amongst so many. It is distinctly interesting, though less so in the main motive than in one or two of the side issues. Mr. Edward Desborne, the "head" of his eminent business firm, men of such long-established and honourable position as to rank practically amongst the aristocracy of the nation, is one of those unfortunates who slide into debt, into speculation, into insane plunging, into final ruin, and all without a thought of doing wrong. The wrong is done doubtless, but it was never meant. The sketch is not new in conception nor in treatment. More interest is wakened by the girl Aileen Fermoy, the "coster" girl, who bears her early troubles so well, and is not knocked over by the fortune of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds which arrives one day like a thunderclap. Mrs. Riddell has had the courage to treat Aileen with the utmost truth. Good she always was and true; but something of the coster way of thinking hangs round her to the last. Her way of handing fortunes round to her friends is the way of a woman who has not learned by experience the value or meaning of large sums. Excellent also is the sketch of the elder Desborne, with his antiquarian learning and passion for old churches. Mrs. Riddell knows City clerks as Charlotte Brontë knew curates. Mr. Reginald Tripsdale, who is one of them, supplies the comic element in the story, and we like him better when so employed than when sentimentalizing with his brother Gus. By the way, it seems not a quite clear point of law that money left to Mr. Timothy Fermoy should pass exclusively to his daughter, his second wife and widow being alive.

Mr. D. Christie Murray has written many novels both interesting and exciting, and his last, *Bob Martin's Little Girl*, does not fall far behind its fellows. It is a murder story, not mysterious murder nor of a kind to hold the reader in doubt as to the criminal, but murder of as horrible a nature as any one who likes the process of blood-curdling can desire. The ingenuity of the case does not lie in the actual crime, but in the way in which it is led up to. Hetheridge, the person round whom the interest centres, for Bob Martin's little girl has very little to do with it, is shown in early youth hampered by a wrong view of his own rights, and blinded by vindictive desire for a vengeance he has in no sense, human or divine, a claim to. But, half-educated and without good influences of any kind to soften or restrain, he dwells on, cherishes, nourishes his passion of hate for the man who has inherited property Hetheridge thinks should have been his, and married the woman Hetheridge intended should be his own wife. For seven years he works as a financier in Australia, and makes much money, his business faculties working brilliantly alongside the gradual moral atrophy going on within. The author never hints at insanity, nor would any judge or jury for a moment admit insanity as a plea for Hetheridge's acquittal had he ever come to trial, which he never does. But the way in which the evil taken to heart and fed gradually takes possession of the whole nature is most powerfully delineated. The actual machinery of the murder, achieved at last under diabolic conditions, is melodramatic and not very probable. People don't go to France to learn how to speak broken English; physical disguise is one of the likeliest things to be discovered in an English village where people are as inquisitive as monkeys; and Hetheridge, with all the French names in a French census to choose from, would hardly select that of a man who had known him well in Australia, and who was still alive. Again, when young Redwood, the victim's son, has grown up, is in love with Hetheridge's daughter Ellice, and has discovered who his father's murderer was, he distracts his mother, Ellice, and in a minor degree the reader, by refusing explanation of his repudiation of the girl. Because Ellice Hetheridge was not the daughter of the murderer in the least, but Bob Martin's little girl. These are, it is true, the straits novel-writers are put to to lengthen their pages, and suggest scenes, but they should be more knowingly concealed by a practised writer like Mr. Murray. The Australian scenes of this book are well done, and there is a swagsman called Sam Potter, whose irrepressible appearance and interference everywhere are forgiven for the sake of his amusing talk.

That well-known past-master in the art of lying, who accounted for his unexcited reception of some astounding "whopper" by simply explaining, "Ah'm a leear mysel'," would have been hard pushed by his rival Colonel Bowlong, whose stories *Told in the Verandah*, and set down by his adjutant, are one and all pure efforts of his invention. Most innocent inventions they are, and some of them amusing enough. Subaltern officers at and after mess are bound to find their Colonel's stories amusing. The Colonel, like a judge in Court, has his audience at his mercy. But Colonel Bowlong's is not the best class of lying. Real good lies ought to wear a mask of truth. They ought to mean to take you in. One might laugh at Colonel Bowlong's wild braggings for a few evenings, but eventually he must become a bore. These tales were not only told in the verandah and set down by the adjutant, but they have also appeared in the *Madras Mail*. They are Indian and military.

Mr. William Westall's literary reputation will not gain by the publication of the volume of stories called *Ben Clough*. He is sufficiently experienced in literature to be probably aware of this himself. *Ben Clough* is a double story—two stories very awkwardly blended into one. The first part treats of cotton "corners," Stock Exchange speculations, and tricks of trade generally. The second is a most dreary exposition of the system of fraud carried on by swindling insurance Companies and private pirates in the same line. Mr. Westall knows the Lancashire operative and the dialect, and the gleams of interest to be found in the book are where these come to the front. But even these cannot carry the reader satisfactorily through such a story as "Briggs from Bolton"—the progress of two vulgar Bolton people over the most hackneyed Cockney tour in Switzerland and Germany.

It would seem, judging from *Honours Easy*, that Charles

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* *The Head of the Firm.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

Bob Martin's Little Girl. By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

Told in the Verandah. Passages in the Life of Colonel Bowlong set down by his Adjutant. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

Ben Clough; and other Stories. By William Westall. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

Honours Easy. By Charles T. C. James. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Dickens is the literary model the author, Mr. Charles James, has set before him. From a certain assurance of style, and complacence of repeated phrase, we may suppose that, while entertaining much reverence for his leader, Mr. James does not regard the distance between them as very great. He might say, with Macbeth, "there is none but he whose being I do fear"; but we doubt if he would admit that "under him my genius is rebuked." There is something about Mr. James's genius not easy to be rebuked. The hero of the story is Mr. Richard Lightwind, and, with amazement, the idea gradually dawns on the mind of the reader as he gets on that Mr. Lightwind is intended as an imitation of the immortal Dick Swiveller. It is true that at times the personality of Flora Finching seems to hold possession of the eye of the author's mind, and he confuses his models. Miss Sherman, the aunt of Dick, is as much like Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations* as a daguerreotype in the bad old days of daguerreotypes used to be like the subject. In brief, everything in *Honours Easy* that is bright, gay, and amusing—and there are such things—is traceable to the influence of the great bygone humourist, and everything that is coarse and commonplace is the author's own.

A HANOVERIAN-ENGLISH OFFICER.*

THESE Memoirs of Baron Ompteda do not form a book to which we can promise popularity in this country. It is like much other German work, notable rather from the industry and honesty of its compiler than for literary qualities. Baron Lewis von Ompteda, the "Editor" of these memoirs in the German original, has obviously collected all he could learn about his great-uncle, and has had command of family papers. Unluckily he did not also obtain command over the art of making a biography. Consequently he has written a book which has a distinct historical value, and is attractive enough to those who can enjoy the subject for its own sake. But as a piece of writing it cannot be called readable. Mr. Hill, the translator, would have found it, one would think, as profitable, and assuredly much easier, to make a life of Christian von Ompteda with the materials supplied by this book than to translate it. The translation is a little too stiff and German; but, judging by internal evidence, is, we should say, substantially accurate.

We could wish that Mr. Hill had taken the easier course with success; for Ompteda, though assuredly not a great man, nor even in strictness a considerable one, was yet noteworthy and typical. We should remember him, for he did some good work by the side of our soldiers. It would only be accurate in an approximate way to say that he fought in the English service. No doubt he served King George, and was paid during much of his life by votes from the House of Commons. But then he served the King because he was Elector of Hanover, and only took pay on the English establishment when the French invasion after the breaking of the Peace of Amiens had driven him out of his country. He was not a soldier of fortune who took the pay of a foreign Sovereign, but a Hanoverian gentleman of descent, and even some landed property, serving the King of Great Britain and Ireland, who happened also to be Elector of Hanover, when circumstances made it impossible for that Sovereign to maintain at once a Royal and an Electoral army. The distinction is real. This statement of his position will show that his life illustrates one side of the great revolutionary and Napoleonic convulsion. Ompteda was an officer in the Hanoverian Guard, which he entered in 1781. He served with his corps in the Netherlands in 1793-5, and saw a fine army wasted by incredible mismanagement. In the Netherlands he began a lifelong friendship with Scharnhorst. When weakened by a very badly-dressed wound, he had to go through the misery of the retreat to Germany. The starvation and other sufferings of the march—above all, the pain of seeing his regiment practically annihilated by criminal bungling at headquarters—brought on an attack of actual insanity, by which he was incapacitated for service for a time. It took a very curious form. Ompteda was possessed by the delusion that he was shamming mad in order to shirk his work, and made a wildly-worded confession of this imaginary offence. His superiors treated him kindly, and after a time he recovered. When the French invasion of 1803 took place he was again with his regiment. The author of his biography quotes largely from his letters and from those of his brother Lewis, who was in the Hanoverian diplomatic service, written at this period. They give between them a painful, and indeed a shameful, picture of the weakness of the German Governments and of the utter want of effective patriotic spirit in the peoples. A comparison between this story and the most unfriendly account given of the rising of Spain in 1808 is the very reverse of being to the honour of the Germans. Christian von Ompteda was himself animated by the Spanish and not the German spirit. Fight, and help will come from somewhere, was his advice. It was not taken. Wallmoden made a series of scandalous capitulations, and Ompteda had to leave all and escape to England. The formation of the German Legion gave him employment, and, with one interval, he was engaged until his death at Waterloo in sailing, marching, and fighting in the struggle with Napoleon. He served in Ireland and in Gibraltar, in the expedition to Sweden and the seizure of the Danish fleet. In his return from this expedition he was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland. By what was a piece of exceptional good luck at the time, he was exchanged for a Dutch colonel. But while in prison at Gorkum he contracted a low fever, which culminated in another and a longer attack of insanity. His brother Lewis came over from Austria to his assistance through a series of adventures which make a striking interlude in the book, and illustrate the crushing tyranny of the French in Germany. Ompteda was taken to Carlsbad through Sweden by his brother, and finally recovered at Berlin, largely through the kindness and patience of Scharnhorst. In 1811 he rejoined the Legion, and served through the final campaigns in the North of Spain and South of France, including Vittoria. His death at Waterloo is one of the most painful episodes of the battle. The Prince of Orange, a lad of twenty-two, with absolutely no experience, who held a general's command by virtue of his rank alone, ordered a battalion of the Legion to advance in line against some French infantry. Ompteda pointed out that they would be charged in flank by the French horse, and asked leave to advance in square. The Prince only repeated his order in the most offensive manner. Ompteda appears to have been seized with a fit of Bersark fury. He put himself in front of his men, and gave the order to advance. As he had foreseen, his men were charged in flank and ridden down. Ompteda himself reached the French infantry, and was shot in the midst of them.

This bare outline will show that his was a varied and adventurous life. The ample—indeed, too ample—quotations from his letters prove that he was a brave, high-minded, intelligent man. They do not leave an impression of much force, and one gathers that his two attacks of insanity were not due wholly to passing causes. In the earlier years there is more Wertherism in his letters than is pleasant; and, indeed, he was decidedly something of a prig. This weakness he outgrew, partly by essential worth, partly by the help of the time, which, as he saw it, was well calculated to harden men. To us not the least attractive parts of the book are those passages in Ompteda's letters in which he expresses his affection for England, and shows the profound impression produced by her defiant and unconquerable attitude amid the general prostration of Europe. In one of Lewis Ompteda's letters there is a touching sketch of George III. The King, who knew the family and valued them, asked after Christian. Baron Lewis, remembering that the King had just recovered from an attack of insanity himself, did not care to name his brother's illness. But the King guessed it, and, without referring to his own case at all, gave some singularly kind and rational advice as to the proper treatment of the patient. The passage shows the good breeding of both and the kindness of the King.

* *A Hanoverian-English Officer a Hundred Years Ago: Memoirs of Baron Ompteda, Colonel in the King's German Legion.* Translated by J. Hill, M.A. London: Grevel & Co. 1892.

AYAME-SAN.*

IN some respects this is an admirable book. The binding is tastefully designed and prettily contrived, and the illustrations are excellent. Mr. Burton tells us in his preface that, so far as he is aware, this is the first book that has been illustrated with half-tone photo-mechanical reproductions printed with the letterpress. If this be so, we only hope that other authors will follow the example here set, for we have seldom seen prettier illustrations than some of those which adorn the present work. Rarely, however, do we find any work of art or of nature which is perfect in all respects, so it need not be a matter for surprise that the story contained between the very charming covers of the volume before us falls short of the high qualities of its surroundings.

The story is not so much a Japanese romance as a romance in Japan. The principal characters consist of Gifford, a Scottish artist, who is sententious and proud in accordance with the orthodox stage version of Scottish character; a harum-scarum Irishman, appropriately named O'Rafferty, who is as rollicking

* *Ayame-San: a Japanese Romance of the Twenty-third Year of Meiji* (1890). By A. M. Illustrated from Photographs by W. K. Burton. Reproduced by K. Ogawa's Photo-mechanical Process. London: Walter Scott.

as any Hibernian ever dreamed of by Lever in his wildest moments, and who, in the course of his career, proves himself to be a prodigious soldier, a successful investor, a detective with all the trained instincts of a Fouché, and to be possessed of a talent for disguising himself which might have been envied by Grimaldi; and a number of Japanese personages, varying in attractiveness from pretty Geishas to disreputable politicians. With such stage properties it is possible to tickle the ears of the groundlings, and to some extent this is what "A. M." succeeds in doing.

The scene opens at Misaki, in a house occupied for the summer by the artist and O'Rafferty. The time is fast approaching for the return of Gifford to his employers in the United States—an event which is temporarily delayed by the result of a sight which met his eyes from the verandah of his house. In the midst of a colloquy, in which he maintains that no Japanese woman is sufficiently well formed by nature to be fit to pose as an artist's model, he suddenly beholds a sight at a neighbouring villa such as was witnessed by David on the roof of the house of Uriah the Hittite. With the same unbounded admiration as was felt by the King, Gifford inquires the name of the lady who had so appropriately vindicated her countrywomen from the charge of shapelessness, and finds that she is known as Ayame-san, and that she lives with her uncle in primitive seclusion. With the fortune which belongs to heroes of romance he succeeds, the next day, in saving the nephew of Ayame-san's uncle from the jaws of a huge land-crab, and carries him wounded and fainting to his home. Overcome with gratitude, the boy's uncle, through the medium of Ayame-san, who, in addition to her beauty, is a good English scholar, invites Gifford to stay to lunch. The acquaintanceship, thus happily begun, ripens apace, and before many days are over Gifford has the temerity to ask her to allow him to paint her in the disrobed condition of the Venus de' Medici. To this she consents, only stipulating that her uncle should be present at the sittings.

At last, after some love-making, Gifford takes his leave of Ayame-san and of Japan. But, while Fortune has been favouring the Scot, she has dealt O'Rafferty a stunning blow. News reaches him from Australia that at one fell stroke he has been robbed by a Japanese of the fortune which he had acquired in a week in that colony. Without hesitation, he starts off to find the robber. He hunts him through the United States, poses as a chaplain the better to watch him on board ship, follows him to Japan, and tracks him from lair to lair in every kind of disguise—as a valet, as a coolie, as a blind shampooer, and as a jinricksha man. At last he declares himself, and pounces on him. It is not quite clear why he has not done so long before; but, having caught the thief, he has no difficulty in making him disgorge his plunder, and perhaps with a fellow-feeling—for he was himself disgraced in the army for stealing—he not only forgives him, but makes him a present of sufficient funds to enable him to escape from a charge of murder which is hanging over him.

Meanwhile, things have gone badly with Ayame-san and her uncle. Poverty has compelled them to leave their home, to sell their belongings, and even to agree to Ayame-san's engagement to a despicable scoundrel who has been secretly working the ruin of her uncle. From this fate she is saved by becoming a Geisha, or singing-girl, in which profession she soon rises to the top of the tree. She becomes the fashion of the town, and no feast is considered complete which is not graced by her presence. In the midst of her prosperity Gifford returns to Japan. The lovers once more meet, and the curtain closes on their union. The story, as may be judged from what we have said, is not of a high order. In construction it is amateurish, and the details sadly want finish; but those who prefer adventure to art may readily beguile an autumn evening with the pages of *Ayame-san*.

BOOKS IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

THE seventh volume of the reissue of the *Cambridge Shakspeare* (Macmillan) contains *Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth,* and *Hamlet*; the eighth *King Lear, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Cymbeline*. Thus, Mr. Aldis Wright is approaching the end of a task which, well as it was performed by himself and his coadjutor before, he has contrived to perform even better now.

Mr. Wigston's *Columbus of Literature* (Chicago: Schulte) is described by its modest author as "following close on the heels of Mrs. Henry Pott's remarkable work," to which he hopes it may "prove a humble corollary." Ay, it follows so—though we own we had thought a *corolla* had more to do with the head than the heels—that the clouted shoe of the Wigston may almost gall the kibed heel of the Pott. Mr. Wigston thinks that the critic "will fall upon" him. Not at all, not at all. But we own that we are a little disappointed when we find that he had "intended to publish evidence which would establish the [Shaconian] theory on firm ground once and for ever," but is going to "wait." O Mr. Wigston, why make us wait for thine exquisite establishment? Still there are condolences, there are vails here. There are people, it seems, who "know nothing of the *De Augmentis*." Very few people are aware that "each edition of Bacon's essays differ [*sic*] as to text." We read on and find that Cymbeline's coins have been found at Verulam. Therefore, you see, Bacon wrote Shakspeare. We learn that "it is the fashion to talk of Paganism as synonymous with everything that went before Christ," whereas there is excellent morality in, for instance, Seneca, and Seneca lived before Christ. Nobody need henceforth argue about Sir John Mandeville, for Mr. Wigston knows that he was a native of St. Albans, and was buried in the abbey. Therefore Bacon wrote Shakspeare. The Latin word for vice was *vitium*, borrowed from *vitis*, the vine. Therefore Bacon wrote Shakspeare. "Archbishop" Warburton says something. Lucian wrote a book called *A Trip to the Moon*, and Plato a book called *The New Republic*. We have heaped these gleanings together simply to show what amount of historical, linguistic, and literary learning is possessed by a person who undertakes to prove a theory (no matter of what nature) on grounds literary, linguistic, and historical. The fact is that all these Shaconians are the same. They form, or adopt, their theory; they then read, often most industriously and omnivorously, but without previous instruction or co-ordinating knowledge, and huddle "proofs" together on the Macedon and Monmouth principle, *à perte de vue*. It is a very little amusing, if it were not so tedious; it would be a very little melancholy, if it were not so absurd.

Howell's *Letters*, of which Mr. Joseph Jacobs has completed a new and very handsome edition (London: Nutt), has always been a popular book, or rather it was a very popular book with the general for a century at least, and for more than another century it has been a favourite pastime, and a not infrequent quarry, to men of letters. Even its admirers have not always been very kind to the author, to whom the greatest of them—Mr. Thackeray—affixed the odious name of prig; and even those who have liked it best have seldom found much literary merit of the strictest kind about it. Its absolute authenticity (in the sense of the letters having been written at the date affixed to them) has been very seriously attacked. But all this does not interfere with the above statements that it has never, or never for long, lacked readers, more or fewer. Part of it has been recently reprinted in a pocket edition; Mr. Jacobs has now reprinted the whole in a library one, with extremely careful and elaborate notes, and a minute and enthusiastic introduction. Perhaps the volumes, in the case of a book which is eminently one for the fireside, might have been a little smaller; but we are loth to find any fault with tomes so well proportioned and so well printed. The editor seems to have taken immense pains to verify and explain all the references to things, places, and persons; and, though we cannot think the question whether Howell actually wrote all his letters at the time and to the person, or furbished them up later, or invented them straight off, one of much importance, it is of the kind which interests many people. Mr. Jacobs is very angry with some of his predecessors who have written about Howell; but whether he does well to be angry, whether he even understands what the objects of his anger have said, and whether his own acuteness and scholarship as a critic are equal to his industry as a *piocheur*, these, again, are questions of no great importance. He has given the best edition yet issued of a book which long ago conquered its place in English literature, and that is the point.

English readers may like to know of a new Shaconian periodical intituled *Baconiana*, edited and published by R. J. Schulte, Chicago. There used to be, we think, a sort of Transactions of an English Shaconian Society; but whether the Society has gone to Arthur's bosom, or has ceased to transact, or does not care to submit its transactions to profane eyes, we know not. This periodical will now worthily take their place. The ever-beloved Mrs. Pott opens it, and has discovered that Bacon and Shakspeare both use "form" rather in the sense of "nature" than of "shape or figure." That every educated person in the middle ages and the Renaissance did this, Constance M. Pott knoweth not. Or was Spenser Bacon, was it a kind of Le Bakespenser who wrote

Soul is form and doth the body make?

America is beginning to send us some very well-edited issues of English classics for educational use, as well as others not so well edited. Two books (published by Ginn & Co., Boston, Massachusetts) exemplify both these classes. Mr. C. L.

Maxcy's *Hamlet* is nicely printed, and the few notes are wisely confined to the simple purposes of glossary. But these positive or negative merits are spoilt by forty mortal pages of questions, whereof we transcribe a page or so:—

'What relation to Hamlet was the present king of Denmark, before marrying the queen?
What was the name of the deceased king?
What is Hamlet's deportment and apparel when he is introduced in the play?
Why did the queen rebuke him?
What was the principal cause of Hamlet's grief?
Who felt the more sincere sorrow over the death of the late king, Hamlet or his mother?
How long had the king been dead when his wife again married?
What difference is to be seen between Hamlet's replies to his mother and to the king?
In the speech of the king to the court, what do we learn regarding affairs of the kingdom?
Who was Laertes?
Whence had he come to Denmark, and what had brought him?
Whence had Hamlet come to the court?
Was the king anxious to retain or dismiss him?
What possible reason for his anxiety?
What had made Hamlet and Horatio such friends?
Had they come from Wittenberg together or at different times?
Upon Hamlet's saying "Methinks I see my father," why did Horatio so suddenly exclaim "Where, my lord?"
How did Horatio manage to introduce the matter of the ghost's appearance?
How did Hamlet act upon receiving such news?
Did he show any doubt as to the truth of his friend's tale?
Did he hesitate in deciding what steps to take?
What is the character of the questions propounded by him to gain the particulars of the ghost's appearance?
Did the eye-witnesses agree entirely in their accounts?
Previous to hearing Horatio's story, what was the principal cause for Hamlet's hatred of the king?
What suspicion rushed to his mind when he heard of the ghost's visitation?
From what has been seen of Hamlet thus far, what estimate may be formed of his character?
What has been added to the plot of the story by this second scene?'

This kind of thing is detestable.

On the other hand, we have little but praise for Professor Felix Schelling's edition of Ben Jonson's *Timber* (same publishers); and we cannot but feel it to be something of a disgrace that it has been left to a foreigner to issue in a separate and carefully edited form this remarkable collection of "notes and observations." Not a few good judges had pointed out the remarkable value both in style and substance of the *Explorata*, "Discoveries," or "Timber" (for it may be called indifferently by all these quaint titles) before Mr. Swinburne, with generous open-mouthedness, celebrated it in his *Study of Ben Jonson*. But Professor Schelling is right when he says that the book when he took it up was "practically inedited and all but unknown." He has left it very well edited and in a condition to be very well known indeed. If we compare his work, which is always modest and courteous in its references to his predecessors, with the tripudiation over their forerunners in which some other editors and critics indulge, we shall feel inclined to ascribe to Professor Schelling little cry and a very considerable contribution of wool. In particular, he has succeeded, without triumphing or swaggering, in tracing to their classical originals many passages which Jonson, according to his fashion, borrowed, and which some acute critics and good scholars had apparently taken as original. This was rather rash of them, for few readers of Jonson who are themselves acquainted with the ancients can fail to notice, after very short reading, the fashion—antipodean to Burton's, so to speak—in which he quotes without quoting, and levies tribute to which the bow and spear of his own reading are his title-deeds. The analysis of contents is useful, and the notes are very careful and good, displaying, but never obtruding, plenty of erudition and good sense combined. We may hope that a very remarkable book thus ushered may hold its place at last, if not in the reading of fit readers (that it has probably always had, and they would at no time supply it with a jostling audience), with a certain number of students who may have the chance of appreciating the learning and wisdom of its matter and the originality and excellence of its style. For it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Jonson's peculiar excellences, putting aside his strictly poetic gift, nowhere appear more strongly marked than here. They are, indeed, accompanied, though not to any very great extent, by exhibitions of his still better known defects; but, for strength, sense, and learning, there are not many books in English literature that can beat this.

Mr. Verity's excellent school edition of Milton, which he is by degrees making complete, has received an accession in the *Fifth Book of Paradise Lost* (Macmillan). In each of these instalments the general prefatory matter (and when a part only of a poem is given, the special-general prefatory matter, as it may be called) necessarily reappears, and we need not deal with the present further than to say that in most respects Mr. Verity's remarks seem to us very careful and sound, though we cannot agree with him exactly in his views on prosody. Indeed, he seems to halt between two opinions, for an accent or anti-quantity man who talks of "trochees" and "spondees" seems to give away his own case. Of special excursus there are here two, on the Miltonic cosmogony and the character of Satan, and all Mr. Verity's minor annotation deserves the general praise we have accorded to it. As to his apparently eccentric progress, or regress—starting with Books XI. and XII., then reverting to Book V., and promising I. and II. next—for that we suspect there are reasons, but such as "it is not lawful to mention."

If the latest addition to Mr. K. Deighton's useful series of school editions intended primarily for Baboo, and after that for English, students is not strictly a book in seventeenth-century literature, it "lives next door," and may claim admission here. Johnson's *Life of Milton* (Macmillan) must always be thoroughly well worth studying, despite its curious critical aberrations. It is, perhaps, a pity that, as we have noted on other occasions, Mr. Deighton should be so modestly unwilling to give his own critical results, and that he thinks it necessary to boil down Hallam and Mr. Masson instead. But his annotations of matter are excellent, and his abstracts of opinion are safe.

DIET.*

ERRORS of digestion play so large a part in the failings, large or small, of the man and woman of the nineteenth century, that it is not at all surprising that the study of "the digestion" should have become almost a special branch of medicine, and that there should be a large literature upon its disorders and a number of "specialists" whose aim it is to treat them.

The book before us adds one more to an already long list of those which aim at feeding the invalid, both wisely and well. Of late years the art of nursing the sick has been brought to such a pitch of perfection that there is little left to be desired, but it is only still more recently that the equally important branch of practical medicine, the invalid's diet, has received the amount of attention it merits. Dr. Burnet is able to show that the sick man's diet, although it must be strictly framed in accordance with well-known rules of practice, need be neither monotonous nor unpalatable. At one time there was little or no medium between the diet of robust health (somewhat limited to suit individual requirements) and the meagre and unappetizing round of fluid nourishment aptly termed "slops" which formed the staple food of all who were at all seriously ill. Now that the principles underlying the process of digestion in health and disease are so much better understood, considerable change, to the sufferer's great advantage, has taken place. Partly through a more judicious selection, and partly on account of the many very excellent artificially digested foods that are to be met with in the market, the "dieting" of to-day is by no means the unpleasant process it used to be, and the gouty or dyspeptic individual will find a far larger field of choice open to him than his fathers possessed.

But however well these principles may be understood, it is often a matter of some difficulty to apply them properly. There are many who would find that the effort to write out a dietary that should be at the same time suitable from a medical and agreeable from a lay point of view demands an amount of time and ingenuity that can ill be spared by one in busy practice. It is to these that Dr. Burnet's modest little book of 192 pages will come as a distinct boon. There are many able and highly scientific treatises upon the subject that rank as standard text-books to the student, but to the busy practitioner these must, for want of time, often remain sealed volumes. A glance through a small handbook, clearly written and well arranged, will give what is wanted and save much valuable time. But the reader to whom the book will be found most useful is undoubtedly the nurse, or any one having the charge of an invalid. Upon the ingenuity and food-inventive faculty of the nurse the comfort of the sufferer depends far more than upon the doctor. Each chapter of the book before us is prefaced by an account of the changes and disorders

* *Foods and Dietaries.* By R. W. Burnet, M.D. London: Griffin & Co.

produced on the digestive system by the disease under discussion. There can be no better inducement to the due fulfilment of a prescribed treatment than a sound knowledge of the principles that underlie it, and these principles Dr. Burnet most lucidly expounds.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

DR. CARUS is, we believe, a prominent member of the sect of Monists, and an exponent of what they term "the unitary conception of the world"; and therefore a book from his pen upon so fascinating, yet withal so abstruse, a subject as "The Soul of Man," might reasonably be looked forward to as likely to contain views that were both novel and bold, and at the same time supported by close scientific reasoning.

But we must confess at the very outset that we are disappointed with the result of his labours. The work would have been far more valuable, and at the same time more readable, if the author had seen fit to give us a definite confession of his psychological faith, instead of wasting his energies in scattered criticisms of existing theories, without offering much to take their place. As far as we are able to gather, Monism attacks all psychological problems from the side of physiology, and claims that they may all be explained by a due knowledge of physiological facts. Dr. Carus welcomes the idea that God is not a person but a law; that He is, in fact, simply the impersonation of a truly moral life. Man's mind, he goes on to say, is an association of ideas, and no such thing exists as an independently acting soul. So far, so good; in all this he is but carrying to its logical conclusion the teaching of the newer school of physiological investigation, which, above all things, seeks in things psychic an explanation physiological. Indeed, it would scarcely be going too far to say that it seeks to reduce psychology to the rank merely of a branch of physiology.

But the book before us contains more than this. Within the comparatively small space of 446 pages is included an account of the minute anatomy and physiology of the brain, a discussion of the nature, significance, and dangers of hypnotism, together with the consideration of such abstruse problems as the ethical and religious aspects of soul-life, double personality, and the seat of consciousness. In explanation of this curious jumble of subjects, we are told in the preface:—"There are innumerable Psychologies, innumerable Physiologies, innumerable Anatomies, and floods of pamphlets discussing the many problems and incidents of experimental Psychology. But there is not one book in any language, as far as I know, in which all the facts of these various branches of science are gathered and presented in their connexion. A book of this kind is a want which the author has endeavoured to fill."

That such a book is wanted is, of course, possible, although we venture to doubt that an intimate acquaintance with the minute anatomy and physiology of the brain is absolutely essential to the due appreciation of the problems of psychology. But, be that as it may, the author has certainly not supplied the want in the most satisfactory manner. True, he has given, in as small a compass as possible, an enormous mass of information concerning the most recent facts of anatomy and physiology; but, in the first place, they are not at all necessary for the student of psychology in anything like the detail in which they are here set out; and, secondly, they are arranged in such a fragmentary and disconnected manner that they will serve rather to confuse than to instruct the student who does make use of them. We have read carefully every word of his anatomy of the brain, and we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that we entirely fail to see how it can be understood, even by a medical student who has had some previous grounding in the subject. It is simply a collection of facts from various sources, without any apparent continuity, and without any explanation of the bearing of one fact upon another. Even in the driest and most technical text-book of anatomy there is more entertaining reading.

If the book is intended for the medical man, then nine-tenths of the scientific part of the work is superfluous; if for the layman, then the whole of it should be rearranged in order to make it intelligible. We will just take one sentence bodily from the book, and ask what construction any one, scientist or layman, puts upon it. "The sagittal suture stands like an arrow on the string of a bow at right angles upon the coronal suture." And this without any further or any previous description of the sutures of the skull. And there is one other sentence that we must abstract before leaving this part of the work. We are told that "the upper part of the Aquaduct is overarched by the two fillets, which here decussate, and upon which the Four Hills arise," and the author then goes into a physiological disquisition as to their influence upon vision, without attempting to enlighten us as to what these structures with the queer names may be. We regret to have to pass such strictures upon Dr. Carus's work, as there is evidence in the book of a vast amount of trouble having been taken to collect from the papers of the principal writers on the subject the information which he lavishes upon us. We cannot too strongly urge that, when scientific details must be gone into, they should be made as easily intelligible as possible.

The remainder of the book is mainly devoted to a consideration of "soul-life." The use of the term "soul" is just a little vague in one or two places; the distinction between the "central" and the "peripheral" soul not being drawn with the clearness that the difficulty of the subject requires. When he says "every ganglion is a seat of soul-life," we take it that he means to imply that every one of the lesser nerve elements is to a certain extent concerned, or may be to a certain extent concerned, in the manifestation of what we are in the habit of calling the soul; but the statement in the text seems to imply that every such element may take upon itself the functions of the soul, and become, so to speak, a little soul on its own account.

* *The Soul of Man.* By Dr. Paul Carus. London: Edward Arnold.

ON SURREY HILLS.*

LIKE the "Son," we are great admirers of Richard Jefferies. But in some ways the "Son's" writings please us more than any but the earliest of Jefferies's books. The "Son" is more simple and less fanciful; he spares us fantastic digressions into the mystical dreamland of speculation, and as he rivets his attention on the coppices and hedgerows, he has scarcely leisure to moralize or sermonize. Brought up as a boy in the marshes of Kent, he seems to have lived latterly in the woodlands of Surrey. He is thoroughly at home in the vernacular of the natives, and a very primitive people many of them are. Being an enthusiastic naturalist, the writer is naturally a sound and somewhat bigoted Conservative. He detests the changes that have been felling timber and draining swamp; he dislikes the scream of the railway engine, which has scared the wildfowl from many a sequestered pool; and he laments the disappearance of the good old race of squires who let ill-drained farms with great latitude of covenants, and dealt leniently with trespass and even slight breaches of the game-laws, except in the case of professional poachers. But he is bound to confess that the rural population has changed greatly for the better. Now he visits hamlets or secluded groups of cottages where the folks are become decent and law-abiding; regular at church themselves, and sending their children to school. He remembers a time when the men were lawless ruffians, never doing an honest day's work when they could help it, and brawling of an evening in the pothouse on the strength of any ill-gotten gains. Still, however, it seems surprising to learn that so near London there are broad stretches of moor and of woodland almost as solitary as any in the Welsh or the Cumbrian hills. He says he could show us localities where, as on the Peak or the Kinderscout, the wayfarer could easily lose himself in a network of unknown by-roads. And that wayfarer will find quaking bogs and shifting sands where he may meet the fate of the Master of Ravenswood. Even now there is a fair remnant of the wild animals which once had it all their own way. The writer believes, if he cannot positively answer for it, that there are still families of marten-cats, though we should have thought that their melancholy nocturnal serenades would have put the matter beyond a doubt. The wild bean-geese still drop on the crops in the hill farms; the blackcock still parades himself before his seraglio among the scattered firs and the birches; the plover, the woodcock, and the snipe breed within sight and hearing of the South-Western and London and Brighton trains; the otter still takes nightly toll of the trout streams; the badgers have been known to keep house within a stone's throw of the cottage door; and as for the foxes, there are foxes in plenty, with one foot in the poultry-yard and the other in the pheasant cover. The writer tells us how he makes his observations. Abroad at all hours, an early riser and a night watcher, he believes in patience above all things. What you wish to see will seldom come by regular watching; but some happy moment brings the looked-for chance. When you are on the scout, he agrees with the late Rev. Mr. Wood that it is advisable to keep absolutely motionless; and it is best to dress in a suit of sober grey, which blends naturally with the soil, the stones, and the tree-stems.

He has his own ideas about the fox, and they are decidedly original. He says that Reynard's sagacity has been over-rated,

* *On Surrey Hills.* By "A Son of the Marshes," Author of "Woodland, Moor, and Stream" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

and that his audacity, developed through the impunity of generations, relies on the protection he enjoys out of the hunting-field. Yet he mentions one thing as an indisputable fact which shows that the fox reflects, and consequently reasons. When the fox goes hare-hunting—which must have been before Sir William Harcourt abolished the hare—as a preliminary he treads all the issues from the enclosures; for he knows that a hare will never set his foot where the *bouquet de Renard* has tainted the passage. There is a most vivid description of how the fox makes his stalk upon the hare; taking his deadly spring at the very moment when Puss is putting the finishing touch to her morning toilet, and when self-complacency makes her oblivious of self-preservation. There are no better places for noting the habits of beasts, according to the writer, than the roads and lanes. Birds and ground vermin of all kinds seek their prey in the open, and especially at night. Then you may see the owls floating silently past, as they are hunting in couples; for the frogs and toads which they specially affect are always to be caught tripping across the roadway. Then you may hear the grating hum of the fern-owl or goatsucker, for he knows well where to look for moths and other insects. Then the mice and rats are out, and the stoats and weasels are after them; then the hedgehog comes out of the hedge roots, and the mole ventures above ground; and you may hear the bark of the fox as he ranges on the prowl, and very possibly the grunt of the grubbing badger. The writer tells of one summer night when he lay in watch for a pair of otters on the banks of the "burrowing Mole," somewhere in the Mickleham Valley, and listened to the sullen plunge as they went fishing for the trout and perch. He excels in his water studies, whether by night or day; they have all the delicacy—we should say the "weird-like" delicacy, only we hate the word—of the masters of the modern Fontainebleau school of French landscape. But the painter is always the observant naturalist, and when he strolls abroad with palette and brushes, he never forgets the microscope. There is an absolutely idyllic picture of a certain old mill-pool, as to which he exclaims, as if provoking a compliment, "Would that I could do justice to that bit of water!" Why, that flag-grown pool is photographed in his pages; with its swarming varieties of insect life, making food for the fishes which glide in shoals among the tree-roots, and have their homes in holes beneath the banks and in the rifts of the ancient masonry. We might select as a companion picture the deserted Surrey manor-house—as in the house in Hood's poem, "a merry place in days of yore," but for a quarter of a century left to go to rack and ruin. The vegetation grew with tropical luxuriance. The pales of the rushy deer-park had long been broken down. The very spirit of desolation respired in the gardens, and the ruins of terraces, hothouses, and vineries were a paradise of insect life. For everybody else the place was a Hades, and the peasants gave it a wide berth in superstitious terror; for snakes and vipers swarmed on the sunny esplanade, retreating to their lurking-places in the wild dells and tangled shrubberies. By the way, when the rightful heir returned to his inheritance, the question was how to get rid of these venomous nuisances. The suggestion was made to turn out peacocks on the terraces, and a rough-bred pig with her litter in the dells. The plan proved wonderfully successful. As one of the labourers on the estate told the writer, "Them peacocks went for 'em like lightnin' a'most whenever one showed out. As fur them pigs, they jest goes up, puts their fore-feet on 'em, tears 'em to pieces a bit at a time, and chumps 'em up. An' if one on 'em gets into a hole, they roots him out. They likes the flasher [flavour] o' them 'ere varmints." Short of such a scene of dramatically sensational romance, there are many lonely farmsteadings on the borders of the Sussex Weald which are as interesting to the antiquarian as they are fascinating to the artist, being significant of rude and lawless manners when the Sussex Weald was unsafe, like the Scottish border. They are protected, like Cedric the Saxon's grange of Rotherwood, with strong walls and broad moats. In old days, when the church bells gave signal of some foray, the cattle and the swine were hastily driven within the enclosures, and the drawbridges which spanned the moats were raised. It is gratifying that, in the recent rage for improvements, and when "residential properties" near the metropolis were in general demand, so many of these very interesting mediæval remains should have escaped obliteration or reconstruction.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF MUSIC.*

THE word "popular" is somewhat misleading in connexion with Mr. Weber's book, and does it less than justice. This history is really a complete text-book and a remarkably good one. It possesses every quality which such a book should possess. Within the compass of 320 pages it covers the entire ground from Crishnoo to Wagner, and is equally scholarly, careful, concise, and dispassionate. No doubt the author in calling his work "popular" means to imply that it contains nothing very novel and is rather addressed to the general public than to musicians. That is true; but we venture to think that even musicians may read it with advantage, while for students and for use in schools and academies it should be invaluable. The only fault we have to find is the disproportionate space given to the "earliest times." More than half the volume is gone before we reach the Christian era, and this is to be regretted for two reasons. On the one hand, the ancient history of music, though it contains much of real and solid interest—such as the development of musical instruments, the characters of the Asiatic scale, of Oriental melody and of the Greek modes—is apt to run into mere legendary matter, and Mr. Weber has fallen a little into this mistake. Stories drawn from Greek and Indian mythology may be very pretty in themselves, but are out of place in a serious history. And, on the other hand, by devoting too much space to these trifles he has been compelled to over-condense the most important part of his subject. If the book were no more than popular, there would be nothing to regret in this arrangement; indeed, we would much rather have chatter about Crishnoo and Orpheus than about Bach and Beethoven. But Mr. Weber handles the modern history of music in so admirable a manner that we would fain have more of it. He can instruct, and may well leave to others the task of amusing. From defects in detail his book seems to be singularly free, but objection must be taken to one point. The educational μουσική of Plato and Aristotle may be rendered by the word "music" for convenience sake, when the text is given; but surely to so translate it without any explanation, in a book dealing with music in the restricted sense, is very misleading. We do not know exactly what was covered by μουσική, but certainly it was a good deal more than practising the kithara and mastering the Doric and Ionic modes, as Mr. Weber implies. The unlearned reader, it is to be feared, will gather from him the impression that education at Athens consisted of the pianoforte and the parallel bars, to use modern language; and, instead of thinking more of music, he will probably think less of Athens, which is a pity.

One of Mr. Weber's greatest merits is his conciseness. In about one hundred and twenty pages he gives a complete history of music from the troubadours to the present day, exclusive of living composers, and he really does give it. The evolution of the laws of composition, the growth of musical forms, the development and use of instruments, the successive stages in the art marked by leading names in different countries, and the characteristics of the great composers—all these, and more, are sketched not only with perfect clearness, but with the firm and accurate touch of one who is a thorough master of his subject. An instance of the pregnant brevity of his style may be quoted from the short section on "Melody":—

> 'Melody was the beginning and ever will be the essence of music through all ages. The Greeks based their melody on the tetrachord system, which they may have copied from the natural melody in human speech. . . . Gregorian chants, Protestant hymn-tunes, many national melodies, and other musical themes are based on natural melody in human speech.'

These sentences contain the gist of the whole theory of music as an art. Like other arts, it is simply nature idealized; its basis is human speech—that and nothing else. Emotion of all kinds is naturally expressed in speech by inflections of the voice, which follow certain rules; and music fundamentally consists in expressing emotion more forcibly by prolonging the sounds and extending the inflections. But they must always bear some relation to the natural ones on which they are based, or the art ceases to be real, and instead of music you get mere sound signifying nothing. Here lies the difference between genuine and manufactured music, and the explanation of the unsatisfactory, not to say disagreeable, character of so much that is composed in the present day. Musicians entirely lose sight of nature, and appear to think that any sequence of notes, however far-fetched, will do for a theme, provided it is handled according to the rules of composition. So it will, if an exercise be all that is required; but for music genuine—that is, natural—melody is essential; every composition that lacks it leaves the hearer bored and indifferent because it tells him nothing.

Another great merit in this book is its freedom from fads and fancies. The writer's taste is unimpeachably catholic, his judgment always calm and just. These qualities are conspicuous in his summary of the great composers. In the fewest possible words he says just what ought to be said about each. His remarks

* *Popular History of Music from the Earliest Times.* By F. Weber, Organist of the German Chapel Royal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

are not new, but they are exactly true; and truths of this kind may be repeated *ad infinitum*, even at the risk of being called truisms, for they are continually being forgotten. To quote a few:—"Handel's choruses, for their simple grandeur, vigour, and majestic character, stand yet unapproached by any composer." "Bach's mastery in fugal and polyphonic writing still remains unapproached." "All Haydn's compositions please and edify the musician and the amateur by their masterly construction, their depth and pathos, their cheerful and genial spirit, by their natural melody and harmony, their rhythm, grace, humour, and quaintness." "In new melodies, striking harmonies, in variation, in the combination of instruments, in contrasts, in rhythmical contrivances, in sublime, heroic, dramatic and humorous strains, Beethoven is inexhaustible and as yet unapproached." "Schumann excels in vigour and in deep feeling. He is elaborate, restless, complicated in harmony and modulation and in rhythm, and uses passing notes and passing chords in a degree to impair that lyric and harmonious flow which renders music intelligible and attractive to a general audience." "Donizetti abounds in beautiful and sentimental melodies, with dramatic spirit." "Meyerbeer's musical richness, masterly orchestration, artistic contrivances, noble and sublime, and sensual and fanatical tone-pictures put nearly everybody into astonishment and admiration." "Wagner's scores are most elaborate and twice as large as those of Mozart. The whole orchestra is imposing, rich in grandest combinations, swelling and towering like waves on waves, and intensely exciting. A great deal of the music is charming and fascinating; it captivates and rivets the attention for any length of hours; but at the end the audience is more exhausted than refreshed. He revels in disharmony, in diminished triads and diminished seventh chords, passing notes and chromatic scales and frantic passages, which overstrain the performers, and become bewildering and oppressive to the attentive listener." These short extracts will show that in Mr. Weber the student will find a sound and discriminating guide. But one question—Why is Berlioz left out?

MILITARY BOOKS.*

THOSE who study *Field Fortification* by Major Hutchinson cannot help being struck with the clearness of his work. Not only does it fulfil its purpose—namely, to help officers who are preparing for promotion examinations—but it also furnishes a very handy book of reference. Major Hutchinson never loses sight of the importance of the field of fire, and impresses it most strongly on his readers; no one after studying his book ought to take up a position where the field of fire is bad. Writers on field fortification are too apt to deal with their own side of the question only. It is rare to find such a comprehensive view of the subject. For examination purposes this book leaves little to be desired; it gives the advantages and disadvantages of any system clearly and side by side; the paragraph dealing with embrasures and barbettes being an excellent example of this. The question of defilade, which proves a stumbling block to so many, is very well explained. This book has already reached its third edition, which is a proof of its popularity, and the addition of further plates will render it still more valuable.

Captain Malet's handbook is compiled from the various authorized books of military instruction, its object being to help officers during the field training of their companies. For this purpose the different subjects taught during this period, tactics, elementary field engineering, and encampments, are dealt with in one volume. The actual matter in the book is copied almost verbatim from the official text-books; this ensures the accuracy but endangers one of the objects of the work. The author states in the preface that "any portion of the book may be read as a lecture" (it being customary to give lectures to non-commissioned officers and men during field training). The language of the text-books is not quite as intelligible as it might be, the following passage, which Captain Malet quotes, being a sample:—". . . Troops in the field should be encamped in such a manner that they can be rapidly formed in a good position for action, which does not involve the necessity of encamping in the very position itself; on the contrary, it is preferable to encamp under cover in rear of, but so near to, the position that it can be quickly occupied." We doubt if the average soldier would understand the above if it were read to him. Perhaps, however, it is as well that it is not so thoroughly adapted for lecturing as the author desires: the more officers have to think for themselves the better. It would be better if such expressions as "to reap advantage from cover" were simplified for purposes of lecture. A few words might be added to the chapter on Field Fortification, explaining the system of making gabions and fascines, as they are so very useful even in elementary field fortification. The remarks on fire discipline are very good, and draw attention to what is, perhaps, the most important part of the soldier's training. The book contains a vast amount of information of different kinds, and such paragraphs as that which deals with what an infantry soldier should do when attacked by a cavalry man are most useful. In fact, captains of companies will find this book invaluable to them, and will have every reason to thank Captain Malet for compiling it.

* *Field Fortification: Notes on the Text-Books.* By Major H. D. Hutchinson. 1 vol. Third edition. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

Handbook to Field Training in the Infantry. By Captain J. W. Malet. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.*

BEGINNING with an attempt to reconstruct Babylonian chronology from the three chronological tablets in the British Museum, and including a paper on an incident of 1849, this volume illustrates the extraordinary extent of the field in which the Royal Historical Society carries on its labours. Whether it is well for a Society to attempt to deal with such widely different subjects as the framework of a vanished history and the full and instructive life of the modern world is a question for the members to decide. It is possible that, if they restricted their investigations to a less extensive area, the results of their work would be more important. That Plato owed the political theories of the *Republic* to his acquaintance with the revolutions of various Greek States is maintained in a paper by Mr. Malden, who says that "there was method in Hellenic politics, and that Plato had discovered that such was the case." A paper by Professor Julius von Pflugk-Hartung on the wanderings of the Scots of Ireland over Western Europe is rather scrappy, and almost like a series of notes which might be expanded into a volume of much interest. If Mr. Leonard had kept more strictly to his proper subject—the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I.—he would probably have treated it more satisfactorily; for it is evident that he has, to some extent at least, grasped the constitutional and economic bearings of the expulsion. As it is, he wanders at large over the previous history of the Jews in England. Still, he has consulted many books, and has produced a pleasant and readable paper. Oddly enough, though he refers to Mr. Boase's *Oxford*, and to Dr. Neubauer's *Notes on the Jews in Oxford*, he is under the impression that "it is significant [of the learning of the Jews in England] that the great houses which were made into halls at Oxford bore Jewish names."

The next two essays point out, one that Cromwell had excellent reasons for choosing an alliance with France rather than with Spain, the other that Frederick the Great knew what he was about when he invaded Saxony in 1756. Mr. Foster Palmer is responsible for two papers. In the first he presents us with some notes on the life of the priest Spola, who presumed to celebrate the episcopal Mass and to pronounce the benediction at St. Peter's, in the absence of the Pope, on Easter Sunday, 1849. He defends Spola's action on the ground that it was of essential service to the cause of the Republicans. That a Roman Catholic priest should have put himself forward as a supporter of the Republican revolution, that he should at the bidding of the "triumvirs" have committed a gross breach of ecclesiastical order, and that he should have dared to prostitute the performance of the Sacred Mysteries by making it serve a political purpose, do not seem to Mr. Palmer sufficient to warrant the severe condemnation pronounced on Spola's conduct by so earnest a Liberal as Luigi Carlo Farini. His other paper is on "The Development of the Fine Arts under the Puritans." Mr. Stuart-Glennie urges the Society to celebrate the removal of its headquarters to Hanover Square by the adoption of a new system of work. He wishes it henceforward to consider history in the light of a "Science of Origins," or, in other words, to pursue "a scientific, as distinguished from a merely literary," method of treating history. He objects to the opinions propounded by Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Birrell (the conjunction of names is not ours) as to the province and duties of a historian, and wishes the Society to study the past under the guidance of Hegel and Comte. His theories—we cannot call them arguments—are stale and unprofitable. There is no need for us to combat them here, for their mischievous tendency has been exposed over and over again; we will, therefore, merely refer any member to the Royal Historical Society who may be tempted to think that there is something really valuable underlying his talk about "Scientific Historiography" and "the ultimate laws of Man's

* *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society.* New Series. Vol. V. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

History" to Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Lectures on the Study of History*.

Mr. Williamson is anxious that children should be taught the kind of history called by Mr. Spencer "Descriptive Sociology." An "ordinary commercial Englishman" is, we are told, shockingly ignorant of the history of his own Church before the coming of Augustine, an ignorance that we confess that we, for the best of reasons, share with him, and of other things that he ought to know. Mr. Williamson appears to think that the teaching of history begins at the wrong end, and would have teachers work backwards, and lead their pupils up the stream of time, slowly meandering to its source. Too much attention is, he contends, devoted to kings and queens and such like insignificant persons, to battles, conspiracies, and dates, and too little to social progress. While some of his remarks are sensible enough, he appears to have no idea of the relative importance of political and social or economic history. The volume ends with a report of the "Progress of Historical Research during the Session 1889-91," prepared by order of the Council. The compilers are painfully impressed with the care bestowed on the lives of distinguished soldiers and sailors in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; it is a sign, they believe, of a general and lamentable disregard of sociology. It is possible that the Royal Historical Society may have accomplished valuable work that is not represented here, and will appear before the public in a more permanent form.

ELECTRICITY DAY BY DAY.*

THE popular science of to-day is too often administered in a style so obviously adapted to the comprehension of the merest infant as to repel the ordinary self-respecting middle-aged reader. This inquisitive but rather sensitive person is apt to be impatient of the excessive elucidations of the popular lecturer. He does not like to see the steps being cut for him, and then to have his feet put into the steps by the guide for fear he should lose his footing. He is perfectly capable, he will tell you, of understanding a difficult matter when plainly and soberly stated. From the fact that *Electricity in Daily Life*—a collection of short essays by American electricians—is exactly suited to his needs, we may either infer that he exists in America, or that the book is meant to be read on this side of the Atlantic. From internal evidence, however, it seems clear that the latter alternative cannot be the right one, for we find chapters dealing with fish-torpedoes, dynamite guns, and execution by electricity, and we feel sure that these applications have not yet come into "daily use" in England. We find, moreover, that the work of American inventors is by no means lost sight of. Sufficient prominence is given to the labours of Morse, who discovered the telegraph; of Page, who made the first electro-motor; and of Moses G. Farmer, who conceived the idea of a self-exciting dynamo. Each of these inventions, to be sure, is claimed by several other countries; but in an American book it is only fair that the American view should be set forth. Whoever may be entitled to the credit of striking out the first ideas, at any rate there is no doubt about the activity of Americans in applying them. This is particularly true as regards the electric light and electric motors. The use of electric motors on tramways is being so rapidly extended in the United States that Mr. Joseph Wetzler—whose essay on the subject is bright and readable—thinks it safe to hazard the opinion that within ten years there will not be a single "horse-railway" in operation. In 1887 there were thirteen electric railways in the United States. There are now at least 260. According to Mr. Wetzler, the motor simply eclipses the horse from every point of view. It goes faster and more easily; it is much cheaper; and it brings in treble the profit. We are rather surprised that he should advocate the storage battery system in preference to the overhead system. The latter is probably the more economical of the two, and in America, where it has been adopted in preference to other systems, the objections to overhead wires is not so strong as in some other countries. Mr. H. L. Webb describes the making and laying of the submarine cable, generally known as the "Spanish National," which runs from Cadiz to Teneriffe. We do not think we have ever read a better popular description of the various operations involved in cable-laying. Mr. Kennelly's essay on electricity in the household is interesting, and rather more than up to date. He gives a diagram showing how, in the house of the future, wires will radiate from an electric meter to lamps, clocks, sewing-machine, phonograph, electric stove, burglar and fire alarms, and electric fans. The book concludes with some sensible remarks by Dr. Allen Starr on electricity in relation to the human body. He deplores the extravagant claims put forward for electricity as a curative agent, and warns his readers—it cannot be done too often—against quacks.

Not less interesting, though very much more technical, is Mr. Stuart Russell's book on *Electric Light Cables*. In the last few years every detail connected with the construction of plant for electric-lighting has been anxiously studied, with the object of finding out the most economical methods of distribution. As soon as large areas began to be lighted from central stations it became evident that the cost of the mains was a very serious item. But the problem of selecting the most economical mains is full of complications. It involves the consideration of such matters as the energy wasted in conductors and transformers, the relative economy of the direct and alternate current systems, the effect of the "load factor"—that is, the relation between the actual output of the plant and the maximum possible output—and the material of the conductor and the insulator. We have nothing but praise for the manner in which Mr. Russell has discussed these difficult questions. To electrical engineers his book will be invaluable. Unscientific readers will be interested to learn that the substance most in fashion as an insulating material is indiarubber. Many years ago it was tried for submarine and underground telegraphs, but had to be abandoned because it deteriorated so quickly. Guttapercha, which has taken its place in telegraphy, is unsuitable for electric-lighting because of its liability to soften under the action of heat. The indiarubber now used is vulcanized, and has a high specific resistance. Whether it will prove durable time alone can show. If not, it is possible that we may have to resort to the use of oil for insulating purposes where high pressures are employed.

* *Electricity in Daily Life: a Popular Account of the Applications of Electricity to Everyday Usages.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Electric Light Cables and the Distribution of Electricity. By Stuart A. Russell. London: Whittaker & Co. 1892.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY.*

THE preface, but not the title-page or the back lettering, of this book informs us that it relates to Bedford, Berks, and Bucks, and that it is vol. i. of a series. So we may count on sixteen more volumes to complete England and Wales. But the preface also tells us that it is a mere reprint—unannotated, uncorrected—of a very fairly accessible original. Still, among a good deal of unwinnowed trivialities one can find some very interesting details of antiquities now perished. Such is the description of the glories and the ruin of Lady Place at Hurley, pulled down in 1837. Written with sympathy for the melancholy of repose that came over the splendid house, it would compare well with Elia's Blakesmore. Lady Place was so named because built on the site of Hurley Priory, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. John Lovelace acquired the property in 1558, and his son, Richard, a successful adventurer, erected the Elizabethan mansion out of money gained in an expedition in company with Sir F. Drake. The hall, the carved staircase, and the great saloon were of marble, the walls and ceiling decorated with Italian frescoes by Verrio and Salvator Rosa. For one hundred and fifty years the Lovelaces lived there splendidly. The third Lord Lovelace was an ardent supporter of William of Orange, and during the reign of James II. meetings of the Revolution conspirators were held in the vault at Lady Place. William III. after his accession favoured Lord Lovelace, and visited him at Lady Place. In the middle of the eighteenth century the house was sold, and, gradually ceasing to be occupied, fell out of repair, and was at last pulled down. Equally interesting, if not equally well told, is the account of Cumnor Hall, once the residence of Tony Forster, pulled down in 1812 by Lord Abingdon. The correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who was evidently well acquainted with the building, describes the room and the staircase which the village tradition associated with Amy Robsart. Some of the windows and ornaments of Cumnor Hall were re-created in Wytham Church. Under Quarrendon, in the Vale of Aylesbury, are mentioned the beautiful monuments in Quarrendon Chapel to Sir Henry Lee, K.G., a Tudor statesman and soldier, to the Knight's wife and to his mistress; and how, in 1817, the delicate marble carving, the armorial bearings and the inscriptions, were being daily smashed and defaced by the inroads of cattle. We wonder what is the present state of this chapel and monuments, if, indeed, they still exist.

* *The Gentleman's Magazine Library; being a Classified Collection of the chief Contents of the Gentleman's Magazine from 1731 to 1868.* Edited by George Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXXII.*

THIS volume opens with an editorial article upon the seventeenth-century astrologer Dr. Lambe. Though he was not a person of permanent importance, yet, as "occultism" has come into fashion of late, some interest may be aroused by the history of his "notorious life" and "ignominious death," to quote the title of his earliest, and probably till now his only, biography, a rare and precious pamphlet, of which two copies are in the British Museum. Lambe, after trying private-tutorship and the study of medicine, fell "to other mysteries, as telling of fortunes, helping of divers to lost goods, shewing to young people the faces of their husbands or wives that should be in a crystal glass," dabbling in what was evidently hypnotic suggestion, practising "execrable arts" to consume a man's "body and strength," invoking and entertaining "certain evil and impious spirits"—in short, "the whole bag of tricks," as our pleasing modern slang has it. Of course he soon got into trouble; he was twice convicted of practising the Black Art, and on the second occasion was lodged in Worcester Castle. But mark the result—within a fortnight after his second trial, so it was asserted, "the high sheriff, foreman of jury, and divers others of the justices gentlemen then present of the same jury died." Gaol fever, the sceptical modern reader may suggest. But the local authorities thought it prudent to petition for the removal of the redoubtable doctor to the King's Bench prison, where, in easy confinement, receiving his numerous clients, he seems to have remained some fifteen years. Lambe, we grieve to say, was not up to the high moral standard which modern occultism is understood to demand in its adepts. He abused his privileges by the commission of a flagrant offence, which brought his neck well-nigh within the compass of a halter. Yet he not only escaped the gallows, but was released—a leniency which was doubtless due to the influence of one of his clients, the Royal favourite Buckingham. The Duke's protection carried with it the Duke's unpopularity, and Lambe was denounced in street ballads as employing his black arts to serve his patron's vices. One day in 1628 popular fury came to a head, and "the Duke's devil," as the sorcerer was called, was hunted by a raging mob through the streets from Finsbury to the Old Jewry, and so brutally beaten and mauled that he died the next morning. "Let Charles [the King] and George [Buckingham] do what they can, The Duke shall die like Doctor Lambe," ran the popular couplet; a sinister prophecy which in some degree fulfilled itself, for within three months of the lynching of Lambe Buckingham fell by the assassin's knife.

A page further on, we come upon a more harmless Lambe of later days, sometime vicar of Norham, and author of, *inter alia*, the pseudo-antique ballad of "The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh." The recorded oddity of his courtship arrests the eye. Once upon a time he saw one Philadelphia Nelson, daughter of a Durham carrier. Many years afterwards he suddenly resolved to marry her. Accordingly he wrote a proposal to her, "inviting her to meet him on Berwick pier, and bidding her carry a tea-caddy under her arm for purposes of identification. On the appointed day, owing to his habitual absent-mindedness, he failed to meet her"; but the marriage came off nevertheless. As we have been frivolous enough to begin with oddities, we may as well go on to Daniel Lambert, the fat man, whose uncomfortable fame survives on tavern signs and in literary allusions. John Lambert, the Parliamentary general, belongs to more serious history, and is fully treated of by Mr. Firth. Lambert was a man of elegant tastes, fond of pictures and of flowers, and, as Mr. Firth tells us, he "is credited with introducing the Guernsey lily into England." It is characteristic of our ancestors' want of charity towards any occupation out of the conventional round, that Lambert's floricultural tendencies seem only to have exposed him to sneers. He was satirized as "the Knight of the Golden Tulip," and Mrs. Hutchinson spitefully describes him at his house at Wimbledon, "where he fell to dress his flowers in his garden, and work at the needle with his wife and his maids." This last bit of malice Mr. Firth does not notice, though he mentions what is probably the foundation of it—to wit, that Lambert is said to have painted flowers. If this was the case, it is likely enough that his paintings may have served as patterns for his wife's embroidery.

The ecclesiastical interest is strong in this volume. Mr. Hunt undertakes the important subject of Archbishop Lanfranc, and Miss Kate Norgate that of Archbishop Stephen Langton of immortal fame as the chief agent in obtaining the Great Charter, and as having divided the Bible into chapters. Bishop Walter Langton, the Treasurer of Edward I., is treated of by Professor Tout. Bishop Latimer is the subject of a very interesting and fair-minded article by Mr. James Gairdner, who, though he writes sympathetically, does not conceal that, twice at least, the Protestant martyr was led into deplorable displays of party spirit. Nevertheless, when the most has been made of his errors, it is impossible not to feel both affection and reverence for Latimer. A far less pleasing product of the Reformation period is Richard Layton, Dean of York, who, in company with Dr. Legh, did the dirty work necessary as a preliminary to the dissolution of the smaller monasteries. Archbishop Laud receives nearly ten pages from Professor S. R. Gardiner. With such authorship, we need not say that the article is one of the greatest interest and value, well rewarding perusal; nor need we say that, in spite of strict impartiality of tone and due recognition of Laud's good points as well as his deficiencies, a certain lack of sympathy with his religious position makes itself felt. Professor Gardiner truly points out that, though, as has often been said, Laud's system, and not that of his opponents, finally prevailed in the Church of England, this victory was only won by the abandonment of Laud's attempt to enforce universal conformity. Laud, therefore, stands chargeable with shortsightedness in failing to see that such conformity was practically unattainable. But whatever blame he may deserve for this is balanced by the credit due to him for seeing that the minutely definite dogmatism of the Puritans would have to be abandoned if the Church was to live. Professor Gardiner does, no doubt, give him this credit, but he does it somewhat coldly. And a High Churchman would, we think, have a good deal to say as to the assertion that in Laud's mind "the external obligation always took precedence of the spiritual conception"; but we forbear to enter upon the deep questions which are hereby suggested. On the other hand, we remark that he defends Laud against the common charge of timidity and superstition, founded upon the fact that in his private diary he noted down some of his dreams. "Until it can be shown that in any single instance he allowed his conduct to be deflected by these, it may be taken that he noted them simply as curiosities.". Before we leave ecclesiastical history, we must mention Mr Stephen's biography of William Law, the author of *The Serious Call.* "Law's remarkable force of mind," says his present biographer, "placed him in opposition to the prevailing tendencies of his time, and his writings have, therefore, failed to receive due recognition, with the exception of the 'Serious Call.'" At any rate, they now receive their due from Mr. Stephen, who pronounces "that the logical power shown in Law's controversial writings surpasses that of any contemporary author, unless Bentley be an exception.' Law "occupies an isolated position in the history of English thought, and even his singular literary merit has been too little recognised." In fact, Keble, who was hurt when the *Serious Call* was described as "a clever book," might perhaps have charged Mr. Stephen with regarding Law as a clever man.

In political history we notice the articles upon John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, and Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough. Mr. Espinasse gives an interesting account of John Law, the financier. In Indian history we remark Colonel Vetch's biography of Sir Henry Lawrence, and that of John, Lord Lawrence, by Mr. Hamilton. In literature, Professor Hales's valuable articles upon William Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*, and upon Layamon, the author of *Brut*, deserve more notice than we can now give; and the same may be said of Mr. Stephen's biography of Walter Savage Landor. Dr. Garnett supplies an interesting account of the once famous, but well-nigh forgotten, poetess, poor "L. E. L.," whose tragic end still remains somewhat of a mystery. Among artists, the most notable are Landseer and Lawrence (by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse), and Leech, by Mr. Austin Dobson. We could mention many others, for, as we turn the pages, fresh matter of interest keeps presenting itself. But it is necessary to conclude, which we do with feelings of ever-increasing gratitude to Mr. Stephen, Mr. Lee, and their collaborators, for the great work which they carry on with such unflagging energy and well-deserved success.

* *Dictionary of National Biography.* Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXII. Lambe—Leigh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

RIXÆ OXONIENSES.*

MR. S. F. HULTON'S book, compressing into 50,000 words five centuries of University history, is a compilation from historical records which the author has joined so deftly that the reader need not skip a page. But we can go further than that; for, whether by means of inverted commas or by his own words, Mr. Hulton gives the lay reader a very striking picture of the mediæval student. Stripped of his Latinity and looked at from the view of the police authorities of the time, whether mayor or

* *Rixæ Oxonienses.* By Samuel F. Hulton. Illustrated. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

sheriff, the mediæval undergraduate was a dangerous rough. Learning exercised no civilizing on the student. Not only was he rowdy, but he was armed with sword and bow, and he was ready to draw on the slightest pretext. Perpetually insulting and giving offence, he was ready and keen to discover it. An arrant fighter, he was careless as to whom and how hard he hit, while he was bloody and cruel in the pursuit. When defeated he was quick to escape, or if arrested by the public force he was apt to claim his privilege of University jurisdiction.

"Oxford was well adapted for street brawls," says the author, and from the twelfth down to the end of the fifteenth century these opportunities were fully utilized for the good old game of attack and defence. The students were divided into four nations, Northern, Southern, Welsh, and Irish, of which the two former were the most important. Whatever the reason or the origin of this division was, the main purpose it served was organized fighting as frequent, as irrational, and as bloody as that between the Blues and the Greens of Constantinople. It was only the triumph in the fourteenth century of the College system over the Halls that broke up these confederations. Besides this domestic fighting, there was the standing quarrel with the town; but to the credit of the Nations be it said that a defeated Nation never called in the town to help it, and never by way of revenge helped the town. Mr. Hulton relates fully the deadly battle of St. Scholastica's day, Feb. 10, 835, which lasted for three days. This fight the town won. After pushing home their victory by rifling the Halls and killing the students, the burgesses seem to have contemplated proceeding legally against the survivors; for, as the chronicle cited by Mr. Hulton states, "Many others whom they had mortally wounded, they haled to prison, carrying their entrails in their hands in a most lamentable fashion"! For this riot the town was punished civilly and ecclesiastically. The King, on hearing of the disturbance, ordered the Sheriff and the Mayor to protect the scholars; then directed an inquiry, in the result of which the Mayor and Bailives were imprisoned in the Tower of London and a fine of 250*l.* imposed on the town, to be paid as damages to the scholars. The Bishop of Lincoln issued an excommunication and an interdict which he directed to be read in every church in Oxford. This interdict was only released after continual petitions and on condition of the city at their own expense celebrating an annual mass for the souls of the clerks killed, and that the Mayor and Bailives and sixty of the chiefest burgesses should be present at this annual mass. One of the later town rows, in 1495, was occasioned by a very modern cause. "One John Roys, 'a lusty son of Venus,' constituted himself a defender of light housewives in Oxford, and on several occasions when they were arrested by the Proctors delivered them by force from custody." This leads us to the historical explanation of the existing jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor's Court over such offences.

THE ELTON CATALOGUE.*

THIS is an excellent companion to the handsome octavo which Mr. Locker-Lampson issued in 1886 under the title of the *Rowfant Library*, and the affinity between the two volumes is accentuated by the fact that Mr. Pollard of the British Museum, who, with Mr. Lister, prepared the earlier book, has also advised the compilers of the present collection. There are no etchings in the *Elton Catalogue*; but their place is more than filled by a series of excellent reproductions (by Mr. Prætorius) of some of the more striking bindings. Here the bibliopegist may recreate himself by the semblances of the *Port Royal Logic* of Arnauld in citron leather, with the white eagle of Count d'Hoym, of Marcus Aurelius and Boccaccio in the Grolieresque fashion; of Polentonius his *Life of St. Antony* clad in red morocco by Derome; of the novels (from the French) of Señor Juan Peres de Montalban, stamped in gold with arms of the Pompadour; of the *Office de la Quinzaine de Pasque* of Philippe d'Orléans (which cannot have much worn while in that ownership), and of a number of special items of equal interest, the inspection of which should be practically a liberal education in the department of bibliomania. The blank spaces of many pages of the Catalogue are filled with facsimiles of publishers' devices. For the books themselves, it would be idle to attempt anything like a summary. But, testing the Catalogue as most book-lovers do, for some of our favourites, we have not been disappointed. There are first editions of Boswell's *Johnson*, of Browne's *Hydriotaphia*, of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, of *Rasselas*, of Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia*, of Pascal, of Rabelais, of Swift's *Baucis and Philemon*, of Steele's *Tatler* (with the spurious issues and "little Harrison's" continuation) of Walpole's *Fugitive Pieces*, and the like. There is also an excellent collection of the works of Mr. Andrew Lang; and what we should imagine to be an exceptional and highly interesting assortment of books of small size, of which may be cited as examples La Fontaine's *Fables*, $2\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ in., and a Dante $2 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ in. To make them complete, one should have the book-plate of "that very Mab"; the other the combined *ex-libris* of Oberon and Titania.

* *A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Charles Isaac Elton and Mary Augusta Elton.* London: Quaritch.

DR. WILLIAM SPARK.*

MUSIC is often called the youngest of the arts, and *maxima debetur pueris reverentia*; but a reviewer would have to be doubled with an angel to show mercy on music as represented by Dr. William Spark of Leeds. It must be said that he shows no desire to sail under false colours. From his preface we quote the following astounding sentence:—"Much matter has been specially written for this first edition of my *Reminiscences*, particularly that which refers to the origin of the Leeds Musical Festivals, and the author's treatment by the Executive Committee—treatment which no one has yet been found to defend or excuse, not even by [*sic*] the effeminate top music-critic of the 'leading newspaper of the North,' whose prejudices and borrowed information are too much known to be of any value to those who are in the swim, and are behind the scenes—a critic who, having failed in his own profession, ought to be hurled from his false position (where he mercilessly attacks those experienced men who do not and cannot agree with him), like his father's flute, which was once lent by his friend Saynor, the principal flautist of Drury Lane Theatre, for a benefit concert at his native place, Hunslet, near Leeds; and at which I was unfortunately the conductor."

Examiners on the look-out for a good piece to set for grammatical analysis may find the foregoing extract useful, but it is certainly not an auspicious or edifying introduction to the collection of *brochures*, as the author describes them, of which this volume is made up. Dr. Spark's own qualifications to speak authoritatively on musical matters may be illustrated in a variety of ways. Twenty pages are devoted to selected specimens of the annotated programmes of his organ recitals, which he hopes—to quote his own words and in their own form—

MAY PROVE OF USE AND INTEREST
TO YOUNG ORGANISTS
WHO HAVE NOT ALWAYS AT HAND
THE NECESSARY MEANS AND REQUIRED BOOKS
OF REFERENCE.

The destitute young organist relying implicitly on Dr. Spark's annotations is a touching spectacle. For he will learn *inter alia* that "before Rossini's time many operas were produced; but only one of these is now remembered, Cimaroso [*sic*] *Matrimonio Segretto*." He will also read of "Liet-motive," and be instructed how to misspell sundry simple French and Latin words. In one programme we read of a selection from Spohr's *Jessonda* that it includes the chorus "'Kalt and [*sic*] Starr,'" which Dr. Spark, with a linguistic facility almost equal to that of the Claimant, promptly renders "Cold and starry." The last programme contains no mention of music whatsoever, but is inserted on account of the "annotation," which relates exclusively to the death of the Duke of Albany. Such irrelevance, however, is characteristic of Dr. Spark's method. One of his *brochures* is headed "A Week in the Isle of Man," and is largely taken up with an account of what Dr. Spark ate and drank. As Dr. Spark beautifully puts it, appetite when truly voracious is sublime. At Douglas he had a "most refreshing tea." At the Queen's Hotel, Ramsey, he forgathered with three other friends, and tells us that his luncheon was a dinner, to all intents and purposes; after which "we four jolly old chappies enjoyed ourselves in a snug private room," where "the fun, as Burns hath it, 'grew fast and furious,' and 'we'll be young again,' came out frequently and sequentially." On the return voyage the "jolly old chappie" distinguished himself by the following brilliant sally, which is quite worthy of the inimitable Mr. Pooter, famed by the Grossmith brothers. His next neighbour, after drinking six glasses of beer, informed Dr. Spark that he was *so* thirsty. "Heh," I said, "you certainly take infinitely more than I could *beer*, under any circumstances." In another chapter he dilates on a memorable banquet held in the "swell-box" of the Leeds Town Hall organ, where the allowance for ten persons was a dozen of champagne and six bottles of port, and in a third gives a full, true, and particular account of a fish dinner at Gravesend, at which he thinks it necessary to state that he and his friends did *not* drink the rose water provided by their host. Under the

* *Musical Reminiscences: Past and Present.* By Dr. William Spark. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

heading of "Music, etc., in North Wales," we find a most valuable testimony to the knightage from Dr. Spark. He went to visit Sir Theodore Martin, and was received "with the courtesy and kindness which are so characteristic of the highly intellectual and well-bred upper classes of Great Britain." The sequel is worth quoting:—"After a recherche [*sic*] luncheon, we were ushered into the charmingly and artistically decorated drawing-room, where, at the request of one of the lady visitors, I had the pleasure to play on a fine-toned 'Collard and Collard' pianoforte some of Mendelssohn's *Leider* [*sic*] *ohne worte* and Chopin's *Mazurkas*."

Dr. Spark does not always, however, write in this strain of unctuous cheerfulness. Like other great men, he has had his disappointments. For example, he went to hear the *Meistersinger* at Dresden, but had to withdraw at the end of the first act—"perhaps a wiser, if not a sadder, man." It is his boast—*vide* his "Scraps, Anecdota," &c. at the close of the book—that he eschews egotism. How far the vaunt is justified can be tested by the most cursory process of dipping. There is one delicious passage in the course of a chapter on a visit to London in 1877. The good Doctor conscientiously tells us how he spent every moment of his time, and after recording the fact of a visit to the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Galleries, proceeds as follows:—

> 'As taste cannot be too much or too carefully cultivated, the real artist, whether painter, poet, or musician, will always evolve happy and refining thoughts from the contemplation of the sister-arts. For my own part, I never look on a beautiful picture, or read a fine poem, without experiencing a corresponding musical thought.'

This being the case, it was natural that Dr. Spark should feel hurt at the refusal by the Leeds Festival Committee of his offer to compose and play a solo at the last gathering. Into the rights and wrongs of his quarrel with the Committee, which are set forth at length in a chapter on the Leeds Musical Festivals, we have no desire to enter. He accuses the writers and compilers of the recently published history of that institution—"Fred. R. Spark and Joseph Bennett"—of more than one "discreditable *suppressio veri*," and peremptorily advances his claim to be considered its original founder and revivicator. We have framed this word on one of Dr. Spark's own expressive coinages—*revivication*—a word almost worthy of Mr. Brown of Glasgow, the author of that Dictionary of Musicians which contains allusions to the "prolifigacy" of more than one famous composer.

Where Dr. Spark confines himself to his special subject—organ construction—he is inoffensive and sometimes readable. His essay on "Choirs and Organs: their proper Position in Churches," written in 1852, is well expressed and judicious, and the chapters on Organs and Organists of the North should prove of interest to the expert reader. But, for the rest, the book may serve musical essayists much as the helot served the Spartans. Some shocking things have been done in the name of music, but few more radiantly insufferable than the Reminiscences of this "real artist" and "jolly old chappie," Dr. William Spark of Leeds.

THE KENDAL "BOKE OFF RECORDE."*

KENDAL, already famous for its textile manufactures, was in 1575 in a state of some excitement, for the principal inhabitants had decided to apply for a Charter of incorporation; and as even in the golden days of Elizabeth such grants cost money, there was a quest, apparently from house to house, in search of persons willing to contribute to the necessary expense. The Charter, when it was given, contained a specific statement that no fee nor fine, great or small, was to be paid for it; but this declaration of queenly liberality assumes an unreal air when confronted with the solid fact that the Kendal people collected 133*l.* 8*s.* to obtain the Charter. The document itself is an interesting exhibition of the ideas as to local government current three centuries ago. The Chief Magistrate was originally styled Alderman, and with him were associated twelve capital burgesses. These are all named in the Charter. They had power to appoint two Serjeants-at-Mace, a Recorder or Steward (the first Recorder, however, is named in the Charter), to hold a Court of Record, to receive the Court fees, to hold two fairs in addition to those formerly in use, to have a Court of Frankpledge, a perambulation of the boundaries, and assize and assay of bread, wine, beer, and wood, and to make by-laws for the good government and victualling of the town. Now that it is in some quarters suggested to transfer the licensing authority from the magistrates to the Town and County Councils, it is worth noting that all victuallers, *tam Pisceuarii quam alii*, were to be under the rule of the Alderman and capital burgesses. The capital burgesses nominated yearly two candidates from their own body for the office of Alderman or Mayor, as he was afterwards styled, and the choice between the two was left to the inhabitants assembled in public meeting. This is the only democratic element visible in the Charter, for the members of the Corporation themselves filled up all vacancies as they occurred. The basis is co-optation, not representation. The Mayor, the Recorder, and the senior of the capital burgesses were appointed Justices of the Peace, and the county magistrates were debarred from interference in the affairs of the town; but the rights of the Hereditary Sheriff of Cumberland were strictly reserved to him. In order that the distinction of the chief magistracy might not be monopolized, the tenure of office was limited to one year, and the same person could not be chosen again for four years. This Charter was afterwards varied by similar grants from Charles I. and Charles II. It is thought by good authorities that the surrender of the second Charter was a nullity, and that, as the third one was granted in consideration of a void surrender, it is of no effect. In that case Kendal is still subject to the Charter of Charles I., modified, however, by the Municipal Reform Act—a circumstance that takes away any practical importance from this undecided question.

The Corporation, being fully constituted, invested in "A Boke off Recorde or Register contayninge all the Acts and Doinges in or concerninge the Corporation w' in the towen Kirkbie Kendall begynnynge at the ffirst entrance or Practysinge off the same wch was the eighte day off Januarij Anno Regni Dne Elizabethe dei gra Angl Ffranc et Hibne Regine ffidei defensor etc decimo octavo 1575." This is now printed, partly from the original and partly from transcripts, under the auspices of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society. It is edited by Chancellor Ferguson, who has prefixed a brief introduction and added a few notes, whilst a useful index has been contributed by Mr. W. B. Arnison. The book contains lists of the Corporation and officers, coming down, in some cases, as late as the early part of the eighteenth century. A characteristic of old English ways is that no one was to be trusted or believed except on oath. The Alderman or Mayor swore to "do equall right and Justice to all person and persouns, as well the poore as the ryche"; he was "in no wyse to fforgett, Dispise or overlooke the cause off the poore orphan, wedowe, stranger or helplesse p'son"; and to "alwayes have A vigilante Eye, a trewe care, tender consideracon ffor the preservacon and kepinge in peace and in good order, and quyett state off this hole Boroughe." The orders made by the Corporation deal with a variety of subjects. Six "manlike" men with halberds were appointed for a nightly watch. There were regulations to secure the proper "dighting" and dressing of cloth. This fabric, although called "cotton," was really woollen. The feastings at bridals, churchings, and other occasions were a source of difficulty to the Corporation, who restricted the number of persons sharing in these co-operative jubilations. As eighty guests were permitted at a wedding dinner, and "twelve wyffes" at a "kyrkyng," the restriction was not very rigid, and even this rule did not apply to the "drynkyns" held in connexion with elections, with court days, with the archery exercises, or with the guild meetings to prepare for the Corpus Christi play. The members of the Corporation in their procession to church and on other solemnities were to wear a plain cloth gown of black or some other "sad" colour and a round black cap. Afterwards we read of "vyolat gowns." Apparently the Aldermen and burgesses were shy or indifferent as to this outward and visible sign of dignity, for in 1617 a fine was ordered to be inflicted on all who still neglected to provide themselves with gowns. The trade of the town was in the hands of twelve Guilds or Companies. None of these were of single trades, though an effort is apparent to bring together those which are naturally related. The chapmen, merchants, and salters were to elect two wardens, one of whom was to be a chapman and the other a merchant or salter; but of the butchers and "fishers"—presumably fishmongers—the warden was always to be a butcher. The innholders, ale-house-keepers, and tipplers had four wardens, of whom two were to be innholders and two alehouse-keepers. The "typlers" were thus excluded from office. The wardens had a general supervision of their trades, and it was their duty to make report at the Common Hall of whatever they found amiss. It is sad to think that even the civic dignitaries of Kendal were not immaculate. The first Mayor, a few years after the incorporation, scandalized the town by his proceedings with a married dame who was not so discreet as she ought to have been. This having become "noteriouslye knowen to the sclander and offence of the Magistrats off

* *A Boke off Recorde or Register containing all the acts and doings in or concerninge the Corporation within the town of Kirkbie Kendall beginning . . .* 1575. To which are added the several Charters granted by Q. Elizabeth, K. Charles I., and K. Charles II. Edited by Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., LL.M., F.S.A., Chancellor of Carlisle. Kendal: T. Wilson.

the sayd Boroughe and evill example of the residewe off the inhabitants," he was removed from office. A few years later the lady, not having amended her ways in the meantime, was ordered to be first carted through the town, and then banished from it, unless she became, within a specified time, reconciled to her husband. Whether she preferred public infamy to the company of her placable spouse does not appear. In the minds of the framers the cause of good morals was no doubt also involved in the "order for lyinge away meate called smalmeate at every alderman his principal dinner." This is supposed to be a Puritanical prohibition of mincepies! The greater part of the orders deal with the sanitary and trade affairs of the borough. "Laws and constitutions" were drawn up for the several trades; but Thomas Dalston, who was Recorder in 1685, appends to them a warning note that "these restraining bylaws meet with no favour in Westminster Hall," and that their "own Moothall is altogether improper, since no man is admitted to be judex in his own causa." There are memoranda as to various gifts to the Free School, and other charities; but the chief interest of the "Book of Record" is the light that it throws on the working of municipal institutions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE BATH STAGE.*

THE position of the Bath stage is unique, and a full record of its history could not be other than acceptable. Its glories belong now to the past, and the latest Bath theatre does not even occupy a prominent place among country houses. At no time was it entitled to quite so much attention as its admirers and supporters have been in the habit of claiming for it. Far less picturesque are its annals than those of Edinburgh or Dublin, and they are less diversified also with incident—a fact for which the eminently docile nature of the Bath public is chiefly responsible. No record is there, as at Edinburgh, of the chief supporters of the stage—advocates and writers to the Signet, whose names have since become historic—banding together to hound from the pursuit of his profession an actor against whom their high mightinesses happened to have an unmerited grudge, or, as in Dublin, of armed rioters taking practical possession of the house, and treating as base pretenders to breeding the actors who had interfered to protect from insult the women of their own profession. Like the Dutchman in the time of Spanish occupation, the denizen of Bath could only be roused to any "sudden flood of mutiny" by an assault upon his pocket. He bore with tolerable meekness the intrusion upon the stage of the most ignorant and arrogant amateurs, and he resented the infliction of weak companies in the only legitimate manner, by deserting the theatre. Only when prices were "put up," and a shilling more was demanded for admission to the theatre of aristocratic Bath than to the associate house in commercial Bristol, was the public really wounded.

Such glories as Bath possessed were practically crowded into the latter half of the eighteenth century, and were due to the energy and taste of one man, backed up by the accident of position. Before the invention of mail-coaches even—which took their rise in Bath, and were the invention of the Bath manager—Bath and Bristol were more accessible than any other theatrical centre. The London manager in search of novelty could run down easily to Bath to recruit his staff; while a visit to York or the Eastern circuit, to say nothing of a voyage to Dublin, was a more formidable undertaking. But for its proximity to London, Bath would scarcely have taken the position it held. Palmer, who drifted into management, was an energetic and a capable man, but was not, so far at least as judgment of actors was concerned, the equal of Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York circuit. Indirectly, as well as directly, Bath benefited by its propinquity to London. Managers disappointed in applicants whom they had encouraged to visit London from remote spots sent them on to Bath, with recommendations to the management, which not seldom led to an engagement. To a chance of this kind Bath owed its crowning honour. This was the long service—long, comparatively, that is—of John Henderson, known as the Bath Roscius, the most formidable and the best equipped of the innumerable rivals of Garrick. An Irishman by birth, Henderson made early application to Garrick, who judged him good enough for Bath, but not for London. Fortified by Garrick's recommendation, Palmer, the Bath manager, engaged him for three years, at a salary rising from one to two guineas a week. On the 6th October, 1771, under the name of Courtney, Henderson made his first appearance in Bath, playing Hamlet, Richard III., Benedict, Macbeth, Bobadill Bayes. Don Felix, in *The Wonder*, and Essex followed quickly, and on the 26th December, as Hotspur, he played under his own name, reciting an address by a Bath notability upon his change of name.

For a few years while Henderson remained at its head the Bath Theatre suggested a veritable, if unequal, opposition to London. The company included some capable actors, notably Edwin, not yet engaged for London, which he reached about the same time as Henderson; the Didiers, capable performers, and Dimond and Keasberry, subsequently to be associated in the Bath management. To keep up still further the attitude of rivalry to London, Henderson was in the habit of reciting Garrick's prologue. No long time elapsed before Henderson, who had made a great name in Bath, and secured friends such as John Beard the singer, Paul Whitehead the dramatist, and Thomas Gainsborough, thought himself justified in making fresh application to the London managers. Once more he experienced a rebuff. Garrick, Foote, Harris, and Leake heard him rehearse, and refused to engage him, while Colman would not even grant him an interview. From Colman, however, the engagement was to come, though not until the summer of 1777, when Henderson appeared at the Haymarket as Shylock. London's loss had been the gain of Bath, where Henderson had been seen in a score fresh parts in both comedy and tragedy. When he did appear, even, Garrick would none of him. He watched his Shylock, and found nothing to say. In the Tubal of some unknown actor, however, Garrick characteristically discovered merits with which times previous and subsequent have not concerned themselves.

While Henderson, then, was delighting Bath with Macbeth, Pierre, Benedict, and Archer, Edwin was establishing a reputation not less high, in a different class, as Launcelot Gobbo, First Gravedigger, Hob, and Mawworm. Those were the genuinely palmy days of the Bath Theatre. A subsequent period, from 1790 to 1805, is regarded by Mr. Penley as the period of highest provincial prosperity. Artistically, however, the Henderson period stands foremost. A second time of triumph came when Mrs. Siddons, temporarily rejected by London, came to Bath to establish her reputation. Her appearance in Bath, beginning 1778–79, trod close on the heels of the departure of Henderson. Unlike her predecessor, however, she had played in London, having been seen with Garrick at Drury Lane in 1775–76 in half a dozen characters. Birmingham, York, and Liverpool were then visited, and probably Manchester and Bath could in no sense be regarded as having had her *prémices*. A noble array of parts was, however, given in the four seasons she spent in Bath. Lady Macbeth, Lady Townly, Belvidera, Portia, Imogen, Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, Andromache, Mrs. Beverley, Miss Hardcastle, Hamlet (!), Mrs. Oakly, Constance, constituted not a third of the characters in which she was seen in Bath before winning final acceptance in London. Macready's connexion with Bath was also close and honourable, though, like that of Mrs. Siddons, it came at the close of country experiences elsewhere. With him, however, as with innumerable actors, Bath proved an important stage on the journey to London. No passage in Macready's "Reminiscences" is better known or more interesting than that in which he describes his own sensation upon arriving in Bath, and his observation upon a city the winter season of which he then held to be "to the fashionable world the precursor of that of the London spring." Not until the 29th December, 1814, did Macready as Romeo make his first appearance in Bath; Kean also visiting the city for the first time the same season. Two years earlier an engagement was offered Macready by Dimond for the Bath Theatre. Macready was then unable to leave his father. Had he done so, and appeared at the time stated, his association with Bath would have come near that of Henderson, the only actor of highest mark, except perhaps Elliston, to whom Bath stands as *alma mater*.

It is, of course, pardonable in Mr. Penley to attempt to tighten the links by which Bath is bound to actors or writers of position. We grudge, however, the space he has assigned to those whose memoirs can be read in every dictionary of biography. Of Sheridan and his wife there is thus a long and superfluous account. Sheridan was in a sense associated with Bath. What celebrity of the time was not? He has, moreover, made Bath the scene of a great comedy, and in so doing has done much to raise the influence of the city. A process of reasoning similar to that necessary to justify the inclusion of Sheridan in the story of the Bath Theatre, would justify that of Quin, who, if he did not act in Bath, at least died there, and whose tomb, with its inscription by Garrick, is one of the most familiar features in the Abbey. In place of the particulars concerning people so well known as Sheridan and Mrs. Siddons, we should have been thankful for a further account of many actors and actresses concerning whom accessible information is scarce.

* *The Bath Stage: a History of Dramatic Representations in Bath.* By Belville S. Penley. London: Lewis; Bath: "Herald" Office.

After her separation from her husband, Mrs. Mozeen, the wife of the actor-dramatist, author of the famous recitation often given in Bath, "Bucks, have at ye all," played for some seasons in Bath. She is an attractive, if not wholly edifying, personage, for a list of whose characters we should be thankful. Though driving away her husband and scandalizing her friend and teacher Kitty Clive by the multitude of her lovers, Mrs. Mozeen was so modest that her timidity is said always to have stood in the way of her advancement. Tate Wilkinson chronicles concerning her that "at the least low joke she blushed to such an extent as to give the beholder pain for an offence not intended." Loose jokes were not thought much of in Tate Wilkinson's days behind the curtain, or, indeed, in other places. For Mr. Penley's benefit we may say that this shy adornment of the Bath stage was first seen when almost a child for Kitty Clive's benefit, and that she sang at Covent Garden the part of Sabrina in *Comus*.

As regards the fate of subsequent buildings in Bath which have been devoted to the drama, Mr. Penley's volume may be consulted. Mr. Penley has extracted from municipal records the references to any performances he can trace. These are not more interesting than in the case of other places of commensurate antiquity and importance. It is well, however, that all such references should be rendered accessible. Palmer, as we have said, is responsible for what is best in connexion with the Bath stage. He was able, moreover, to train up Dimond and Keasberry worthily to succeed him. The genuine interest of the Bath stage centres, as we have said, in the period of Henderson and that immediately succeeding. Macready belongs to Birmingham, Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles to the Welsh circuit of Roger Kemble; Yorkshire and the Eastern circuit sent good actors to London; and Bath's supremacy is not incontestable, though we are indisposed to contest it. We welcome Mr. Penley's book, which first appeared in the pages of a Bath newspaper. We wish it were a little more generous with local particulars, and cannot forgive the absence of an index.

LAW BOOKS.*

MR. CHARLES D. FORSTER sets out in a small and cheap volume his view of the law relating to the "small holdings" which have become a legal entity in virtue of the Small Holdings Act passed during the last Session of Parliament. Although Mr. Forster's treatise is based upon that Act, of which the text is set forth in the Appendix, it is not an edition of the Act, which, from a merely legal point of view, would probably be a more useful sort of book. The information given as to the effect of former Acts to which this one has reference is scanty and unsupported by any citation of authority. The chapters deal respectively with the method of getting to work under the Act, with sale by the existing owners to the County Council, with the sale or letting by the Council after the land is acquired, with the payments due from the holder of the small holding, and with the conditions by the observance of which that holder may ultimately become complete owner. In these chapters Mr. Forster gives an interesting general account of this attempt to avert by legislative means the disposition of land to which, as it appears, the wishes and convenience of private vendors and purchasers would lead, if they were left to produce their natural results. His work is less a legal text-book than an amplified lecture or magazine-article, and as such it may be expected principally to interest students of political economy—using that expression in a wide sense. It shows care, thoughtfulness, and considerable lucidity in style and arrangement, and may with advantage be perused by those who desire to investigate the actual advances that have been made in legislation of a socialistic character.

It is not surprising that a work so full of interest as Sir Frederick Pollock's *Torts* should have reached a third edition within six years of its first publication, and it may confidently be anticipated that others will follow at the same sort of rate, inasmuch as there is no other compendious treatise on the subject of anything like the same scope or authority. This edition has been brought down to date as nearly as is practicable, nearly enough, for example, to include the judgment of the House of Lords in MacGregor *v.* The Mogul Steamship Co. The book is probably by this time well established as one without having studied which no one can be said to have completed his legal education.

A new edition (the third) of Mr. G. H. Stutfield's handbook on the laws of betting, upon which subject he has constituted himself an authority, comes appropriately upon the passing of this year's Gaming Act. The purpose of this Act was to reverse the doctrine set up by the judgment of the majority of the Court of Appeal in Read *v.* Anderson. To our thinking, it was a pity that an opportunity did not arise of effecting this desirable alteration of the law by a judgment of the House of Lords. Messrs. Stutfield and Cautley naturally remark upon the circumstance that the new Act only takes away from the agent the right of recovering from his principal money paid by the agent in respect of wagers made and lost by the agent in obedience to the principal's instructions, and leaves the principal whatever right he previously had to recover from the agent money received by the agent in respect of wagers similarly made and won. They are of opinion that the principal has this right, but the decisions they quote seem to leave the matter at least open to argument. Apart from specific authority, it is no easy matter to bring such a claim within any of the recognized general principles of law. How can it be maintained that such money is received by the agent for the principal's use when the person who pays it was not bound to pay it to any one, and parted with the money—from the legal point of view—gratuitously, and without any direction as to what was to be done with it? And in as far as there is any agreement between the principal and the agent, that the agent shall pay such money to the principal, how can it legally be distinguished from the wager between the principal and the agent himself acting as principal, which it very often is, and probably almost always is, in the case of bets made upon horse-races? The new matter in the present edition has not been very artistically welded into the old. In respect of this statute, for instance, there is a great deal of matter left in which ought to have come out, and the judgment of the Court of Appeal in Read *v.* Anderson is still mentioned as a quite recent event though it was delivered eight years ago. There are several blemishes in the printing, including references to Lord "Herschel" and Chief Justice "Earle." The chapter on Lotteries is well done, and altogether the book is thoughtful, and likely to be of use in its somewhat humble sphere.

Dr. Grigsby sets before English readers for the second time Story's great work upon Equity. He still leaves the reader to discover for himself which parts of his text are the work of his author and which his own. The task—for readers with leisure—is not so difficult as to be absolutely impossible; but brackets, or something of that sort, would be convenient for purposes of cursory inspection. There is no doubt, however, that the English edition is useful, because the book is essential for students' purposes, and no other edition is readily obtainable in this country. If it was worth Dr. Grigsby's while to give a list of the judges of the High Court at the beginning of his book, one does not see why it should give the members of the Court as they were in 1887. There have been six judges appointed since then.

Although it is thirteen years since the original publication o Mr. Henry Hardcastle's volume on the Construction—*i.e.* the Interpretation—of Statutes, and although an Interpretation Act was passed in 1889, the second edition, by Mr. W. F. Craies, can hardly be said, from the reader's point of view, to be a substantially new book. Probably from the point of view of the editor it gave at least as much trouble as if it had been. The result of Mr. Craies's industry is a sound and good piece of work, the new light thrown on the subject since 1879 having been blended with the old in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Though less a student's manual than a practitioner's text-book, it is the sort of volume an intelligent perusal of which would educate a student better than the reading of much substantive law.

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* *A Manual of the Law relating to Small Agricultural Holdings; with the Small Holdings Act*, 1892. By Charles D. Forster, Solicitor, Author of "The Law of Compensation under the Agricultural Holdings (England) Act, 1883." London: Stevens & Sons. 1892.

The Law of Torts. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Principles of Contract" &c. Third edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1892.

The Law relating to Betting, Time-Bargains, and Gaming. By G. Herbert Stutfield, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Tattersall's Rules of Betting" &c. Third edition. By G. Herbert Stutfield and Henry Strother Cautley, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1892.

Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence. By Hon. Mr. Justice Story, LL.D., sometime one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Second English edition. By W. E. Grigsby, LL.D. (Lond.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

A Treatise on the Construction and Effect of Statute Law. By Henry Hardcastle, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition, revised and enlarged. By William Fielden Craies, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Part I. "Parliament." By Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

The Law relating to Building Societies. By Edward Albert Wurzburg, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1892.

Principles of the Criminal Law. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L., M.A., Author of "A Concise Digest of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian." Sixth edition. By Charles L. Attenborough, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1892.

The recent appearance of the Second Part ("The Crown") of Sir William Anson's work on Constitutional Law is followed by a second edition of "Part I. Parliament," which was first published two or three years ago. We pointed out at the time that this volume was the repository of much accurate information usefully and sensibly arranged. The Rules of Procedure adopted by the House of Commons in 1888 have been duly incorporated so far as the scale of Sir William's work requires it, but otherwise the present edition differs little from its predecessor.

Mr. Wurzburg describes his book on *The Law Relating to Building Societies* as a second edition, but he declares in his preface that it is really a new book, because the first edition was merely an edition of the Acts on the subject. He now essays a more coherent and organic treatise. The Acts 1874–1884 duly appear in the first appendix, and the others supply a reasonable stock of rules, forms, and the like. The work appears, perhaps, at a suitable moment, and may find eagerly, if rather gloomily, interested readers among the laymen interested in the subject, for whom Mr. Wurzburg says that it is partly intended.

We have received the sixth edition of Mr. Seymour Harris's work for Students on Criminal Law, which shows that students and their teachers like it.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY AT HYTHE.*

THIS rather imposing volume strikes us as somewhat disappointing. Its title and appearance are suggestive of some historical review of the progress instruction in musketry has made in our armies, an account of the methods and results of our present system, and we might even have hoped not unreasonably for some enlightenment with regard to what may be looked for in the future from modern fire tactics and our improved rifle. Instead of this, however, we are put off with a large collection of photographs, of which some are of scant interest, and none have any pretensions to artistic merit. Mr. Miller has, in fact, compiled an illustrated guide-book after the nature of those souvenirs of favourite watering-places with which the local stationers adorn their windows. According to the title-page the photographs are appended to the letterpress, whereas the latter might well have been compressed to grace the margins of the former. So interesting and important an addition to a modern armoury as the Maxim gun, for example, is described in ten brief lines of ample type, and of the lecture-room all the writer can tell us is that it "is furnished with long desks, as shown in the engraving" (not, by the way, an engraving, but a photograph), "and contains specimens of guns and rifles, from a very early date up to the present time." The photograph is labelled "interior of lecture-room," and it needs neither a ghost nor a volume which costs 10*s.* 6*d.* to give us information with which our own eyesight will supply us. The early history of Hythe does not rise above the kind usually purveyed in local handbooks, and occupies the ten first pages; we then have a sketch of the Royal Staff Corps, which formerly tenanted the barracks, and are supplied with some tables giving its exact strength and composition, with rather more detail than it strikes us is called for. The information, too, is often more grandiloquent than exact. It is hardly necessary to tell any one likely to read these pages that "Hythe is one of our most important military stations"; an excellent School of Musketry it certainly possesses, but that will hardly place it in the same category as Aldershot or the Curragh, any more than the fact that the *Britannia* is at Dartmouth will put that pretty seaport on the level of Portsmouth or Plymouth. We have also our doubts, in spite of its being expressly so stated, whether "Fort Sutherland can *act* in the light of an annexe" to any building, main or otherwise. It may very probably interest many officers who have spent some time within those comfortable walls to see the photograph of the ante-room and mess, which duly appear among similar presentments of every imaginable building at which a camera could by any possibility be levelled; but they and the great British public need hardly be informed that on the mantelpiece inside there "now *reposes* a very handsome clock" with a suitable inscription (which is duly given), such as may be seen in every mess-room in the kingdom, and dating back no further than 1891. Is it also vitally essential in an account of "one of the most important military stations" to describe a silver presentation cup given in 1889, even though it may be 15 inches high, and weigh no less than 96 ounces? Most of the information conveyed in these pages is, in fact, of the above character, and some of it is not even of as much interest. It never rises greatly beyond the level of a mere reference to an illustration, and, as we have shown, is extremely meagre even in those cases where there was scope for enlarging to useful purpose. What puzzles us chiefly is the question for whom the pages so handsomely bound and profusely illustrated are intended. Those who have passed through the inevitable "course" will scarcely care to carry away more than a few of the photographs as remembrances of the time they spent at studying trajectories and velocities. On the other hand, those who desire information as to the latest strides and developments in the shooting of our soldiers will find scarcely anything to help them in their researches. The book is too elaborate for one class, and not enough so for the other. It must be allowed, however, that in all exterior respects the work has been well done, and that as regards paper, type, and binding there is little to be desired. The camera, too, has done its best, and if the pictures are often lacking in interest and beauty, the fault rather lies with the locality than with them. For it must be confessed that Hythe is scarcely picturesque, and that "the Ranges," "the Parade Ground," and "Commandant's House" (in the traditional style of English barrack architecture) would have defied the genius of Turner, had he tried to infuse "the beauty and the dream" into their formal hideousness. That Mr. Miller and his publishers should have ventured to offer us some forty views of similar pattern says more for their valour than their discretion.

* *The School of Musketry at Hythe.* By W. S. Miller. London: Clowes & Sons. 1892.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. XAVIER MARMIER, who died this week at the age of eighty-three (for he, too, was born in 1809), was an interesting, if not a very remarkable, figure in French literature For he was a man of 1830 also; he published his first book in the famous year. He was, though not exactly a brilliant, an exceedingly accomplished and agreeable, writer of French; and, though his literary work had never been very original, he had at a critical time had much to do with breaking down that extreme ignorance of other countries and other literatures which was the reproach of the Classical period in France, and which the Romantic "Xenomania" went far to remove. Half a century ago M. Marmier put a French dress on Goethe, on Schiller, on Hoffmann, and introduced them to his countrymen; but his labours of this kind were even more geographical than literary. He was no bad critic, a fair historian of (especially Scandinavian) literature, and the author of agreeable tales. But his chief occupation was to travel about in Europe, in America, and elsewhere, and to record his travels in a pleasant, leisurely, well-bred fashion, with the aid of an excellent academic strain of French. Alas! those who possess that strain are getting uncommonly rare now—the very crew who were reduced to ten at Cadiz were more numerous than they.

Of those who, in the younger generations, preserve some of the charm of this, in its way, incomparable tongue, few, if any, stand higher than M. Anatole France (1), from whom we have another collection of the curious and attractive stories which, in his intervals of criticism, he affects. Not that M. France is not strongly "modern," too; but he is, in a way, a chip of the old block. His present "etwee," as our own ancestors used to call it, enshrines an agreeable assortment of articles, sixteen in number, and of very various sizes, from half-a-dozen pages to half a gross. The opening story, "Le procurateur de Judée," is a type of the whole, and would stamp the book, if it were anonymous, as M. France's, by its odd ironic quietism of style and the peculiar character of the subject. It need scarcely be said that M. France's Pilate is not exhibited to us as hounded by the Furies into any lake on any mountain-top. He is an old man at Baiæ, nursing his gout, and with a grievance against his superiors; but otherwise a placid, stately, and well-to-do ex-official enough. To him enters (strictly speaking, it is the other way) L. Ælius Lamia, an old friend who has known him in his Palestine days. Lamia has been first a young libertine, then an exile and a wanderer, and is now, like Pilate himself, a valetudinarian recluse, but still of no very strict life and conversation. After much talk of old times, a reminiscence of Mary Magdalene (what Frenchman *could* touch this subject and leave the Magdalene alone?) awakes in Lamia a further reminiscence of her Master. Does Pilate remember him? Pilate searches his memory; but Jesus of Nazareth is a mere name to him, and he cannot attach any sort of association whatever to it.

It might, perhaps, be objected by a very severe critic that this sort of "surprise-ending" is a little too much of a trick. The same Momus, we suppose, would find fault with some of the other stories in the volume, for having, strictly speaking, no ending at all, and would designate this as a trick too. But "trick" in such matters usually suggests a remark of somebody about

(1) *L'étui de nacre.* Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

another word—the word pedantry. "What we call scholarship when we like the scholar or his work, we call pedantry when we don't like the pedant and his." So it is with M. France, except that his ways, if not always distinctly great, are almost invariably gracious. His admirers will find few things that will not please them here, and we need only specify "La messe des ombres," "Gestas," and "Le petit soldat de plomb," where almost all the contents are charming.

M. Normand had an excellent subject in Greuze (2), and, if he has not in all respects made quite so much of it as some of his colleagues have made of subjects not apparently so tempting, he has made a very good book, especially in the technical criticism, which is frank, but fair and sensible. Perhaps we should have liked the book better if it had been possible—which we very frankly admit it was not—to give fewer of Greuze's popular pieces (the Repentant Sons and Dying Peasants, and bashful brides presented to their future families, and all the other namby-pamby sentimentalities, with here and there a point of sensuality thrown in) which charmed their age, of which Diderot (not without *échappées* of his usual clear-sighted criticism) made himself the laureate, and which are now for the most part intolerable enough. With these things, which suggest (if such a thing be conceivable) Hogarths without humour, M. Normand is, as we have acknowledged, of necessity much busied. But he might, we think, have given us more of the things that make Greuze's fame, despite his very faulty colour and other demerits. For instance, we do not find here, and we do not think we have missed it, though its exact title slips us, that exquisite smiling face, in a sort of black lace mantilla, which is the Greuze type at its very loveliest. What the type is, is well known. We are rather inclined to think that it is misdescribed as "voluptuous" *per se*, though it is so in this head just referred to, in "La Voluptueuse," especially in that form of it called "Le baiser envoyé" (both are given here), and others. There is more of the "irresistible Venus" in divers pastels of La Tour than in almost any of his contemporary's pictures. But then Greuze's type was his own, though to do him justice he could go outside of it. Of such excursions M. Normand produces a capital example in the charming "Marquise de Chauvelin." Here the traits are as different from Greuze's favourite babyish ones as possible—the face a long oval, a straight and pointed nose, sharp satirical eyes, an immensely long throat, and a not very opulent bust, but the whole is delightful. According to the excellent habit of the series, many of the full-page cuts are from studies and drawings, not from finished pictures—the only means of giving the reader a real comprehension of the artist's method and power.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO be insensible of the peril and darkness of their condition is the mark of the unregenerate, and there be many, we fear, who could realize some glimmering of the dark and distressful state of art in this country only from a conscientious study of *The Dial*, an occasional publication, edited by Messrs. C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon. The "first *Dial*," we learn from an inspired manifesto in the second *Dial* now before us, was accused of "mere art eclecticism." It was also—though this does not appear in the discreet statement referred to—by superficial persons regarded as the joint effort of a little band of clever artists and writers to be original as well as occasional. We fell not into such errors, being saved therefrom by our reverence for the things of art reverenced by those whose hands direct this *Dial*—the works of the English pre-Raphaelites, the prophetic soul of William Blake, all the Primitives and the Impressionists—and, to a certain extent, by sympathy with the *Décadence* fervours of Mr. John Gray's verse and Mr. T. Sturge Moore's. Is there in this "mere art eclecticism"? Rather should we class both *Dials* with those "star dials" of which the poet sings, that "pointed to morn." For, although it is unhappily true that "dawn itself promises day only to some, not to all," there remains the consoling reflection that "Art has been, Art is, this is the pledge that it will be again" (p. 26). As to originality, since we hold there is nothing, excepting mere cleverness, more odious and more common nowadays than mere originality, it is cheering to be assured that *The Dial* makes "no claim to originality." And so we thought, from the very moment when *The Dial* swam into our ken. And now, if there is much that is cryptic and more that is mysterious in this second number, it is precisely what the circumstances warrant. In the glimmering light you can reasonably expect to see, if at all, very darkly. "The Marred Face," by Mr. Ricketts, is an apologue we cannot profess to have fathomed, and the profundity of "King Comfort," by Mr. Moore, is as the profundity of a riddle. But Mr. Shannon's lithographs, "Repeated Bend" and "With Viol and Flute," and Mr. Ricketts's decorative cuts in the text, are designs that appeal, as music does, to the artist, and Mr. H. P. Horne's invocation "To the Flowers, to Weep" is a charming lyric.

Since the somewhat severe day of Dr. Currie the biographers of Burns have by a natural reaction passed through various phases of the apologetic. Perhaps the apologists had as little right to rule in courts of criticism as the moralists. Sir George Douglas, who edits a selection of *Love Songs of Robert Burns* (Fisher Unwin), cannot suppose that the poet "stands in need of an apologist." Altogether, Sir George Douglas, in his brief introduction to this pretty and well-selected volume, is faithful to this sensible point of view. These love songs are not all of the first excellence, but it was a happy idea to collect them all, with the necessary biographical key and comment, and to print them in true sequence.

Selections from Sydney Smith (Scott), edited by Ernest Rhys, is chiefly made up of extracts from the *Edinburgh*, and, as regards the book reviews of Sydney Smith, is satisfactory and representative. A selection of this kind must needs be entertaining. Here are characteristic and eminently droll examples of reviewing, such as the Waterton's "Wanderings," Monk Lewis's "Alfonso," "A Sermon of Dr. Parr," and others of the kind. But it is strange that the specimens from "Peter Plymley" should be but meagre, seeing that Mr. Rhys quotes Moore's opinion that those letters bear the greatest likeness to the author's conversation. And the Singleton letters should have been represented.

Sydney Smith's article "On the Conversion of India," which Mr. Rhys gives, is inevitably suggested by the correspondence of Carey and other Baptist missionaries in India—*Serampore Letters*, edited by Leighton and Mornay Williams, with an introduction by Thomas Wright (Putnam's Sons). In this "unpublished correspondence" are passages that Sydney Smith would have been delighted to quote and italicize, as he quotes the naïf account of the converted Brahman who developed a scandalous thirst for Bengali rum, and the next morning *decamped suddenly*. In one letter reference is made to a "Hindoo brother" who was the first native to address the meeting. "I did not understand him," the writer ingenuously confesses; "but it gave me pleasure to see the desirable sight." Carey's letters, however, are characteristically fervid and hopeful, and Mr. Wright has written an interesting account of the origin of the Serampore mission. The book is well illustrated with pictures of Olney—Sutcliffe's house, &c.—and portraits of Carey, Andrew Fuller, and the Rev. John Williams of New York.

Missing Friends, a volume of the "Adventure" Series (Fisher Unwin), has nothing to do with involuntary or mysterious disappearances, as we had surmised, but is a narrative of the experiences of a Danish emigrant in Queensland, who had abandoned his home without a word to his family, and thus became a "missing friend." The story of his wanderings, if not in any sense mysterious, or particularly exciting, is sufficiently varied to hold us interested throughout, and some of the episodes are told with uncommon power. Such are the accounts of the rush to the Palmer River gold-fields, the journey through the "Never Never Land," and the death of Thorkill, the writer's companion, a gigantic, simple-minded Icelander, whose inability to battle with the world and childlike soul recall the poetic ideal of primitive man. He belonged rightly to the Age of Gold, when gold was not, and nothing more incongruous than his presence in Queensland is conceivable. We have heard sad stories of deaths in the desert, of lonely men suddenly seized with the delirium of fever or insanity; but Thorkill seems to have died in the bush of sheer home-sickness, and the story of his end is one of the most pathetic we know of.

Mr. A. W. Dubourg's romantic drama, *Angelica* (Bentley & Son), is not of the "closet" description of poetic plays, but is obviously designed for the stage, and shows the indispensable knowledge of stage requirements. It treats of a theme of general interest, and one with which the theatrical public must be tolerably sympathetic. Angelica Kauffmann is the heroine, and among the *dramatis personæ* are her father, the engraver; Fersen, her adventurous adorer; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bartolozzi, Northcote, Count Strossman, and Lady Margaret Forbes. The web of intrigue, which forms the staple of the drama, is woven with skill, and there are at least two effective "curtains."

If the author had not indirectly hinted the suggestion, it would not have occurred to us that *Quentin Doonrise*, by J. M'Gavin Sloan (Alexander Gardner), could be mistaken for a Scottish version of Richardson's most famous novel. Even in the matter of length, though it is tediously spun out, it falls far short of *Clarissa*.

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—Greuze.* Par Charles Normand. Paris: Allison.

Doonrise is a Scottish laird, and a bachelor, who determines to engage as housekeeper the pretty daughter of one of his tenants at the critical hour when a certain preacher, of Arminian convictions, is spreading his heretical teaching among the devout Calvinists of the district. A specimen of this preacher's eloquence is given in the story, and it chances that Doonrise is among the audience. From this point theological discussions predominate. The book is full of them, and Doonrise, who at first promises to be a refreshing exception to the rest of the persons of the story, develops an interest in free will, election, and so forth. His wrestlings with "the question of human accountability" are presented with merciless persistence. He is for ever preparing to make the *amende honorable*—for is not his will free?—but cannot bring himself to face "society." He acts, at length, when it is too late, and then blows out his brains. Not a note of true passion is sounded from beginning to end of the story, and it is inconceivable that any reader should be simple or susceptible enough to care one straw about the fate of Doonrise or his "Clarissa."

In the "Golden Treasury" series we have new editions of *Robinson Crusoe*, edited by J. W. Clark, and of *La Lyre Française*, edited by Gustave Masson (Macmillan & Co.)

Among recent translations we note *Borneo: its Geology and Mineral Resources* (Stanford), from the German of Dr. Theodor Poscwitz, by F. H. Hatch, F.G.S.; *Moltke; his Life and Character*, translated by Mary Herms, with illustrations after drawings by General von Moltke; and a French version by M. Ch. Ed. Guillaume—*Bulles de Savon* (Paris: Gauthier-Villars)—of *Soap Bubbles*, lectures by Mr. C. V. Boys, South Kensington Museum.

New editions we have of *The Three Fates*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan & Co.); *Beast and Man in India*, by J. L. Kipling, illustrated by the author (Macmillan & Co.); *The Family Feud*, by Thomas Cooper (Routledge); *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (Fisher Unwin); *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, by J. R. Green (Macmillan & Co.); *What Was It?* by Greta Armear (Glasgow: Bryce & Son); *The Burgomaster's Daughter, &c.*, by W. H. G. Kingston and others (Hogg); *The Steady Aim*, by W. H. Davenport Adams (Hogg); *Out and About*, by J. Hain Friswell (Hogg); *Exploits of Lord Cochrane, &c.*, by Lieut.-Colonel Knollys (Dean & Son); *Gallant Sepoys and Sowars*, by Major Elliott and Lieut.-Colonel Knollys (Dean & Son); *Our Foreign Competitors*, by James Baker (Sampson Low & Co.); *Dombey and Son*, reprint of first edition, with the illustrations and introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger (Macmillan & Co.); *Count Robert of Paris*, sixpenny copyright edition (A. & C. Black); the third edition of Dr. Thomas Dutton's useful little treatise, *Sea-Sickness, Voyaging for Health, &c.* (Kimpton); and the seven th edition of *Elocution*, by G. W. Baynham (Blackie & Son).

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CHRONICLE.

Uganda. ON Thursday the expected deputation of the Anti-Slavery Society waited upon Lord ROSEBERY, and received from him an elaborate answer, directed not more to the actual representations than to many things that have been said in letters and elsewhere recently. Although the speech was of course charged with the usual official provisos and yea-nays, its tone, especially in one phrase about the impossibility of putting a hand to the plough and looking back, was so encouraging that it has struck the "back-"ward" party with evident annoyance and alarm. We can only urge, as we urged last week, that Unionist upholders of occupation should abstain as much as possible from partisan and irritating language. There may be those who wish for the *ill*-fare of England, and are ready to stir up party strife for the purpose; there should be no desire to do any such thing in those whose only wish is its welfare.

Home Politics. The Government got small comfort out of East Gloucestershire last week. South Leeds had done well for the Union and South Bedfordshire better, but Cirencester did best of all, the seat being wrested from the Gladstonians by Colonel CHESTER MASTER. The majority was only three, but the votes seem to have been very narrowly scrutinized. These three results—huge diminutions of Gladstonian majorities in seats chosen for vacation by the Gladstonians themselves on account of their supposed safety, and the reversing of the decision of July in another constituency where the contest was narrow—all three, moreover, lying in different parts of the country, and exhibiting very different types of electorate—are very agreeable, though, of course, they may be deceptive.

The names of the Eviction Commissioners in Ireland and the instructions to them were published this day week. The former, except that, already divulged, of Mr. Justice MATHEW, were of men not very much known, but apparently, without exception, or with only one, as strong partisans against the landlords as could be selected without open indecency. The latter were, as was expected, so couched as to put the restoration at any price of the evicted tenants as the main object independently of the reason and justice of their eviction.

On Monday morning Mr. MORLEY, in a towering passion, wrote to the *Times* telling it that "neither "it nor Colonel SAUNDERSON knew anything of the "matter"—*in re* police protection. He should have stopped there; but, with unlucky candour (you should never adopt *le parti des malhonnêtes gens*, or any other, by half), he proceeded to admit that the limitation of protection during evictions to daylight, though old, had been guarded by the all-important proviso, "unless the Sheriff should imperatively require it." Now Colonel SAUNDERSON'S inspector, it may be remembered, refused protection during the night-time simply and *in toto*, without any saving clause whatever, and without specifying evictions in actual process. A very sensible letter from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was published on the same day, refusing to have anything to do with a Conservative Labour party.

The series of "conventions" in Ireland for advocating the case of the evicted began this week, and Mr. DILLON proved himself to be not up to date. He deplored the fact that the Government has a majority of "only forty." But before Mr. DILLON spoke the Government majority of forty had been gathered to whosoever have the doubtful honour of being its fathers, and had become a majority of Only Thirty-Eight.

Towards the middle of the week a horrible and heart-rending story was published of the way in which Mr. LAWSON lost Cirencester. Some abominable coachman—drunk, and, therefore, of course, Tory; therefore, no doubt, bribed—had bettered the example of the elder Mr. WELLER in his famous Coachmanship Act "near "the canal," and had driven five honest men and good Gladstonians to the wrong polling-place. It is not said how the honest men, who presumably knew their own county, failed to perceive the error. Soon afterwards Mr. MORLEY rebuked Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER for alleging that some one in Ireland had been deprived of police protection. Mr. FORSTER is not exactly the wisest of men, and may have been practised upon: nor can his fashion of meeting Mr. MORLEY'S demands be recommended for imitation. But Mr. MORLEY, in his indignant complaint that the aggrieved one will not give his name, and that the only similar case he can discover was the act of the late Government, seems to forget two things. An Irish landlord, with a respect for his throat, legs, and other parts of his person, may not unnaturally, if somewhat unheroically, shrink from

giving his name under present circumstances. Also, for Mr. JACKSON to withdraw protection when he had made it unnecessary in July, and for Mr. MORLEY to refuse it when he has just made it more necessary than ever in October, are different things. Mr. FORSTER himself, who seems not to have received Mr. MORLEY'S letter, replied, maintaining his authority, yesterday.

Mr. ASQUITH received on Wednesday a deputation of the persons who want to make Trafalgar Square hideous, and announced a decision which really deserves some compliments as a marvel of ingenious compromise. It may be said to be made of buts. Mr. ASQUITH severely denies the preposterous contention that there is a legal right of meeting; *but* he throws in a wish that the permission or prohibition were confided to the beloved County Council. The present police prohibition is to be withdrawn; *but* only as regards Sundays, Bank Holidays, and Saturday afternoons. It is quite true that meetings used to be held freely; *but* that privilege was disgracefully abused. The agitators may agitate; *but* it must be after full notice given to the police, and so on. The reports of this concession appeared side by side with those of Parnellite and anti-Parnellite squabbles in the Cork Convention, and with a letter from Colonel SAUNDERSON pointing out, as we have done already, that refusing to countenance actual eviction during the night, except for imperative demand, is a very different thing from refusing "police "protection" absolutely and without limitation.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Foreign news at the end of last week continued to be very flat. Neither on Monday was there much to note in the telegram way. Some rosy estimates of the new Argentine Ministry, an account of the loan proposed by Persia, Carmaux, Burmah, &c., contributed a little. Greece and Roumania were in diplomatic rupture; and news from the Congo, though not very definite, seemed to show, first, that Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN has not got beyond the Mombuttu country, and, secondly, that, as some may have all along suspected, the disasters of the HODISTER Expedition were a tit-for-tat on the part of the Arabs, who resented the intrusion in the more northerly districts. But the most important items lay in two home letters, a second from Captain LUGARD, on Uganda, and one from Sir JOHN ADYE, on the Pamirs. Captain LUGARD dwelt on the importance of the retention, on the ease with which the railway can be made, and on the moderate cost at which a protective administration can be maintained. Sir JOHN'S letter was valuable because the writer notoriously takes decidedly Gladstonian views on these subjects, and is anything but a Jingo. We are afraid that Colonel YANOFF has made Sir JOHN'S theory of the uninhabitableness and impassableness of the Pamirs look a little foolish by his own practice. But this makes his demonstration that Russia, at the time of the 1873 delimitation, and since, claimed "independence," and not subjection to herself, for Roshan and Shignan all the more valuable.

On Tuesday morning it was announced that the Grand Jury in the MERCIER–PACAUD case, having been, as it is alleged, "got at," had ignored the bill as far as one of the most important counts was concerned. The turbulent Wahehe, who nearly annihilated a German expedition in Africa not long ago, had again been making themselves troublesome. It appeared that at last the Portuguese Government, if not the Portuguese nation, was getting over the senseless sulk with England that followed the business of Zambesia.

On Wednesday morning news came of the Carmaux debate in Paris, on which we comment more fully elsewhere, and of a short and decidedly ingenious reply by the Porte to Russia in the STAMBOULOFF matter, to the effect that its Sublimity was unable to perceive any violation of the Treaty of Berlin in its receiving the Prime Minister of a vassal State. A German official in East Africa had made charges of high-handed blundering against Dr. PETERS which will not be difficult of belief to any one who has read the valiant Doctor's accounts of his own performances. The little King of SPAIN, who had been ill, was better, and his brother of Sweden, at the opening of the Riksdag, was forlornly making the usual and useless appeal to parties to "sink their differences." A curious and almost uncanny return to old habits was made by the appearance, after many years, of one of Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF'S surveys of politics, to which we may return.

On Thursday morning it seemed very doubtful whether the conclusion of the Carmaux matter would conclude anything, but there was little positive news from any quarter.

On Thursday afternoon news came of severer fighting than has yet been reported in Dahomey, the French being still victorious, but with much heavier losses. From the extensions of this news, which arrived next morning, it appeared that the evident severity of the fighting had caused some uneasiness in Paris. But Colonel DODDS, who is a good officer and has a large force of well-seasoned troops, is not far from the coast, and should be able to do his work, though undoubtedly the Dahomeyans are tougher customers than the French have been used to. The Carmaux Strike Committee, after some vapouring, had accepted arbitration.

The Loss of the *Bokhara*. It was learnt on Monday afternoon that the P. and O. steamer *Bokhara*, for the safety of which fears had been already entertained, had been wrecked in a typhoon on the Pescadores Islands in the dangerous Straits of Formosa, with loss total as regarded ship and cargo, and apparently—though the news was vague—considerable as regards life. Later news showed that the loss was even worse than had been feared. The voyage between Shanghai and Hongkong is so bad at this time of year that it was hoped the cabins might have been almost empty. Unluckily, the Hongkong Garrison Eleven, which had been playing at the Northern port, was returning, and it is feared that almost the whole team, including five commissioned and three non-commissioned officers, perished, while the loss of the crew is estimated at over a hundred.

The Law Courts. The trial of NEILL for the Lambeth girl-poisonings began at the Central Criminal Court on Monday before Mr. Justice HAWKINS. At the same time the RECORDER sentenced AGNES ILLINGWORTH, who was found guilty in July of some very remarkable forgeries, to fifteen months' hard labour—a very heavy sentence for a young woman, but qualified by directions that care should be taken of her health.——Bow Street was busy at the end of last week with the case of a supposed accomplice in RAVACHOL'S crime.

Racing. The last day of the Second October Meeting was comparatively uninteresting, the match between Buccaneer and Nunthorpe, which had been at one time its chief attraction, being declared off. Nor does the racing of the present week call for notice.

Miscellaneous. The intended resignation of Mr. Justice DENMAN was announced last week.——A protest, which had been expected for some time, from some persons prominently engaged in the work of the University of Cambridge against the fashion in which Terms have encroached on vacation in that University of late was finally made. At Oxford an undergraduate of Magdalen might or might not have followed the undergraduate of Christ Church last week; at any rate, he was found dead on the railway, and had been "worried "about his examinations."——Two episcopal deliverances in different senses on the Lincoln judgment were made on Monday by the Bishop of LINCOLN himself and by the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S—in different senses,

and yet in a common key of exhortation to forbearance. The floods which the bad weather of last week had brought about, especially in and at the foot of the Yorkshire dales, were subsiding.——On Tuesday the London County Council resolved to embark on the business of builders and contractors, to the natural horror of the older members, Liberal and Conservative alike. Directions were given for "getting "together a staff"—indeed, the getting together of a staff, the overpaying of its under-members, and the snubbing of its chiefs, appear to compose a large part of the ideal of "Progressive" administration. The ratepayer pays for all; and serve him right, too, for not going to the poll. The Harveian Oration, an interesting one, was delivered on Tuesday by Dr. J. H. BRIDGES.——A meeting, silly in conception, noisy in execution, and inept in result, was held at the Memorial Hall on Wednesday, to protest against the election of a "Popish" Mayor. It may be questioned whether Alderman KNILL has behaved well; for he should either have put his conscience in his pocket to perform the duties of the position he was ready to accept, or have originally refused the honour of which he could not conscientiously perform the customary duties. But this does not justify rowdy opposition to a legally qualified and elected candidate.——Early in the week the Princess LOUISE opened the restored Parliament Hall in Edinburgh Castle, and the Bishop of CHESTER gave some particulars of the Bill he intends bringing into the House of Lords for managing public-houses after his pet ideas.

Correspondence. On this day week Miss COBBE returned Professor HORSLEY'S fire, and four very big guns—Sir ANDREW CLARK, Sir JAMES PAGET, and two others—spoke in salvo, to the effect that newspapers were a very improper place for discussing vivisection, and that therefore they would just observe in a newspaper that all important progress was "due to or pro-"moted by" it. Mr. GLADSTONE had, after no small delay, confessed to Mr. OWEN that he could not find those figures, and Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY pointed to the *Apollo*, as who should say Behold your ships.——On Monday morning the COBBE-HORSLEY dispute reached the lie direct given by the Professor to the lady. We do not know that it is necessary in this place to take any further notice of a dispute (though it has been raging since) in which zeal seems to have devoured the accuracy of one disputant and the courtesy of the other. Professor GOLDWIN SMITH told a clever, and perhaps Socratic, story of a bimetallist who solved all difficulties by suggesting a coin of mixed gold and silver—of electron, in short; Mr. STEVENSON recounted more of the woes of Samoa; and there was a great deal of miscellaneous writing.——The Marquess of LORNE and Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH made contributions to the Uganda question (in the sense, of course, of retention) on Tuesday morning.——"Wheat-growing in "England" reappeared on Wednesday, when also Mr. LAWSON TAIT replied to the Four Great Guns, making a curiously unkind reference to Sir ANDREW CLARK, and the Laureate's death-bed, and the rules of the College of Physicians about self-advertisement.

Obituary. Mr. T. T. PAGET, a once well-known Parliament man, a great rider to hounds, and a Leicestershire banker and landowner of position, died last week at the age of eighty-five.——Herr BLEIBTREU was a German battle-painter of some eminence.——Mr. FREDERICK CHARSLEY, Registrar of Eton College and Coroner for Bucks, was a person very well known in his own neighbourhood, and a very decided instance of what used anciently to be called a "humourist," and, since that phrase was promoted, a "character." He made divers attempts at political appearances both in the days of Mr. DISRAELI'S connexion with Bucks and later; and there used to be a legend, for which we will not vouch, that he was the original of "FREDDY COLEMAN" in SMEDLEY'S *Frank Fairlegh*.——M. CAMILLE ROUSSET, whose mortality makes yet another vacancy among the Immortals, was a youngish man for an Academician of twenty years' standing and more, having not long completed his seventieth year. He began, like so many French men of letters, as a *professeur*, but in early middle age became, and continued for many years, Librarian of the War Office. This decided his literary career, which was that of a military historian. Nearly thirty years ago he won one of the most valuable Academic prizes, the Prix Gobert, which is worth nearly 1,000*l*., with his book on LOUVOIS—indeed, we believe he won it more than once—and afterwards produced many other books on the "Volunteers of '91" (in which the Republican legend was pretty roughly handled), on the Crimean and Algerian wars, and so forth. M. ROUSSET was a correct, if not a very remarkable, writer, and always did justice to the abundant stores of official information at his disposal.——Mr. THOMAS NELSON was head of a considerable publishing house, established both in Edinburgh and in London, which especially catered for youth, both in the way of instruction and in the way of amusement.——Mr. PATTON had distinguished himself in the profession of itinerant politics as a vigorous lecturer on the Unionist side.

Books, &c. Books of interest have come much faster this week. A new volume of poems, by Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, entitled *The Empty Purse*, has been issued by Messrs. MACMILLAN. Messrs. HEINEMANN have issued two books—Mr. WAUGH'S *Lord Tennyson*, and Major LE CARON'S *Reminiscences*—which are sure of attention; a very old favourite, which has dropped out of sight in England during this century, the *Persian Tales*, or, *The Thousand and One Days*, has been re-edited by Mr. J. H. MCCARTHY (CHATTO & WINDUS), and Messrs. LONGMANS have published Miss JEWSBURY'S Letters to Mrs. CARLYLE, edited by Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. Messrs. GEORGE BELL & Sons have brought out a magnificent volume entitled *Edward Burne Jones: a Record and Review*, by Mr. MALCOLM BELL, with abundant reproductions of the painter's work in black and white; Father OHRWALDER'S *Escape from the Soudan*, edited by the first authority, Major WINGATE, has been published by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co.; and a *Life of Michelangelo Buonarotti*, by Mr. J. A. SYMONDS, has appeared (NIMMO).

THE SHAM COMMISSION.

THREE weeks ago when Mr. MORLEY first acquainted the public through the medium of a letter to Mr. MCCARTHY with his project of appointing an Evicted Tenants Commission, we took the liberty of expressing a plain opinion as to the work which that body would be expected to do. Its members, we remarked, might be relied upon, like the Commissioners appointed under the Land Act of 1881, to appreciate the spirit of their mission. They would understand perfectly well that they are intended to provide the Government with a screw to be applied, "as promptly "as may be," to quote one of the phrases of Mr. MORLEY'S letter to the Irish landlords, and their Report on the "actual circumstances and practical "equity of the case" would, it was impossible to doubt, be framed accordingly. Now that the names of the Commissioners have been made public, we find no reason to modify that expression of opinion by so much as a single word. Assuredly, we find no such reason in the circumstance which the Gladstonians are just now parading with airs of such absurd triumph—to wit, the nomination of Mr. Justice MATHEW to be President of the Commission.

For, in the first place, Mr. Justice MATHEW is only one of five Commissioners, whose voice could only, in the highly improbable event of his four colleagues being equally divided, determine the findings of the report; and, in the next place, the learned judge, be his political impartiality never so unassailable—and the fact, if fact it be, of his having entertained Mr. DILLON as his guest immediately after that patriot's release from Galway Gaol we regard as a misfortune rather than a disqualification—will be manifestly placed in a position in which neither his legal training nor his judicial faculty can by any possibility come into effective play. As to his legal training, it would be merely ridiculous to mention it in connexion with such an inquiry as the learned judge has consented to undertake. What in the world can a lawyer, as such, have to say to the question whether a creditor should or should not be coerced, or even only invited, to re-enter contractual relations with a defaulting debtor against whom he has had to resort to legal remedies for a previous deliberate breach of contract? And as to the learned judge's judicial faculty, though he may employ it, indeed, for the purpose of disentangling the actual facts from the conflicting testimony of witnesses, he is expressly precluded by the terms of the reference from making any further use of it. The Government have taken good care to prevent that by assigning strict limits to the recommendations which the Commission are empowered to make. If, assisted by Mr. Justice MATHEW'S judicial faculty, they were to arrive at the conclusion that the evicted tenants had been rightly served, and had not even the shadow of a moral claim to reinstatement, they would have no power whatever to report to that effect. They would find it assumed in the reference itself that such reinstatement is to take place, and their functions are limited to determining "what means should be adopted" to bring it about. What folly is it, then, to imagine, or what hypocrisy to pretend, that the appointment of a judge of the High Court to preside over the inquiry will impart any judicial value or authority to the result!

Mr. MORLEY'S masters, to do them justice, are not careful either to foster the delusion or to throw any decent drapery over the pretence. "I desire here, "before I go further," says Mr. DILLON in his speech at Templemore the other day, and in a tone of haughty imperiousness which would make any but a Gladstonian writhe, "I desire to formulate the demands of "the people of this country as regards the evicted "tenants of Ireland. We expect that the tenants who "can show to the Commission now appointed that they "have been unjustly evicted during the last thirteen "years"—a definition which, in the mouth of the speaker must, as we know, include every tenant evicted for participation in the Plan of Campaign—"will be "reinstated in their holdings. We expect, further-"more, that these tenants will be reinstated on terms "that will enable them to live and thrive in their "homes. What use is it to put a man back in his "holding if you know that the terms on which he is "put back will compel him to slave for the rest of his "life?" And a little later on he describes the people of Ireland as "looking to this Commission for great "benefits, and for a splendid vindication of the moral "principles on which this agitation was founded and "has been conducted for the last ten years." The connexion between these two passages is obvious. The tenants evicted from the "campaigned" estates are not only to be reinstated, but they are to be reinstated on such terms as may at the same time redeem them from "slavery" for the future, and "splendidly "vindicate the moral principles" of the agitation to which they served as instruments. In other words, they are to come back at the reduction of rent insisted on by the agitators, or an approximation thereto; so that their reinstatement shall be no mere extrication of the evicted tenants from the consequences of a defeat of the Plan, but a notification of its triumph. The conspiracy which has been pronounced criminal by the highest judicial authorities in Ireland, which has been condemned by the supreme director of the Catholic Irish conscience, and which even Mr. GLADSTONE only palliated, without daring to defend, in the House of Commons, is to be proclaimed victorious; and Mr. MORLEY is to preside over the ceremony.

The cares of the CHIEF SECRETARY are so greatly multiplying in these days that an occasional fit of asperity may be pardoned him. Let it be granted, too, that in one instance, at any rate—in that, namely, of his correspondence with Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER—he has some excuse for irritation. Hardly, however, shall this be admitted as regards the subject-matter of his petulant outbreak in the *Times* in reply to Colonel SAUNDERSON'S letter, and the editorial comments thereon. Mr. MORLEY seems to have been too much annoyed to perceive that what he had to explain, and, if possible, to justify, was the terms of the notice served on the sub-sheriff by the county inspector, and not merely the rule under which that notice purported to have been framed. The rule which, "as it stands, and "has long stood, on the code," forbids the Constabulary to be present at the execution of any writ, decree, or order after sunset, at any season of the year, "with "the reservation of cases where the sheriff or sub-"sheriff may imperatively require their presence," is possibly, as Mr. MORLEY represents it, the perfection of human wisdom. But what we wanted was to be helped to understand why, on the strength of this rule, a county inspector should "mention" to a sub-sheriff "that I shall be unable to afford you pro-"tection except in the daylight." All that Mr. MORLEY has done, he says, is to "make the rule "more intelligible and more consistent by limiting "night protection for sheriffs and bailiffs in execution "of their duty to cases of seizures made or posses-"sion taken between sunrise and sunset." Nevertheless it seems clear that, if this is the intention of the rule, he has not succeeded in making it more intelligible to his county inspectors. Otherwise it would have been impossible for one of these officers, whose duty it is to give night protection to any sheriffs or bailiffs returning from a seizure made before sunset, to inform a sub-sheriff that he will be unable "at any time" to afford him protection except in the daylight. Even if he only meant "at any time "in the twenty-four hours, except daylight," which would be a singular mode of expressing himself—he ought surely to have added "unless you imperatively "require my presence." Mr. MORLEY, comfortably seated in the Chief Secretary's lodge, may think such criticism too minute, but a man who, like the recipient of this notice, has been wounded fifteen times since 1887 in the performance of his duty may excusably differ from him. Perhaps, if Mr. MORLEY would, as has been suggested, set out the original text of the rule side by side with the revised form in which he has sought to render it "more intelligible and con-"sistent," we should see more clearly how we and, what is more important, how sheriffs and sub-sheriffs, stand.

GLADSTONE ON MILL.

AN Austrian lady has written a book or a pamphlet against the emancipation of women, and has sent a copy of it to Mr. GLADSTONE. The desired and inevitable result has followed. The adventurous author has got a reply—probably on an international post-card—and a good advertisement. The Austrian

lady was preaching, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S case, to the converted. He was of her opinion before he read her disquisition, and after reading it he remains of the same opinion still—a conclusive proof of its merits; for a work which takes your own side of the question is seldom satisfactory. So entranced was he by the spell laid upon him that, in spite of the German tongue and type, in spite of his Chester assailant and his Chester oculist, he read the book through at a single sitting. As to feeling fatigued or bored, not at all. This from Mr. GLADSTONE is, in one point of view, praise of no ordinary value. His distaste for things German, from German politics and German theology to German cookery—not in every instance an irrational distaste—has been sometimes spoken of by those who assume to be acquainted with his more intimate feelings. He is anxious that the work should be translated into English, and we may be sure that an energetic publisher will be found to bring it out, with Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter commendatory in its forefront.

The most remarkable thing in the letter, however, is the postscript, which suggests that there is one point in common with the epistolary practice of its illustrious writer and of the sex from which he was, up to and at the time of writing it, a few days ago, resolute to withhold political enfranchisement. What may have occurred since no one can say. It would not surprise any observer of Mr. GLADSTONE'S later course to read in the course of next week a letter from him in which he would challenge hostile critics to point to any passage in any of his speeches or writings during, let us say, the last nine years, opposed to the principle of female suffrage. We think he might do so safely, and that he might make a much larger assertion. He might defy the civilized world to point to any sentence of his, spoken or written, in which he opposes anything whatsoever on principle. He admits doubts and misgivings, with an intimation that they may possibly be overcome by additional argument and further reflection. Anything more positive than this will be wished for in vain. No one has ever called Mr. GLADSTONE "Finality WILLIAM."

In the postscript to which we have referred Mr. GLADSTONE remarks that the Austrian lady's volume inspires him with lively regret for the death of Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, the clearest intelligence, he generously says, of his time. The regret has not reference merely to the topic which the Austrian lady discusses. He feels the loss with regard to other grave questions of the moment. If, after speaking with sympathetic approval of a work in defence of Christianity, Mr. GLADSTONE should add that in this connexion, as well as in others, he deplored the death of Mr. BRADLAUGH, a man of vigorous sagacity, the irrelevance and self-contradiction would not be more marked. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE desired to say something which might, in complimenting their champion, appease the wounded feelings of Mr. MILL'S feminine disciples. Perhaps the words were intended as a protest against some phrases of disparagement in the Austrian lady's volume, though this is simply hypothesis upon hypothesis, a conjecture to justify a guess. But the effort to find a meaning in that which, on the face of it, has no meaning reduces criticism to these desperate artifices. As to the other subjects, with reference to which Mr. GLADSTONE deplores Mr. MILL'S death, his regret shows great magnanimity or unaccountable forgetfulness. No more powerful argument against Home Rule has ever been written than Mr. MILL'S pamphlet on Ireland, and some parts of the chapter on Nationality in his *Representative Government*. With respect to the economical theories of that New Radicalism of which Mr. GLADSTONE is the convert, they have their most emphatic contradiction in the concluding book of Mr. MILL'S *Political Economy*, "On the Influence of Government"; in the spirit, from its first page to its last, of his Essay on *Liberty*, and in the fragments of his uncompleted work on Socialism. The protest is the stronger from the fact that Mr. MILL had broken loose from the hard-and-fast school in which he had been trained. We are not saying now whether he was right or wrong. We are only endeavouring to puzzle out Mr. GLADSTONE'S meaning, if any.

THE ANTI-SUICIDE CLUB.

WE have all heard of the Suicide Club; a rival association, with an opposite object, is being formed. In the second, or Agony, column of the *Standard* have appeared proposals to form a Society for the Suppression of Suicide. Now suicide is a solemn topic; but the Society—the Anti-Suicide Society—is a ludicrous idea enough. How is the Society to work; how is it to know who needs one of its tracts and who does not? The doubt seldom disturbs distributors of tracts.

There is a singular anecdote concerned with suicide which suggests that, if the hero of the tale could be secured as agent for the Society, he might prove quite invaluable. A certain Fellow of a college in Oxford was passing a night at an hotel in Exeter, a city with which he was unfamiliar. He dreamed that his presence was required at a certain place—say 17 Castle Street, at a venture. He wakened, slept again, dreamed the same dream again, and all this happened for the third time. He then rose, dressed, and went downstairs, where he wakened the boots, and received directions as to the whereabouts of Castle Street—a name purely hypothetical, by the way, and not to be taken as genuine. All the streets were dark, for it was about three o'clock in the morning. At last Castle Street was reached. It lay asleep, save for one light in a garret of one house, and that house No. 17, as indicated in the vision. The hero of the anecdote therefore thundered at the door; like Humpty-Dumpty, he "pulled and pushed, and kicked "and knocked." At last the light vanished in the window, and steps were heard descending the stairs within. The door opened, and a man with a candle in one hand and a razor in the other appeared. "What "the somebody do you want, sir, at this hour?" he inquired. "Really, sir," said the Oxford don, "I want "nothing; but I conceived that I was wanted." "Con-"found you!" replied the other, in a natural indignation; "I had just screwed my courage up to cut my "throat, and now that you have committed the sole-"cism of interrupting me, I doubt if I shall ever be "able to do it."

The Fellow of a college so marvellously admonished by a vision is clearly the man for the new Anti-Suicide Club. Without his valuable aid we do not clearly see how the Society is to get at and arrest intending suicides.

Some persons have an aspect naturally *morne* and gloomy who think of nothing less than of taking their own lives. It would not do to rush out on such persons with a warning hand and a tract, "Why shoot "yourself? Try our patent Pain-killer," for the Society might thus, like other philanthropic schemes, be placed on a sound commercial basis. A. K. H. B., in his new volume, mentions a citizen of St. Andrews who constantly professed his intention of hanging himself. One day he did so, nobody interfering, because nobody believed in his threat. On the other hand, many men who seemed in capital spirits have laid hands on themselves suddenly. With them the Society would never have dreamed of remonstrating. On the other side, whoever sees a person about to jump off a bridge

stops him, or tries to stop him, without being affiliated to the Society. The only real good which the Society can do is to make life better worth living. We ought all to be engaged in that enterprise; but those who pursue the object too eagerly are often the very people who make us feel almost suicidal. This will be the result if members of the Society come up to us, in the streets, or in society, and whisper "Don't!" "Don't what?" "Don't drown your-"self!" Violent assaults will be committed if the members of the Society are not very discreet. A citizen may look as forlorn as he likes when he is run out, or is broken by a large fish, or is jilted, or "stimied," or revokes, or trumps his partner's best, or breaks down in a speech. Life will be intolerable if on all such occasions the officers of the Society are to interfere. They will be pitched out of windows, or into bunkers and pools, and, finally, the world will act on the advice of SCHOPENHAUER, to avoid the attentions of the Anti-Suicide Society.

THE CARMAUX DEBATE.

THE end, if it can be called the end, of the Carmaux debate (for the strike itself is by no means ended) in France is not, we should suppose, one which can give much satisfaction except to those who are delighted when any difficulty is patched up, or to those who can pardon a display of the weakness and shortsightedness of modern democratic government for the sake of the satire it affords. The case, as probably most readers know, is excessively simple. A person of the name of CALVIGNAC, in the employment of the mining Company at Carmaux, was elected mayor. M. CALVIGNAC apparently found it more pleasant to sun his *écharpe* than to subject it to subterranean smoke and gloom, and "put in" exactly seventeen days' work in the course of a quarter. He was mildly asked whether he could be more regular, refused to pledge himself, and was dismissed. Then "Universal Suffrage" got in a blaze. Deputies of the Extreme Left made fiery harangues at Carmaux, riots naturally followed, and at one time it looked as if *Germinal* was to be put on the stage as large as life. The Government, between the Devil and the deep sea, temporized, of course. It managed to keep some sort of order after a time, but only after a time; and it prevented the miners from ruining their own livelihood by flooding the mines. But it did not prevent the usual tyranny over the liberties of those workmen who did not join the agitators, and it gave little or no assistance to the Company in peaceably enjoying its property.

Accordingly, a whole crop of interpellations sprang up from all sides in the Chamber. But the result could probably have been foretold by a careful student of politics. The most opposite parties can combine on subjects where they think most oppositely to upset a Government when they really want to upset it, in the first place, and when there is some masterhand somewhere to direct the combined operations. Both these conditions were wanting in the present case. Except hopeless irreconcilables and office-seekers, nobody particularly wants to upset M. LOUBET, because nobody has any candidate to put in his place. And there is certainly not in the French Opposition, if there is anywhere in the French Chamber, a great master of Parliamentary tactics. It was, therefore, in the highest degree unlikely that those who are furious with the Government for not revoking the Company's concession, handing over the mines to the miners, and giving them the body of Baron REILLE to try experiments upon, should coalesce with the defenders of liberty and property. Not only did the Government escape, but it never was in any serious danger. Arbitration was at last accepted by the spokesman of the Company, though it is not too clear on what the arbitrator is to arbitrate.

The whole proceeding, of course, is mere temporizing. The incident itself has been a more outspoken expression of a doctrine which is pretty openly hinted, and sometimes more than hinted, by a large party among ourselves, and which is connived at and truckled to by a still larger. This doctrine is not only that the suffrage is a right, but that it carries with it further rights. The possessor of it is entitled, at the expense of somebody—his employers, the landowners, the State, no matter who—to be kept in such a state of comfort, leisure, and so forth, as will admit of his "exercising his political rights." It is already an almost universally accepted democratic principle that the member of Parliament should be maintained by the public during his membership; it seems to be rapidly becoming one that his constituents should be maintained likewise during the time that they have the vote—that is to say, during their lives. For, though the principle would not support a minor, democracy, sternly logical, would no doubt urge that, if you starve the future voter, you do in effect prevent him from exercising his political rights. In short, we are unable to see how, on the principles of M. BAUDIN and the rest of the Carmaux agitators, any work of any kind is ever going to be done in the world at all. Even if we pursued the African plan, and put it all off on the other sex, the moment they receive the suffrage they will be entitled to the higher enfranchisement. We must, therefore, eat up the supplies that more industrious generations have accumulated, and then relapse on hips and haws. Is that what our democrats want? And if not, will they kindly say how they intend to evade the consequence?

MAJOR LE CARON.

IT was the remark of a close observer of human nature that there is no greater mistake than to feign unconsciousness while you are having your nose tweaked. Effective resentment of the outrage may be impossible, but indifference to it is incredible. Even the mildest recognition of what is happening seems preferable, as being at least a proof that you possess sufficient moral courage not to ignore difficulties. Had the Gladstonian party laid these wise precepts to heart, we should not have seen them *faire le mort* over the publication of Major LE CARON'S book. After all, the newspaper press, whatever its particular shade of politics, exists primarily to inform the public on all matters of interest which occur, and even a Gladstonian editor must admit that the appearance of *Twenty Years in the Secret Service* is a matter of interest, and its contents no less so. No doubt it is for them an inconvenient, an even painful, matter. That is where the nose-tweaking analogy comes in. But it would have been far better for them to have faced the fact boldly, to have given the book the prominence which they would in the ordinary course of things have assigned to a "book "of the week," or "of the month," as this may claim to be, and, generally speaking, to have brazened out the affair. But some of them, perhaps, are of opinion, and, if erroneous as we hold, we must admit it to be natural, that absolute silence is better than such feeble murmurs of criticism as that these are "the state-"ments of a spy," that they are not "made under "cross-examination"; and that they are "ancient "history." As to the first, the *argumentum ad invidiam*, the point of that was blunted in advance by the Major's cheerful appropriation of the offensive title. When a man calls his book the "Recollections of a Spy," the other man whose lips were already forming the

word is necessarily struck dumb. As regards cross-examination, well, even a spy cannot be expected to spend his life in the witness-box; and to the confused Gladstonians who raise this objection in the same breath with their sneer at "ancient history," it has to be pointed out that, in so far as the history is ancient, it has been tested by cross-examination, and has been solemnly declared by three judges of the High Court to be, in their opinion, true. Which inclines us to regard any new statements contained in this volume as at least *primâ facie* entitled to credit.

But, no doubt, it is the "ancient history" which it is so painful to the new friends of Irish Nationalism in this country to see revived; for ancient it is, like anything else ten years old, among a people whose sensations last exactly nine days, and the memory of them, say, about twice or thrice as long. Why, ask the Gladstonians, must Major LE CARON come forward just at this moment to remind the party of the antecedents of their Irish allies, and to set them, or the less foolish among them, asking themselves whether there is the least reason to believe that the mental attitude of these persons towards England has really undergone the slightest change; that their avowed longings for her ruin have in any degree abated; that their repeatedly expressed intention to apply all gains of the constitutional agitation to that purpose is not as fixed as ever? Why, they ask, must Major LE CARON come forward just at this moment when a new treaty of surrender to these unrecanting enemies is under consideration, and may, perhaps, be actually drafted at Mr. GLADSTONE'S very next council of war? His interposition at the particular juncture is the more officious and inopportune because the revelations, or reminders, of his volume simply knock the bottom out of that theory of a distinction between the two Nationalist factions which, ever since the quarrel with Mr. PARNELL, the Gladstonians have been so laboriously endeavouring to fortify. Mr. MCCARTHY and his followers say they are the real constitutional party, the authentic Union-of-Hearts men, as distinguished from the Redmondite hill-siders; the former at least may be trusted to accept a Home Rule settlement in a loyal spirit, and not to use it as a lever for Separation. The very anger of the hill-side men shows, it is contended, that they are aware of this, it is the detected constitutionalism of the McCarthyites that renders the opposition of the other group so implacable. And the theory would be plausible enough if it could be shown, that the Irish politicians who were brought into closest connexion with the American-Irish conspirators were all to be found now at the back of Mr. REDMOND. But, alas! for that comfortable doctrine, a hill-sider and a colloguer with the dynamite-monger on the other side of the Atlantic are far from being convertible terms. For, if Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND attended the famous Boston Convention of 1884, presided over by the reverend President of the earlier Dynamite Convention, and there delivered himself of his famous flourish about "Young Ireland, a harp without a crown," was not Mr. SEXTON, of the now constitutional faction, his fellow-delegate on that occasion? And did not the latter patriot describe Mr. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN of the Clan-na-Gael as "a man who did honour to the race "from which he had sprung"? And, if men like Mr. J. J. O'KELLY figure on the one side in the American proceedings described by Major LE CARON, and on which the Special Commission based its ninth finding—to the effect that "the respondents invited and ob-"tained the assistance and co-operation of the Physical "Force party in America, including the Clan-na-Gael, "and in order to obtain that assistance abstained from "repudiating or condemning the action of that party"—it is also, unfortunately, no less true that those tamed and *rangés* politicians, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. HEALY, were actors also on this same stage. It is extremely confusing to find "constitutional" and hill-side Nationalists so mixed as this.

Nor is it only in reminders such as these that the Major's book is so terribly inopportune. It deals, in a manner which cannot but be more or less embarrassing to the HOME SECRETARY and Mr. MORLEY, with the heroes now languishing in certain of HER MAJESTY'S prisons—WHITEHEAD and WILSON, CUNNINGHAM and BURTON, the gentle GALLAGHER and the devoted DALY, the last of whom is just now the object of so much Nationalist solicitude. The public memory of the individual actors in the various dramas of bungling villainy performed by two distinct "troupes" of American dynamiters between 1881 and 1884 has long since grown dim; and it would probably suit the Government just as well that it should be so. DALY'S case, in particular, has been more than once the subject of lengthy debate in the House of Commons, and it might not be inconvenient to Ministers to be suddenly seized some day with qualms of doubt as to the rightfulness of this particular convict's conviction. Hence it is the reverse of convenient for them that the British public should be informed, on authority which, wherever it has been tested, has been judicially upheld, of the strength of the evidence against this man, and of the execrable character of his designs. His sentence, says Major LE CARON, and the subsequent refusal of the Home Secretary to accede to demands for his release, were "based on letters "written by him to the notorious J. J. BRESLIN, of the "Revolutionary Committee of the Clan-na-Gael, and "now in existence among the records of the Home "Office." So much for the strength of the evidence by which DALY was proved guilty. As for the strength of the reasons for not pardoning him if he is guilty, it will perhaps be sufficient to mention this one; that it was DALY who conceived, and was morally quite capable of executing, the diabolical design of flinging a bomb from the Strangers' Gallery on to the table of the House of Commons.

A POLITICAL REVENANT.

IT may scarcely be necessary, to any but the very silly people who think that the multiplication-table has lost its truth now that we have got County Councils and an agricultural-labourer franchise, to indulge in generalities on the interest of the communication from Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF to the *Banffshire Journal*, great part of which was printed in the *Times* of Wednesday. The once famous Elgin addresses had their share in old time of the contumely of the irreverent. Men said, and said not always wrong, that they attempted a little too much and accomplished too little; that Mr. GRANT DUFF'S Pisgah sights were taken from a Pisgah not quite lofty enough, and with the assistance of a spy-glass not quite achromatic nor of the very highest power; that the member for the Elgin Burghs was not Mr. BURKE, and so forth. In all which there may have been truth of this or that amount. The fact remained that Mr. GRANT DUFF, as he then was, was at the least and the worst a man who had bestowed an immense amount of pains upon politics generally—who, in particular, knew more about foreign politics than almost any Englishman who had not been Foreign Secretary, not to mention some who had, and who at least endeavoured to look at things from some more elevated locality than the street corner or the club window. But the breach of continuity in his active political life at home has given

him even greater advantage. He has become what Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD used to love to call a *point de repère*, and something more—a sort of living mark for taking observations by. How do the things of that day look to an orthodox and by no means superannuated Liberal of ten years ago who has kept his ten years' ago faith? If we want to know this, we can go to Sir MOUNTSTUART with much more confidence than to that analogue of his whose voice used to echo from the far south-west this other voice from the far north-east. Mr. COURTNEY is in a manner sophisticated. He, too, has kept the faith; but he has rubbed shoulders with unbelievers and neologists in an altered House of Commons. He has not the serene privilege of the looker-on. He has constituents.

We need say little of Sir MOUNTSTUART'S opinions on Home Rule, because they tell us nothing new. He has added one more to the series of destructive criticisms of any possible revelation of Home Rule, which have met hitherto with practically no defence at all. He is able, indeed, to speak with what we may call the true outwardness which only belongs to those who have occupied a prominent position in some colony or dependency of Britain, and so far is valuable; but, here again, he simply echoes what every competent Indian or colonial politician, who is not courting the Irish vote, or in other ways biassed, has already said. We may note, as more interesting, the terse and ingenious remark on the payment of members, that it is "giving up in perpetuity the income of at least ten "millions of money" to get a worse article than at present we get for nothing. Sir MOUNTSTUART must take the consequences of his suggestion that the franchise should not be given to women "till the best "women ask for it," and we trust he has purveyed him a strong guard of Amazons. The remark, too, that "Established Churches are extremely likely to "go by the board, unless they cease to impose any "fetters on the working of men's intellects," may be dismissed as a survival of the old doctrinaire Liberalism of the middle of the century. But the Second Chamber argument has not often been put better than on this occasion; and the end of the address contains the chief points of interest. When this "ancient Cobdenian," as he calls himself, has to "make the melancholy confession "that all other questions are fiddle-faddle compared to "making our army and navy fit to meet the increased "demands on them," *il parle d'or*. He speaks, perhaps, not quite so goldenly, and more in the old lesson-by-rote manner, when he talks about "writers who work "themselves into a panic about Russia." There may be such writers, but we have a sort of idea that we should know something about them if they were considerable. Now, for our part, we agree with Sir MOUNTSTUART that "nothing but the grossest neglect of proper pre-"cautions on our frontier can make a Russian attempt "other than a disastrous failure." It is these proper precautions that we wish to see taken and kept up. And a high Indian official ought to know that they have not been taken so very long on the spot; while an experienced English politician ought to know that they are by no means certain of being invariably supported at home. But when Sir MOUNTSTUART says that there is sufficient hatred of us in France to have caused a war long before this but for the fear of Germany, again *il parle d'or*. He speaks one of the truths which are most abhorrent to Mr. GLADSTONE, and are therefore scouted by Gladstonians, but the absolute truth. And his saying of it is made all the more valuable by his combination of long and careful observation of foreign politics with recent detachment from politics at home.

MR. ASQUITH'S SEE-SAW.

TO judge from the comments which have been made, even in quarters not friendly to the Government, on Mr. ASQUITH'S reply to the Radical delegates last Wednesday, it is mighty easy in these days to earn the praise of mingled firmness and moderation. You have only to lay down sound principles of public policy in a tone of inflexible resolution, and then to run with dignity away from them—not, indeed, as far as you might run, but to a safe distance. Then, apparently, the party to whom the principles commend themselves will applaud the soundness of your political judgment, while those to whom these principles are hateful will permit you, without protest, to enumerate them in exchange for the permission to themselves to override them. Such, at least, appears to us to be the arrangement which the HOME SECRETARY has succeeded in effecting with regard to the so-called "right" of meeting in Trafalgar Square. He informs his deputations, in as polite circumlocutions as possible, that when they talk about a right of meeting in the Square they talk nonsense; that the courts of law have decided that no such right exists, and that by that decision "you and I and everybody are bound"; though he forgot to add that it would have been his duty, if Tory tyrants were in power, to agitate for an immediate alteration of the law as so laid down. He next goes on to remind his hearers that, while holding meetings in Trafalgar Square is thus not a matter of right, but a question of convenience, past experience has shown that in practice it has been a source of extreme inconvenience; he thence proceeds to recall the mischief which resulted from it on a former notorious occasion; and after having courageously described the state of things which grew up at that time as an "intolerable public nuisance," he adds with spirit that, "so long as he is responsible for the peace "and good order of the streets of the metropolis, it "shall not be permitted to recur."

Here endeth the firmness of the HOME SECRETARY; and, after a little talk about the inconvenience of unregulated meetings, here beginneth his moderation. It consists in conceding to his Radical petitioners a qualified permission to do that which he admits that they have no legal right to do, which he has shown that public convenience is opposed to their doing, and which he has in effect commended his predecessors for forbidding them to do. His admirable premisses point straight to the apparent conclusion that agitators desirous of annoying or terrorizing their fellow-citizens, under colour of holding a public meeting, should not be allowed to use Trafalgar Square for that purpose; his actual and more accommodating conclusion is that they may be allowed to do so—twice a week and on Bank Holidays. And thus is completed the combination of the moderate with the firm, and the praises of all men, even as we have said of some of those who have no prejudice in favour of the Government to which Mr. ASQUITH belongs. Perhaps it is to that very circumstance itself that he is in some measure indebted for his success. It is an effect of agreeable surprise. A member of an Administration committed up to their ears to advocacy of the great cause of anarchy all over the world might, it was feared, be capable of anything, or might, at all events, regard himself as pledged to anything that chanced to be demanded of him. If Mr. ASQUITH had fallen on the neck of the delegates, apologized abjectly for the "crime of "Bloody Sunday," and begged them to come in their thousands to Trafalgar Square at any hour of day or night they pleased without troubling to write to the Chief Commissioner of Police, we should have hardly felt it to be strange. And since he has stopped short at inviting them from Saturday after-

noon to Sunday night, a great sigh of relief has gone up, and the fame of Mr. ASQUITH'S "statesmanship" has been greatly noised abroad. So that a man may get some good from belonging to a Government of Friends of Anarchy after all. It makes a little of the other thing go such a long way.

UGANDA.

THE reply of Lord ROSEBERY to the deputation of the Anti-Slavery Society on the Uganda question was as satisfactory as could be reasonably expected in the circumstances. The final decision of the Government rested, of course, not with Lord ROSEBERY, as he was careful to point out; but in all he said as to the importance of the question, it was clear that he sympathized with the representations of the deputation. The deputation put the case against the evacuation of Uganda from the philanthropic point of view. They had every reason to be gratified by Lord ROSEBERY'S comments on that strictly non-political and non-commercial position. His references to past missionary labours and to present missionary enterprise were not the least pleasing reassurances that were offered to the deputation. They could not but be satisfied with Lord ROSEBERY'S expression of sympathy with their purely philanthropic views. With regard to the extinction of slavery in Africa, wherever there is a British sphere of influence, Lord ROSEBERY used no uncertain language. "Having put our hands to the "plough," he observed, "in that great enterprise, we "shall not be able, even if we were willing, to look "back." He regarded Uganda as a country of great possibilities, as the key, perhaps, of Central Africa, and was altogether convinced that the aspect of the question represented by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was extremely important. Finally, Lord ROSEBERY declared that the representations of the Anti-Slavery Society would occupy a commanding place in the considerations of the Government when the final resolution is to be determined.

But Lord ROSEBERY, though he strictly confined his reply to special objects of the deputation, evidently is keenly alive to the fact that there are other aspects of the question not less important and other arguments against evacuating Uganda at least as weighty as that inspired by anti-slavery apprehensions. He spoke with conviction and force of the responsibilities of the Government, both with regard to obligations incurred in the past, under the Brussels Convention, for example, and with regard to the future. Lord ROSEBERY spoke also of their responsibility with regard to the taxpayer in England. Perhaps it is taking a low ground, after assuming a lofty philanthropic position, to view the Uganda question from the standpoint of the taxpayer's pocket. But is this the kind of responsibility that should weigh greatly in such a question as this? To retain our interest and influence in Uganda need not, and should not, involve us in any extravagant enterprise or costly expedition; whereas, as we have urged before, there is nothing more likely to make such expeditions necessary than the policy of abandonment. Lord ROSEBERY is, no doubt, fully justified in regarding the Uganda question as a large question and a many-sided question. Many-sided as it is, it cannot be said to present more aspects of importance than do the arguments against the sacrifice of British influence in Uganda. The anti-slavery contentions form one argument among many, some inspired by purely non-political considerations, all of which show how grievous a mistake it must prove to lose our hold of Uganda. Lord ROSEBERY himself defined the importance of that country and our relations to it in remarkable terms. He spoke of Uganda as commanding the Nile basin, and as, perhaps, the key of Central Africa—which, indeed, is what competent judges are agreed to regard it. We have held that key on certain valid grounds and agreements, and have no conceivable reason for relinquishing our hold and dropping it into the hands of others.

THE LIFE OF LORD TENNYSON.

THE Lives of Lord Tennyson will doubtless be numerous, and the earliest of them, by Mr. Arthur Waugh (Heinemann), is already in our hands. We need not hesitate to admit that we opened it with something like prejudice. It is early, we thought, for any one to assail us with a *Life* of the Laureate. But we were reassured by the copious index. A man who is tearing against time, with a callous and heartless determination at all hazards to be the first in the field, does not take the trouble to prepare an index. Looking further, we found that Mr. Arthur Waugh—a new name, but one which we hope to meet with again—had completed his book, "all but the last page of biography," when the sudden illness of Lord Tennyson startled him at the task of minute revision, which had already occupied several years. That a book so handsomely got up, and so full of illustrations, should have been mechanically put through the press in ten days is astonishing and creditable. It would be still more astonishing, and not at all creditable, if the author had written his three hundred pages to this sudden order.

We must congratulate Mr. Arthur Waugh, if it be only to do penance for our unjust suspicions of him, on a creditable success. His book is one which can be warmly recommended. It is scholarly and unhysterical; the narrative part is a remarkably full and careful cento taken from the journals, memoirs, and correspondence of the age, arranged in excellent taste, and the criticism, if sometimes a little youthful and timid, is sound and wholesome. We had followed the recorded life of Tennyson somewhat closely, yet we have found in these pages a great deal that is new to us, and a great deal more that we noted at the time, and should have found the greatest difficulty in recovering. From the letters of Trench, of Lord Houghton, of Edward Fitz-Gerald, and many others, who were contemporaries of Tennyson and who died before him, Mr. Waugh has collected a very curious little anthology of references, many of them slight and remote, but all helping to fill up the picture when each is relegated to its proper place. The number of these allusions, and the difficulty we have found in recalling to our minds any source of information of this kind which Mr. Waugh seems to have overlooked, have surprised us. In another edition he might perhaps dwell more on Mr. Woolner's relations with the poet, which, we think, have been given in one or two fragmentary forms to the world, and although several portraits by Mr. G. F. Watts adorn this volume, we do not find any reference to these works in the body of the book. If, in fact, we must object to something in a volume which cannot be, and does not pretend to be, final, it would be to the absence of references to Tennyson's relations with artists. Even Mrs. Cameron we do not find mentioned. But these are little points, and Mr. Waugh will say that his volume does not pretend to be more than a study in biography and criticism. As such we must pronounce it to be an excellent one, and, indeed, until the present Lord Tennyson's *Life* of his father is completed, and all previous efforts necessarily thrown into the shade, we do not know how any one who writes about Tennyson, or desires to test his relation to his time at any given year, can afford to neglect Mr. Waugh's work.

The critical portion of the essay is moderate in tone, although enthusiastic. It will hardly suit the exaggerated and universal afflatus which for the last few days has, amiably enough, but somewhat fatuously, blown out the organs of literary opinion. The tens of thousands who have been praising Tennyson with a note too uniform to be quite sincere or very valuable will be surprised to be reminded how very late a thing is Tennyson's exemption from all censure. Our newspapers have been talking as though since his early manhood every tongue had been silenced, and his slightest effusions received by an awe-struck public, cap in hand. Mr. Waugh has to chronicle one fact after

another to show how restive the readers of Tennyson were. The *Tiresias* volume of 1885, published when the poet was seventy-six, seems to have been the first which awakened no serious attack, the earliest on the appearance of which the welcoming chorus of praise was unbroken. A little earlier *The Promise of May* had drawn on it severe and not always well-bred criticism, and none of the earlier plays was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. In all this, as in much else, although with such manifest differences, the fate of Tennyson was curiously like that of Dryden. Each poet, although to all searching eyes manifestly the greatest writer of his age, was constantly assailed by small critics and harassed by petty rivals, until at last there came a day when he died, full of years, and no one in England could recollect that the praise of his writings had ever been tempered.

A valuable feature of Mr. Waugh's book is the prominence it gives to a consideration of the plays. The published dramatic works of Tennyson are seven in number, we must now remind ourselves, and Mr. Waugh is right in thinking that we are bound to give serious attention to so prominent a section of his entire writings. He took his plays, too, very seriously himself. One of the most interesting items of novelty in this biography is a letter written by Tennyson to Mr. Hall Caine, immediately after the failure of *The Promise of May*. It closes with a sentence which looks as though the poet sympathized with certain recent dramatic tendencies with which he was supposed to have little in common. "The British drama," Tennyson says in this note, dated November 16, 1882, "must be in a low state indeed if, as certain dramatic critics have lately told us, none of the great moral and social questions of the time ought to be touched upon in a modern play." We shall be surprised if we do not find Mr. Archer and the New Criticism pouncing upon this dictum from one who is hardly to be looked upon as a prophet of Ibsenism.

If this volume were all that we were ever to know of Tennyson, we should be inclined, once more, to compare him with his glorious predecessor, the author of *The Hind and the Panther*, of whom, be it remembered, we know nothing but what his works and the gossip of the age can tell us. The intellectual character of Tennyson escapes us still, as Dryden's does. In each case we feel the greatness there; but what was the exact form it took, what the inner workings of the mind, what the tastes, what the occupations, of all this we scarcely know anything. Wordsworth lived in our own age, in a retirement at least as extreme as Tennyson's, yet we know Wordsworth as we shall probably never know Tennyson. The latter was hedged about with "abysmal personality"; the unplumbed deeps around this island were aided in their task of isolation by the unbroken cliff of reserve. At least, so it seems at present. Lord Tennyson's Life of his father, for which the world will be eagerly waiting, may change our whole conception.

THE THEATRES.

ASSUMING that Mrs. Langtry chooses the best plays that are submitted to her, she is extremely unfortunate in her choice. Since she has had the direction of the various theatres which have been under her control for the last few years, her record of failures—not of pieces which fall a little short of the mark, but of failures disastrous, absolute, irretrievable, plays that could by no possibility have had the remotest chance of success under any conceivable circumstances—has been unprecedented. *The Queen of Manoa*, with which Mrs. Langtry lately opened the Haymarket, was an excessively bad play, and *Agatha Tylden, Merchant and Shipowner*, is, if possible, worse. We are inclined to say that this is possible, and if those who saw *The Queen of Manoa* are persuaded that the latest production cannot be so, they may either take our word for it or try the expedient of going to the Haymarket and judging for themselves. To write a dull play is a fault, but to write such a play as *Agatha Tylden, Merchant and Shipowner*, approaches nearly to the verge of criminality. Mr. Edward Rose, the culprit, has been, to a greater or less extent, inspired by the Norwegian drama, it appears, which is an explanation, but not an excuse; for the Norwegian drama is for the most part a parlous and pernicious thing that the wise dramatist, eager for information and enlightenment from any source, studies only that he may find out what to avoid.

A certain modern school of critics girds against what it considers the weak-minded desire for sympathy in stage pieces. Unless one can take some sort of sympathetic interest in the personages of a play, however, their proceedings become tedious. It is possible that, logically, by the canons of the school, this ought not to be so; but it is. Furthermore, if the spectator is not interested, he is probably either perplexed or is bored; or both. With *Agatha Tylden* he is likewise irritated. Miss Tylden is an exasperatingly foolish woman. She undertakes, at her father's death, to manage the business he had built up into enormous proportions, and proves quite unequal to the task, as seems not unnatural when it is set forth that her leading idea of business is based on the notion that when inconvenient bills fall due they can always be renewed. Of course she becomes bankrupt, and the great scene of the play is supposed to be that in which this inevitable result of her proceedings is pointed out to her by a still faithful lover whom she had rejected ten years before, who has become partner in a firm of financial agents, and who is the financial agent first and the lover afterwards, earnest before all else in the stern demand that she shall declare herself insolvent, and call her creditors together. This scene takes place in Miss Tylden's office, and the circumstance that the surroundings are so hopelessly unromantic—the speaking-tubes, telegraphic "tape," and office appointment generally—might make such an episode all the stronger and more effective if it had in it any foundation of what we still demand in spite of Scandinavia—dramatic interest. While the lady is foolish, however, the lover is clumsy, not to dwell on the point that he has more than a suspicion of priggishness in his character. The author would evidently have us accept his Hugh Ainsworth as full of resource and of that knowledge which commands success; but, as a matter of fact, his efforts on Agatha's behalf are absolutely futile. He can do nothing, and Miss Tylden would be ruined were it not that a girl who is engaged to marry a millionaire persuades her Crœsus to lend the bankrupt firm a trifle of 80,000*l.*, which Ainsworth says will probably—he is not too sanguine—set things straight. No acting could make such a play as this tolerable. Mrs. Langtry labours assiduously and with excellent intention. Mr. Waller is the lugubrious financial agent. Mr. Cyril Maude gave a clever sketch of a commercial Scotchman. Unless the doctrine of averages is to be upset, Mrs. Langtry ought soon to find a good play, for she has had an altogether undue proportion of bad ones.

The musical farce, *In Town*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is a vulgar and slangy affair which doubtless appeals strongly to a section of playgoers large enough to win prosperity for the piece. Mr. Arthur Roberts as an impecunious man about town, alert in finding opportunities to replenish his purse, is the head and front of the piece, and is droll in his accustomed fashion. The music is less tuneful than we are accustomed to hear in trifles of this class. Criticism has little to do with such compositions as *In Town*.

OVER-EDUCATION.

A CHRIST CHURCH undergraduate blowing his brains out in his rooms in College, with an at least dubious death of another the next week, may turn, if but for a moment, unthinking people's attention to the grave question of the day, "What are we to do with our scholars?" We ventured only last week to comment rather strongly on one aspect of the case, and now we would fain briefly review the whole educational problem before a momentarily shocked world has fallen back into its lethargy again. For it is not merely the handful of students too many—a few thousands in all—whom the Universities turn out every decade that makes the question so serious. The Philanthropist and the Socialist is a very Nero in the matter of lives, and would sacrifice the odd thousands, we well know, on the altar of his theory. But the educational difficulty goes much deeper than this. Every single member of society, from the artisan and the crossing-sweeper to the shopkeeper and the yeoman farmer—now alas! so rare—is educating his son a peg higher than his father before him, and educating him above manual labour. It is all very fine to say that a man can sweep a crossing as well or better if he knows the rudiments of Greek and Latin grammar. It is not true, of

course; but that matters nothing to the "man with a Fad." The question is not whether a man will sweep his crossing better or worse on a classical education. As a matter of fact, after that education he will too frequently refuse to sweep one at all.

Even granting that a knowledge of the dead languages will increase his aptitude for performing that necessary labour, it will destroy his taste for it, or rather, which is the same thing, give him a taste for something of a different kind. He will want to work with his head instead of his hands, to be a clerk instead of a working man—and to what end? The world is packed with clerks. There are twenty applicants for every miserably paid post, infinitely worse paid than honest manual labour. The rest, the other nineteen, starve, or address circulars at a shilling a thousand, and eat their hearts with misery and wretchedness. They cannot teach, to dig they are ashamed. And, as if to make matters worse, they not only will not dig, they cannot. The product of the Board Schools, the boys who triumphantly pass the higher standards, *cannot* work with their hands. They have developed their brains at the expense of their muscles—very few can develop both simultaneously—and if they earn starvation wages as clerks they would earn none at all as artisans. What a picture this gives of the modern movement in favour of the higher education universally applied, given free, gratis, and for nothing, nay, compulsorily, if the dream of the reformer be realized, to all! In the highest grades we find sons of middle-class shopkeepers obtaining an exhibition at one of the Universities, just keeping body and soul together there for three years, securing a degree of some sort, usually a poor one, and settling down to be ushers for life—if any one will take them. But will any one? Very often not. Ask at any of the scholastic agencies if you wish to ascertain the state of the market in the supply of schoolmasters. The market is positively glutted. There are twenty ill-dressed, stooping, faded wretches panting for every assistant-mastership at fifty pounds a year, non-resident, or twenty resident. And remember, on such a pittance the poor fellows have to "keep up a position"! They must dress as gentlemen, live more or less like gentlemen, on the wages of an omnibus-driver. But they have taken up the profession, they have qualified for it by years of laborious, half-digested study. They could not drive an omnibus if they would. Who would trust a horse in their hands? They could not mend the roads in spite of an Oxford bachelor degree. Who would select the pale, narrow-chested scholar among the gangs of sturdy labourers who clamour for work and style themselves—sometimes justly, poor fellows—unemployed? Nobody, of course.

Meantime, they are shouldered out in another way. Every head-master of every little hedge-school must have an athlete as well as a scholar for his assistant nowadays. What chance has this overworked creature of the education craze to develop into an athlete? He has not the time, he has not the money, ten to one he has not the *stamina*. Again, every head-master wants a "gentleman," a man with good manners, good appearance, well-dressed, &c. &c. And the market is packed with young men of unexceptional parentage fresh from the University, willing and anxious to take even the smallest posts. This is a fresh cruelty to poor Smike. These young men are the sons of parents who have moderate means, but are determined their sons shall have "something to do." They are willing to make them an allowance to supplement their pay, but their hearts are set on seeing them with some definite employment. So the sons, weary of parental admonitions, take any little post that turns up, "just for the look of the thing," and work as assistants at wages on which they would starve but for the "hundred a year from the governor." When the choice is between these young men who have had all the advantages from the first—public-school training and the social, as well as mental, education of the University—which the other poor fellows, from lack of means, have missed, of course the gentleman's son is chosen if he will come on the same terms. He looks better bred, is probably stronger and more athletic, is incomparably better dressed, and more at his ease. He elbows the poorer man out of the running with light-hearted carelessness, and the poorer man dies in a garret or turns genteel swindler. It is a losing race from the first. Wages are down to nothing because of the number of young men on an allowance who are willing to work for little, under pressure from home. The requirements of the head-school are monstrously out of proportion to the pay, because the market is so full, and there is no room for the product of the education mania anywhere. We have seen circulars by the hundred from agencies, asking for assistant-masters for such schools, demanding an "Honours man and athlete," and offering 40*l.* a year salary! The thing would be ludicrous if it were not so pitiful. The child of gratuitous education falls back on an ill-paid clerkship or addressing circulars—which line, by the way, is also overstocked—and breaks his heart or ruins his health at thirty. Such is the education mania in its highest phase, when the son of our washerwoman goes to Oxford and the heir of the butler is a Bachelor of the sister University.

It is exactly the same lower down in the scale. The less promising pupils, who never reach the stage of the University and the exhibitions given to deserving students by City Companies, are equally useless products, and *more* hopelessly stranded. For the others have at least reached the goal of their ambitions. They have got their degree, and found it useless, and given the whole foolish business a fair trial. These others have fallen between the two stools. They have no degree; so the scholastic walk in life is closed to them. They have learnt enough to develop a certain power of thinking which makes any kind of monotonous labour intolerable. An uneducated man who can only read and write can stand at a machine and make the heads of pins from one year's end to another till he dies, and yet be tolerably happy. To any one at all educated such a life would be literally maddening. To have acquired a certain taste for music and poetry, and then make the heads of pins or split steel pens ten hours out of the twenty-four from seventeen to seventy, would drive him crazy. To be able to do the same work every day for eight or ten hours requires an utterly blank intellect. If your brain is working full power in thought while your muscles are working at heaving coal month after month you would wear out. The amount of vitality at your disposal would not stand it. And whether your health would stand it or not, *you* would not. An educated man working out his life as a dock labourer would attain a misery horrible to contemplate.

And, after all, although philanthropists prose about elevating men's minds and purifying and raising their ideas, sensible people must know that the great thing we all want is a certain measure of happiness in a not over happy world. Don't tell us with pride that men's minds will be raised; tell us men will be happier, or rather more contented—happiness is too positive a quality—for your scheme of education, and we will give in a qualified adhesion to all the fuss and bother it will entail. But no one who is not hopelessly prejudiced, or has not already taken a brief for the other side, or committed himself once and for all to that way of thinking, will pretend that the educated or, in the case of the victims of the modern craze, the half-educated man, will be *happy* as a citizen, or a docker, or working at a machine all his life in a crowded factory. Would any one of us be happy? Of course not. Education lifts men into a different sphere, gives them different ideas of pleasure, different standards of comfort. One can think of no more exquisite torture for an educated man than to send him to live on eighteen shillings a week in a court in Whitechapel, working ten hours a day at making, say, French nails. He would blow his brains out, poor fellow, and we could hardly blame him; or, more probably, he would get a few hundred others, similarly situated, together, throw up a barricade and fight savagely for life and plunder, as happens every ten years in France. If his rage and fury at the misery within him had not robbed him of his reason, he would specially direct his attentions to philanthropic School Board agitators, and hang them one after another on the lamp-posts along the Strand or Whitechapel Road. But we cannot be expected to believe that all the workers—the vast majority of the British nation, in fact—are in this condition of shocking, horrible misery. If the philanthropist would have us so believe, we must beg respectfully to decline. The thing is impossible, or it could not have gone on for the last fifty years without a revolution. People would have killed themselves by thousands rather than endure it. No moral or legal or religious restriction would have sufficed to prevent them. If, on the other hand, it be maintained that they have only refrained from doing this from sheer dulness and stupidity, and that as soon as it penetrates to their slow minds they will die like flies, we must again take leave to doubt it. We believe

there is a vast amount of dull, contented happiness among the working classes, and we cannot see what good will be done by robbing us or them of that belief. Of course happiness is largely a matter of belief and of temperament, and doubtless if you tell people they *ought* to be miserable, often enough they will begin to be miserable, or at least uncomfortable. At present the working class is happy enough—far happier, we suspect, than the brain-labourers, with whom a certain measure of melancholy seems to be chronic.

What, then, is the good of teaching them either languages or science and unfitting them for manual labour? Do let us remember that brain-labour is a luxury, and poets are a luxury, and gentlemen are a luxury, and art, science, philosophy, luxuries. Whereas bread and boots and pins and French nails are a necessity, and without butchers and bakers the world could not go on a day. There can be bread without philosophy, but we cannot be philosophers if there are no bakers to feed us. Let us, therefore, not interfere recklessly with nature's supply of bakers and tillers of the soil, and Heaven will send us enough philosophers. If people are too highly educated to plough, the world must starve. This, it must be remembered, will prove no bar to the rise of great talent or genius. Genius has forced its way to recognition before now despite of lowly birth and small opportunities. One might instance countless names. We do not wish to keep any one down. All we protest against is the pulling of every one up—by the roots, as it seems to us. The same problem is agitating France which is troubling us, and M. Taine, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has put it forward from the French standpoint with all the force of his pen. When we have no labourers and no artisans and no bakers and no domestic servants, we may perhaps begin to realize our error; but not, we suppose, till then.

OSTRICHES.

OSTRICHES have been known to, and their feathers appreciated by, mankind from time immemorial, and it is, therefore, perhaps a little curious that so much romance attached to them as was the case till quite recently. Indeed, we doubt if, even in these days of ostrich farms and incubators, all the old-world fables are entirely exploded. Though probably no one could be found like Cardan, whom an old author tells us "Scaliger do's, upon good grounds, laugh at" because he was "of Opinion that Ostriches had red, blew, and green Feathers, not knowing that they are dyed of these Colours," yet many, we imagine, still have a lingering belief that the stupid birds when pursued do hide their heads in the sand under the impression that they are then hidden from their enemies, and that they are by no means averse to, and are quite capable of assimilating, a diet of stones, horse-shoes, copper coins, and suchlike trifles. One of the most interesting accounts of the ostrich given by mediæval writers is that of Pierre Belon du Mans, in his *Histoire de la nature des Oyseaux*, published in Paris in 1555. This, like all the writer's works, is, for the time in which it was written, eminently free from romance, though no doubt there was some truth in the words of a later writer who said "the protestations which Belonius and some others do make, to say nothing but what they have seen, and the Assurances which they do give of having discovered a great many of the falsities which have been writt before them, have scarce any other effect, than to render the sinceritie of all Travellers very suspect, because that these Censurers of the good Credit and exactness of others, do not give sufficient Cautions of their own." Belon repeated the well-known fables, though not entirely on his own authority, for he wrote of the ostrich:—"Quand on le chasse, il a l'industrié de jecter des pierres avecques les pieds en fuyant, contre ceux qui le pourchassent. Et si d'avanture l'Autruche trouve un buisson, lon dit qu'il est si sot oyseau, que se cachant seulement la teste, pense que tout le reste du corps est en sauveté." And in his *Portraits d'Oyseaux, &c.*, we find the following quatrain under the figure of this bird:—

> L'Austruche peut la pierre digerer:
> Et a quasi du Chameau la figure.
> Bien qu'il soit lourd, legiere est son allure:
> Mais a voler ne s'ause aventurer."

From Belon's account it would appear that ostrich-farming is by no means the modern invention that many would have us believe; for, after an account of the shops in Alexandria in which he says that more than two hundred ostrich skins, with the feathers attached, might be seen in a heap, he goes on to say:—"Et si nous a lon dit qu'ils en nourrissent des privees au païs de Lybië, comme nous faisons noz Oyes, et Cannes, dont les paisans mangent la chair, et ont profit des plumes qu'ils vendent aux estrãgers." A sufficiently wasteful method of ostrich-farming, be it observed, and one that would hardly pay in these days. His description of the bird is so good and quaint that we give it in full. He begins by saying that Latin authors were doubtful whether it should be considered a terrestrial animal or a bird, and continues:—

> Ja n'est il pas oyseau: car il ne se peut eslever de terre pour prendre l'ær. Ausi ses ælles luy servent seulement pour luy ayder à courir. Il n'est pas couvert de poil comme les animaux terrestres, excepté sur les paupiëres et dessus la teste, et le lõg du col: parquoy on ne le peut bonnement referer estre terrestre, attendu qu'il est couvert de plumes par le corps. Il a un long bec, fort, et poinctu. La teste, et le dessus du col est sans beaucoup de plumes, mais couverte de petits poils, comme l'Ostarde. Il a les yeux gros, et noirs, semblables à ceux d'un Chameau. Au reste il a toute la maniëre d'un Oyseau, excepté qu'il excede touts autres en stature, et qu'il n'a que deux ergots aux pieds, qui sont onglez cõme ceux d'un Chameau, faisant comparaison du grãd au petit, du quel il tient beaucoup de merques; car ses pieds sont mols par le dessous, et ne sont point fenduz en doigts comme ceux des autres oyseaux.

It is, perhaps, needless to point out that the description here given of the bird's feet is incorrect, as, though the inner toe has a stout and hoof-like claw, the outer one is clawless. If we may believe this author, ostriches must have been commoner in Europe in his time than they are at present, as he says:—"L'Autruche est ja si commune qu'en oultre ce qu'on la cognoist de nom, aussi y a peu de gens qui n'en ayent veu."

Leaving ancient history, it may be said that the ostrich, though it does not thrive on a diet of stones, metal, and so forth, is fairly omnivorous, as nothing seems to come amiss to it. Vegetable substances of all sorts, including grain, seeds, and berries, together with beetles, locusts, small birds, and animals, snakes, and lizards, are said to be devoured indiscriminately, and it is a fact that the birds will pick up and swallow almost anything that comes in their way—for example, pieces of wood or metal, stones, cord, glass, indeed, anything that is not too large or too heavy. This habit is, however, often fatal to them. To give only two examples from birds formerly in the Zoo, one is said to have owed its death to the fact that it swallowed part of a parasol, while the other came to its end by the aid of 9½*d.* worth of copper money. Finally, the ostrich, though by no means a pleasant fowl, is not as bad as it was painted by the ancients, and is certainly not guilty of the unnatural conduct attributed to it of leaving its eggs, and therefore its young, to take care of themselves, the fact being that not only do the hens, which lay in one nest, relieve one another in the duty of incubation, but that the male also takes his turn on the nest.

There are just now two ostriches at the Zoo which are to be seen in the Giraffe House, one purchased in June, and the other which only arrived on Saturday last. The latter is the property of the Queen, and was, as all readers of the daily papers are doubtless aware, presented to Her Majesty a short time since, and is only in the menagerie "on deposit." It is a remarkably fine specimen, quite dwarfing its neighbour in the adjoining compartment; indeed, we believe that it is the finest bird of its kind that has ever been seen in Regent's Park. We can only hope that Her Majesty will present it to the Society; but, meanwhile, as it is only "on deposit," we should advise those who are interested in ostriches to pay it an early visit. It seems to have borne its journey well, and to be in excellent health.

MONEY MATTERS.

THIS week the public has been invited to subscribe to loans for two States of very different character—Persia and Chili. With regard to the former, we would strongly advise investors to ask themselves what they know of the Government; its system of administration, its policy, and its future prospects; whether they have reason to

believe that the money, if obtained, will be judiciously laid out; whether there is ground for thinking that as spent it will so increase the revenue that there will be a sufficient surplus to enable the Government to fulfil its part of the bargain; and, in the last place, whether there is any trustworthy information respecting either the revenue or the expenditure at the present time or during the recent past. Any persons who can obtain good information on these points may possibly see their way to invest; but for the ordinary public it seems rash to buy the bonds of a State which is so little known, and indeed, to speak frankly, of which the little that is known is not very favourable. It is generally understood that the loan is to compensate the Tobacco Concessionaries, and if so, it affords evidence that the Shah recognizes his obligation to fulfil his contracts. But while this is in itself favourable, and everybody would be glad to see the object fulfilled, yet the small investor who cannot afford to risk his money will do well to inquire carefully before purchasing Persian bonds. Looking at the matter from a purely political point of view, it is, no doubt, desirable that the loan should succeed. If it does succeed, it will help to increase British influence in Persia, and investment in the loan, therefore, may be profitable in many ways to powerful capitalists. But the small investor is hardly in a position to protect himself if untoward events should occur, and it is not for the interest of the country that the small investor should incur undue risk merely in the prospect that British influence in Persia may be increased. The Chilian loan is entirely different. Chili is a country which has been long known in the London money market, and has always been known favourably. It is quite true that the Republic has recently been wasted by a fierce civil war, that there are still adherents of Balmaceda, and that it is at least possible that there may be disturbances in the future. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that the party now in power, when it had no troops, no authority of any kind or revenue, attacked the Dictator and drove him from power. It seems, therefore, to be firmly established and to be well able to ensure the maintenance of order in the future. If it is, peace at home and abroad, good administration, thrift, and industry will soon make up for the losses inflicted by the civil war. Furthermore, the amount proposed to be borrowed is not large —1,800,000*l.*; the rate of interest is good—5 per cent.; and as the price of issue is 95, a subscriber to the loan gets $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. upon his money. Lastly, the object for which the loan is raised is one that commends itself to the judgment of every sound thinker. While the civil war lasted President Balmaceda issued a large quantity of inconvertible paper, which naturally increased the depreciation of the notes. The new Government is desirous to contract the currency, and so raise its purchasing power. With the proceeds of this loan it will be able to do so, and will thus effect an important improvement in the financial condition of the country. It is not surprising, then, to find that the subscriptions to the loan have covered it many times over. From another point of view the issue of these two loans is encouraging. It shows that in the City confidence is better than it was. A little while ago there would have been little chance of attracting investors to such issues. There was too much distrust and too general a doubt as to the course of events in the future. At the same time, we would warn investors not to attach too much importance to the appearance of these two loans. In the first place, they are for small amounts—the one 1,800,000*l.*, and the other half a million. In the second place, the greatest of English financial houses stands sponsor for one issue; and, in the third place, there has been during the past few weeks some recovery from the despondency that has prevailed all through the summer. But we fear it is too early yet to look for anything like a real revival. The silver crisis is still with us; and, although the price of silver has recently been rushed up from about 38*d.* per ounce to about $39\frac{1}{2}$*d.* per ounce, it has again fallen sharply this week, and probably will fall considerably yet before the crisis is over. At all events, the future of silver is too uncertain to allow of anything like real confidence; and until confidence is fully re-established it is vain to hope for a true revival in business.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount to 3 per cent. Since the 28th of April—that is, for six months all but a week—it had stood at 2 per cent., and the open market discount rate was very often under 1 per cent. Unfortunately, the advance is not due to any improvement in business. Trade is greatly depressed, and, in spite of the recent revival on the Stock Exchange, speculation is inactive. The cause of the rise is the large withdrawals of gold. During the week ended Wednesday night they amounted to a million and a quarter, of which a quarter of a million went to Egypt, 30,000*l.* to Brazil, and the remainder to the Continent, chiefly to Russia and Austria. In spite of its great financial difficulties, owing to famine, famine-fever, and cholera, the Russian Government is amassing an immense war treasure. For years it has at intervals been withdrawing gold from London and Berlin. For several months past it has spared this market; but it is now again taking the metal in very large amounts. It is hardly to be hoped that the rise in the Bank-rate will stop it; but the rise will probably induce the Austro-Hungarian Government to put off its withdrawals until after Christmas, as it must desire to avoid disturbing the money market while it is preparing for a gold loan. Still, the probability is that the rate will have to be further advanced, at least to 4 per cent., and possibly to 5.

The price of silver has fluctuated considerably during the week. It rose at one time to $39\frac{5}{8}$*d.* per oz., then fell sharply to $39\frac{1}{8}$*d.*, and has since recovered to $39\frac{5}{16}$*d.* per oz. The fluctuations are purely speculative. The great mining Companies, frightened by the recent fall, have stopped selling for a considerable time, and as India required silver, there has naturally been some recovery; but the instant the Companies began selling again the price dropped once more.

The advance in the Bank-rate has happily checked the rash speculation that went on in the Stock Exchange for a couple of weeks past. It will be recollected that the chief activity was in Argentine securities, stimulated partly by the purchase from Messrs. Baring Brothers of a large quantity of railway stock, and partly by the fall in the gold premium. The gold premium, however, has again begun to rise, and, what is a far more serious warning to speculators, political disturbances are once more reported. Probably the so-called revolution is not as important as the telegrams describe it. The Provisional Government was able to put down all revolts, and there is no reason to doubt that the Constitutional Government now established will be equally well able to maintain order. But, all the same, this new disturbance warns every one concerned that there is widespread political discontent, and that therefore the Republic is not yet out of its troubles. Business on the New York Stock Exchange is still interfered with by the Columbus fêtes; but, apart from everything of that kind, there is much evidence to show that a distrust, on account of silver, is spreading. Last week operators in London showed an inclination to buy American securities more freely than for a long time past; but, instead of supporting them, the New York operators sold so heavily that the market gave way. Evidently there is much distrust and uneasiness throughout the United States. Upon the Continent, also, there is much to show that under an apparently firm surface there is weakness and apprehension. The Russian finances are in a deplorable state, and people, therefore, are naturally asking how it is that the Russian Government is taking gold, which it must want for payments in Western Europe, to St. Petersburg, where it can defray all its expenses by issuing inconvertible paper. Still, the market for Russian bonds has been wonderfully well supported by the great Paris bankers.

It is estimated in the City that the applications for the Chilian loan amount to about 60 millions sterling. Whether the estimate be greatly exaggerated or not, it is certain that the allotments to each applicant will be very small. The loan has been quoted at a premium all through the week. At one time the premium fell to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., but it quickly recovered to about $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

With few exceptions, the movements in prices this week have been downwards. Consols closed on Thursday at $96\frac{13}{16}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{7}{16}$, and Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed at $96\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$. In Colonial stocks the changes have not been remarkable; some are up and some are down. In Home Railway stocks there is an almost general fall. London and Brighton Undivided stock closed on Thursday at 168, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Brighton "A" closed at

156¼, a fall of 1⅜; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 105½, a fall of 1; London and North-Western closed at 172⅜, a fall of 1⅜; Midland closed at 153¾, a fall of 1½; and North-Eastern closed at 157¼, a fall of ¾. In the American department there has likewise been a general, though not very considerable, decline in speculative shares, while dividend-paying shares generally have been well maintained. On the other hand, the rise in silver has been followed by a general advance in silver securities. Thus Rupee paper closed on Thursday at 66¼, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ⅜. The First Preference stock of the Mexican Railway closed at 82, a rise of 1¼; Mexican National "A" bonds closed at 46, a rise of 1, and Mexican Central Fours closed at 71¼, a rise of ½. Argentines are all lower. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at 77–9, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 127–9, a fall of 4; Central Argentine closed at 71–2, a fall of 2½; and the Five per Cent. Government bonds of '86 closed at 69¼, a fall of 1½. Brazilians, on the other hand, have again advanced. The Four and a Halfs closed on Thursday at 71½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Inter-Bourse securities are generally lower. Italian closed on Thursday at 91½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1⅛; Russian closed at 96⅝, a fall of 1; and Spanish closed at 63¾, a fall of ½.

THE OPERA.

THE winter season of opera was to have begun last Monday with Signor Lago's plucky enterprise at the Olympic; Sir Augustus Harris, however, managed to be first in the field, securing a whole week of performances at Covent Garden before the other manager's first night. The quarrels of old times seem to have begun in earnest; there is, of course, only one end to them, and that generally means, for a time at least, the extinction of opera in London; but, while the competition lasts, it is sufficiently good fun for the public. The Covent Garden manager led off with the two most conspicuous successes of Signor Lago's earlier seasons, *Orfeo* with the Ravoglis, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. On her first appearance in the part of Orpheus, Signorina Giulia Ravogli seemed to lack little if anything of perfection; but it must be confessed that she has now reached an even higher degree of excellence than before. The new cast of Mascagni's fashionable opera is not wholly satisfactory; Mlle. del Torre has a voice too small for Covent Garden, and on the opening night was overcome by nervousness; and the Alfio of Signor Pignalosa is not above the second rank. The best of the group of newcomers is Signor Cremonini, a very young tenor, who made a decided success as Turiddu, but who, when forced, a few days later, to sing the part of Lohengrin, proved terribly overweighted.

Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to remark that the monstrous blunder of allowing palms to be distributed on Easter Day still mars the stage management of the Italian work. For the second night the threadbare *Trovatore* was revived, in order to introduce Mlle. Rosita Sala, a soprano, who is a decided acquisition to the company. She cannot at present act very skilfully, but, in truth, the part is not one to inspire any but the unintelligent; she sings with a remarkable absence of affectation, and with very considerable ability. Mme. Melba has repeated familiar triumphs in *Lohengrin* and *Faust*. In the latter the beautiful ballet music, written for the Grand Opéra in Paris, was once more included, as it had been in an earlier season; it was well danced, and it may be hoped that the introduction of the scene will be more frequent in the future than it has been in the past. The first section of the scene, before the appearance of the dancers, seems to require a little filling up, but the rest is very well arranged. In deference to the wishes of suburban amateurs, who aired their grievances at the close of last season, the operas, even those of moderate length, begin at what West-End patrons consider unconscionably early hours; but it is, on the whole, better so.

With praiseworthy energy, Signor Lago opened his season on Monday night with the chief novelty announced in his prospectus, Tschaikowsky's *Eugene Onegin*, presented in an English version by Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Edwards. A hero who does not find out that he loves the heroine until he sees her the wife of another man, admired of all beholders, is not a very promising subject for dramatic, and still less for operatic, treatment; for, if dramatic truth is to be preserved, the element of love must be kept out of the story till the final scene. The composer has done this to such purpose that his first two acts fall a little flat, if the truth must be told; but the pent-up fire and passion of his last scene are enough to make the audience forget the tameness of what has gone before, and to save a situation which in less accomplished hands would have seemed most unsatisfactory. Even as it is, the mere dismissal of the lover, after both parties have confessed the state of their feelings, seems hardly to wind up the story, though in itself the parting duet is most moving. From the point of view of general effect, too, the work is oddly put together; the first act contains two agricultural choruses, and both the second and third acts open with ball scenes. There is not much to grumble at, certainly; for both choruses are graceful and characteristic, and both dances bright and taking. The most striking passage in the earlier part of the work is a scena, in which the heroine writes to Onegin, confessing her love for him; it is beautifully written, and its main theme is brought back with altogether excellent effect at the point when the tables are turned, and Onegin discovers too late that love has conquered him. Mme. Fanny Moody and Mr. Oudin divided the honours of the performance; but high praise is to be bestowed upon Mme. Swiatlowsky's fine impersonation of an old nurse, and Mr. Charles Manners's vigorous presentment of the husband of the lady. Miss Lily Moody and Mr. Iver McKay, as a subordinate pair of lovers, sang well, but acted with lack of experience, and Mr. Henry J. Wood conducted a very good performance. The chorus was unusually efficient, and the band did justice to the masterly orchestration, which is one of the greatest merits of the opera. Upon this, and a performance of *La Favorita*, in which the only impersonation worth mention is that of Alfonso by Signor Mario Ancona, the manager has subsisted for his first week's programme. A promised performance of *Lohengrin*, with Mme. Albani in the part in which she is still without a rival, has not yet taken place, owing to the prolonged absence of Signor Vignas, who is to essay the title part.

DIRLETON.

ON no part of the British coast has that which was happily termed in *Punch* the golf stream set with fuller force than on the southern shore of the Firth of the Forth; nowhere else may the rites of the royal and ancient mystery be more amply performed. No sooner does the traveller's foot press the platform at North Berwick than he is made aware of the ruling passion of the place. The railway station has been enlarged and vastly improved—to accommodate golfers; the bookstall is loaded with literature—appealing directly to golfers; a bag of clubs (better not even to *think* of them as sticks, for the senses of East Lothian police are alert) is in every pile of baggage—the property of golfers; men and women carry a cleek about the streets as naturally as you would your umbrella—to prove themselves golfers; every boy of five years and upwards does the same, because he is born a golfer and cannot help it.

The Londoner looks greedily on every undevoured shred of common near the metropolis, and thinks himself lucky if he contrives to lay out a few holes and trim the grimy sward into some semblance of putting-greens; but at North Berwick he is bewildered by the choice of links. In these days, every watering-place must have a links, or perish; but the fact that "links" is a noun singular, having no distinct plural, predicates that it never entered into the heart of man to conceive the possibility of more than one links to each town. At North Berwick there is easy access to no fewer than five. Physical endurance is the only thing requisite to enable you to start early on a summer morning, tee the ball within a hundred yards of your hotel, and, starting westward, travel successively over the links of North Berwick, Archerfield, Muirfield, Gullane, and Luffness, playing forty-five holes out and a like number home. There is nothing like it anywhere else.

But our purpose is not now with the links, their silken sward and bunkers of yellow sand, but with the ruined pile towering over the woods three miles away, a dark, jagged

mass against the western sky. Dirleton Castle, about as far to the west of North Berwick as Tantallon is to the east, was an important stronghold two centuries before a single stone of the better known and more romantically placed fortress had been laid, and is therefore proportionately more interesting to the antiquary and architect. Built in the thirteenth century by the powerful family of De Vaux, it reflects in the grandeur of its design the prosperity which Scotland enjoyed under her second and third Alexanders, and the affluence which crumbled away to nothing in the succeeding centuries of conflict with England, and was only restored by the Union—(that Union with which a mischievous gang of busybodies are now trying to tamper).

Of Norman military architecture not a single example now remains in Scotland; for, although Alexander I. and David I. are known to have built many Royal palaces in the twelfth century, these have all been either pulled down or entirely remodelled. But Norman fortresses supplied a model of which Scottish architects largely availed themselves in the thirteenth century. The general plan was a rectangular keep surrounded by a fortified enclosure. In most Scottish examples the workmanship is poor, contrasting strangely with the splendid ecclesiastical buildings erected at this period. The walls are generally of rubble work 6 to 10 feet thick, and the site is generally rather low, so as to admit of water defences. But Dirleton, like Bothwell in Lanarkshire, and Kildrummie in Aberdeen, is of more masterly construction, the towers and lofty curtain-walls being faced with fine ashlar. Messrs. McGibbon and Ross, whose valuable work (*The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland.* By David McGibbon and Thomas Ross. 5 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1887–92) has just been completed by the issue of the fourth and fifth volumes, trace in these finer buildings the influence of Continental rather than English models. Unfortunately, of the thirteenth-century work at Dirleton only a portion remains, for the castle has suffered rough handling from time to time. It was a new building when Edward I. first invaded Scotland in 1297, and was besieged, captured, and dismantled by that most militant prelate, Bishop Anthony Beck. Two round towers towards the south-west, with a smaller square one between, a short extent of curtain wall, and a segment of another round tower to the south-east, are all that remain of what must have been a beautiful fortress. One of great strength, moreover; for the walls, faced with good ashlar, are in some places 12 feet thick; the polygonal chambers in the round tower are lighted only by loopholes, and the boss of igneous rock on which the castle is founded, though rising not more than 40 feet above the surrounding plain, is girdled by a deep moat, now dry and laid out in flower-garden, but capable of being flooded for defence. The details of the fireplaces are interesting, being richly moulded and ornamented with dogtooth and other designs.

For two centuries Dirleton Castle must have lain in ruins, till, early in the fifteenth century, it was rebuilt on the old foundations, but of course in a style modified to suit more elaborate domestic requirements. The vaulted kitchen has two spacious fireplaces and a serving-room leading into a hall of noble proportions, 72 feet by 25. In the apartments of the lord of the castle there is a grim arrangement, not uncommon in Scottish fortresses—namely, a private stair into the guard-room, where a hatchway in the floor gives access to a small and totally dark dungeon. Political prisoners in those days were the least likely of all to be treated as first-class misdemeanants. Another stair, which, it is to be hoped, the lord used more often, led to the cellars.

In the seventeenth century the whole fortress, with pleasure-ground and bowling-green, was surrounded by an outer wall with arched gateway, and a large stone dovecote, of which the grey, time-mellowed dome is relieved by a background of ancient yews, is probably of the same date.

The castle was finally battered to pieces by General Monk in 1650. It is now the property of Mrs. Hamilton Ogilvie, and it is satisfactory to see such a fine ruin so well cared for. The whole enclosure is laid out as a garden, the lawns are beautifully kept, and, except a few araucarias, which are not worthy of the rest, there is nothing to mar the delightful effect of grey walls, bright flowers, and massive foliage.

From the flagstaff tower a splendid view may be obtained. North Berwick Law bounds the prospect on the east with its conical mass; further to the south Dunpender, now called Traprain Law, commemorates the invasion of Lothian by Penda, pagan king of Mercia, in the seventh century. On the north-west the Bass rears his hoary front above the blue waters of the Firth; further out is the island of May, and further still, to the north, the coast of Fife and the Lomonds. Near at hand, but beyond the woods of Archerfield, lies the island of Fidra, with a lighthouse at one end and a mock fortalice of rock at the other. It was on this island, as we know from the Irish Annals, that in the eighth century some Frisian colonists took refuge and were massacred by the Picts of Manu-Gododin. The anchorage in its lee gives convenient shelter to trawlers and other small craft which collect there in numbers in stormy weather.

Few mornings may be filched from golf by visitors at North Berwick, but of these one should certainly be spent in visiting Dirleton Castle.

CONCERT RECORD.

OCTOBER 8th.—The first of a set of five concerts was given by Señor Sarasate in St. James's Hall, with the assistance of Mme. Berthe Marx. A programme entirely guiltless of novelty in any guise at all was played in the usual faultless style.

October 15th.—The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed, the Laureate's memory being honoured, as it had been at the Leeds Festival, by a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *In Memoriam* overture. Beethoven was represented, not only by the joyous Eighth Symphony, exquisitely played, but by his piano concerto in C minor, into which the soloist, M. de Pachmann, had the impertinence to interpolate a passage of modulation between the first and second movements. Apart from this, he played in most artistic style, and deserves praise for introducing a seldom-heard rondo by Chopin among his solos. A mazurka by Liszt was given, rather unnecessarily, as an encore. Of the two new works brought forward, it is pleasant to be able to record that the better is by a young English composer, Mr. C. A. Lidgey, who has found inspiration for a really poetical orchestral piece in no less strange a place than a picture of Doré's. His *Day Dream*, as the work is called, is in all respects a worthy companion piece to the setting of Browning's "Women and Roses," given at Sydenham last year. The "symphonic poem," by M. Wormser, the composer of the delightful music to *L'Enfant Prodigue*, is a pretentious, and by no means successful, reproduction of the rites of the Lupercalia. Mr. Oudin made his usual success in three songs of different schools.

On the same afternoon Mr. Grossmith gave, in St. James's Hall, a "farewell recital" before going to America. Some of his best and best-known sketches were included in the programme, as well as a new production, in which the humours of "Seaside Society" are described with his usual felicity.

October 18th.—M. Slivinski, the best of the new pianists of last year, gave a very interesting recital in St. James's Hall. Beginning with a beautiful set of variations by M. Paderewski, he played, as in duty bound, a group of three pieces by Chopin, including the fine scherzo in C sharp minor, and gave an unexpectedly dignified and sympathetic interpretation of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke." Handel's fugue in E minor, with the three repeated notes at the beginning, was finely played, and Paderewski's lovely nocturne in B flat was given as an encore. The player has made very remarkable advance in his art since his last appearance in London, and is on his way to become one of the best pianists of the school to which he belongs.

REVIEWS.

RACING LIFE OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.*

IMPOSSIBLE as it may be for a man to appear a hero in the eyes of his valet, this book gives us the comfortable assurance that a trainer, who should be quite as good a judge of heroism, may fall down and worship his master. One trainer, at any rate,

* *Racing Life of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck, M.P.* By John Kent and Hon. Francis Lawley. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

has done so; for in the opinion of Mr. Kent there never was, and never will be, so peerless a specimen of humanity as the late Lord George Bentinck. Seldom has a servant given an employer such a character as is here put on record; never before has the memory of a once dazzling figure been suddenly rescued from oblivion by the hand of a servant. For it is certainly true that, though Lord George raced on a scale and in a style which the world has never seen before or since, time and the great changes which have taken place in the conduct of Turf business, especially of late years, had almost caused to be forgotten the name of the man who in many respects may be said to have set in motion the machinery of modern racing. It might well have happened that in another decade men would have been found at Newmarket or Goodwood who had never even heard of Lord George Bentinck. So this book makes its appearance just at the right moment; for we have here an accurate and vivid description of the most interesting epoch of an extraordinary sporting career, furnished by the one man in the world capable of so doing. The collaboration of Mr. John Kent with Mr. Francis Lawley has resulted in an admirable Turf biography and curious reminiscences of almost antiquarian value, for even of the heath and town of Newmarket in the early part of the century, details are here given which have never before found their way into print. Much, indeed, is told incidentally about many other places and persons, though the thoughts and energies of the writers are keenly concentrated on the Goodwood stable and the remarkable man who for a few years swayed its destiny with such signal success.

"The strongest character that the British Turf has known or seen within the present century." "The most masterful and powerful personality known to racing men since the death of Sir C. Bunbury in 1820." "The most remarkable man of the nineteenth century," says Mr. Lawley, in the first two cases at least, not unreasonably; while Mr. Kent's devotion will admit no speck or flaw in the character or talents of the master by whom he was ever treated with the utmost liberality and fullest confidence, and with as much consideration as could be expected from one who, as regarded his own health and strength or that of others, acted avowedly on the principle that "he who will save his life shall lose it." He could do no wrong in the eyes of the trainer, though how far his example as a gambler may have influenced for evil his younger and poorer associates, or how some of his devices may be regarded by latter-day gentlemen, is an open question. Still it must be remembered that those were days of really Titanic speculation, to which we have seen no parallel, even when it was most nearly approached in what is called the Hastings era. Nowadays everybody bets, but nobody bets much, and to risk 1,000*l.* on a race is considered a very fair plunge, though it would have seemed but a paltry wager in the time of which this chronicle treats—a time to the credit of which be it remarked that, if men betted enormously, they paid regularly. Default, if any, was made by the bookmakers and not by the backers; for in one of his letters after a big win at York or Doncaster Lord George incidentally mentions that he has never had so few bad debts. We have changed all that now; it is not the backers, at any rate, who have to complain of missing accounts, and we should search the ranks of the opposing forces in vain for an individual who would feel the smallest temptation to imitate the example of one Brograve, a bookmaker, who, Mr. Kent tells us, committed suicide after Smolensko's Derby on account of his inability to settle with Sir Charles Bunbury. *That* Phœnix is not in the least likely to arise from his ashes. To what an extent Lord George's enterprise surpassed all previous or subsequent Turf ventures may be illustrated by simple comparison with a recent racing establishment. It has been said, and probably with truth, that Lord Falmouth, who did everything liberally, and entered his horses very largely, had to win about 16,000*l.* each year before he could begin to count his profits. Mr. Kent reckons that Lord George had to pay something like 40,000*l.* before he could show a balance on the right side. Now, although Lord Falmouth never betted at all, he was enabled to win by the vast value of modern stakes; but in Lord George's day the stakes were rarely large, and often almost nominal. So that, if a man won, it must necessarily have been by betting. Yet Mr. Kent assures us that Lord George did, on the whole, make a good thing of racing; and certainly, if backing horses on the grandest lines can ever be made to pay, Mr. Kent's hero was the man to do it. Possessed of iron nerve, calm judgment, inflexible will, the dash of a born gambler combined with rare power of self-restraint, and an apparently unlimited command of money, he seems to have solved a problem approaching in insolubility to that of squaring the circle. Broadly speaking, his methods were those which have always been employed where any measure of success at "the great game" has been achieved. He tried his horses high and frequently (Mr. Kent is a great advocate for trying yearlings before entering them), and though hard to convince that he had a certainty, once convinced, he put the money down without stint, and often without regard to price. An amusing instance of this is given in the case of Miss Elis and the Northamptonshire Stakes, then a very heavy betting race. Lord George had given Harry Hill an unlimited commission, and Mr. Hill, after the tradition of commissioners, came whining back to say he could only get 5 to 4. "Don't bother me with your fears," said Lord George, "but go and get on all the money you can. You'll find 5 to 4 good enough after the race"; and so it proved. Most owners would have fatally feared under similar circumstances. Very few, even the clever ones, having—strange as it may appear—perception to see that 5 to 4 against is a good price when the odds are practically 10 to 1 on.

Whether the whole of Lord George Bentinck's and Mr. Kent's stable strategy can commend itself to the reader he himself must judge. Turf morality—etiquette, custom, call it what you will—was far laxer then than now. The sport was in a rougher, less regulated stage. It would now greatly upset the equanimity of the present Stewards of the Jockey Club were they to hear that a man having heavy bets on a race acted as starter; yet Mr. Kent narrates, with grave approbation of the forethought displayed, how Lord George, who stood an enormous stake on Red Deer for the Chester Cup, went down and started the horses in order to assist little Kitchener, the rider of Red Deer, who rewarded the attention by winning easily. Nor in these more fastidious days would it be considered exactly the right thing for an owner to have laid heavily against his own hors e, as Lord George undoubtedly had on this very occasion laid against Bramble. Mr. Kent, however, sees nothing queer in this transaction, and is only admiringly astonished at the magnanimity which gave Bramble's backers a run for their money. *Autres temps, autres mœurs,* and it probably never occurred to Mr. Kent that he might himself be sailing a trifle near the wind when, having tried My Mary to have about 21 lbs. in hand for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, he wrote to Messrs. Weatherby to say that, as "we had not had time to look over the handicap, it would be better to leave all his Lordship's horses in!"

In the great quarrel with Danebury the authors side wholly and heartily with Lord George; but, as to this and other matters here chronicled, we are, it is rumoured, shortly to be shown the reverse of the medal by one of the few survivors of the hostile camp. It seems a pity at this distance of time to try and raise bad blood over such a long-past feud, more especially as it is here treated of not at all in an offensive manner. We heartily congratulate Mr. Kent and his colleague, Mr. Lawley, on having between them turned out a masterpiece of racing literature. That this, that, or the other "supplies a long-felt want" is one of the most vulgar of the cant advertisements of the day. Yet we confess that this *Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck* fills in with circumstance, shade, and detail many a dim outline of Turf history which has often excited a legitimate curiosity, impossible to have been gratified save by these reminiscences, which the old trainer has now made public out of love and loyalty to an adored master.

NOVELS.*

THERE is something to be said for, and something to be said against, the double-barrelled novel—the novel which begins with the wooings of the parents, and later on, an interval having been announced, proceeds to describe those of the children. It may be objected that it is a literary dodge, effected by putting two little novels together to make one of the ordinary size; on the other hand, the incidents thus provided are to be preferred to padding. The first volume and a half of *The Peyton Romance* gives the history of the youth, manhood, marriage, and death of a certain Cyril Peyton; the second describes the adventures, lovemakings, engagement, good-fortune, and eventual happiness of his daughter. Almost exactly in the middle of the second volume there is supposed to be a gap of twenty years, and this divides Part I. from Part II. As the author is very prolific in her characters, this system entails the introduction of a vast multitude of men, women, and children; too vast a multitude, in our opinion; yet they are so well described that it would be un-

* *The Peyton Romance.* By Mrs. Leith Adams (Mrs. R. S. De Courcy Laffan). 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892.

Treason Felony. A Novel. By John Hill. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Cuckoo in the Nest. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

The Honourable Jane. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1892.

gracious to complain. The descriptions of still life are as good as those of the characters; but here, again, prolixity does something towards spoiling their effect as a whole. Of scenes, in a dramatic sense, there are many, and those greatly varied, the larger proportion in the first part being laid in a village, and in the second in a provincial town. The book is by no means wanting in either pathos or humour, and irrelevance is perhaps its chief fault. Its pages would appear to be studded with pegs on which the author has hung characters she has met, scenes she remembers, and incidents of which she has heard; nevertheless, the string of the story is threaded through them all and holds them more or less together. That every line, or every page, or every chapter would, as a whole, pass muster if very critically examined we do not for a moment pretend; the voice "like a sacred flute" of the curate in one place, and the "wonderful bell-like melodious voice" of the rector only a few pages further on, and things of that sort, mar the work here and there, while silly tittle-tattle does it no good in other places; in the course of the book, however, there is some good writing of the common novel kind, and it would not scandalize the very latest-born baby in its cradle.

It is interesting to read that Sir Henry Long, Bart., the hero of *Treason Felony*, is "a person who publicly states that he doesn't care a twopenny curse what" society may "think, say, or do"; and we are inclined to infer, from his cool defiance of the probable, if not the possible, and the freedom and ease of his style, that the author himself would set much the same value upon the opinions of reviewers. His novel is the story of a little band of Irish adventurers, with a Scotchman thrown in, who are always ready to go to any part of the world in which they hear that there is a "desturrbance," "Pahrus" being their usual home during periods of universal peace. They are first discovered in the Confederated Guano Free States, and they are last heard of somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bulgaria and Chile. When they are not fighting on behalf of insurrectionists in a South American Republic, or rebels in Central Asia, they employ themselves in the peaceful arts of Fenianism and the manufacture of "a certain highly propellant explosive" composed of "ammonium nitrate and di-nitro-benzol," "mixed with another cheap and simple substance, which need not be mentioned." Instead of the ordinary detective of fiction, we have here the equally fictitious government spy, who makes a pleasing variety. Three murders and one suicide can scarcely be called too much for a story of this sort, and a general slaughter in the first chapter so "blooded" us that we felt quite eager for gore. A charming character is Mary Carmen Juanita Josefina, a half-bred South American, who "purred over" men, "talked her best kind of broken English in Spanish-Irish" to them, "smoked to" them, and "played that everlasting guitar to" them, until they fell within her meshes. Her mother, also, is attractive. "My fammillee, firstest in Guano," she says. "Vere nobeel'ty go, I go." "Will you hold your silly jabbering tongue?" replies her husband. "Don't either of you chaps ever marry a full-bred lady of the firstest family in San José," he adds, to some friends, when his wife has left the room. Of a very different type is the character of an old English squire, who sturdily supported "the State Church," and "persistently quarrelled with the parson," "hated Free Trade like the devil," and "countenanced smuggling," and if he were asked for money by a tramp, "would damn him up hill and down dale," and then give him half a crown. There is variety, again, in the portrait of the clever Cambridge coach bathing from a boat. His "lank person, decorated simply with a pair of gold spring double-glasses, precipitated itself head-first over the stern." It is impossible to help being more or less amused with the book, and, amidst a good deal of nonsense, there are passages which are far from foolish. On a page now before us, the author very truly remarks that "the orthodox modern Liberal has a kind of contemptuous affection" for "the fossilized old Tory," but "hates and fears the young and cultivated" Tory, "whose weapon is polished ridicule instead of pious denunciation," for he is painfully aware that he himself must needs be serious, as "his supporters are nearly all serious people, of Calvinistic tendencies, and Social Democrats whose strong point is rarely a sense of humour," and that he would infinitely prefer "to be thought wicked by the old school" to being "thought absurd by the new." But why, oh! why, does the author ask us to believe that the charge of powder drawn from a spring-gun, and "neatly packed inside" a hare, would "blow up" "when the hare was hanging before the fire"? It would be as damp as powder well could be, to say nothing of the common custom of—well, *un*packing hares before they are cooked.

Few writers have gone to the well so often without finding it dry as Mrs. Oliphant. With whatever respect a critic may read one of her novels, it is inevitable that he should be on the look out for some symptoms of staleness and weariness in the work of a pen which has run on so long and so incessantly. We are bound to say that there are none in *The Cuckoo in the Nest*, which is quite up to the average standard of the author's novels, if it is not a little above it. Compared with some of her others—against which, be it understood, we have nothing to say, although we are not suggesting that they ever rise to the highest flights of fiction—this novel is rather exceptionally original. It is the history of the adventures of the daughter of a respectable country publican. She begins by borrowing fifty pounds from an aunt, and investing it in a special licence to be married to the barely sane son of a wealthy old baronet. When her husband dies, from a cold caught when lying out at night very drunk, she makes herself essential to his invalided old father, and induces him to leave everything to her instead of to the next of kin. The next of kin fights the will, but gets beaten, and in course of time the heroine, finding life unendurable, with great wealth but no friends, marries her first love, who has become a famous professional cricketer. The first love persuades her to give up the family mansion and estate to the next of kin, retaining a large enough fortune to furnish and live at an "'ansome 'ouse," with "spanking" horses and everything that can gratify her own, and his own, exceedingly vulgar tastes. In this manner she at last becomes happy, has a full nursery, grows fat and red, and enjoys gaudy finery to her heart's content. The author is probably right in representing that, under the circumstances described, no county-people would have called upon the heroine in the ancestral home of her deceased husband and father-in-law; at the same time, experience leads us to believe that such an immensely rich and pretty young widow would not be left in the unbroken solitude described by Mrs. Oliphant in these days. There are people, we regret to say, of good family as well as of bad, who, under the pretence of friendship, would look upon such a person as their legitimate prey. Greyshott, we think, would have had plenty of visitors of a kind, visitors, too, who would have paid very long visits and talked about "poor dear Mrs. Piercey, who, after all, you know——" and so on, and so on. Nor is the heroine's absolute ostracism the only exaggerated feature of the novel. For instance, it is not likely that any lady would say to the heroine:—"We're the great people of this country, and you're no better than the dust under our feet." A scene at a funeral is greatly overdrawn, and so is one at the reading of a will after another funeral. But there is a terrible amount of reading in one of Mrs. Oliphant's three-volumed novels of small print and close lines, and even a reviewer may possibly nod now and then in perusing them.

Two wicked wives, two doctors, two old fools, one designing woman, one medium, a vacillating hero, a desperately constant heroine, and Peter, a spook, are the principal actors in *The Honourable Jane*. A vast amount of love-making, much kissing, four marriages, one going-mad, two natural deaths, and one drowning, are the chief incidents. The hero, a Captain Stafford, was perpetually "fetched," as he called it, by three women—sometimes by one of them and sometimes by another—until he ultimately married the one he loved least; after that he was only "fetched" by two—that is to say, the two others. His bride had mendaciously informed her uncle and aunt that he and she had been "much more indiscreet than they supposed," with the express purpose of making them press the poor fellow into marrying her. Her plot succeeded; and, when she revealed it to her husband during the drive to the station after the wedding, all hopes of their future happiness together were shattered for ever. There is rather a good scene in which a lady, who had run away from her husband, called on a bachelor at his hotel, and begged him to fly with her. Now flying presented no attractions to him. On the contrary, he told her that such a proceeding would ruin him, lead to his being dismissed from the Service, or oblige him to leave it, and "run" him "for hideous damages." After much parleying, she vehemently declared her intense love for him over a page and a quarter, and then he kissed her "desperately and passionately"; but for all that "he kept his head," and before she "knew what he was doing he had sent for a cab, and was on his way with her to his sister's house," where he left her for the night, with strict orders that she should be sent home to her lawful husband at his place in the country on the morrow. The book is not a bad specimen of the trashy society novel; there is a good deal of life and spirit in it, its characters are not very unreal, and there are some amusing "situations." We have just one more remark to make about it. If people publish novels they ought to take the trouble to correct their proofs; "you own" for your own, "she look" for she looks, "canguess" for can guess, "Mrs. Abbot come" for Mrs. Abbot came, and other misprints of a like nature are rather worrying to the reader.

THE KALEVALA.*

IT is notorious that sometimes very remarkable results follow from an absolute misconception. This is true of the Kalevala. The great national epic of the Finns, round which a considerable literature has accumulated within the last sixty years, is—we are assured by Signor Comparetti on reasonable grounds—the outcome of a delusion. Lönnrot honestly believed that the huge mass of independent songs and ballads he had gathered from the mouths of the people were fragments of a great epic poem. But this was a dream—a complete misapprehension on his part. The ancient poem had never existed. The singers from whom he collected the material were absolutely ignorant of anything of the kind. Though they occasionally recited their stock of songs in a certain logical succession, it was not always in the same order, and they were one and all quite incapable of framing an epic in its most rudimentary form. Their intelligence was too immature to form an organic synthesis of the miscellaneous contents of their memories, and their attempts at uniting several independent lays into a coherent whole resulted in a mere hotch-potch. The Kalevala, as it stands in the second and enlarged edition of 1849, must be considered the personal work of Lönnrot. In addition to a number of independent songs, ballads, and magic lays, he had at his command a huge collection of variants. These he pieced together as connectedly as the material permitted. Episodes which could not otherwise have been introduced were dragged in by main force by the simple device of exchanging the name of the hero for one already mentioned in the intended poem. Sometimes he treated a song much as Set treated the body of Osiris—he dismembered it, and distributed the parts in various sections of the epic. To enhance the interest and to utilize all his material he interpolated magic and marriage songs in places where they were appropriate. The process of amalgamating epic, lyric, magic songs and ballads was a comparatively easy task, as every species of poetry has the same form. The Finns have never, in their popular poetry at least, got beyond a trochaic metre of four feet with parallelism, assonance, and free rhyme. For changing the name of a hero or a place in order to suit his plan Lönnrot cannot be seriously blamed. He acted in thorough good faith, and in this only followed the precedent of the singers, who frequently substitute without the slightest misgiving another name or even their own personality for that of the legitimate hero. Besides, the hero is often anonymous, and designated the Smith or the Lapp or something equally indefinite. In fact his conscientious scruples against adding anything of his own hindered his work, and led to a want of coherence and unity in the action of the poem which betrays its patchwork origin.

In choosing the Kalevala as the subject of his studies Signor Comparetti has, we imagine, been actuated less by predilection for Finnish literature than by hope of finding support for his views on the genesis of great epic poems. While showing up its weak points as a composition he is silently dealing blows at the opinions of Wolf, Lachmann, and their adherents. He uses it as an object lesson to illustrate and enforce his conviction that no popular epic can originate from mechanically linking together a series of independent epic songs. These always retain an ineffaceable trace of their collective impersonal origin. The individual mind of a true poet is absolutely needed first to master the material, and then fuse it into an organic whole, from which nothing can be taken, to which nothing can be added without sensible detriment. As it has always been known that the Kalevala was composed of shorter epic songs arranged by Lönnrot, it has been adduced as an instance of the opposite theory. This could only be done with imperfect knowledge of the facts, which were not available before the publication of the late Dr. J. Krohn's *History of Finnish Literature* in 1888. To him had been entrusted the manuscripts on which the Kalevala is based, bequeathed to the Finnish Literary Society by Lönnrot, who, unlike Macpherson and Kreutzwald, had not committed to the flames the proofs of his work. With their help Dr. Krohn was enabled to analyse the Kalevala into its constituent parts, not by æsthetic guesswork, but with absolute certainty. Signor Comparetti has necessarily made full use of this material, and very opportunely for those debarred from using Dr. Krohn's volumes, only a portion of which have as yet been rendered into German. Some of the changes introduced by Lönnrot may here be mentioned. In "The Song of the Creation" (in the first *runo*) Väinämöinen is always the creator according to the MSS., and not the Maiden of the Air. The so-called Aino cyclus (R. 3, 4, 5) is made up of three independent songs, and the name of Aino has been substituted for Anni. In the first of these, known as "The Singing Competition," Anni is never the sister of Joukahainen, and the wooer is never Väinämöinen. The second part is a mixture of several ballads without epic character or connexion with the theme to which Lönnrot has attached it. In the songs sung by the people it is never the Maiden of Pohjola who is seen sitting on a rainbow (R. 8), but generally the Maiden of the Air. "The Journey of Väinämöinen to Tuonela" (R. 16) to find the three magic words necessary to complete the gunwale, bows, and stern of the boat he was making, belongs properly to the "Origin of Beer." The name of the third companion in the expedition to capture the Sampo (R. 39, 42, 43) is never Lemminkäinen. The name was changed to connect him with the cycle of the Sampo. "The origin of the Kantele" (R. 39, 40, 41, 44) was originally a wholly independent song, and probably came from Esthonia. The songs sung at the killing and obsequies of the bear (R. 46) have no connexion with epic songs, and the incident that Väinämöinen killed it is probably an invention of Lönnrot himself. "The Origin of Fire" (R. 47, 48) is taken from magic songs, and has nothing to do with the story of the Sampo. "The Liberation of the Sun and Moon" (R. 49) is, properly speaking, independent; and the description of the fabrication of an artificial sun and moon by Ilmarinen, as well as the capture of the real luminaries by the mistress of Pohjola, are in all probability inventions of Lönnrot. The last *runo* was composed by him from two entirely different ballads, "The Lay of the Virgin Mary" and "The Judgment of Väinämöinen," the latter of which belongs to the cycle of Kullervo.

Although Signor Comparetti concedes to the Kalevala the title of a national epic, it is with considerable hesitation and restriction. He denies it any other unity than that of continuity of such kind that one event does not follow another without some sort of reason or pretext to unite them, at any rate externally. Whatever superficial appearance of unity it may possess is entirely due to Lönnrot. The author finds the Kalevala full of incoherences and without a plot. What figures as the catastrophe of the poem—the capture of the Sampo—has only a mechanical connexion with the bulk of the epic; and, though its constituent parts are composed of popular and traditional songs, the Kalevala is the child of an educated mind of the nineteenth century. But, if Signor Comparetti has felt obliged to pass so severe a sentence on the Kalevala, his criticism has not been purely destructive. On the contrary, he has built up a connected and plausible theory to account for the development of Finnish myth and poetry. Like the Finnish wizards, he is bent on ascertaining the origin of things. He takes it for granted that in early times the Finns were Shamanists in religion. By Shamanism he mainly understands the coercive power exercised by the Shaman over nature and the divinities that govern it, a power that may be exerted by word or act. Therefore magic is the essence of such a religion. Partly owing to this belief in the paramount authority of the Shaman, and partly to extreme poverty of intellectual and civil development, the ideas concerning gods and divinities never expanded to any extent. They remained shadowy, scarcely passed the stage of incipient personification, and never became frankly anthropomorphic. Hence the Finnish divinities are an unsociable, passionless set of beings, without sympathy for man. They neither love nor hate; they have to be stirred up to benevolence by magic or by gifts; they have no social intercourse, no place of meeting. The influence and function of the Shaman was continued in the wizard, *tietäjä, noita*. In the early period the formulæ of the wizard were couched in irregular verse or in prose. It was not till between the ninth and eleventh centuries that the trochaic metre was invented and established. Though this great step in advance was due to foreign influence, it was not the result of direct copying. The first kind of poetry to develop was the magic song, and as this is narrative and dramatic it became the parent of epic song. The priority of the magic lay arises from its being the vehicle of the wizard who, in an elementary society like that of the earlier Finns, was the general factotum and universal provider. By his magic he could ensure success to the hunter or the fisherman; for the sick he was the only resource. Thus he had a finger in every pie, and his influence was so overwhelming that he became the accepted type of a hero. He was a warrior, but not against flesh and blood. The wars he waged were against ghostly enemies, against the powers of evil and disease, or against the machinations of some other wizard. In the Kalevala the two ideal types of the wizard from two points of view are Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen, who are not so much characters as representatives of two callings. One is the chanter of magic lays; the other the smith that forges the armour in which the wizard metaphorically encases himself before attacking some terrible ghostly enemy, or that hammers out the

* *Il Kalevala o la poesia tradizionale dei Finni.* Studio storico-critico sulle origini delle grandi epopee nazionali. Del socio Domenico Comparetti. Firenze.

Der Kalevala. &c. Deutsche vom Verfasser autorisirte und durchgesehene Ausgabe. Halle. 1892.

metaphorical spears and arrows which a hostile wizard uses against man and beast. As the magic lay deals largely with personifications of nature, it naturally becomes the parent of myth, and to understand the mythology of the Finns we must study their magic songs. These are no gibberish of mystic words, but intelligible genuine poetry. As epic song is the offshoot of the magic lay, there is a natural though remarkable want of reality in the Kalevala. The whole atmosphere in which the action of this poem moves is as unreal as the world of fairy tale. The national epic is wholly without historic basis, though the contrary has often been maintained, and not one iota of the past history of Finland is reflected in it. Kalevala and Pohjola are mythic places; the only real people that figure are the Lapps; the one real historical fact that can be recognised in the poem is the Shamanistic character of the early religion of the Finns.

The author has not been able to resist the fascination of trying to solve an enigma, when there is a hope of doing so by an etymology. An unexplained word has the same irresistible attraction for the etymologist that a candle has for the moth, and the result of a contact mostly ends in disaster in either case. The mystery attaching to the word Sampo is an instance in point. Learned men have adduced the most cogent reasons to prove that it can only be the sun, a rainbow, clouds, a musical instrument, a magic drum, God himself, a mill, a talisman, a wooden mortar, or the ideal of the common weal of a whole social group. The last of these explanations belongs to Signor Comparetti. Turning to the unlearned singers, we find they are not much more of accord, for they variously take it to be a mill, an object that brings a blessing on agriculture, a bird, a boat, or booty. What is most certain about it is that the song of the Sampo is sung by the Finns of the Archangel government at the time of sowing the spring and autumn seed, and in Western Ingermanland at the festival of Ukko to ensure successful crops. It must, therefore, be connected in some sort of way with agriculture. Besides his new etymology and interpretation of the word Sampo the author has tried his hand at several other names, but few of the explanations are likely to find acceptance.

Apart from these aberrations the work of Signor Comparetti must be regarded as eminently sound and rational, and with the exception of Dr. J. Krohn's is the most important and all-embracing that has appeared upon the subject. And without entering into any polemic he has had the good sense, as we believe, entirely to reject the mythological theory which would resolve the story of the Kalevala into myths of the sun or storm, summer or winter.

CASTELLATED AND DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF SCOTLAND.*

THE publication of these two volumes completes a remarkable work which, if designed by architects, will be of signal use to students and historians. The period comprised in all the five volumes covers six centuries, and ranges from 1200 A.D. to the middle of the eighteenth century. The authors show that the castles and fortresses of Scotland were constructed on four different plans. First, we have the castle or citadel surrounded by a wall or enceinte imitated from French and English designs. Next comes the simple oblong tower or keep, due to native architects. In the third period we see larger edifices built on what is termed the Courtyard plan. The fourth and last stage marks the transition from barbarism to civilization, in which regular attempts were made to combine strength and solidity with convenience and comfort. The authors further explain the series by the introduction of such terms as the L plan, the Z plan, the T plan, and so forth. These letters are occasionally perplexing, though in a general way the reader can recollect that castles built on the Z plan were meant for security, and those of the L plan for ease. The dwellers in fortresses in those times were obviously actuated by very intelligible motives. To have a ready refuge for flocks and herds; to build on a promontory, an island, or an eminence whence the warder could spy a company of raiders; to have access to the castle only by a ladder placed outside and easily removed; and to be able at suitable times to sally forth for retaliation and plunder, were the sound and safe principles on which Barons and builders relied. Nothing was truly your own except it could be protected by masonry some eight feet thick. We must give some idea of the labour and research involved in the collection of the literary materials of this work. The letterpress extends to more than two thousand five hundred pages. The illustrations are more than seventeen hundred in number. Their accuracy seems to us unimpeachable, as far as we can judge from a knowledge of some of the localities. Many of them have been carefully examined by the authors. In other cases, the residents of the manse and the country house, the farmer and the factor, have been resorted to; and by their aid we have a graphic account of forts and fortalices from Kirkmaiden to John o' Groat's house. The correspondence necessary to effect this object must have been enormous. Boswell tells us, in his *Life of Johnson*, that he had occasion to run over half London in order to verify a date. The authors of these volumes have taken infinite pains to ascertain the past and present history, not only of castles owned by Scotts, Campbells, Stewarts, and Gordons, but of fireplaces and sun-dials, Tolbooths and Town halls, and houses in towns, which have been wholly or partially removed under the aggressive action of civilization. Many of the castles are further illustrated by ground-plans, and in several instances, where every trace of the building has perished, recourse has been had to old sketches in town and county histories, reposing on dusty shelves. Nothing, in fact, has been omitted which could make this work a complete, accurate, and graphic picture of Scotland during the period before Bannockburn or the contest of the clans Chattan and Quhele, down to the Rebellion of 1745. To give our own summary, we might say that these volumes represent (1) castles and forts only traceable by heaps of stones; (2) ruins, with standing walls in more or less of dilapidation and decay; (3) castles, preserving a great deal of their ancient architecture, but skilfully adapted by the owner and the builder to modern notions. It is somewhat difficult to make a selection from such pictorial wealth. But we might point to Killasser Castle, Wigtonshire, as an example of the first; to Newark Castle, Fifeshire, and Blanerne, in Berwickshire, for the second; and to Thirlstane Castle on the Leader, Ballindalloch, Banffshire, Brodie, Morayshire, and Tullibole Castle in Kinross-shire—this last "of comparatively small size, but a favourable specimen of an old Scotch house"—for the third. The progress downwards of many of these structures is pathetically traced by the writers. If the stronghold was not allowed to fall hopelessly into ruin, it was abandoned to his vassals or his followers by the Lord of the Manor who, probably enriched by marriage with a Saxon heiress, built a modern residence within a few hundred yards of the old keep. In some cases the old building was converted into a farmhouse, and from the farmer it descended to the lower stage of fishermen. Of one edifice it is recorded that the lower story is now a byre. Dudhope Castle, overlooking the fair city of Dundee, was, in the last century, a woollen manufactory and afterwards a soldiers' barrack. Thurso Castle, erected in 1660, has made way for a modern residence within the last twenty years. The famous Abbey of Inchcolm has been used as a fortified castle; and Broughty in Forfarshire, on the Firth of Tay, would have been an utter ruin had it not been entirely rebuilt by the War Office some twenty years ago, and fitted up as a garrison for artillery. We experience a shock in reading that in 1821 this old place, with its lands and fishings, was advertised for sale as "a delightful residence" or an "excellent situation for an inn." However, it is reasonable to suppose that several of these castles owe their preservation, in some shape or other, to this prostitution to base and degrading uses. Left to themselves, they would have been the habitation of the swallow and the owl. The writer of this paper started a hare out of a mass of stones accurately described at p. 308 of vol. v. After all this desecration, it is pleasant to be told that divers castles famed in song and tradition are the dwelling-places of respectable individuals who keep alive the religious and political associations of the place. The ancient seat of the chief of the clan Mackay is occupied by the factor of the Duke of Sutherland, on the eastern shore of the Kyle of Tongue. Craigcrook, two miles from Edinburgh, was in the past generation let to Francis Jeffrey by the Trustees of a charity to whom it was assigned in 1719; and it is pleasing to think that the present tenant, Mr. R. Croall, has done a great deal for the improvement of the property. Town houses, to which a good deal of attention has been given, have fared both better and worse than castles in the country. Occasionally they have been ruthlessly swept away by new streets, railways, extensions, and improvements. A serious and solemn controversy has arisen about the exact site and proportions of a house in Edinburgh shown as the residence of John Knox. It is all to be read at length, aided by excellent illustrations, at pages 424 and following of vol. iv. The house known as that of Mary of Guise was standing in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh as late as 1883. The upper stories of Allan Ramsay's house were removed as dangerous about thirty years ago; but the lower stories, in which the poet, like Richardson the novelist, carried on his business as bookseller, are still to be seen. The name of one worthy Baillie Macmorran, who was

* *The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century.* By David MacGibbon and Thomas Ross, Architects. Vols. IV. and V. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

servant of the Regent Morton and who met with his death tragically while suppressing a riot of the boys of the High School, in 1595, is still preserved by a house in Riddle's Close, pronounced to be "one of the best examples of old domestic architecture remaining in Edinburgh." Tobias Smollett is associated with a tenement in St. John's Street, Canongate; the White Horse Inn, in the same neighbourhood, with the meeting of Roland Græme and Catherine Seton in the *Monastery*; a flat in what are termed "Houses Top of Mound" with Boswell and Johnson, who had been rescued by his faithful follower from the discomforts of the White Horse Inn; other houses with men eminent at the Bar and the Bench; and everything—wynd, close, and market—more or less with Walter Scott. It is all very well for the thoughtful improvers of the nineteenth century to sneer at such sentiment, and almost to rejoice when certain spots can be no longer identified as the resort of poet, scholar, and divine. Cicero knew better, and expressed a Roman's feeling common to all times:—"Movemur, nescio quo pacto, locis, in quibus eorum quos admiramur, adsunt vestigia." Your modern reformer is almost as destructive as, according to an old tradition, was Mahmud of Ghazni. The most flagrant instance of unnecessary demolition is recorded at p. 68, vol. v. An old Mansion House, with arcades of a most imposing description, "one of the most remarkable specimens of a Town House left in Scotland," stands in an open space in the Green Market, Dundee. It in no way obstructed the traffic, and with a little restraint and care might have lasted "for centuries to come." One half has gone since vol. v. was in print. The rest, we may be quite sure, will follow. As a rule, no building less than one hundred years old is included in this work, but the engrossing nature of the pursuit has led to the description of some thirty churches and monuments in which domestic and ecclesiastical architecture is intermingled, or where the Kirk has owed something to the Castle or *vice versâ*. The Reformers of Knox's time were more bent on destruction than preservation, and Puritanic sentiment was associated with sterility. The skill shown in the treatment of Gothic architecture, we are warned, was then entirely lost. Picturesque ornament savoured of Prelacy, to say nothing of Popery, and was doomed. But some exquisite specimens of doorways, pulpits, lairds' pews, and belfries, which have escaped the destroyer, are to be found in this part of the work. Nor do we stop here. There is a supplement of nearly 150 pages about various structures, accounts of which seem to have been volunteered too late for their incorporation in any one of the four periods. And the subject of sundials is made really interesting by sheer research and skill of treatment. If we may credit Mr. MacGibbon and Mr. Ross, though numerous books exist for the guidance of the dial-maker, their authors have treated their subject on a haphazard and not a scientific plan. Dials, we learn, may be artistically divided into two great heads. They are attached and detached. The former are to be found in every town and village, and the latter can be divided into—1. Obelisks; 2. Lecterns; 3. Facet-headed. 4. Horizontal. There are subdivisions of each class, with as many uses of application as the subordinate headings of a Covenanter's sermon. We have only space to notice a few distinctions. Some are single-faced; others have two faces on angles and corbels; many of them have dates, and some have appropriate mottoes and inscriptions. Several of the detached sort are found in courtyards, gardens, and market-places. In some few the supporting figures of human beings and animals would excite Mr. Ruskin's displeasure. But there are some exquisite specimens of pillars and obelisks. We gather that the art of dial-making was practised quite as much for skill in ornament as for domestic convenience and use. Dials flourished, if we may use the expression, from the beginning of the seventeenth century for about one hundred and fifty years. Gradually they were superseded by clocks and watches. Hugh Miller, in the exercise of his profession, amused himself by carving a sun-dial, and as late as 1840 a North-country mason, Alexander Fraser, produced a specimen still to be seen at Bredisholm near Glasgow, "not unworthy to be classed with the ancient examples." It strikes us that several of the dials are so constructed as to catch very little of the sun, and to be nearly always in shadow. It might be urged that, even in exposed situations, for months of the year there can be no sunshine to catch. It was remarked in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, written some forty years ago, that forms of salutation had something to do with the climate of the speakers. No Dane or Swede, and probably no Scotchman, would ever think of expressing a hope that his chieftain's "shadow might never be less." Such a greeting would be appropriate in the mouth of a Turk or Persian in a land where the sun always shines.

The work winds up not inappropriately with a short account of the class to whom these durable works, castles, cathedrals, and palaces are due. It seems not improbable that those who are termed "master masons" were at first architects. At another period they were known as masters of the works, and were nobles or prominent citizens; but our authors are of opinion that these latter were more concerned with the superintendence of the buildings in progress than with the original designs and plans. Many of these worthies are enumerated with dates of appointment, amount of remuneration, and conditions of contract. It is significant that the closing sentences mention Abbotsford, Sir Walter, and his master mason from the neighbouring village of Darnick. We may fairly congratulate the authors on having completed a work which must be a landmark for generations. Standing walls may become shapeless heaps and the haunt of satyrs; castles, colleges, and hospitals may be converted into working-men's clubs, schools from which all religion is eliminated, or lecture-rooms for the dissemination of universal plunder and philanthropy. But these volumes, as far as is possible to pencil and pen, have stereotyped Scotland past and present, and may well claim to have intercepted the stroke of Time.

RECENT VERSE.*

IT is consolatory to know that, whatever the scientific spirit of the age may effect by applying the "explaining away" process to the ancient traditions and legends of a people, there is ever a *ne plus ultra* of poetry, which is unaffected by the rational explanation of folklorists. Behind that explanation we are ever confronted with legend and myth—the poetry, and primitive man—the poet. And it were easier to devise a flawless and unassailable definition of poetry than to conceive an age of human society when poetry was not. With these elemental forms of poetry the modern poet deals in a fashion very different from that of the folklore student. Of legends he will make lyrics, breathing into them a soul that sings, and sometimes, it may be, reinspiring rude or lifeless legendary forms with the spirit that was lost. In this re-creative art Mr. W. B. Yeats has achieved remarkable distinction by *The Wanderings of Oisin*. Like that lyrical poem, one of the most imaginative and beautiful of its class in English poetry, Mr. Yeats's new poem, *The Countess Kathleen*, is founded on Irish tradition, though the legend is of later date and less heroic days, and is cast, moreover, into the form of a play. The reason Mr. Yeats gives for this treatment is not altogether convincing. It reminds us of the old charge of "want of human interest" brought against Shelley, which has resulted in those who hold to that belief rating *The Cenci* above *Prometheus Unbound*. That, we are convinced, is the popular verdict, and contrary to the judgment of the poetic. The story of the Countess Kathleen selling her soul for the starving people is a legend of Christian Ireland. The Christian cycle of legends "being mainly concerned," Mr. Yeats urges, "with contending moods and moral motives, needed, I thought, a dramatic vehicle." Now, although Mr. Yeats has done what an artist may in this direction, the legend is little susceptible to dramatic treatment. The contending moods and moral motives are confined of necessity to an extremely limited field of action. There is no conflict of moods and motives among the maddened peasantry, and it is the reckless profligacy with which they barter their souls for gold with the demon merchants that ends such conflict in the Countess and determines her self-sacrifice. The play, indeed, is dramatic only in the qualified sense that Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, or an old Mystery play, or interlude, is dramatic. But in the vivid presentment of the story the strength of the poet's imagination is conspicuous. As in *Sintram*, we breathe the very atmosphere of an age when men's souls were exceedingly precious possessions, as newly-discovered treasures are, and worthy of the unceasing plotting and snaring of the powers of evil. "Flames," the merchants call these souls, but to the peasants they were things tangible, as the demons and elemental spirits that peopled their mysterious world, things that took birdlike or batlike forms, and were readily pouched by the merchants like other merchandise in their dark sacks.

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* *The Countess Kathleen; and various Legends and Lyrics.* By W. B. Yeats. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

Skeleton Leaves. By Frank Leyton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim. 1892.

Sight and Song. By Michael Field. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane. 1892.

Links from Broken Chains. By Donizetti Muller. Cambridge: at the Riverside Press. 1892.

Quatrains; Life's Mystery. By W. Wilsey Martin. London: Elkin Mathews.

A Country Muse. By Norman R. Gale. London: David Nutt. 1892.

Our Earth. "Night to Twilight." By George Ferguson. Vol. I. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

The horror of famine, as of the shadow of death on the land, is suggested with wonderful power in the opening scene of the play in the village inn, where the two demons, disguised as merchants, begin their unholy campaign. Their chaffering with the peasants is an exceedingly grim business. But their chief object is not to drive bargains with the ignorant and superstitious country folk, but to gain the soul of the wealthy and pious Lady Kathleen. The news of the strange bartering is brought to her by a herdsman, whose speech is eminently characteristic:—

> As I came down the lane by Tubber-vanach,
> A boy and man sat cross-legged on two stones,
> With moving hands and faces famine-thin,
> Gabbling to crowds of men and wives and boys
> Of how two merchants at "The Lady's Head"
> Buy souls for hell, giving a price so great
> That men may live through all the dearth in plenty.
> The vales are famine-crazy—I'm right glad
> My house is on the mountain near to God.

The merchants set their toils cunningly for the Lady, calling to their aid all manner of unclean spirits and powers—"sowlths," "tevishes," and the rest—and visit her, still as merchants, though she knows them not as the two who buy souls. She questions them concerning the famine and the strangers who deal in souls, and they assure her the dearth will last long, her grain ships are delayed on the sea, and the selling of souls must progress. She asks:—

> Wherefore do they sell?
> Is the green grave so terrible?

And the first merchant replies:—

> Some sell
> Because they will not see their children die,
> And some because their neighbours sold before,
> And some because there is a kind of joy
> In casting hope away, in losing joy,
> In ceasing all resistance, in at last
> Opening one's arms to the eternal flames,
> In casting all sails out upon the wind:
> To this—full of the gaiety of the lost—
> Would all folk hurry if your gold were gone.

The gloom deepens, the ghastly traffic goes on, until the crisis is reached in a scene very powerfully imagined, when the Countess—"the sadness of the world upon her brow"—is compelled by the anguish of her heart to sign the bond. In the end, like Gretchen, she triumphs over the powers of evil. Her sacrifice is accepted, and at death her soul is wafted to heaven, and the demons are discomfited. Mr. Yeats has treated this singular and interesting legend as only a true poet could. He has set it in its own proper atmosphere, and endowed it with rich significance and impressive actuality. The minor songs and ballads in his volume are naturally less engrossing. These also are based on Irish legendary lore, and in "The Death of Cuchullin," "The Rose of the World," "Fergus and the Druid," Irish tradition proves, indeed, a deep and productive "fountain-head," when a poet of Mr. Yeats's powers draws inspiration from it.

Skeleton Leaves is composed of a kind of autobiography in blank verse—"Leaves from the Diary of a Suicide" it is called—written by a young woman who loved not wisely and drowned herself. The story is in no respect persuasively set forth, nor quickened by a dramatic interchange of the lights and shades of passion. Full of almost unmitigated woe though it be, it cannot be termed a tragedy unless we accept the popular everyday ignoble abuse of the word common to certain daily newspapers. There is something exceedingly unreal in the form and the sentiment of Mr. Leyton's poem. Even if we admit the reasonableness of the assumption that a young, uneducated country girl—she is a mere child when she first takes to the diary—should pour forth her thoughts and lamentations on the temptations of youth, on the hardships of workhouse life, on love, marriage, and so forth, in very fluent verse, the presentment of what is surely a somewhat incredible case ought at least to be plausible. Yet Mr. Leyton has neglected even this elementary rule.

What Mr. Michael Field has attempted in *Sight and Song* is what Shelley achieved in his stanzas on Leonardo's "Medusa," only Shelley did not ascribe his poem to "a method of art-study," and talk of "illuding himself as a formative power in his work." An extremely simple and natural process becomes a very subtle and abstract method where Mr. Michael Field is concerned. "The aim of this little volume is," says the author, "as far as may be, to translate into verse what the lines and colours of certain chosen pictures sing in themselves; to express, not so much what these pictures are to the poet, but rather what poetry they objectively incarnate." Reduced to intelligible terms, this affected language merely means that the aim is purely descriptive—as Mr. Michael Field's examples of the method fully prove. This is all that Shelley gives us—a poet's description—and, to tell the truth, it is more than Mr. Michael Field succeeds in giving. In each instance every detail of the picture treated is insisted on, with prosaic and most disenchanting effect. We take, for example, a picture familiar to everybody—the charming and pathetic "Cephalus and Procris" of Piero di Cosimo in the National Gallery—and note how the "singing" of Messer Piero's "lines and colours" is translated by Mr. Michael Field:—

> Ah, foolish Procris!—short and brown
> She lies upon the leafy, littoral plain;
> Her scarlet cloak, her veil have both slipped down,
> And rest
> Across her loins; the naked feet are bound
> With sandals of dull gold, their thongs being wide
> And interlaced; the body's swelling side
> Crushes the arm; each sterile breast
> Is grey; upon the throat there is a stain
> Of blood and on the hand along the ground.

And, lest it might be imagined this is not a fair example of Mr. Michael Field's refinement and imaginative insight, we would cite the "Antiope" of Correggio at the Louvre (p. 16)—"She lies cuddled on the grass"; "A Pietà" of Crivelli's (p. 106), with the "almost lolling tongue"; "The Magdalen" of Timoteo Viti at Bologna:—

> This tender sylph of a maid
> Is the Magdalen—this figure lone,

&c. Could anything be more bald and revolting? The form of metre these poems have, but the inspiration is that of Anti-Poet. Here is the second stanza of the last-named "poem" written as prose, which in spirit it is:—"Her long fair hair is allowed to wander in its thick simpleness; the graceful tresses crowd unequal, yet close enough to have woven about her neck and breast a wimple of golden stuff. Though the rock behind is rude, the sweetness of solitude is on her face, the soft withdrawal that in wild flowers we have loved so oft."

Links from Broken Chains is a pretty little book to the eye, as books are that issue from the "Riverside Press," yet is the verse it enshrines of the most ordinary description of sing-song, the kind of verse that suggests the "words for music" of the drawing-room music composer. The themes are various, and should tempt the musician. There is the song of "The Alien," and a "Champagne Song"—in which we are assured that all the gods, "the whole celestial staff," would storm the world if they only knew how good is that mortal wine. Fearless of gout, we suppose, they would storm the world. But, alas! there is the song of "The Drunkard," who raves of blood, and gold, and orphans, and crimson snakes with golden flakes. Says he:—

> I'll flee! but where?
> His gold I dare
> Not touch;
> The law will deal
> With me—I feel
> Its clutch.

The "Quatrains" of Mr. Martin are mostly of a moralizing turn, and have occasionally a true epigrammatic ring, as in "A Thousand to One":—

> One snowflake kiss I'd give and take away;
> Thy "No" I dare not heed, for sweet Love's sake;
> A thousand tongues hast thou to bid me take;
> And but one little one to say me nay.

Written in the same measure is "Life's Mystery," a poem in which the voice of science and the voice of the poet are heard in mystical interchange, blending in the end in a pleasing strain of optimism. But what will your true Irishman say of Mr. Martin's song of the "True Shamrock"? The wood-sorrel he takes, on the authority of Dr. Spencer Thomson, as the true shamrock, and sings his faith in melodious stanzas.

Something of a pensive Shenstonian air clings to Mr. Norman Gale's lyrics. They appear to have been inspired in a pastoral land, in the open air, certainly where shepherds and milkmaids, hawthorn-trees and the calm world of flowers and brooks, engage the singer's meditative fancy. Some of the songs are extremely pretty, and charm by their unpremeditated flow; and these we have met with before in volumes privately printed, and have commended in previous reviews, if memory does not play us false. Such are the pretty songs of the alternating seasons (27–33), "Love, I met thee yesterday" and "A Shepherd's Song." To these are now added other examples of natural song not less graceful and pleasing.

Of *Our Earth* we have an instalment of eight cantos, and feel some hesitation in judging of the whole by the part of a poem that may exceed the length of any known epic. Its scheme appears to be absolutely impenetrable. If the author's design is

to simulate in words the formless void, he has succeeded only too well. The blank verse is of the flattest, the diction intolerably tortuous—"carnalings," "darkful," "orderment," "anonce," are words that illuminate the turgid stream—and, despite the usual "argument" to each canto, neither course nor goal is perceptible to the resolute reader.

TWO FAIRY BOOKS.*

MR. LANG is an unjust man. He attributes the variation or multiplication of his fairy books to the demand of children. Whereas, unless we mistake very greatly, we ourselves pointed out to him at an early period that he was quite welcome to run through the rainbow of colours in this particular department, and had better do so. However, we will forgive him; and we really need only quote the opinion of a youthful reader of this particular volume to the effect that "It's the best of the lot" to establish our own that there is room for a Yellow, a White, and any number of other fairy books, until a new *cabinet des fées* is made up. For ourselves, we should not say that this is the best, because in this matter it is almost impossible that there should be any best. Fairy tales are a lucky bag in which it is almost impossible to dip a fit hand without fishing up treasure. So long as they are not adulterated with too much moral purpose (whereof we trace only one instance here, and that is so far from a truly shocking one that we shall say no more of it), they cannot go wrong. They have the root of the matter, the bold attachment to the principal, the best, and the eternal things, as opposed to the casual, the worst, and the conventional. It is possible to write a bad fairy tale; it has been done more than once. But it requires either an abnormal stupidity or a very great and perverted cleverness to do it. The constituents of the present volume are naturally less familiar to the general reader than those of the other two selections. Mr. Lang has not again attempted, and it was wise in him not again to attempt, that selection from the *Arabian Nights* on which he once ventured. The fact is that the *Arabian Nights* is a *book*, and it is the characteristic of a book that, though you may, with the blessing of Providence, select from it alone, you cannot mix selections from it with other books without very great danger. It has the *cachet*, the sole and single literary mark. Who impressed that mark on it is not, we believe, known; it may have been somebody quite early and forgotten, who wrote Arabic, or somebody quite late, and only guessed at, who wrote French. But it was somebody, and somebody who did not merely transmit, but recreated. Even Perrault, even Grimm, has not succeeded in putting the *griffe* on his stories to the same extent; and therefore their work, like Mme. d'Aulnoy's, like M. de Caylus's, like others, will bear excerption and congregation. The *Arabian Nights* will not. As the book is large, and in its entirety is not wholly suitable for the purpose, it might be a very good thing if Mr. Lang, than whom nobody is more capable, would devote a special volume of any colour he likes to this peerless collection. But he was wise not to give any of it here, just as he was not so wise to give some of it before.

The constituents of the present volume are fairly miscellaneous. It opens with one of Mme. d'Aulnoy's best, "The Blue Bird," and it draws judiciously from the more disputable matter of that curious archæologist, the Comte de Caylus. "Heart of Ice," which is due to him, is one of the best things in the book, and we think the best thing that he himself ever did. Mr. Lang has also drawn on his friends the later French folklorists—M. Deulin, M. Sébillot, and the rest. The only objection that we have to these later French folk-tales is that they are evidently vulgarized *débris* of things much better; as genuine, no doubt, as the literary versions or inventions of the Court writers in the same country two hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, but subjected to a different and much less engaging process of sophistication. The balance of the book is made up of a strong draft from the less known tales of Grimm and of some "oddments" which are very welcome. "The Story of the Three Bears," the greatest triumph of really modern folklore that has passed through the literary mill, is particularly welcome. And Mr. Lang's preface is charming, as the work of a folklorist who happens to be a man of letters was sure to be. We only query a certain reticence or time-serving. "They," the folk of lang syne, "believed that witches could turn people into beasts," says Mr. Lang. Would he give us the date at which this process ceased?

Mr. Ford's illustrations are very agreeable. It is, indeed, impossible to decide which of his princesses one would rather marry; and he may be thought to have given colour to polygamy by suggesting that it would be extremely pleasant to marry them all. His giants, beasts, and so forth are very competent; and (rarest virtue of an illustrator!) he has, as a rule, looked at his text. We are all the more grieved that his merit has failed him at an important moment. His cut of the discovery of the wicked little old woman by the Three Bears has great merits. All the bears are rightly conceived, and the Little Old Woman (though, we think, softened) is sufficiently disgusting. But Mr. Ford is unfaithful; he has been seduced by the passion for something effective. The Little, Small, Wee Bear, as he raises himself and puts his forepaws on the footboard of the bed, is an engaging sight. But, alas! the Little Old Woman could never have seen him thus, and if she had she could not have escaped in the historical manner. For the text, which cannot lie, informs us that "when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed she tumbled herself out at the other and ran to the window." Now in Mr. Ford's picture the Bears are at the foot and the window at the head, which would have necessitated a quite different gymnastic. This is a spot; but there are spots in the sun.

Mr. Jacobs's *Indian Fairy Tales* is also a very pleasant book, and we are much obliged to him for it. Nor is it necessary to dwell much on the fact that, while Mr. Lang is a man of letters who has a dash of folklore, Mr. Jacobs is a folklorist with a praiseworthy fancy for letters. He is most learned and candid on the sources of his tales, and we feel that the deplorable paralogism of which he is the victim as to their original origin is more a misfortune than a fault. Mr. Jacobs is of those who hold what may be called the *colporteur* theory as to fairy tales. They were all invented and finished off, stock, lock, and barrel, in India. Alexander fetched some; the Crusaders more; the Portuguese when they doubled the Cape more again, and when they returned the good Lusitanians had sufficient sense of justice to leave a few there. Europe sent them to America, *et patati et patata*. We are, of course, giving Mr. Jacobs's theory in our form, not his; and we shall not spend much space in reiterating the assertion (we might say the demonstration) that it is all naught. The human is not merely a *colporteur*, he is a human. Evolved or created, product of design or outchuck of atoms, he has got certain ideas, certain desires, certain forms and modes of thought and fancy. He cannot, do what he will, commit a crime, write a book, frame a story, make love, even dream in a new way; and if he ever consciously steals or imitates, it is because he is lazy or stupid, or else preternaturally wise and clever. He would imitate and steal unconsciously and guiltlessly if he shut himself up in a tower of ivory and refused ever to look at a book, to listen to a fellow-creature, or even to gaze out of the window.

Far be it from us, however, to quarrel with Mr. Jacobs because with all his learning he is not quite critic enough to see this. He has given us a charming book, and a good deal of its contents will be new even to avid students of fairy lore, while all of it is delightful for reading and profitable for comparison. We are as nearly sure as we can be of anything (which is not saying very much) that the Tar Baby was not in any sense borrowed from a Jataka; but we are absolutely sure (which we scarcely ever are) that this book is a most pleasing volume. Some of the stories, no matter whether we knew them before or not, are priceless. Such is that of "Princess Labam," that beneficent and not maleficent ancestress (as Mr. Jacobs would say), or sister (as we should say) of Princess Luisante, who used to sit upon a tower at night that the radiance of her beauty might illumine the whole city and enable her father's subjects to pursue task or pleasure unhelped by lamp or candle. "The Magic Fiddle," though oddly truncated and incomplete, as many of these Oriental stories are, is very delightful, and the "Majnun and Laili" is exemplary as showing that great truth which has impressed itself on everybody who has seen a guardsman and a nursemaid (though in the West, if not in the East, the disproportion decreases as you go higher) of the extreme inferiority of man to woman when they are both young. It is an interesting and satisfactory feature that in these stories the cats (and the tigers also) play an invariably creditable part. The cat in the "Charmed Ring" is a most admirable cat. For mere stories "The Son of Seven Queens" and "Raja Rasalu" perhaps deserve the pre-eminence, while "Why the Fish Laughed" contains perhaps most of that curious folk-shrewdness which rather tends to be blunted than improved by "culture." But the whole book is highly recommendable. If it is not such good literature as much of Mr. Lang's, it is fresher to most people. We must say a word about the illustrations here too. Mr. J. D. Batten, who has done them, has not Mr. Ford's smooth accomplishment, but he is better in variety. The frontispiece (Princess Labam on her tower) is a hard thing well done; and in many other things throughout the book the faculty of doing things very difficult with competency, and something more, is very apparent. The above-referred-to cat in the "Charmed Ring," as she sits, quite

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* *The Green Fairy Book.* By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

Indian Fairy Tales. By Joseph Jacobs. London: Nutt. 1892.

stately and at the same time at her ease, with her paws on the rat-bridegroom, and the whole people of rats *éplorés* round her, is a noble thing. So is the kitten, conventional but excellent, who plays such an important part at the window in preventing that careless Raja Rasalu from being cheated at *chaupur* by wicked old King Sarkap, while the naked maidens flit round so distractingly. So is the "Demon with the Matted Hair," a very intricate fiend, who in the text succumbs weakly to a kind of local preacher; while the three silhouetted thieves in "Pride goeth before a Fall" are excellent.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE GREAT GAME OF THE WORLD.*

IT is easy to sympathize with the emulation of sportsmen as to magnificent trophies of the forest or field. It is something to have killed the largest tiger on record; to have brought home a portentous pair of elephants' tusks; or to exhibit the most interminably winding horns of the mountain sheep of the Pamirs. But the consciences of sportsmen are notoriously as elastic as the skins of their big game; horns are said to shrink phenomenally in the drying, and neither Ananias nor Münchausen would be placed when rivals of the gun are capping reminiscences. Consequently Mr. Rowland Ward has had a happy idea in compiling this volume of measurements and weights. It is something to fix the *maxima*, which cannot be considerably exceeded with impunity. Moreover, he gives guarantees for the trustworthiness of his figures. The specimens have in most cases been measured by the same expert; otherwise the figures come from well-known men who have been put upon their honour, and can show the relics of the animals. But the *libro d'oro* of weights and measures has a much wider interest. It indicates the various localities where the rarer species must be sought; it notes their ranges within definite limits, with the nature of the districts which attract them; and it is instructive to naturalists as going into descriptive detail with regard to the latest varieties which have been discovered. The outsider can, of course, learn a great deal, and there are surprises in store for him. We see, for example, that animals we had believed to be confined to South Africa are to be found even in Formosa and in the swamps and jungles of the Dutch Archipelago. We are informed of the many variations in the hartebeeste, of which the older explorers recognized but the solitary type that furnished standing dishes for the spits or the frying-pans. Territories but recently investigated are as rich in their fauna as they are otherwise barren; such as that sandy and sun-scorched horn of Somali Land, which nature seems to have forgotten when arranging for irrigation. We own besides to a certain pride, though it is no new sentiment, when we glance at the long lists of the wealthy and well-born Englishmen who with tent and rifle have ransacked each corner of the habitable globe. It needs not much imagination to suggest the scenes and the hardships which these dry figures imply. The men who return them have faced everything in the way of climate and weather, from the Arctic cold to tropical sunglow, from the shrivelling storms on the Roof of the World to the malarious blasts of fiery furnaces in mid-Africa or Java. We came upon many a well-known name, but perhaps the man who, by the general admission of his compeers, should take the foremost place among sportsmen is Selous, of South African notoriety. His book, in spite of its modesty, confirms that judgment. A professional hunter, and with relatively small means, Mr. Selous knocks over his elephants by the brace or leash, like partridges or pheasants. In that respect he is perhaps rivalled by Sir Samuel Baker, who, notably in the cultivated grounds on the Blue Nile and Atabara River, used literally of a night to get beneath the trunks of the marauding tuskers, when the scream of the piece of ordnance he christened "The Baby" died down in the groans of expiring monsters. Which leads us to remark that almost certainly the measurements in this volume will never be exceeded. For all the wild animals are being hunted hard, and, thanks to trade and railways, explosive shells and express rifles, have no longer a reasonable chance of attaining patriarchal longevity. We never hear now, even in letters to the Indian journals, of the biggest tiger that ever was bagged; and the far-famed grizzly bear of West America has lost his immemorial character for ferocity. With the human intelligence attributed to the sagacious beast, he has been steadily developing the bump of caution, and shrinks from close acquaintance with anything stalking on two legs.

But we pass on to notice a few of the pages which are suggestively illustrated by photographs. Precedence is assigned to the hippopotamus or seacow, which is confined to Africa, although we fancy he might claim close kindred with the manatou, now extinct in the West Indian Islands, though surviving on the Upper Amazon. Both kinds of marine cattle graze upon water-weeds at the bottoms of the streams; but the manatou was harmless under all circumstances, while the hippopotamus sometimes even plays the rôle of assailant. A very formidable enemy he can be, for his massive tusks—all tusks are measured at the root—are sometimes more than 9 ins. in circumference. Still more dangerous are the razor-like tushes of the boar, and they are none the less dangerous that they are short. The greatest length of the outside curve is given at 10 ins., and yet the boar has been known to come off victorious in a battle with the Bengal tiger. The names of the beasts are arranged neither alphabetically nor systematically, and soon we come to the unfamiliar and oddly-named muntjac. It is a deer which has its habitat in Hindostan and in all the warm countries of the Southern Pacific. We could wish we had been told something of its weight; but it cannot be big, for the sweep of the horns is but 6½ inches. That is in contrast to the stately sambur or Indian stag, which follows, and is always associated in our mind with the pages of "the Old Forest Ranger," who used to follow that chase in the uncleared jungles of the Neilgherries. The sambur weighs 600 lbs.—when gralloched, as we presume—and stands about as high at the shoulder as a good-sized cob. The spread of the sambur's antlers is magnificent, and there is a space of 2½ feet from tip to tip. The red-deer ranges over all Europe, Western Asia and Northern Africa. The stags of our own Scottish Highlands cannot compare for size or stateliness with their brothers of Hungary. The best Scotch head only measured 24½ inches, as contrasted with 65 inches grown on the Carpathians. A finer animal than the former was what we may call a semi-domesticated red-deer, shot in Mr. Assheton Smith's Welsh park, with a spread of 30 inches. The best of the North American Wapitis is more than half as big again, and the grand Carpathian species yields in size to the extinct Irish Elk, appropriately named *Cervus giganticus*. Generally speaking, we find that the weight of deer depends partly on the climate, but chiefly on the food. The Caribou or reindeer is an exception. The further north you find him, the better he seems to thrive, and like the musk ox he fattens on the Arctic lichens. And the moose which haunts more southerly forests and swamps is very decidedly smaller.

There are some remarkably graceful dwarfs of the deer tribe. Kirk's antelope, an East African aboriginal, to which Sir John Kirk stands sponsor, wears Lilliputian horns three inches long; and Salt's antelope from Somali Land is still more minute. As for the beautiful little gazelles of Oriental poetry, they seem to do well anywhere; apparently they can dispense with water, and lay on flesh in a wilderness of sand and stones. Naturally, they are always in high condition, and it is no easy business to ride them down. We are somewhat surprised that so many measurements should be recorded of the roan and the sable antelopes. Once they were deemed invaluable for their rarity, and we are reminded of the enthusiasm of Harris, in his South African wild sports, when, with a shattered rifle, the broken lock spliced with a strip of deer-skin, he rolled over a grand specimen of the *Hippotragus niger*. Perhaps the most notable of all the antelopes, from the scientific point of view, is the Inyula, said to be a connecting link between the Koodo and the Boshbok.

A very remarkable group are the wild sheep and goats which have been attracting so many adventurous rifles to the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada, to the Himalayas and the plateaux of Kashmir or Thibet. The horns of the finest Himalayan ibex which was killed by Mr. Kennard had a span of four feet and a quarter. But those of a wild goat from South-Eastern Europe, which fell to Colonel Marston's rifle, were a trifle longer. And these, again, are surpassed by the curve of the best markhor, an *habitué* of the higher Himalayas, resembling the goat. When you cross the Indus into Afghanistan, the curved horns of the markhor are curiously straightened and fall away in length by a fourth. Marco Polo's sheep with its curling horns caricatures the eccentric twists of the wild West Highland rams which serve as snuff-mulls at the mess-tables of Highland regiments. The horns of one killed by Lord Roberts are six feet in length with some inches over. It is difficult to divine the age of such a venerable greybeard, but we doubt not that, from among the clouds looking down on Central Asian passes, he must have witnessed very stirring historical marches. And that Indian sheep named after the great Venetian traveller is a cousin of the moufflon which roams over the Sardinian hills and the hunting-grounds dear to the sovereigns of Italy. But the moufflon carries a more

* *Home Measurements and Weights of the Great Game of the World.* Being a Record for the use of Sportsmen and Naturalists. By Rowland Ward, F.Z.S. "At the Temple." 1892.

modest head, and the sweep of his best horns is twenty-nine inches. Now for a word in conclusion about the measurement of tigers; for as to elephants and their tusks, the information is unexpectedly meagre. The length of the longest tiger-skin after drying is said to be 13 ft. 6 ins.; but it must be noted that skins expand considerably in the curing. The greatest length of a skin undressed is given as 10 ft. 2½ ins. That goes far towards confirming what we have said as to the finest of these latter-day tigers falling far short of their predecessors. Mr. Inglis ("Maori"), whom we consider a most trustworthy authority, discusses the matter at length in his books on Indian wild sports. And he quotes examples, within the experiences of a hunting companion of his own, of various animals, killed in Upper Bengal, which measured from 12 ft. to 12 ft. 7 ins. Doubtless, however, the measurements given by Mr. Ward will be exceeded, should there be material evidence for corrections and additions in the shape of skins or horns which have been gauged according to rule.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.—VOL. V.*

AFTER an interval of rather more than a year, Dr. Kingsford has issued the fifth volume of his *History of Canada*, which, in his previous volumes, he had traced down to the contests which settled, once for all, that the continent was to belong to the English, and not to the French, race. The present volume, therefore, begins a new era—that of British rule in Canada. It narrates not only the events which took place during the early years of that rule in the province, but also contains a critical examination of the causes which produced the American Revolution, and brought Canada directly within its operation. This volume is, in fact, a justification of Dr. Kingsford's averment that "much of the history of the northern part of the United States cannot be dissevered from that of Canada."

Though the French flag had disappeared from the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes, it still flew at the mouth of the Mississippi, and to encouragement received from that quarter Dr. Kingsford distinctly traces the Indian wars of 1763 and 1764, which caused so great a destruction of life and property. The most prominent name in connexion with these wars is that of the Indian chief Pontiac. Mr. Parkman, in his picturesque account of these transactions, has worked out the leading idea of most historians of that period—namely, that Pontiac was the originator of a conspiracy having for its object the extirpation of the white race. Dr. Kingsford devotes considerable space to establish his conclusion that Pontiac, though possessing ability rare in Indian character, cannot be credited with having shaped the course of events, but remained a mere instrument in the hands of the French traders and officials of New Orleans. The object of the French was to divert the fur trade of the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, so that it might be retained in French hands. To attain this, they stirred up the Indians to attack the English by false representations that in a few months French sovereignty over Canada would be restored. Another point brought out strongly by Dr. Kingsford is that the preservation of the frontier from desolation was due to the direct intervention of the mother-country in its defence. Pennsylvania refused to take any steps to fight the battle of the province against the common enemy; and the fighting force which finally and for ever overthrew the power of the savage was composed almost exclusively of British soldiers. It must be remembered that the Indian territory from which these attacks were delivered—namely, the country between the Ohio and the Lakes—was then considered as part of Canada Dr. Kingsford gives high praise, but no more than is due, to the officer who commanded this expedition, Colonel Bouquet, a Swiss by birth, who had been Forbes's lieutenant in the advance against Fort Duquesne in 1758; he completely effected what he had been sent to perform, and yet obtained no honour from the Government that he served, and has received scant recognition in history. Bouquet led his troops through a hundred miles of forest that had till then never been penetrated save by a few traders, met and defeated the Indians in their own fastnesses, and forced them to release all their captives. His action was the last of any magnitude with the Indians during British rule, and the moral effect of it led to a durable peace with these tribes. The conclusion of the Indian wars led to the surrender of the French forts on the Ohio, in 1765, and the cession of the Illinois country to the British—thus removing for ever the source of continual mischief and intrigue—while the transfer of Louisiana from France to Spain marks the final cessation of French influence over the Indians of the West. Dr. Kingsford has no need to disclaim the charge of having bestowed excessive attention on these obscure campaigns; he has placed on record the fostering care displayed by the mother-country in expending the lives and treasure of her own sons for the protection of purely American interests, and her desire to aid the provinces in every difficulty. Having effectually checked the power of the savages to injure the colonists, the Home Government next took steps to secure the Indians from spoliation, which the Provincial Assemblies, had they been permitted, would have reduced to a system. The earliest Ordinances of the Canadian Governors were directed to the enforcement of regulations with regard to Indian lands. This Imperial protection of the Indians was extremely unpoplar in the colonies, and subsequently formed one of the series of injuries denounced by the Declaration of Independence. But the wisdom and justice of these principles, enjoined in the Royal Proclamation of 1763, establishing Canada as a British province, which have ever since been acted upon there, are amply demonstrated by the complete absence of Indian troubles during the last hundred years throughout Canadian territory, in marked contrast to the ruthless practice of extermination which has followed a contrary policy to the south of the border-line.

Upon the proclamation of peace in 1763, the first duty thrown upon Murray, the Governor of the new province, was the establishment of that personal liberty which had been entirely lacking under French rule. Difficulties arose from the pretensions of a few Protestants to ignore the bulk of the Roman Catholic population, and arrogate to themselves the government of the country. In Quebec alone some two hundred Protestants asserted their right to control 80,000 French Canadians. Another source of difficulty lay in the commercial relations of the country; there were no manufactures to protect; but, in accordance with the universal practice of the time, the commerce of the colony was retained for the benefit of the centre of the Empire. Many Canadians were engaged in smuggling goods from France, and the spirit of smuggling was the leading principle of the commerce of their neighbours in New England, from which quarter most of the Protestants in Canada had come. This small English minority raised a factious opposition to Murray's government, and showed themselves devoid of all sense of justice or right. Great credit is due to Murray for his firmness in inaugurating a policy of treating the French Canadians with fairness and consideration—a line of policy which was followed by his successor Carleton, and subsequently adopted by the Home Government in the Quebec Act of 1774. Canada owes much to the high character and political foresight of its first two Governors, Murray and Carleton. A demand was raised by the few Protestants for the creation of a House of Assembly from which the Catholics were to be excluded; but the great disparity in the population rendered such a step not only unadvisable, but impossible. The Quebec Act—the first settlement of the form of government of the new province—was, fortunately, not passed immediately after the conquest, but was the result of several years of investigation; it was based on the desire of making good government possible, and of creating a loyal and satisfied population. A small legislative Council was established; in matters relating to property the French civil law was adopted, while in criminal matters English law and trial by jury were introduced; authority was given to the Roman Church to enforce the payment of tithes on agricultural produce from Catholics alone. Dr. Kingsford controverts the statement of United States writers that the Act was designed to prevent the newly acquired province from joining the other colonies; the one defect which he finds in it is clearly proved by subsequent events to have been a real blot—namely, the inclusion of the unsettled territory in the West, which could only be populated by immigration from the British provinces. This provision led to denunciation of the Act as an instance of tyranny in the Declaration of Independence, and to the invitation to Canada to join the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

The latter half of the present volume is chiefly taken up with a description of the events and causes which led to the revolt of the other colonies, a proper understanding of which is indispensable to the comprehension of the reasons which prevented Canada from casting in her lot with them. Dr. Kingsford's position as a Canadian historian warrants his attempting the well-nigh impossible task of measuring with impartiality the rights and wrongs of either party in the struggle. As the first ground of discontent he points to the commercial restraint imposed on the colonists, but this was rather the system of the age than the fault of the mother-country. Still less reason has England to be ashamed of having faced unpopularity by checking the jobbery of Indian lands. Early in the contest Dr. Kingsford thinks that statesmanship might have re-established the old kindly relations, and he blames the Home Government for not supporting the

* *The History of Canada.* By William Kingsford, LL.D. Vol. V. 1763–1775. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892.

loyal party in any way, and especially for not providing sufficient force at the beginning of the disturbances to sustain the civil authorities and executive. The colonists, no doubt, showed little gratitude for the sacrifices which England had so lately made to protect them from the Indians and the French; but Dr. Kingsford rightly stigmatizes the Boston Port Act as a measure of revenge, and not of statesmanship.

The early successes of the revolutionary party increased their desire to include Canada in the agitation, and preparations were made in New England to invade the province under the belief that the French Canadians would, at least, be neutral, if not active partisans. Early in 1775 Vermont had declared itself independent of New York, and asserted its independence by seizing the forts on Lake Champlain, which were garrisoned by a few English soldiers. Their capture was, however, soon supported by Congressional troops under Benedict Arnold, whose high military reputation on this and other occasions does not find credence from Dr. Kingsford. The news created great alarm at Montreal and Quebec. There was considerable disaffection in the province, and few volunteers responded to Carleton's call to enrol themselves. He did his utmost to fortify St. John's, near where the Richelieu river runs northwards out of Lake Champlain, but he could not count on the Canadians to resist invasion; he had only 600 armed men to defend the province, and his appeal for help to Gage at Boston was fruitless, as the latter could hardly hold his own ground. So little was the situation understood at home, that Carleton actually received orders thence to raise men to help Gage. In August 1775 Schuyler was sent by Congress to invade Canada from Ticonderoga, and Montreal was attacked by Ethan Allen, who was, however, taken prisoner, and sent in irons to England. The culpable misconduct of Major Stopford, in surrendering a perfectly tenable position at Chambly, placed in the hands of the Congressional troops powder and other stores, which enabled them to capture the portal of Canada at Fort St. John's, the garrison of which surrendered after a gallant resistance. Carleton quitted Montreal as no longer tenable, and threw himself into Quebec, knowing that, if he could but hold it through the winter, reinforcements would arrive in the spring. The event proved the correctness of his judgment. In November Montreal capitulated to Montgomery; but the inhabitants tolerated, rather than welcomed, the troops of Congress. Meanwhile Quebec was threatened from the other side. Washington had despatched Arnold at the head of an expedition to ascend the Kennebec from Portland on the Atlantic, cross the watershed of Maine, and descend the Chaudière to Quebec. Dr. Kingsford shows that little credit is due to Arnold, whether for originality of conception in the plan, or for surmounting difficulties of any great moment in its execution. The route was perfectly well known, and its hardships were nothing in comparison with many winter marches of French Canadians recorded in Dr. Kingsford's previous volumes. Arnold reached the neighbourhood of Quebec, which refused to surrender to him, so he established himself for the winter at Point aux Trembles, twenty miles to the west of Quebec (not to the east, as, by a printer's error, Dr. Kingsford is made to place it). Thus, in November 1775, the only scrap of territory under British rule was the city of Quebec. The French Canadians were the dupes of disloyal agitators bent on destroying their language, laws, and religion, who adroitly led them to believe that the Quebec Act would bring back the bad old times of *corvées* and compulsory service. Dr. Kingsford closes his fifth volume with the remark that "the possession of Quebec during the winter of 1775-76 was to determine who was to be the future master of Canada."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. PHILIBERT AUDEBRAND (1) is a French journalist and man of letters, not, indeed, quite old enough to have belonged to the now almost evanished generation of 1830, but nearly old enough, and with a memory of great men which runs back a good deal further than half a century. He has bestirred himself to give some of his reminiscences, not so much in the form of a continuous book as in that of separate chapters or sketches, each devoted to a particular subject. To tell the truth, he has shown himself an "old soldier" of journalism in making his actual new or inedited matter serve as plums or veneer or backbone, or whatever metaphor may be preferred, for a good deal of public material and padding. But the book is very far from an uninteresting or unreadable one, and it adds in each case a little, but something, to our knowledge of people who are always worth knowing about. M. Audebrand did not know Heine very intimately; but he knew him, and went to see him in the *Matratzengruft* more than once, and discusses him good-naturedly, shrewdly, and well. His paper on Félix Arvers and his famous sonnet is less actual, and has been, if we remember rightly, somewhat antiquated by a book on the subject. The "Déjeuner chez Méry" professes to give an account of an actual feast and discussion at the house of that fertile person—with Gérard de Nerval and a certain Georges Bell, of whom we do not remember to have heard much else, but who figures repeatedly in the book. Was Méry, clever as he was, likely to talk of "microbes" forty years ago? Then we deal with the much-discussed subject of Gérard's own death, and an odd incident which preceded it, his leaving a *sou* with a cross on it for Méry. M. Audebrand, who had seen the unlucky author of so many vague and charming things very shortly before his death, seems to lean decidedly to the suicide theory, and tells us that Théophile Gautier was absolutely convinced of it. He thinks that Gérard was under the delusion that this *sou* was his last, and that though, as a matter of fact, he was by no means resourceless, he hanged himself under the idea that he was ruined. It is true that there is no reason why a man who, like Gérard, was certainly insane, even in the most harmless way, should not commit suicide; and yet, after reading, we think, almost all that has been written on the matter, we still feel more inclined to the other theory, that it was a piece of devilry on the part of the night prowlers who are admittedly nowhere more diabolical than in Paris. Philipon and Musset fill the rest of the book; the Musset anecdotes, though anything but ill-natured, being mostly painful. We do not think we have ever heard the story of his gravely obliging a compotator (who was not so far gone as himself, and therefore humoured him) to sign a solemn affidavit that the rhinoceros in the Jardin des Plantes had neither horn nor even wart on its nose; but that of his taking snuff and cayenne as a condiment to give eggs *sur le plat* some taste is less new to us.

The seventh volume of the new and complete edition of the dramatic works of M. Dumas *fils* (2) contains *La princesse de Bagdad*, *Denise*, and *Francillon*, with new notes, sometimes of a very curious fashion.

We should like M. de Cyon's book (3) better, we confess, if he were not so prone to intermingle criticisms—always sharp and often shrewd—of the Russian Nihilist and anarchical writers with explosions of a personal kind. But, even as it is, it is worth turning over by any one who is interested in the subject. The author carries it very roundly with MM. Krapotkine, Stepniak, Tikhomirof, and the rest, and is not at all tender in his appreciations of the general tendency of government and the governing classes in Europe during the century. "La religion et la gendarmerie disparues, la bête humaine reparaît," quoth he. Which is doubtless a dreadful thing to believers in progress. But there is a good deal of truth in it.

Among school-books Mr. George Macdonald's authorized English edition of Professor Storm's *French Dialogues* (Macmillan) is, perhaps, the most noteworthy. This book, which has not been published very long, appears to have already had no small vogue in Scandinavia, Germany, and Holland, and it certainly does the Norwegian Professor's sense of differences in language credit. We do not, as it happens, agree with his theory of teaching foreign tongues; but, taking it, he has certainly worked it out very well. With some assistance from French colleagues, and such Frenchmen as Professors Bréal and Passy, he has pointed out the variation of the spoken and written tongues—which is sometimes in all languages very minute and intricate, and in none more than French—extremely well. M. Eugène Fasnacht's *Second Course of French Composition* (same publishers) is equally unusual. It has been M. Fasnacht's aim to set opposite to each other French and English passages dealing as far as possible with the same subjects, so as to exhibit to the pupil the difference of handling. Thus we have the *Macbeth* of Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare* confronted with Paul de Saint-Victor on the play; a passage from *Isabeau de Bavière* face to face with the tourney piece from *Ivanhoe*, and so forth. This may be a taking idea in these days when school-books, like everything else, have to be fashioned *ad captandum*, but we rather doubt whether it will be found of much real use. The stupid pupils *n'y verront que du feu*, and the clever ones had much better be left to their own reading. It should be said, however, that these parallel passages fill only a small part of the book. M. Duhamel's *Advanced French Prize Composition* (Percival) is an attempt to attain somewhat

(1) *Petits mémoires du XIXème siècle.* Par Philibert Audebrand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Alexandre Dumas fils—Théâtre complet.* Tome vii. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Nihilisme et anarchie.* Par E. de Cyon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the same end in a different way, and seems a good book. M. Sers's *English Passages for Translation into French* (Hachette) will also be useful. It is noteless, and we do not think the worse of it for that.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FEARS of criticism and inexperience as a writer have led the author of *Through the Land of the Aztecs* (Sampson Low & Co.) to style himself "A Gringo"—by way of pseudonym—a Mexican term derived, "it is said," from the days of the American war, when certain soldiers were heard singing "Green grow the rushes, oh!" We have heard this amusing derivation before, and, like the young person in Marryat's story, "very much doubted the fact." The apprehensions of the author of this pleasant book are, however, as groundless as the poet's "fears in solitude." No one could suspect him of inexperience, for he shows an uncommon perception of a writer's first duty. In a businesslike fashion he has accomplished the object he had in view, which was to set forth the progress of Mexico under the masterful rule of President Diaz. Life and travel in Mexico must be very agreeable just now to the traveller, to judge by this cheerful and sunshiny record. Everywhere, in town or country, the author found some improvement to note, the natural fruits of increased security and confidence resulting from stable government. But it is clear, though there is plenty of enterprise, there is room for more in Mexico. Hotels are few and very dear, and though you may buy "to-morrow's paper" in the city of Mexico at 9 P.M. daily, the resources of civilization are not exhausted. The people and their habits and sports are scarcely changed. Gambling, bull-fights, cock-fights, and other ancient pastimes are as popular as ever. Lassoing affords about as conclusive a form of the duello as is known. Two vaqueros met on the plains to settle their differences with lassoes, and after some dodging one got his lasso over the neck of the other, who "was jerked instantly from his saddle with a broken neck, the victor dragging the lifeless body at full gallop several miles." Of dirt, beggars, idleness, ignorance, the author observed enough to show that, though Mexico is "booming," and likely to boom, the Mexicans, especially in the rural districts, have altered very little during recent years of progress and railroad-making. It is an odd comment upon their new prosperity to say, "The contentment of the lower orders is the bane of Mexico" (p 110). For "contentment" we should, of course, read "indolence," a native and habitual indolence fostered by a fine climate and a prolific soil. Even so, such contentment seems no bad thing when we recall the anarchy that prevailed before the present *régime* of President Diaz.

Readers of *A Ride through Wonderland*, by Georgina M. Synge (Sampson Low & Co.), will be tempted not to postpone a journey to the Yellowstone "Park," for it seems there is "horrible talk of a railway to the Falls," and some of the "stage-houses" are already much too "civilized" to the eye of the picturesque tourist. Such are the hints of threatened spoiling given by the writer of this lively account of a trip to the Yellowstone geysers and cañons and hot springs. As it is, however, visitors are so numerous and so exacting, there are persons who "belong to the place"—park-keepers, we may call them—whose duty is to guard the geysers. They might prevent tourists from making them perform at improper times by "soaping" them. Some regulations with respect to these offerings of soap are decidedly needful. Two bars of brown Windsor, followed by another of yellow soap, caused a terrific eruption—"it seemed as if the whole hill-side must be blown out by the tremendous force with which it burst forth, one great, round, perpendicular column of over two hundred feet." No doubt it will take a good deal of civilization to utterly spoil the natural beauty and marvels of the Yellowstone country, but geysers have their appointed hours to play, and you may kill a geyser outright by the reckless use of such stimulants. The Government of the United States ought to inquire into the matter.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's *History of the Moghul Emperors of India illustrated by their Coins* (Constable & Co.) exemplifies in an interesting manner to what extent the researches of numismatists are of value to the historical student. The introduction to this volume, which comprises a reprint of the author's Catalogue of the British Museum coins of the Moghul Emperors, with the map, but without the autotype illustrations, sets forth with clearness and point in what particulars the study of numismatics is useful to historians. New mints and fresh coinages mark Akbar's victorious progress. Among Jehángir's coins "we find evidence of this Emperor's predilection for the cool valleys of Kashmir and Afghanistan," and the mints of Aurangzib in the Deccan tell of his constant wars in that land. The first prerogative of a successful pretender, however ephemeral his success, was to start a mint. There are nearly one hundred mint-cities named in Mr. Lane-Poole's list, and, as he shows, their titles are significant indeed, and their images and superscriptions are truly "speaking."

Miss Clerke's monograph, *Jupiter and his System* (Stanford), makes a timely appearance, now that everybody who owns a telescope is intent upon observing Jupiter, or in detecting his fifth newly-discovered moon. "The technically instantaneous moment of his opposition," it is true, has passed, and it proved to be, we fear, anything but a clear night on the 12th, in most parts of the country. Fortunately, as Miss Clerke says, the facilities for study continue, as for some weeks longer Jupiter will be most favourably situated for scrutiny. Her little book presents a most lucid and attractive summary of the results of astronomical observation of Jupiter recorded to date.

Reprinted from *Knowledge*, and "grown out of a lecture" delivered at the Royal Institution, is a monograph of another description, *British Mosses*, by Lord Justice Fry (Witherby & Co.), which treats of what most people would consider, comparing it with astronomy, a dry subject. But, just as there are dry mosses and wet, so are there the style of exposition that repels and the style that charms. Of the latter style Lord Justice Fry's work is an admirable example.

The sources of Mr. Charles B. Neville's large, perhaps formidable, collection of *Humorous American Tales* (Simpkin & Co.) are not expressly indicated by the editor. We recognize "Artemus among the Mormons," and some other extracts. Not a few stories, however, are new to us, and these inspire no doubts as to the rightful ascription of the title. There is "The Lightning-rod Man," for example, which reminds us of the man who had an excellent riddle, but had forgotten all of it save the answer. The writer of this story has forgotten the humour. And of such choice examples of American humour this book is tolerably full.

His Life's Magnet, by Theodora Elmslie (Warne & Co.), is the story of a young man who inherits a family curse which has caused for many generations the death of the eldest son before he has attained his majority, which, for some unexplained reason, is in this case the twenty-second birthday. In the circumstances, therefore, the young lady who is supposed to be his life's magnet might have treated him more considerately than she does. He is a fine, romantic spirit, such as the Byronic age would admire, and there is nothing attractive in his magnetic lady. Still, the story is a genuine romance, and will doubtless move susceptible souls to responsive thrills of sympathy.

In *O'Driscoll's Weird; and other Stories*, by A. Werner (Cassell & Co.), there is nothing to note beyond a quite ordinary capacity of yarn-spinning. Neither in style nor invention are these stories in the least degree notable. In short, they are all of a commonplace type.

Mr. Philip Mennell's *Dictionary of Australasian Biography* (Hutchinson & Co.) is a handy and useful book of reference, a kind of Colonial "Men of the Times," the biographical notices of eminent colonists being, however, not confined to the living only. The compilation is retrospective, to the year 1855, and is brought down to a very recent date, as we note on referring to "Sir George Richard Dibbs. . . He was created K.C.M.G. in July"—that is, in July 1892.

"Nature's Story Books" is the title of the series of volumes to which belongs *Sunshine*, by Amy Johnson (Macmillan & Co.), which deals with "the fairy tales of science" as illustrated by experiments that are capable of demonstration by young people and children. The experiments set forth in this volume are extremely varied, and presented with excellent clearness and simplicity. They are of the kind that may be said to be ready to the hand, or the eye, and of every-day occurrence to the trained observer. Numerous and admirable diagrams illustrate the text.

Mansfield Park, in two volumes (Dent & Co.), with photogravures after Mr. Cooke, forms the latest issue of the charming reprint of Jane Austen's Novels, edited by Mr. Brinsley Johnson.

Among new editions we have *Macleod of Dare*, by William Black (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Railway Man and his Children*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); *White Cockades*, "an incident of the '45," by E. I. Stevenson (Glasgow: Bryce & Son); *The Currency of India*, "with a Letter on Bi-Metallism," by William Douglas (Simpkin & Co.); *A Class-Book of Modern Geography* and *An Elementary Class-Book of Modern Geography* (Philip & Son), by W. Hughes, revised by J. Francis Williams; *Murray's Handbook* to Derbyshire, Notts, Leicestershire, and Staffordshire, third edition, revised (John Murray); the fifth edition of *Murray's Handbook* to Kent (John Murray); *A Handbook of Poetics*, by F. B. Gummere (Boston: Ginn & Co.); and *The*

Imitation of Christ, pocket volume edition, an attractive little book (Bagster & Sons).

We have also received an English edition of M. La Dardye's *Paraguay*, by E. G. Ravenstein (Philip & Son), with maps and illustrations; an English edition of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's *Papacy, Socialism, and Democracy*, by B. L. O'Donnell (Chapman & Hall); *Advanced Building Construction*, a manual for students, fully illustrated (Longmans & Co.); *The Theory of Educational Sloyd*, by Otto Salomon, of Nääs, authorized English edition (Philip & Son); *France under the Regency*, by James Breck Perkins (Macmillan); *Contributions to Horticultural Literature*, by William Paul (Paul & Son); Cassell's *English Dictionary*, edited by John Williams (Cassell & Co.); *The Ornamental Draughtsman and Designer*, a practical handbook, by Robert Scott Burn (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Players of To-Day*, by Rudolph Dircks, with portraits (Simpkin & Co.); *The First Century and the Nineteenth* (Leadenhall Press); *Earth Burial and Cremation*, by A. G. Cobb (Putnam's Sons); *Cyril*, by Geoffrey Drage (Allen & Co.), new edition; *A Text-Book of Algebra*, by S. Radhakrishna Aiyar (Madras: Srinivasa); *Elementary Plane Trigonometry*, by E. W. Hobson and C. M. Jessop (Cambridge: at the University Press); *The Art of Sketching*, from the French of G. Fraipont, by Clara Bell (Cassell & Co.); *Politics for the People*, by J. Morrison Davidson (Reeves); *Chess Endings*, edited by E. Freeborough (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); Duncan's *Manual of British and Foreign Brewery Companies* for 1892 (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *The Visible To Be*, a story of chiromancy or palmistry (Leadenhall Press); *Ten Minutes*, "holiday yarns," by Robert Overton (Dean & Son); Vol. XII. of the "Bijou Byron," *Don Juan*, Cantos x.–xvi. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Household Nursing*, by Dr. John O. Tunstall (Fisher Unwin); *The Journal of Philology*, No. 41 (Macmillan & Co.); *Elementary Chemistry*, a lecture course, by A. T. Lilley, M.A. (Simpkin & Co.); and the eleventh *General Report* of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, 1889–1891 (Glasgow: Anderson).

By an oversight last week Messrs. Macmillan, instead of the Cambridge University Press, Messrs. C. J. Clay & Sons, were mentioned as the publishers of Mr. Verity's *Milton*.

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. YESTERDAY week Mr. GLADSTONE was uncontentiously occupied "in a structure closely resembling a pulpit," and in the delivery of an address on things in general, at the opening of the Wirral Railway. Mr. GLADSTONE, for a man not young, is, we must own, *laudator temporis acti* in a new and original fashion. He praises the times past because they have brought forth the times present—those excellent times present in which Mr. GLADSTONE, from a structure closely resembling a pulpit, praises them, and remembers that they have made him four times Prime Minister of England.——A meeting of the ratepayers of St. Martin's was held to protest against the reopening of Trafalgar Square as a bear-garden.

At Menheniot on Monday Mr. COURTNEY delivered one of those odd compounds of practical shrewdness and mid-century Liberal prejudice of which he now has almost the monopoly. Mr. GLADSTONE at Oxford (in the Sheldonian Theatre and a D.C.L. gown) chatted with much pleasantness for an hour and a half, garnishing his chat with many fine old stories, and calling it the ROMANES lecture on Mediæval Universities. Lord ROSEBERY, who has been well in evidence this week, made another cheerful speech on Tuesday at Whitechapel, eulogizing literature and municipal institutions. A deputation from Deptford waited on the MINISTER of AGRICULTURE, urging the relaxation of the rules in reference to the importation of foreign cattle, a request which Mr. HERBERT GARDNER very properly refused. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in the congenial society of the United Kingdom Alliance, was in a tearing rage with the Bishop of CHESTER, and no wonder. For, if the Bishop's plan were to succeed (we express no direct opinion here on its chances), the English people would be made what Sir WILFRID and his brother fanatics hate most of all, sober *and* free at once. The Durham Miners, being polled, had declared by a large majority against a Parliamentary Eight Hours day.

But the most interesting item of Wednesday morning's Home news was some fresh intelligence about Mr. GLADSTONE and Welsh rents. The PRIME MINISTER, between Mediæval Universities, the Wirral Railway, his annoyance over many divers Government affairs, and other things, had still been unable to find those figures; but he furnished a fresh set *après coup*, of which Mr. OWEN proceeded to make mince-meat. Lord SUDELEY, in the friendliest and most amiable way in the world, was inconveniently pressing on the same subject.

On Thursday morning political attention was mainly absorbed in the contents of Lord SALISBURY'S article, published in early copies of the *National Review*, on the situation, and especially on the threats addressed to the House of Lords. We dwell on this elsewhere, but may note here with especial satisfaction Lord SALISBURY'S final nailing of the impudent lie that he called the Irish Hottentots. Next morning he made another explanation, equally unnecessary to those who know, that the late Government had never resolved to evacuate Uganda, but fully intended to keep it, though they had not decided whether the Company was the best instrument of retention. On this same yesterday morning were published Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S regulations for Trafalgar Square meetings, and some preliminary invitations and instructions from the Irish Eviction Commission. But the chief interest of the newspapers lay in Mr. BALFOUR'S speech at Manchester on bimetallism—a speech very comforting and grateful to his Lancashire auditors, who are bimetallists almost to a man.

Ireland. This day week there was published an angrier letter than ever from Mr. MORLEY, through his private secretary, to Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER (or, rather, to the newspapers), reiterating his denial of the charge against him. Mr. REDMOND had seen the dynamiter DALY in Portland Prison, and reported with tears in his eyes that prison does not agree with DALY. Then DALY should not have done the things which brought him there. And it is highly probable that, if DALY'S kind intentions towards the House of Commons had been carried out, the results would have disagreed with large numbers of persons much more respectable than himself. On Tuesday morning Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER made a not too graceful retreat from a position which, with a little more care, he might have made impregnable, and which Mr. MORLEY himself can hardly be said to have captured. In a subsequent interview at Belfast, it cannot be said that Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER improved his argument. It is

unfortunate, but it is the law of the universe, that it is no use having a good case if you do not know how to manage it, and no use having the best intentions if you do not know a bad case when you see it.——The VICEROY has again been refusing to allow addresses to be presented to him expressive of adherence to the law which he has been sent to Ireland to administer. A very important meeting of landlords was held at Cork this day week, attended by persons like Mr. SMITH BARRY, Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD, Sir GEORGE COLTHURST, and others. We are glad to see that the general tendency was, while protesting against the institution and constitution of the Eviction Commission, to take every means to secure the thorough sifting of all cases brought before it. No other plan can be so effective for unmasking the sham or turning it into a reality.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Yesterday week the Chicago World's Fair of next year was "dedicated." It might have been a little doubtful to whom the dedication was addressed. But the speech of that celebrated orator, Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW—characteristically fulsome towards America, characteristically impertinent towards most other countries, and characteristically charged throughout with complacent ignorance and rejoicing bad taste—may be thought to show that the dedication was to the Genius of Bunkum. From Russia we had more assumptions of the whole question in the matter of the Pamirs, and a smooth official account of the reported outrages on sealers in Behring Sea. We by no means take for granted that these outrages were facts. That must be matter of evidence. But the evidence on the other question is in our possession, and it no more proves the Southern Pamirs to be Russian than it proves the island of Guernsey, which once saw a very considerable cantonment of the CZAR'S troops, to be his. There had been fresh scares in Argentina.

On Monday we learnt that some of the Canadian prisoners for sealing had been released, and that Captain DE LEVRON, the Russian commander who seized them, was suffering from insanity. It was, indeed, to be feared that something of the kind would happen; but, on analogies old and new, there is good hope that, as soon as England has accepted this satisfaction, Captain DE LEVRON will recover and be promoted. Anarchists and Socialists had been fighting at a Paris meeting, and either party has the full leave of reasonable men to do what it likes to the other. Minor details of foreign news were rather numerous than weighty, the two chief being, perhaps, matters of opinion rather than fact. One was a statement that the POPE'S recent conduct towards the French Republic was cause of grave concern to the chief authorities of the Roman Church; the other, that the Cretans, who have begun again to be "disturbed," are thoroughly alienated from Greece, a thing not unexpected and pregnant with consequences.

More disturbances in Argentina, and a good deal of disquietude in France over the probable results of the Carmaux arbitration, were the principal constituents of Tuesday's foreign news; together with a heavy deficit in the Russian Budget.

The principal item of Wednesday morning was the death of Mrs. HARRISON, wife of the American PRESIDENT, a lady who had the reputation of considerable ability, and of having been no mean assistant in building up her husband's fortunes.

The report which had been spread of the intention of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government to withdraw the British troops from Halifax was contradicted, not before it had excited much ill-feeling in Canada.——The LEBEL rifle had been doing wonders in Dahomey, its missiles acting "like explosive bullets"—which we had thought were contraband by international agreement.——M. LOUBET, the French Premier, has had an opportunity of discovering the difficulty of that form of *le sport* which consists of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. His award in the Carmaux matter—an ingenious see-saw on the Asquithian pattern, whereby M. CALVIGNAC is reinstated, *but* at the same time given leave of absence; the strikers also reinstated, *unless* they have been found guilty of rioting, and so forth—has been rejected by the men. "Universal suffrage has been violated," they say; an additional proof that, for the production of sheer and stark nonsense, man, though good at all times, is never so good as when he is talking politics. Meanwhile it seems to be thought that the result of this rather rash experiment of M. LOUBET'S has more than counterbalanced the success (after all, a rather negative one) which his Government obtained in the discussion of the matter in the Chamber. This, however, was not apparent in a second Carmaux debate on Thursday, when the Government once more easily got the better of their opponents, among whom M. CLÉMENCEAU distinguished himself rather by acrimony than by the ability with which he was once credited. This was the chief item of yesterday's news, which also contained conflicting reports of a very sanguinary business in the Mexican province of Chihuahua, in which it was clear that somebody had exterminated some hundreds of somebody else; but not clear whether the troops had exterminated the Indians, the Indians the troops, or each the other. The silver wedding of the KING and QUEEN of GREECE had been celebrated, and the Bulgarian Parliament had been opened by Prince FERDINAND.

It should be added that throughout the week the subject of the moment has been Uganda, in favour of the retention of which a surprising concert of speeches, letters, meetings, and the like, from the most diverse quarters, has been made up.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday decided on the terms of its new Strand and Holborn street, which is with characteristic taste to be called "The Council Broadway." With some difficulty, and not without partial amendment, a "Pro-"gressive" fad for paying the tram or rail fares of the lucky persons who are turned out was embodied in the scheme. Let us sincerely hope that the Council will also buy them an umbrella apiece and two goloshes, lest the rains of Heaven visit them too roughly during their longer transit. A boon half given is nothing. It appears, however, that some people think the hands of the Council require strengthening, and a "non-"political" organization called the London Reform Union has been formed, the non-political character of which may be judged from the fact that it has Mr. THOMAS MANN for secretary.

The Law Courts. It is not unfair to say that the jury, unless bribed or mad, could have come to no other conclusion than that at which, in ten minutes or so, they arrived in respect to the girl-poisoner NEILL yesterday week; though Mr. GEOGHEGAN, the prisoner's counsel, attempted the absolutely impossible with considerable pluck and skill. For the rest, a famous juror of old time shall save us all further comment. "'Hang-"'ing is too good for him,' said Mr. CRUELTY"; but it is not Mr. CRUELTY who says so to-day.——Some judgments of importance were given on Tuesday, Mr. Justice STIRLING delivering his detailed decision in the Savernake Estate case, the effect of which had been announced before the Long Vacation, and the Queen's Bench Division sustaining the Court below in refusing some, while allowing others, of the particulars applied for by Mr. BALFOUR in the matter of the petition against his return. Mr. HAROLD BARING, who has more than once exhibited himself of late years in the character of a prodigal son, was lucky enough to escape the payment of a gambling debt.——Mr. W. R.

KENNEDY, Q.C., has been appointed to the vacant judgeship. Mr. KENNEDY belongs to a famous family, is a good scholar and a good lawyer.

Racing. At Sandown yesterday week there was one event of some interest — the Amphion Stakes, which was contested by Watercress, Dunure, and Bumptious. The usually unlucky Dunure looked like making a fight of it with Watercress, but was unsuccessful, and Bumptious was quite beaten off.——Those critics who declared that there would be nothing of interest in the Newmarket Houghton Meeting except the Cambridgeshire must have been unreasonable if they did not change their minds on Tuesday, when, besides other good racing, the Limekiln Stakes and the Criterion Stakes produced excellent contests. In the former, Orme meeting the Derby winner at even weights, El Diablo, to whom he was giving something, and Orvieto, at 3 lbs. advantage, polished them all off with the greatest ease, while in the Criterion The Prize, who had been made favourite, was just beaten by Mr. JENNINGS'S Montezuma.

The Cambridgeshire itself was unusually interesting, and, though La Flêche held her position in the betting very well, there was an unusually free distribution of support among the thirty starters, Pensioner, Jodel, and Coromandel being perhaps most favoured. In the race itself La Flêche kept well to the front throughout, and won splendidly by a length and a half from Pensioner, who was nearly a length in front of Jodel, these two horses each receiving two stone six from the winner. In the last race of the day, the Subscription Stakes, Orme made his second appearance during the meeting, and won easily from four others, including Bel Demonio and General WILLIAMS'S good two-year-old, Perigord.

The interest of Thursday's racing was chiefly confined to two events—the Dewhurst Plate for two-year-olds, and a Free Handicap, in which Orme appeared for the third time during the week. He started with odds on him, but was unable to give 16 lbs. to El Diablo, though he beat The Lover, to whom he was giving 6 more. Mr. ABINGTON'S Meddler won the Dewhurst, after a very fine race with Raeburn and Buckingham.

Miscellaneous. Two solemn functions—the LORD MAYOR'S banquet to the Trinity House, and the LORD CHANCELLOR'S reception of the judges—came off on Monday. At the latter Mr. ex-Justice DENMAN took an interesting leave of the Bar, discovering Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to be the choicest ornament thereof. Lord ROSEBERY spoke agreeably at the Trinity House dinner. Lord ONSLOW has formed an inquiry commission into Boothism, composed of Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, and Mr. WALTER LONG, with the not irrelevant assessorship of the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Unkind persons will probably say that Mr. WATERHOUSE is sitting in judgment on the President of a brother institute—that of Chartered Charlatans.——An unusual, and unfortunately fatal, explosion has occurred on board H.M.S. *Mercury*, in the East, the vapour of alcohol in the spirit-room, as it is supposed, catching fire when a light was presented to it.——Much bad weather has been reported from divers parts of the world during the week, and it appears that the small batch of castaways at the Pescadores, who it was thought might be survivors of the *Bokhara*, belonged to a large Norwegian steamer which had been wrecked in the same typhoon as the P. and O. boat.——A medical dinner was given to Sir BALTHASAR WALTER FOSTER, on Wednesday, to celebrate his appointment at the Local Government Board. On the same day Mr. FROUDE, at Oxford, delivered his inaugural lecture, a very good one, in which he vindicated the old truth that new schools and systems, and so forth, are only old after all. The Society of London Booksellers dined, with Mr. BESANT and Mr. BIRRELL to represent the raw material of the trade. Indeed the former was in the chair, and neither was behind a screen. At a meeting of the Women's Emancipation Union at Birmingham, one Miss COZENS advocated shooting straight, and, if necessary, the use of dynamite as sovereign for your chuffs, who hate youth like her, and will not give them the franchise.——A meeting consolatory of Miss COBBE was held on Thursday evening in St. James's Hall.

Correspondence. A very important letter to the *Times* on Monday morning, from Sir HENRY THOMPSON, dwelt on the inefficiency of our death registration system, as shown in the NEILL-CLOVER murder, and "QUADRATIC" maintained that "Fuzzy "Wuzzy" did not break British squares in the Soudan. As, however, "QUADRATIC" seems to argue that his namesake-formation broke itself on the two occasions referred to, the lay mind will, we fear, regard this, with its usual brutality, as a distinction without a difference. ——On Tuesday morning Vivisectionists and Anti-Vivisectionists were still rolling over one another, with Mr. PEEK and Mr. HUXLEY backing them at 50*l.* a side; Mr. STANLEY and Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH once more joined in the Uganda fray—on which subject a very decided letter from Bishop TUCKER to Sir GERALD PORTAL was also published—and there was much other writing on subjects old and new.

Obituary. Sir THOMAS PEARS was an Indian engineer of great note and mark, both in strictly military engineering and in public works; Dr. CONWAY EVANS a London medical officer of health, of many years' experience.——The Duke of ROXBURGHE, who died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, had not been very prominent as a politician, but he had the honour to be one of those who did not fall away from Liberalism to Gladstonianism in 1886.——Colonel CROWDER, of C. C. C. Oxford, was one of the not very numerous persons who have doubled military and academic employment.——M. HENRI LAVOIX had occupied for many years the decidedly difficult and delicate post of "reader" to the Théâtre Français; and M. MILLAUD, of the *Figaro*, was a very pleasant satiric journalist. No political "skits" for many years have been more good-temperedly funny than those which M. MILLAUD, assisted by the pencil of "CARAN "D'ACHE," used to aim at the GRÉVY Administration, nor has he been much less successful with its successor. ——Mr. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, a Unitarian minister and younger brother of the poet, had, we believe, some notoriety in his own country as a hymn-writer. Here he was best known as the author of a very well intentioned, but not so well executed *Life* of his brother. ——Surgeon-General CANNON had done good service in the Indian Mutiny.——Herr FRANZ was one of the best and best-known of German song-composers, and Dr. SCHÜTZ one of the *doyens* of Sanscrit study.

Lord Tennyson's Last Volume. It would be scant respect to the memory of a great poet to hurry out in our present issue a detailed notice of Lord TENNYSON'S last volume, *The Death of Œnone* (MACMILLAN), which was only published a few hours before we went to press. We may, however, observe that, besides the two poems, "The Death of Œnone" and "Akbar's "Dream," between which the honour of title-piece seems to have oscillated, there is an excellent piece in the "Northern Farmer" style and dialect, entitled "Churchwarden and Curate," several metrical novelties, "The Silent Voices," the poem on the death of the Duke of CLARENCE, not a few specimens of that half-pessimist optimism which was characteristic of the author in his declining years, a very fine and Tennysonian fragment on ST. TELEMACHUS in the Colosseum, and a poem on "Poets and Critics," ending in lines which critics need not be afraid to take as a compliment—

> But seldom comes the Poet here,
> And the Critic's rarer still.

A quatrain of passionate naturalness in honour of SCOTT will delight all good men; and, though perhaps the verses were not the very best their author ever did, many will be glad to see again the once famous "Riflemen, Form," of 1859.

LORD SALISBURY ON CONSTITUTIONAL REVISION.

SINCE Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON abolished the House of Lords by resolution of the House of Commons in a magazine article, not very much has been heard from Gladstonian quarters about the attitude to be adopted by, or forced upon, the Second Chamber of the Legislature, in the event—no very probable one—of a Home Rule Bill being carried through the First. Perhaps it has been thought that Mr. HARRISON'S warning has disposed of the matter, and that the Peers, overawed by the frowns of the philosopher—who has of late revived quite touching memories of that earlier figure "in evening dress furbishing up a model "of the guillotine," which we owed to the playful pencil of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD—have resolved to bow their heads submissively to Mr. GLADSTONE'S decree. But whatever the cause of this silence in the ranks of the Ministerialists, they are evidently unwilling to break it, and are showing no particular eagerness to take up the challenge thrown down to them by Lord SALISBURY in the November number of the *National Review*. We shall probably be right in guessing that the latter part of the late Prime Minister's article is more distasteful to them than its earlier pages. It is true that Lord SALISBURY'S ridicule of the Gladstonian threats is exceedingly happy, and must, to the victims of it, be particularly galling; but then, of course, they never believed in their own threats themselves. They have merely been playing the old familiar game of brag and bluster, merely indulging themselves in that tall talk the success of which, like that of a jest, lies principally in the ear that hears it—though it differs from the jest, indeed, in having only to be laughed at in order to fail. Revolutionary BOBADILS of Mr. HARRISON'S type know perfectly well that they could no more abolish the House of Lords by vote of the House of Commons, or swamp it by an addition of "five hundred sweeps" to the peerage (but why is a sweep a synonym for the contemptible to an Equality-Philosopher?), than they could deport the whole of the Front Opposition Bench to whatever English prison might be the equivalent of Mazas. For *coups d'état* of either of these two descriptions (since both in practice would be equally a summons of all Constitutionalists to active resistance) you require, as Lord SALISBURY points out, the command of an army willing to assist you in forcibly overthrowing the Constitution. You want "hired sworders," as Mr. HARRISON describes soldiers when the boot is on the other leg, and it is a Reactionary instead of a Radical heel that is trampling law and liberty under foot. In short, it is schoolboy talk all this nonsense about coercing the House of Lords, and we may leave those who talk it to the excellent raillery with which Lord SALISBURY here treats them.

The more serious and more important part of his article concerns, not what the House of Lords is to be "allowed" to do by Mr. HARRISON and Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON, but what it should elect to do of its own inherent discretion. What, in other words, would be its line of constitutional duty in the event of the House of Commons sending up to it a Home Rule Bill for Ireland? What duty, or rather what necessity, would dictate to it, if the common falsehood of the Gladstonians were true, is obvious enough. If "the mass of the nation (including in that term the mass of the English people "as an essential part of the nation)" had accepted Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule scheme—as yet unknown to it—and were to urge its acceptance by the House of Lords, "I do not suppose," Lord SALISBURY, of course, admits, "that the House of Lords would desire to resist "them, or would have the power of doing so if they "wished it." It would not require, in Mr. HARRISON'S so significant collocation of terms, that "Mr. GLADSTONE "and the nation"—that *ego et rex meus* so contentedly acquiesced in by the slavish modern democrat—should be "thundering at the doors" of the Upper House. The unassisted thundering of the nation alone, so long as thunder and nation were both real, would suffice, as Lord SALISBURY observes drily, to insure the acquiescence of the Lords. But, as he goes on to remind them, by a process of demonstration so familiar that we need not follow it, the evidence of any such inclination to thunder is altogether lacking. It is, as he says, a material element in the case that, "barring the "votes given by Archbishop WALSH'S pocket boroughs "and counties in the South and West of Ireland, the "thundering of the nation, if it thundered at all, "would be thundering the other way." This, however, will not, of course, prevent the Gladstonian from asserting that the country is with him, and from attempting, in the contingency under contemplation, to bully the Lords into the abandonment of the duty imposed upon them by the Constitution. What this duty is is clear. It is to take care that a party which has contrived to grasp power by a chance majority—convertible, as Lord SALISBURY has pointed out, by the transfer of 703 votes into a minority—shall not use it to force upon the nation a revolutionary change in its political system upon which its opinion has never been taken.

We need not follow Lord SALISBURY in detail through his review of the elaborate safeguards by which other "democratically governed countries" have in their "constitutional statutes" protected themselves against the precise piece of sharp practice which our priests of democracy propose to perpetrate at the expense of their idol. Suffice it to say, in sum, that there is no Constitution in Europe, not even of the newest or of the most insignificant State, which is not provided with tenfold better securities in this matter than is the oldest Parliamentary polity in the world. That our own has thus far been able to dispense with these formally established safeguards is solely due to the strength of those very traditions which the modern Radical despises and, whenever he dares to do so, defies. His pretended preference for our own "unwritten Constitu-"tion" merely means that he prefers to play a game which has no printed rules, but proceeds upon an honourable understanding that the players will play it fairly. He is now showing in what sort of respect he holds this understanding by his noisy claim to take up a trick which he has not yet won. Fortunately, however, though the rules are unwritten, it is in the power of his adversaries, in this instance at any rate, to compel him to conform to them. The legislative veto of the House of Lords affords, it is true, the sole means of thus compelling him; but, for practical purposes, sole is here sufficient. If we cannot insure ourselves as effectively as some other nations against constitutional changes of doubtful wisdom, we can at least prevent them from being carried out by fraud. If the result of enforcing a special appeal to the constituencies on the question of Home Rule should be to elicit an approval of the policy by a narrow majority, the situation would doubtless be far from a satisfactory one; for it would still be substantially describable in the forcible words applied by Lord SALISBURY to our present case. We should then, as now, have to tell the Ulster Loyalists that the sub-

jection they detest "is to be forced upon them by a "handful of votes"; which is, as he adds, equivalent to telling them "that the caprice of to-day may "well be cancelled by the repentance of to-morrow," thus ensuring a perpetuity of conflict during which all former acrimony will steadily become more bitter, and the divisions which have lasted so long will grow deeper and more implacable. We are justified, however, in hoping that, with all but the most ignorant and unfit class of electors, this very consideration will have a determining influence on their verdict. In any case, it will *be* a verdict on the isolated issue of Home Rule, and not a mere jumble of half a dozen findings on the merits of half a dozen fads. And the attempt to palm off the jumble of findings as the single verdict is a trick so grossly dishonest that, in the mere interest of political morals, and all question of Imperial policy apart, it is the plain duty of the House of Lords to defeat it.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LECTURE.

IN delivering the first ROMANES Lecture at Oxford, Mr. GLADSTONE was hampered by a subject infinitely too large for a single address. It was nominally on Mediæval Universities, itself a huge theme, but Mr. GLADSTONE began long before Universities, and came down to University Extension. No one can sketch the whole history of Universities in a single hour, not if he had a voice of bronze. But the object of popular lectures is to let people see a person in whom they are interested, and hear his voice. An American critic vouches for having carried away, out of years of lectures, no more information than could be written on the back of an envelope. We do not know whether Mr. GLADSTONE'S audience could record all the new lore which they acquired on a postcard, but, at all events, they saw and heard a remarkable exhibition of physical vigour.

Mr. GLADSTONE began with the senility of the Roman Empire, the reconstruction of life by the Church; then he touched lightly on CHARLEMAGNE and the School of the Palace, on the myth of ALFRED, which, like the flowers that grow in the spring, "has nothing "to do with the case." Then he explained the original meaning of *Universitas*, a name unintentionally prophetic of universality of studies. The University "was "not only a complement, but also, in some limited "sense, the rival of the Church." The sense was almost unlimited in some cases. The orthodox and persecuting LINDORES, for instance, began lecturing against Lollardism at St. Andrews. Bishops approved, and Popes sent Bulls to confirm the University. The old learning and orthodoxy were to be taught, not the new heretical criticism and the dangerous Greek. But the University, especially in St. Leonard's College, took its own way, and became a nurse of heretics, a platform for PATRICK HAMILTON and KNOX. The child of the Church, brought up to be her defence, became her enemy, and greatly contributed to her destruction in Scotland. Ecclesiastics founded St. Andrews. "The regal authority," according to Mr. GLADSTONE, founded Bologna. There was, in creating Universities, a competition of lay and ecclesiastical forces; but, "according to the principle of old English "law, the University, as such, was a lay, and not an "ecclesiastical, foundation"—whereat the audience applauded. Mr. GLADSTONE does not seem to have gone into details about the influence of Paris or the ideas of WALTER DE MERTON. He had a good deal to say about the Franciscans and Dominicans at Oxford; but he who would really understand that age must study it in the works of Mr. BOASE and Mr. MAXWELL LYTE. The struggles of the town for municipal emancipation from the University, so interesting to Mr. J. R. GREEN, did not engage Mr. GLADSTONE'S eloquence. He spoke in praise of Paris, and he allowed Cambridge to meditate on her comparative youth and early insignificance. On these matters the Memoirs of JOHN MAJOR, the old Scottish historian, contain much curious and useful information. In estimating the numbers of students at Oxford in the thirteenth century, Mr. GLADSTONE dismissed the myth that there were 15,000 at one time, and did not mention the wilder theory that there were 30,000. In 1209 he supposed that there were 3,000, and a turbulent set they were, being equally good at the "grey-goose "shaft" and the "handy stroke." After the end of the fourteenth century, as Mr. MAXWELL LYTE shows, Lollardism and constant civil war had a paralysing effect on Oxford. She recovered about the dawn of the Renaissance, when ERASMUS was a visitor; but then came the rowdyism of the Reformation. Books were torn up and made into blanchers for driving deer, by one Mr. GRENFEL, a sporting undergraduate. Manuscripts with illuminations and miniatures were hacked to pieces, on the suspicion of Popish idolatry. The patronage of ELIZABETH, of JAMES I., of CHARLES, and more quiet times, encouraged learning, though GIORDANO BRUNO found the Dons very drowsy—*dormitantes*. Oxford did not produce the heroes of the Reformation; the martyrs whose monument is outside Balliol were Cambridge men. LAUD was her true son; BACON, MILTON, NEWTON are such names as Oxford has not to show. Mr. GLADSTONE paid a graceful tribute to Cambridge, with her philosophers and poets, down to TENNYSON. Why they all happened to go to Cambridge is a problem which cannot be satisfactorily explained, at least from the point of view of Oxford. HENRY MORE is a poor offset to all the Cambridge glories, and SHELLEY, with Mr. SWINBURNE and Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, does not make up a poetical renown equal to that of the sister-University. We know why cricketers go more to Cambridge, but this theory does not apply to the cases of MILTON, DRYDEN, BYRON, BACON, TENNYSON, NEWTON, and the rest. However, GIBBON was a Magdalene man. The eighteenth century was very clerical at Oxford, and Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to have no exalted opinion of Jacobite Churchmen. On the other hand, WYCLIFFE and LAUD were worth being proud of; but Mr. GLADSTONE hedged against the charge of sympathizing with LAUD'S politics. Now, if Mr. GLADSTONE had lived in King CHARLES'S day, he would have started in life as a Laudian; but how he would have ended, and exactly when he would have been found in the camp of FAIRFAX or CROMWELL, is a subtle point in hypothetical biography. He concluded with some remarks on the desirableness of research and the impropriety of "contracting to turn out machines "of so many horse-power" (if horse is the right animal; there are donkey machines) "rather than to form "character." *Dominus illuminatio mea* entered into the peroration, to which we would humbly add *Stet fortuna domus*.

LORD ROSEBERY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

THE reception which has been given both abroad and at home to Lord ROSEBERY'S second deliverance on the subject of Uganda should decidedly encourage him in the more excellent way which that deliverance indicated. The enemies of Great Britain abroad have received it with a sort of spiteful resignation, as who should say, "After all they have not for-"gotten *regere imperio populos*"; and though among a certain section of Lord ROSEBERY'S own party at home it has been received with very little resignation and a great deal of spite, that need not trouble him or

the wiser of his colleagues. The chief mistake to avoid, as it seems to us, is the mistake of dwelling too offensively on the contrast which an improved policy will present with that which his leader pursued when Lord GRANVILLE'S amiable indolence recoiled from the task of enlightening that leader's profound want of knowledge. Lord GREY, in the very well-meant and in some ways capital letter which he contributed to the *Times* of Monday, seems to have fallen a little too much into the error of "rubbing it in." To those Gladstonians who, even if they are not ready to stand in a white sheet for Khartoum, are unwilling to repeat the fault in reference to the north bank of the Victoria Nyanza, we should ourselves gladly extend an act of oblivion. There are plenty of subjects remaining on which we are ready to fight with them, stripped to the shirt and with any weapons—subjects on which we know very well that no compromise or act of oblivion is possible. But we have always been willing to admit that the strange attitude which they (and some of their party before it was split who have not held with them in the split) have assumed towards the major patrimony of ST. GEORGE was an accident and an error. It has generally been recognized, not merely by the humaner but by the wiser class of divines, that it is bad policy to dwell too much on the former sins of the sinner if you wish him to abandon them.

So far as things at present stand, and unless some of the evil influences which exist contrive to fix themselves on Mr. GLADSTONE'S mind, we see no reason why even the present Cabinet should commit an irretrievable fault in Uganda. They have given themselves time, and they have carefully guarded against committing themselves to any one course of action at the end of that time. It is quite certain that, if any of them chooses to examine the evidence impartially, he not only may, but must, convince himself of the danger and disgrace which wait upon evacuation, of the ease with which a sufficient hold can be kept upon what their one man who does know admits to be the key of the position in East Central Africa. Lord BRASSEY'S moderate and sensible letter of Monday shows them what qualified unofficial supporters of their own think, and the utterances on the other side are not of a character to alarm them. Indeed we note, with satisfaction, a tendency on that side to "back down" which has only to be encouraged. Cabinet Ministers, we know, are busy, and the rigid abstention which they show towards the subjects of their colleagues' departments is one of their most amiable virtues, and one on which they most justly pride themselves. But there can be nothing wrong in a Cabinet Minister reading his newspaper at breakfast; and the sin of reading a book after dinner is not mortal. The letters recently published in the *Times* on Uganda and Father OHRWALDER'S book, which we review elsewhere, on the results of withdrawal in the more Northern Soudan, will put any Cabinet Minister in a position to judge, and unless the fire of anti-Jingo fanaticism burn very brightly in him, or his capacity for estimating evidence be preternaturally low, he can hardly come to more than one decision. We have taken note of most of the comments on the matter from time to time, and we shall only say here that Mr. STANLEY'S letter of this week may be said to be decisive on the geographico-political side. We have never been mealy-mouthed in criticizing Mr. STANLEY'S ways and methods; but his knowledge is a different thing, and no man living is his equal in knowledge of the region comprised in the Congo Free State and the Eastern British "sphere." When he says, in answer to Mr. SILVA WHITE and others, that the French (to mention nobody else) can make it impossible for us to re-occupy Uganda if we cease to hold it, he says what all who have studied the subject with competence and without *parti pris* know to be true, and what no single man can say with more authority.

But this is not Lord ROSEBERY'S only opportunity. In the matter of the Behring and Okhotsk Sea sealers he is, indeed, likely to find the way smoothed for him in a manner which, unless his brains be much overestimated, he is not likely to mistake. The freaks of Captain DE LEVRON, which have appropriately ended in an alleged attack of insanity, were, as we pointed out from the very first, rather unlikely to be seriously maintained by the employers whom he served so faithfully. The late English Government maintained an uncompromising attitude on the subject towards the Power from which Great Britain tolerates most liberties, and it was not at all probable that greater license would be given either to any other Power by that Government or the present. Although for decency's sake a minimized version of Captain DE LEVRON'S piratical policemanship was published by the Russians, disavowal has had the way paved for it by the rumour about him; and later we have learnt that other sealers captured by another person have been released with a confession of the illegality of their seizure by the Russian authorities. This is all very pretty and pleasing. But, as we have already said, Lord ROSEBERY, unless his acuteness is much overrated, must be aware of the neighbourhood of a rat. So monstrous a claim as the exercising of shore rights scores, if not hundreds, of miles from shore, followed by such sweet reasonableness, would put even the youngest clerk at the Foreign Office on his guard. The occasion for being sweetly reasonable and conciliating with a view to the exhibition of perhaps not quite so sweet an unreasonableness elsewhere is too gratuitous.

Most people know where the "elsewhere" is. Up to the present moment, if any formal communications have been exchanged between the English and Russian Governments on the subject of the recent Russian raid on the Pamirs, the result of them has been kept religiously sealed. But it certainly is not for nothing that Russian semi-official and *plusquam* semi-official organs have taken a tone which is not so much suggestive as directly and unmistakably indicative of mischief. The apologies of a kind which were offered to Lord SALISBURY last year for the insults to British officers have given way to a cool assumption of the whole point at issue. The very persons who quote Lord GRANVILLE'S agreement of twenty years ago proceed to construe that agreement in a fashion which makes it pure nonsense. It is an exaggeration, but not more than an allowable argumentative exaggeration, to say that the way in which this interpretation proceeds is very much as if in a delimitation agreement between Scotland and England, the ends of the line being fixed at the Solway and Berwick, the Scotch should contend that this permitted them to erect a triangle on that line, with its apex at Southampton, and to call the two sides of the triangle, and not the base, the frontier. Only by a piece of impudence of this sort (deriving the faintest of all possible colours from the usual division of "head-streams," so convenient to unscrupulous frontier arguers) can the Russians maintain the preposterous contention which, somehow or other, lands them in the immediate neighbourhood of the Baroghil and Darkot passes, scores of leagues to the south of the indicated, but undelimitated, frontier of 1873.

It is here that Lord ROSEBERY has the greatest chance of showing that he knows how to put his foot down; but it is here also that his greatest difficulties lie. They will not come from Russia; despite the extraordinary mass of gold which that half-bankrupt Power is accumulating, she is very unlikely, after years of famine, fever, and cholera, to attempt an invasion of India by herself, or to expose herself to attack from

Germany, Austria, and perhaps Turkey, with the doubtful assistance of France. But she will undoubtedly do all she can, either in bold grabbing or stubborn keeping hold, if she meets with any such attitude as met her in the Penjdeh business. And, if she cannot exactly get her way and annex the Pamirs, she will try to leave the question open once more for another grab another time. It is probable, as we have before pointed out, that, if she is met firmly, the cession of a small part of what she once regarded (as Sir JOHN ADYE'S testimony has just reminded Englishmen) as the "independent" khanates of Roshan and Shignan would induce her to consent to the line of the Murghab proper, than which nothing else ought to be accepted. This is the line including the Victoria Lake, retaining to England, Afghanistan, or China (it does not matter) the Great, Little, and other Pamirs, and establishing a belt of these inhospitable, but not uninhabitable, highlands, nearly a hundred miles broad, between Russian territory and the gates of India. The obstacles to Lord ROSEBERY'S doing what ought to have been done any time these twenty years lie in England, and in the same section of his own party which is grumbling at the retention of Uganda. The weight of prejudice—of the foolish old prejudice which attaches to old names, though the circumstances are quite altered—will be more against him here; but there is no reason why he should not get the better of it in both cases. And if he succeeds, he will have done a very good work indeed.

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT.

IT would promote the justification of the compliments not infrequently paid to that noble body the Solicitors of England if those of them who are concerned in the defence of notorious murderers would occasionally refrain from occupying the time between judgment and execution in sending to America for affidavits that somebody there believes the convict to have been at some time afflicted with insanity. It is, no doubt, a form of advertisement such as is fashionable nowadays, and advertisement may sometimes constitute the least unprofitable part—to the solicitors—of the whole proceedings. Nevertheless, the practice is unseemly in itself, and becoming monotonous. In the case of the convict NEILL, or CREAM, it seems unlikely that the alleged affidavits, whether they arrive before or after the date fixed for his execution, or not at all, will make any difference to anybody. The man might be useful as an illustration of the fact which medical men seem to find it so hard to understand, and which lawyers and judges too seldom formulate in plain, unmistakable words—namely, that by the law of England persons who are to some extent mad may commit crimes, and be punished for them, even when the crime is murder and the punishment death. It is impossible to speculate usefully whether NEILL murdered prostitutes because he enjoyed doing so, and subsequently took the opportunity of trying to extort money because he happened to know of the murders, or whether he committed the murders solely in order to lay a foundation for attempts to extort money. It would seem that he must have had one or other of these sets of motives, or something between the two, or no motives at all. To have no motives at all, or none that any one else can understand, is hardly distinguishable from madness, or at any rate idiocy. And in the first of the cases suggested NEILL'S conduct was so outrageous and so odd, and in the second so incomprehensibly foolish, that it might be argued rather more plausibly than it sometimes is that his mental condition was so morbid and exceptional that it is no great stretch of language to call him a madman. Yet no one in his senses would suggest, and, as far as is known, no one has suggested except the hypothetical deposing Americans, that NEILL ought not to be hanged. Mad or sane, he completely fulfilled the legal conditions of criminality. He knew what he was doing, he knew it was wrong, and against the law, and there is not the least reason to suppose that he did it by reason of any irresistible impulse which no external circumstances would have checked. Therefore he is a murderer, and being convicted will be hanged, and under the circumstances no one will in the least lament his execution.

A part of the evidence in NEILL'S case has given a legitimate opportunity to Sir HENRY THOMPSON to renew his plaints for further and better regulation of death. Put shortly, Sir HENRY'S contention is, that certificates of death are frequently written and signed without sufficient investigation of the circumstances. He, therefore, recommends the appointment of qualified official persons, by whom alone such certificates should be given, and who, acting according to rules duly made in that behalf, should be able to give their whole time to this duty, and would, in almost every case of death that was at all suspicious, find out that it was suspicious. No doubt this proposal sounds unobjectionable and sensible enough, and so it would be, if we lived only for the purposes of efficient police, and if the detection of crime were the only subject of serious interest for civilized men. As things are, however, it would be well before committing oneself to the support of Sir HENRY'S scheme to ask oneself whether it is worth while to endeavour, at the proposed cost, to secure the proposed object. For, after all, wicked though we are, and stimulating as seems to be the effect of educational progress upon the graver forms of crime, most people still die under circumstances that are not in the least suspicious. They manage it much better in France, says Sir HENRY. Yes; but are we sure that we want to be quite as much governed as the French are? It will undoubtedly "add a new terror to death"—for the survivors—if no one is to be allowed to die without having satisfied a Government inspector that it is all right. Suppose that three or four times in a year suspicion was aroused a little sooner than it otherwise would have been, and that once a year (a liberal estimate) a person was brought to trial who would otherwise have escaped suspicion. Is it quite certain that such results would, on a balance of public convenience, make up for the annoyance and expense of submitting everybody to the inquisition of a new official class? If Sir HENRY'S proposal comes to be seriously considered as a practical question, it will be well that these suggestions should not be left out of sight.

While we are reminded by the trial of NEILL that, civilization and the like notwithstanding, crimes of the utmost wantonness and cruelty do not appear to be diminishing in frequency, it may not be amiss to take notice of a much less serious subject, but still one of real importance, the tendency to lawless violence which always needs to be kept in check among a considerable section of the population. Two cases disposed of before stipendiary magistrates on Monday are of the kind as to which one would like to hear something in justification of the sentences passed. Two men named RUMBALL and BUTT, aged respectively twenty and twenty-two, were summoned at the Marylebone Court for assault. It is said that both were drunk, and "pushed against women passing along the road." Among others, they jostled a Mrs. HENDERSON, who "remonstrated"; whereupon the prisoners "immediately set about her with clenched fists. Mrs. COFFEE tried to render her assistance, and then the prisoner RUMBALL assaulted her." Mrs. HENDERSON, who was expecting her confinement a week later, was confined the next day; and for the assault on her BUTT was remanded. But RUMBALL, for

the assault on Mrs. COFFEE, was fined 40*s*., with the alternative of one month's hard labour. Mr. COOKE, who is a magistrate of much experience, may have been well assured that, as we sincerely hope was the case, RUMBALL could not pay 40*s*., or get it paid for him; but it does seem an extremely light penalty for hustling and assaulting respectable women in the street with such violence as to bring about premature confinement. The other case is almost exactly like the "scuttling" which has made many streets in Manchester and neighbouring towns absolutely unsafe, and has culminated in several very serious crimes, and at least one recent murder. Three youths of eighteen and nineteen, who were said by the police to belong "to a midnight gang "of roughs infesting the Peckham Road, against "whom there had been frequent complaints of violent "conduct," were seen shortly after midnight "knock-"ing two women about." The police came up, and one WELLS informed them that he had seen the assault. "Hearing this, the prisoners and others "surrounded the prosecutor, knocked him down, "and kicked him in a brutal manner." The penalty inflicted by Mr. HOPKINS was one month's hard labour. Unless the report of the evidence is very much exaggerated, this sentence, too, seems unduly lenient. A few days later the incorrigible Recorder of LIVERPOOL gave another illustration of how leniency to prisoners may be caricatured to the point of absurdity. He let off with a month an habitual thief named CAWLEY, who pleaded that he must be mad, because he snatched watches by daylight in the public street.

IRELAND.

A LORD-LIEUTENANT of Ireland takes few, if any, official steps without the advice of his Chief Secretary, and Lord HOUGHTON is not precisely the kind of Lord-Lieutenant who might be expected to innovate on the practice of his predecessors. Otherwise we should have been inclined to think that the exceedingly and gratuitously unwise rule which he has made with respect to the presentation of addresses had its origin in the Viceregal rather than in the Ministerial brain. Undoubtedly it has more of the youthful ruler about it than of the experienced adviser, who is not usually given to increasing the number of the administrative difficulties which await him by another of his own creation. Why Mr. MORLEY should have gone out of his way to aggravate inevitable friction by varying a practice which seems to have been perfectly acceptable to so staunch a Home Ruler as the VICEROY under whom he formerly served we are utterly at a loss to imagine. Surely, if Lord ABERDEEN found nothing unbecoming his constitutional position as the QUEEN'S representative in the reception of loyal addresses containing expressions of attachment to a system under which Viceroys have governed Ireland in the name of the Sovereign for the last ninety years, Lord HOUGHTON might have followed the precedent without seriously compromising himself. These sudden sticklers for this exaggerated theory of constitutionalism, who are at the same time committed to a measure which, if it takes the outward form of the mere repeal of a statute, is as nearly revolutionary in constitutional substance as any Act of formally regular legislation can well be, are making themselves just a little ridiculous. And the particular phrases in which the LORD-LIEUTENANT has been inspired by his CHIEF SECRETARY to instruct his private secretary to word his refusal to accept the latest of these addresses of welcome—that from the Committee of the Methodist Church—are not particularly well chosen. The Union, after all, has the not inconsiderable claim to constitutional recognition of being the system "in possession"; and if loyal subjects of the QUEEN are to be forbidden, on the grounds alleged by the VICEROY, to signify their attachment to it, some rather curious consequences will follow. The mere fact that the maintenance of any national institution is, or can be represented as being, "a matter of acute party "controversy" hardly justifies the conclusion that it is a constitutional impropriety to approach the Sovereign, or her representative, with an expression of the hope that it may be maintained. Or if so, we shall next hear of a Gladstonian Viceroy refusing to receive an address expressing affection for the Constitution itself, on the ground that the existence of the House of Lords has been made the subject of "acute controversy" by the party of Mr. LABOUCHERE.

Let us pass, however, from this wantonly-created difficulty of the new Government to those which their own character and antecedents have inevitably prepared for them. That these last are increasing in gravity they may learn—or might, if they were teachable, and did not prefer to dismiss their teachers as interested alarmists—from the experiences detailed at the recent annual meeting of the Cork Defence Union, presided over by Mr. SMITH BARRY. Boycotting, as was only natural, is reviving with the return to office of the revered apologist for that detestable practice. An unhappy woman who was unpatriotic enough to show some kindness to the sick wife of one of the caretakers of the Union has been unable to get her corn threshed. Black flags have been stuck up about her farm to warn people off it; one of her children has been beaten; her donkey's leg has been broken; and the drinking water of her well has been polluted. It has again become a source of danger to execute legal process. Mr. TOWER TOWNSHEND related that, immediately after one such attempted enforcement of the law, a meeting was held by the priests of the neighbourhood, when one of their number practically advocated the battering out of the brains of the man who had endeavoured to carry out the eviction. Following upon this, threatening letters had been received by his mother and brothers and himself, containing villanous threats. The speaker himself was under police protection, and a friend of his was warned "not "to go about with Mr. TOWNSHEND, as he was going "to be shot." Another speaker testified to having seen within the last three days cowardly threatening letters addressed to a widow, and containing the usual pictures of coffins, with the warning legend on each, "You must not think the Land League is dead." And many shopkeepers, added another witness, Sir GEORGE COLTHURST, are already unpleasantly aware of that fact. They are at present "shivering with fear" between their unwillingness to subscribe to illegal operations and their knowledge that, in accordance with the recent Convention, a house-to-house canvass would be made, and that every species of intimidation would be employed to make them subscribe. These, it will be said by the glib Gladstonians, are merely the lamentations of landlords; and that is true, and has to be allowed for. We ought not to forget, in other words, that they are only the allegations of men who are in the best position to know the truth of the facts to which they depose, and whose statement has no other antecedent probability than that which it derives from the proposition that similar causes produce similar effects.

At another meeting, held on the same day as the above, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Irish Landlords Convention, the constitution and powers of Mr. MORLEY'S Commission called forth some criticism of a searching kind. Mr. SMITH BARRY, in particular, did good service in exposing the hollowness of that pretence of legality on which the appointment of the Commission was originally founded. It was contended

by Mr. MORLEY that the step had become necessary by reason of the failure of the 13th section of the Land Purchase Act of last Session to attain its desired end—that is to say, to induce landlords and their evicted tenants to enter voluntarily into agreement with each other for the sale and purchase of the holdings from which the latter have been displaced. But, in the first place, it is an exaggeration to talk of the failure of a legislative provision under which as many as one hundred agreements have been arrived at on one estate alone in the county of Cork. In the next place, if its imperfect success proves anything at all, it simply shows, as Mr. SMITH BARRY has pointed out, that the ex-tenants have been buoyed up by extravagant hopes; and it is precisely such hopes as these that the appointment of the Commission is most obviously calculated to foster. On the whole, however, it seems to us that Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD tendered wise advice to his fellow-landlords in recommending them "to lay before the Commis-"sion all the information in their power." We quite agree with him that nothing in the least resembling impartiality is to be expected from the body of unblushingly selected partisans, presided over by an inadequately empowered judge, to which Mr. MORLEY has deputed the task of ascertaining—not which, and whether any, of the evicted tenants should be readmitted to their holdings, but—what measures should be adopted for their reinstatement. Nevertheless, it would be merely facilitating the consummation of a high-handed act of administrative wrong to ignore this packed tribunal altogether, and to allow even a foregone judgment to go, at least technically speaking, "by default." Something, if not much, will be gained by bringing clearly into view the fact that these humble servants of the humble servant of the Irish agitator have it in commission to reward a conspiracy of contract-breakers by putting them in possession of the object for which they conspired. The exposure may not awaken the public conscience in this country, but it will, at least, leave it without any excuse in the ignorance of the public mind.

DUMB STATESMANSHIP.

LORD ROSEBERY appears to have opened his mind to the fact that even the House of Lords has its uses. If he were not a peer he would not be Foreign Minister. He has not said this in so many words, but it is plainly implied in some sentences of his speech on Monday to the Master and the Elder Brethren of Trinity House—no longer, we may assume, at least when Lord ROSEBERY is addressing them, "the "old dull fellows" of PEPYS'S Diary. He declared it to be his honest opinion that "the best Foreign Secretary "is a dumb Foreign Secretary." We fear that this sentiment leans towards the wicked doctrine of secret diplomacy. However this may be, it appears, from Lord ROSEBERY'S description of it, that the House of Lords is an admirable place for a Minister to hold his tongue in. It has little to do, and as little to say, until August, owing to the dilatory proceedings of the House of Commons; and then it has no time to say or do anything. It is not a place where, girt by friends or foes, a man may say the thing he wills. But it is a place where, similarly surrounded, a man may not say the thing he does not want to say. A dumb Foreign Secretary would be an impossibility in the House of Commons. He would be on his legs in question-time every ten minutes. The most delicate investigations into details of foreign policy would be indelicately pursued. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who is supposed by himself and others to have been an Attaché in every Court of Europe, would revel in cross-examination. Even Mr. STORY, or Mr. COBB, if proverbial wisdom is as wise as it is proverbially reported to be, might put questions which Lord ROSEBERY would find it difficult to answer. Our Parliamentary system, which has been variously described as government by public meeting and government by debate, has become government by question. This latest phase in the development of our constitutional system is illustrated by the fact that the House, usually empty at all other times, is always full during question-time. A member who is incapable of putting two sentences together orally can hand any number of questions to the clerk at the table for insertion in the notice-paper. There are Ministers of the second order in the Cabinet as well as outside of it, who, not being allowed to take part in debate, can only make their existence apparent by answering questions, which they are believed themselves to suggest to confederates in the quest for notoriety on the Opposition benches or below the gangway on their own side of the House.

Not much harm beyond waste of time and the degradation of the character of the House of Commons to a point a little below the ordinary Vestry level comes from this practice as it is pursued now. The Home Secretary exists as a sort of lightning-conductor, to direct Parliamentary curiosity from graver and more embarrassing questions to the arbitrary conduct of Policeman X 999, in arresting Mr. TOBY CRATCHIT with a dark lantern and a jemmy at night in a suburban front garden, or to the outrageous sentence passed upon Mr. JOHN DAWKINS, who had been wronged by thirteen previous convictions, for a trifling theft. The Home Secretary, who in the unreformed Parliament, and in the first years of the reformed Parliament, was as often as not a peer, has during the last half-century always been a member of the House of Commons. In like manner, the Foreign Secretary, who previous to 1832 was as often a commoner as a peer, has since that time, with only one very conspicuous exception, been a member of the House of Lords. The Home Secretary is in the Commons for the better heckling of him. The Foreign Secretary is in the Lords that he may be beyond the reach of the PAUL PRYS of Parliament. Lord PALMERSTON carried the tradition of the pre-Reform era into the post-Reform period; he was a master of the art of baffling inquiry, and of answering questions so as to leave them unanswered. Lord JOHN RUSSELL was Foreign Secretary because it was necessary to humour him, as a child is humoured who "won't play" unless he is allowed to take the part he chooses in the game. Lord STANLEY'S brief tenure of the office, under his father's Premiership, was a family arrangement, which transferred the Foreign Office to 33 St. James's Square. With these exceptions, the Foreign Minister has since 1832, and indeed for some years previously, been invariably a peer. The accident of personal capacity or the toss-up of Ministerial combinations has had nothing to do with the arrangement. It has been adopted to remove the Foreign Minister from the danger of those explosive utterances from which Lord ROSEBERY thinks the only escape is in complete silence. To seek information from him is like striking a match in a mine saturated with gas, or exploring a gunpowder factory with a lighted candle. An Under-Secretary in the House of Commons damps everything safely down. The watery creature cannot explode. He reads the cut-and-dried answer which has been put into his hands, and, when further explanation is asked, he requests, with an air of statesmanlike reserve, that notice be given of that question. The House of Lords is in England, as indeed the Senate is in the United States, the indispensable condition of a foreign policy.

MR. BALFOUR ON BIMETALLISM.

MR. BALFOUR'S faith in bimetallism has been proclaimed on several occasions in recent years, but never previously with such fulness and clearness and conviction as in his address on Thursday at the Town Hall of Manchester. Both the scene and the audience were worthy of so serious and interesting a presentation of the views of bimetallists. The question of a double standard as against the single gold standard is no longer, as Mr. BALFOUR rightly urged, a question of purely academic interest. The question is one that is agitating commercial centres everywhere in the country, and is of extreme importance to the manufacturers of Lancashire. When Mr. BALFOUR asserted that the subject of bimetallism vitally affected the prosperity of the great industries of Lancashire, he was representing the opinion of the great body of manufacturers. Dealing, in the first place, with the scientific view of political economists, and the charge of economic heresy brought against bimetallists, Mr. BALFOUR proceeded to show that he did not quarrel with those who held the orthodox views on the subject through a very natural and possibly exaggerated respect for high economic authorities. He sympathized also with their profound respect for those who had devoted their time to a scientific analysis of the problem. But he also respected the facts of political economy, and argued that these were entirely favourable to his contention that a bimetallic standard is perfectly sound, practicable, and desirable. The objectors to bimetallism were wrong, he argued, in affirming that international agreement can determine the relative value of gold and silver. Facts and experience, Mr. BALFOUR declared, were contrary to this doctrine. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, in his address to the London Chamber of Commerce this week, spoke strongly on the other side. He held that at the present time the production of gold, as compared with the production of silver, was such that it would be impossible, even by international agreement, to maintain the par of exchange. But Sir JOHN LUBBOCK forgot, Mr. BALFOUR remarked, that for thirty years before the great gold discovery the ratio of production between the two metals was almost exactly what it is now. Yet there was not the slightest difficulty, Mr. BALFOUR observed, during those thirty years "even from the action of the "Latin Union" in maintaining the par of exchange at the point fixed by the Latin Union.

Thus, whatever objections there may be to bimetallism, Mr. BALFOUR is convinced that the impossibility of maintaining an exchange par between gold and silver is not one of them. The policy of the Latin Union, carried out for a long period of time, disproves this view. But if, as Mr. BALFOUR thinks, bimetallism is practicable, he appears to be yet more confident in his demonstration that it is desirable. He insisted, with great force, upon the evil of the progressive appreciation of gold, which, in some fifteen years, has amounted to over thirty per cent., and the end of which no man can foresee. Of all currency systems, that is the very worst which gives a standard that is steadily, indefinitely, continuously appreciating. Such is Mr. BALFOUR'S contention with regard to the gold standard. No one doubts that this appreciation of gold and the depreciation of silver are producing mischievous effects on commerce and on finance. There is a growing belief among the manufacturers that there is something in bimetallism—if not an absolute cure or restoration—which would improve matters all round. In these circumstances, with Mr. BALFOUR'S authority enlisted on the side of bimetallism, the time has arrived for the reconsideration of the whole question in the light of present emergencies and past experience.

RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

A CAUSTIC little book has just appeared in St. Petersburg which attempts with smart banter to damp the "cocksureness" of that advanced school in the Russian cavalry which prides itself on the innovations it has introduced, and claims credit as being alike wiser and more enterprising than its forefathers. It has been occasionally whispered that such a school (or shall we call it "a ring"?) exists even in these isles, and that it also cannot see any merit in "the brave days of old," any more than can the Russian sabreurs. But in Russia an old man eloquent has summoned up courage to set the youngsters in their places, and *An Old Man's Words to our Cavalry* may supply others besides his immediate audience with food for reflection. For it is not in their own country alone that some of the feats of the reformers have excited feelings of surprise and doubt. The importance which has been attached to fire effect amongst the squadrons of the Czar has been carried to such an excess of late that the Russian dragoons have been equipped with a bayonet, and bid fair to deteriorate into little more than mounted riflemen. Admirers of the *arme blanche*, who would nourish and encourage the dash and precision of movement of their squadrons as being the very foundations of cavalry efficiency, have in all countries viewed this innovation with suspicion, and have stoutly combated the tendencies which have not failed to spread encouraged by so salient an example as Russia has lately set. This matter of equipment and the employment of large masses of the arm to make an attack with musketry has, however, now effectually roused the admirers of true cavalry, and is regarded by them as the most dangerous form which the new mania for change has assumed; while there are other achievements by which the young officers in Russia have attempted to signalize themselves which have also caused the gorges of the older men to rise in wrath. The bright pages which now turn their powers of ridicule to support the seniors are based on an account of the manner in which soldiering was conducted in the cavalry in the days of the Emperor Nicholas; from which it is duly shown that many of the epoch-making feats and innovations of the most modern school in Russia had been performed equally well by their predecessors years ago, even if they had made less noise about their performances. Some of the most recent fads which have taken possession of men's minds on the Continent, and especially that one which just now so absorbs Russian officers—namely, the swimming of rivers by cavalry—have, it appears, all had their day formerly too, and their return now is but in the nature of a periodical recurrence whose disappearance must necessarily soon follow on its advent. The author girds especially at the professors who elaborate systems for the field, seated in comfortable chairs at green-covered tables in their studies, and the pedants who regard theory with more affection than practice. The blackboard and the lecturer come in for their share of ridicule in more places than in Russia, and the "bookish theoric" was held in contempt by one General Othello, ere ever a Cossack squadron was set in the field at all. If a man can learn his work in the school of active service, he need never think of quitting it for any other, and the knowledge he acquires there will be none of it superfluous or over-refined. But if you cannot see a thing actually done, or cannot try to do it yourself, the wisest plan, if you wish to know how to set about a new business, is to ask some one, who has achieved the difficulty, how he acted. The experience of these men is therefore stored in books, and he who will not avail himself of the help thus offered him is in the position of the puzzled wayfarer who does not know the road himself, and yet is in too great a hurry to read the signpost or inquire of a passer-by. The chaff which is levelled at the studious section of Russian soldiers is, therefore, sometimes a little undeserved, and is occasionally wide of the mark, and certain men who have done the State some service, both valuable and disinterested, are unjustly sneered at through the thin veil of disguise which shrouds their names. The scoffer calls loudly for good serviceable regiments and quick capable men to lead them on to victory. That, too, is all the professor in his lecture-room is asking for and endeavouring to obtain. A man is none the worse for some knowledge acquired by study over and above the advantages with which Nature, or perhaps the force of circumstances, has endowed him, and the man who prides himself on being practical usually shows that his practice consists in asking

advice from his better-informed comrade when anything outside the sphere of the ordinary routine has to be accomplished. In these days of alliances and arbitrations, how are the capable men to be unearthed if actual hostilities are to form the only genuine criterion? And in times of peace must not regiments and squadrons be trained according to the experiences which, in the absence of newer methods cropping up daily under fire, must hold the field? One must not, however, look for too severe logic from a critic who will amuse us, and a quarrel may be a very pretty one for the onlookers without their examining too nicely into the question as to which side is supported by justice. It will afford us a little passing amusement to note in the present one some bits of information that the scuffle has let loose, and the glimpse of how the Russian cavalry officer's day was passed in the good old days is worth taking advantage of. It would certainly appear at least that the apprentices were not idle at that epoch; and, leaving the question of their superiority or otherwise to modern horsemen altogether out of sight, it will be admitted that it was not through indolence that they did not attain perfection. An extract culled from a memoir of General Baron Offenberg II. tells us that just before the Hungarian campaign a Russian cavalry officer's day was thus filled up even in winter.

In these days of eight hours' labour, when every man is to do as he will, and there is to be glory in abundance without preliminary drudgery, it will appear enough to precipitate the mutiny of a whole army when we learn that all the officers and men had to appear as early as 6 o'clock A.M. to hear reveille sounded with many flourishes, and that, too, carefully attired as befitted the momentous occasion. This performance over, we presume our hero was allowed to go to breakfast, for it is difficult to see when he could otherwise have obtained any; but at 8 o'clock the dismounting of the guard took place, and that function, which was conducted with the most elaborate ceremonial every second day of the week, would have been incomplete without the presence of all who held a commission. Hardly had he got rid of the guard, however, when at 9 o'clock more pomp and circumstance demanded his presence, and church parade, a most imposing spectacle, was rehearsed with the minuteness of detail due to it. Church parade fitly prepared his mind for the solemn and stately slow march which all the officers had to practise, as though they had been recruits at the goose-step, from half-past 9 till 11 o'clock.

At the latter hour he was expected to present himself at the riding-school and take part for an hour in an officer's ride, and that exercise, it is to be noted, meant more then in Russia than it does at Hounslow or Aldershot to-day. At noon he found himself again on his feet, drilling with his squadron dismounted till 1 o'clock. The next hour was occupied by the close inspection of the squadron, and it was *de rigueur* that all its officers should then again be in their places. Even at 2 o'clock the dinner hour was by no means necessarily respected, although usually between that hour and four men were allowed to rest and eat. We read, however, that very often sword exercises had to be undertaken, or the squadron again drilled as if mounted, for the condition of the horses, if not of the men, was a matter of moment, and they were left at home. Their physical development having been thus cared for, attention was now directed to the intellectual side of the officer's training. At four o'clock a staff officer lectured on the theoretical aspects of the art military, or the regulations were studied and expatiated on at the regimental club. When mind and body had been thus improved, it will be supposed that tired nature was allowed to seek a well-earned rest. But another treat was yet in store for these model troopers, and at a quarter before nine they were again assembled at the main guard to hear "Retreat" sonorously proclaimed, and to take part in more ceremonials without which the day would not have been completely fulfilled. At Warsaw, where the Archduke Constantine Paulovitch was in command, the routine even in winter was still more severe. The great man was up at four in summer and at six in winter, and was always waiting on parade when the guard mounted at nine o'clock. The officers who found themselves under the command of this Spartan might be found bumping round the riding-school immediately after reveille, or perhaps as late as nine o'clock at night. It will require much steady conservatism to contend that such a system as this was the best that could have been devised for the manufacture of generals; and the older methods of horse management are scarcely, too, beyond the reach of criticism. "Fat horses" was the watchword in that golden prime, as even in these degenerate days it is with us. The less forage on which the due rotundity could be preserved the better, clearly, was it for both the pocket and the reputation of the commanding officer. Thus it came about the animals were kept still as much as possible, like fowls in a coop, and were only taken out to be moved gently up and down twice a week. The Emperor himself is said to have discovered and put a stop to such abuses by a simple experiment. In 1837, at one of his camps of exercise, he ordered an unexpected alarm to be given at daybreak, and summoned his regiments to assemble at the rendezvous with all possible speed for manœuvre. The spectacle presented by the drill-ground in a few moments was more realistic than gratifying. The expanse was strewn with horses blown with the unaccustomed exertion, and many never rose up again. One regiment of dragoons is said to have left a hundred chargers on the disastrous field. It is, then, apparent that, amongst what we have to learn from our fathers, the art of how not to do it is also to be found, and that the modern Russian officer is not without that telling retort on his critics which refutes them out of their own mouth. And it must be confessed that they are entitled to a counterstroke, for the shafts directed at the self-praised heroes of the pen are sharpened by a practised hand, and fly perilously straight.

THE COLOURS OF THE NINETY-FIRST.

THE scene on the Castle Esplanade at Edinburgh when the Princess Louise presented the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders with new colours was singularly striking and picturesque. The occasion was a memorable one. The colours that were about to be retired commemorated the passing away of the old order of things in the regiment's history, and the closing scene was carried out with fitting impressiveness and solemnity. As the Highlanders swung through the old gateway from the Castle, and were formed into line on the Esplanade, every one in the vast crowd of spectators must have felt with Burns that "a tide of Scottish prejudice had been poured along his veins." Many of the historical and romantic associations that gather round Edinburgh are connected with the Highland clans; and the Esplanade, with the old Lawnmarket stretching away from it, and the Castle rock towering above, seemed a natural background for a scene expressive of all that is most inspiring in the country's military history. The trooping of colours is at all times an imposing ceremony, but on this occasion there was a peculiar impressiveness about it. Round the new colours associations cannot gather with the same glow of loyal devotion which attends those old and tattered and weather-stained flags that have been borne through the thickest of the fight. At the best they can be but symbols and memorials of past devotion and heroism. The sentiment may remain, but the strong personal link must be broken. As the old colours were borne aloft, between the lines of the regiment to the pipes playing a quick march of "The Campbells are Coming," all the passion and fire of the Highland race seemed embodied in these faded rags. Then, as the wild strains of the pipes died away, the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and slowly, solemnly, for the last time the colours were carried past the regiment whose fortunes they had shared and whose endurance and devotion they symbolized. Men and officers stood like a regiment turned to stone; but among the crowd were many old soldiers who saluted as the colours were carried past to the most moving of all strains. Then they were furled, and after the new colours had been consecrated with fitting solemnity, and presented by the Princess Louise, they were borne away, cased, and brought up in the rear of the regiment, the new colours being borne in front to the strains of the National Anthem.

The decision that was made some years ago, that colours should no longer be taken into battle, was perhaps a wise one. It certainly was not arrived at without much consultation with those most capable of giving an opinion. But when the then Secretary for War announced in the House of Commons, on July 29, 1881, that, in consequence of the altered formation of attack, and the extended range of fire, the colours should not in future be taken with the battalion on active service, but be left at the dépôt, an era

in regimental life passed away which can never be revived. The names on the old colours of the 91st—Corunna, Orthes, Peninsula, Vimiera, South Africa, and others—are emblazoned on the new flags, and their memory will not die. But the old personal devotion, stronger than death, sacred as honour, must enter upon a new phase. The state of things described by Venn in his *Military Observations*, quoted by Grose, has passed away for ever:—"There is an antient president but fresh in memory, that in great defeats when armies have been overthrown, scattered, and dispersed. . . . . Even then the ensign-bearer, being wounded and desperate of all relief, hath stripped his ensign from the staff, and wrapped or folded it about his body, and so perished with it. This ensign cannot be said to be lost, because the honour thereof was carried with his freed soul to Heaven to the possession of the Eternal Fort for ever: Now, in this particular the enemy cannot boast of any triumph then purchased more than any sexton may do when he robs the dead of his winding-sheet." Such a *president* did Lieutenants Coghill and Melvill follow in their desperate attempt to save the colours after the battle of Isandhlwana. It may be well for a country to forbid such sacrifices; it must be better for the individual to have made them.

A chivalrous instance of deference to this sentiment for the colours is recorded of the British troops after the gallant defence of Pondicherry made by the French under M. Bellacombe. The first deed of the conquerors on entering the town was to restore their colours to the garrison. In the retreat from Moscow the French officers in many instances burnt their eagles and drank the ashes, and there are various examples of the English getting rid of their colours (in a less melodramatic, though equally effectual, way), and thus depriving the victorious enemy of their well-earned trophies of triumph. But these times are past. One noticeable feature in the colours, which also may be subjected to change before long, is the Union wreath. After the Act of Union, new colours, in which the shamrock was inwoven with the rose and the thistle, had to be presented to all the regiments in the service. If Mr. Gladstone passes his Home Rule Bill, will new colours have to be issued once more to the army of a dismembered nation?

MONEY MATTERS.

EXTREME Protectionism, with the immense expenditure upon the army, navy, and public works, are disorganizing French finance, and it looks as if France were once more entering upon an era of large deficits. Early this year M. Rouvier, the Finance Minister, laid before the Chambers the Budget for next year, 1893. He estimated the total expenditure at very nearly 134 millions sterling, showing an apparent increase of about $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling compared with 1891. But to a very great extent the increase was due to the wise policy adopted by M. Rouvier of introducing into the ordinary Budget all the extraordinary expenditure which hitherto has been carried to separate accounts, and to an augmentation by nearly a million sterling of the Sinking Fund. M. Rouvier proposed to find the additional revenue required by raising the duty upon spirits. An agitation, however, soon afterwards sprang up for a larger outlay upon the navy and upon education, and the Minister of Finance found it necessary to yield, and he asked for additional credits amounting to over a million and a quarter sterling. Since then the Budget has been under consideration by the Budget Committee, and it has made so many alterations that practically the Finance Minister's scheme is totally changed. The taxes on what are called "hygienic" drinks, including wine and cider, are to be reduced more than M. Rouvier proposed, while the Minister is refused the means of checking fraudulent distillation, and probably, therefore, he will not get from the increased spirit duties anything like as much revenue as he anticipated. Furthermore, the augmentation of the Sinking Fund is rejected, and as a consequence the introduction into the ordinary Budget of the whole of the extraordinary expenditure falls to the ground. The outcome of the whole is that there is to be a considerably larger expenditure than the Minister estimated, while many of the new taxes will not be granted. An arrangement, however, has been come to between the Minister and the Committee, according to which an apparent equilibrium is established. But this is done, as already said, by taking no account of a portion of the extraordinary expenditure which is to be defrayed as heretofore, by means of loans, while the Sinking Fund is not to be increased. There are short-dated bonds exceeding two millions sterling falling due next year, and the year following bonds amounting to about six millions sterling will fall due. Within two years, therefore, over eight millions sterling ought to be paid off by the Government, but no provision is made for doing so, and so they also will go to increase the floating debt. As the discussion of the Budget has not yet begun in the Chamber, it is, of course, impossible to foresee what its final form will be; but if the arrangement arrived at between the Minister and the Budget Committee is carried out, the probability at present is that, while there will be an apparent equilibrium, there will be a real deficit of over 3 millions sterling, and unless a complete change is made, the deficit will be considerably larger in 1894 and larger still in 1895. The Budget Committee reckons upon a better yield from the increased Customs duties than is at all likely. This year so far the new duties have not proved as productive as they were expected to be, and every reasonable probability is that they will continue to disappoint expectation in the future. But if the Customs duties are less productive than is expected, it is certain that the expenditure will continue to grow. It always does grow, and each year supplementary estimates have to be passed which, if done again, will swell the deficits. According to the report recently presented by M. Cochery, the total expenditure on the army and strategic railways since the war has amounted to the enormous sum of 18 milliards, or 720 millions sterling, and this does not include the outlay upon fortifications nor the indemnity to Germany. Yet there is no slackening in the military expenditure. There is an outcry in certain quarters that the navy has been too much neglected, that the ironclads are old, and that the cruisers are not fleet enough; hence over a million sterling has been voted this year to increase the navy, and there will probably be a large additional expenditure next year; while it is only too probable that the proposed increase in the German army will be followed by a further increase in the French military expenditure. Altogether, therefore, there is every probability of a very considerable growth in the expenditure next year; while neither the Minister nor the Budget Committee expects more than a mere equilibrium from the taxes now proposed, and the most competent impartial observers are convinced that, even without any addition to the proposed expenditure, the taxes will fall far short, and there will be a large deficit.

During the week ending on Wednesday night gold amounting very nearly to three-quarters of a million sterling was withdrawn from the Bank of England chiefly for Russia, on Thursday not far short of 400,000*l.* more was taken, and the withdrawals are likely to continue. Besides, gold, as usual, is now beginning to go to Scotland. Yet the discount rate in the open market is falling away. Unless the Bank of England takes measures to reduce the supply in the market, it is clear that so much gold will be withdrawn that the Bank will probably have to raise its rate to 4 per cent. before long, and quite possibly even to 5 per cent.

The price of silver has given way this week. On Wednesday it fell to $39\frac{1}{4}d.$ per oz., and on Thursday to $39\frac{1}{16}d.$ The market explanation is that on Wednesday the India Council's allotments were considered unsatisfactory. The real explanation, of course, is that the recent rise was manipulated. For the moment speculators are able to prevent a serious decline; but before long the United States Government in all probability will have to stop buying, and then there is sure to be a considerable fall.

The Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, proves the correctness of the view we have taken in this column of the recent rise in securities. The public is holding aloof, and the speculative account open for the rise has considerably increased; so much so that what are called "backwardations"—that is, fines exacted on non-delivery of stock—have nearly in all cases disappeared; while the rates charged for continuing transactions have risen. For instance, bankers lent freely to members of the Stock Exchange at $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and even at 2 per cent., and yet as much as 6 per cent. was charged for "carrying over" some Argentine Railway stocks. The public, it is clear, is not investing, and we hope that it will continue cautious. All the evidence goes to show that there is much political discontent in

Argentina. A little while ago Buenos Ayres was scared by a report that troops were marching upon the city. The report proved a false alarm; but that it was believed at all proves widespread uneasiness. Then came a revolt in one of the distant provinces. Probably it is an unimportant matter, but it is significant all the same. This week there was a report of another revolt in the province of Corrientes; that also appears false. But there can be little doubt, taking everything into consideration, that discontent is very general; and, if so, it is good reason for caution on the part of investors. Uruguay is certainly in as bad a state, and there is much uncertainty respecting Brazil. Even in the United States the prospect is by no means reassuring. If the Presidential election turns out satisfactory to the great operators, there may be a temporary revival of activity in the markets; but, while the silver crisis continues, it is impossible that the revival can last long. The silver crisis is also weighing upon all kinds of business in the Far East, and the crisis in Australasia is not yet at an end. Upon the Continent Portugal is bankrupt, Spain is very nearly so, the financial difficulties of Italy are most grave, and the condition of Russia is alarming. Wherever we look, therefore, there is cause for apprehension; and it is to be hoped that investors will not be misled by the over-sanguine predictions of interested operators.

The new Chilian loan was as great a success as was anticipated. On Wednesday the allotments were sent out, varying generally from a twenty-fifth to a thirtieth of the applications, from which it would seem to follow that the loan must have been covered about twenty-five times. The speed with which the allotments were made is very creditable to the great house that brought out the loan.

It is to be feared that the winter will be a hard one for a large proportion of the working classes. Employment is decreasing; already, before October is at an end, meetings of the unemployed are being held; wages are falling, and labour disputes are increasing in number. A strike in the cotton trade still seems imminent, although an attempt at arbitration is being made; and other strikes are only too likely. Employers everywhere say that the concessions made to the working classes during the past few years are excessive, that in most industries profits in consequence are too low, and that trade cannot revive until there is a very general reduction of wages.

The changes during the week are not very great in any department. Consols closed on Thursday at $96\frac{11}{16}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$, and Indian Sterling Threes closed at $96\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{8}$. In the Home Railway market the movements are almost all downwards. North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday at $155\frac{3}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as $1\frac{7}{8}$. Brighton "A" closed at $154\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at $104\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1. Caledonian Undivided closed at $117\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. Great Western closed at $164\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$; and North-Western closed at 172, also a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$. In the American market the changes are unimportant. Thus, to begin with the purely speculative shares which are unfit for investment, but which usually are the most active, Union Pacific closed on Thursday at $41\frac{3}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{8}$, and Atchison closed at $40\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$. Amongst dividend-paying stocks Louisville and Nashville closed at $71\frac{3}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. Illinois Central closed at 103, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and New York Central closed at $113\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Amongst silver securities Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at $65\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at $80\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; but Mexican National "A" bonds closed at 48, a rise of 2. Turning next to Argentine securities, the railway stocks have generally given way. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed on Thursday at 24-7, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 78-80, a fall of 1, and Central Argentine closed at 71, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, the Five per Cents of '86 closed at 70, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Funding loan closed at 67, also a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $73\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{4}$. Amongst Inter-Bourse securities, the principal changes are in German Three per Cents, which closed on Thursday at $84\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and Greek Monopoly, which closed at $58\frac{1}{4}$, also a fall of 1.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

At the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, Mr. Larkin has brought together some seventy paintings by Dutch or Flemish artists of the prolific seventeenth century, which altogether may be said to command the attention of those whose pleasure in art lies not in the thing represented, but in the quality of the representation. Those who regard pictures from this rational standpoint—who appreciate or buy works of art, not names—will find in Mr. Larkin's collection not a few examples of the art of little-known or obscure painters that are both interesting and attractive. Some of the pictures are rightly ascribed to the school of this master or of that, and it may be said without hesitation that they do no dishonour to the master indicated. Not that there are no "names" in the Gallery, names of high repute too—the fine Berghem, for example, from the Dudley collection (14), may be cited—but the peculiar interest of the exhibition is chiefly to be found in the works of painters who have suffered the ruins of time, or the injurious caprice of fashion, or have inherited unfulfilled renown, or at least have become obscure by unfulfilled promise. The subjects treated comprise almost the whole range comprehended by the Netherlands schools of painting of the period. There are landscapes, marines, Flemish interiors, conversation-pieces, cattle-pieces, candle-light effects, human portraiture, and the portraiture of still life. Excepting those who find no merit in lamp-light or candle-light studies if not attributed to Schalken, everybody to whom such finished dexterity appeals will be interested in the "Two Figures" (43), by some "Pictor ignotus," and so ascribed, and the admirable "Boy blowing Bubbles and Woman working by Lamp-light" (56), of the "school of Gerard Dou." By Quirin van Brekelenkam we have "A Lacemaker and Family" (25), and "A Man preparing a Salad" (26), both admirable studies of homely subjects, full of force and fidelity to nature. Less pleasing in colour, but inspired by the like spirit of truth, is the "Interior" (16) of Mathijs Wulfraat, a presentation of carousing boors that merits by its frank nature all Mr. Ruskin's strong objurgations with regard to the perverse choice of subject by your typical Dutch painter of interiors. Another excellent candle-light study is a piping boy, attributed to Franz van Mieris (51), which is noteworthy, not merely for the excellence of the special effect of light aimed at, but as a capital study of the absorbed musician. Still more typical of the best traditions of Dutch painting is the admirable "Interior" (59), by Michael Sweerts, whose group of four figures, drinking and conversing around the embers of a fire in a dusky chamber, is excellent for actuality and vigorous presentation. There should also be noted a little panel by Hendrik van Lint, an "Italian Landscape" (8), somewhat Claudian in style; the Both-like "Landscape" (57) of Jan Griffier; the "Cattle on the Banks of a River" (50), ascribed to Jakob van Strij; and a "Dance of Children" (15), by Hendrik van Balen, an attractive little canvas. By Jan van Looten we have a large "Landscape" (31), well representative of that artist's rather stagy treatment of nature, languid sense of colour, and decidedly artistic sentiment of composition. The work of better-known painters is represented by several small pictures of Van der Velde, by a "Horse Fair," by Wouverman (22), a "Skating Scene," by Van Goyen (9), a "Portrait of a Burgomaster" (2), by Terburg, and a small landscape of good quality, ascribed to Philip de Koning (23), and various examples of the Cuyp family, with Albert and B. G. Cuyp, of which the two landscapes by the former (36 and 37) appear to us less characteristic than the Cuyplike picture by Strij previously noted.

At Messrs. Arthur Tooth's winter exhibition in the Haymarket the pictures are both old and new, British and foreign, and form a truly miscellaneous collection. Of works so important in their different styles, yet so familiar, as Mr. Alma-Tadema's very characteristic painting, "The Sculptor's Gallery," Sir John Millais's "Lingering Autumn," and Rosa Bonheur's imposing group of lion, lioness, and cubs, "The Lion at Home," it is not necessary to say more than

that they are here to be seen to the greatest advantage, and are objects of chief attraction in the Gallery. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's study of "A Breton Peasant" (5) possesses a full measure of the qualities of that very individual artist. "The Winning Card" (6), by P. Joanowitch, a vivacious group of Montenegrin gamblers, is, we believe, now re-exhibited; or is it that this clever painter is given to the repetition of an effective subject, with but slight variation of costume and model? Then hard by is "The First Born" (4), a painting by Mr. Herkomer that must be well remembered by constant visitors to the Academy. With Mr. Walter Shaw's studies of ever-breaking waves (7 and 9) we are also well acquainted, and we note once more that Mr. Shaw's attempt to paint the receding water on the worn and fretted rocks is much overwrought, and results in nothing but a kind of whitewash. The landscapes of Mr. Leader, Mr. H. W. Davis, and of other English artists here shown, are by no means remarkable for excellence. Mr. Leader's largest canvas, "Evening on the Surrey Wolds" (34), is hard and unatmospheric in effect, the red sunset lights on the upper boughs of the fir-trees in the landscape being hideously raw, and obviously mere paint. Mr. D. Farquharson's "Seaton Marsh, Devon" (49) is, however, a capable study of extensive meadowland under the bright light of summer noon, and there is considerable subtlety in the rendering of the hazy sea-distance and the sky mottled with fine and fleecy cloudlets. M. Binet's "Tontainville, Normandy" (53) is a broadly-treated and entirely harmonious landscape, which is more than can be said of another landscape by M. Binet, "At Quillebœuf" (68). Of this it is possible to speak with appreciation of the quality of the parts—the sky, for example—and be acutely sensible of the imperfect accord of the whole. For the rest, we have a good example of Josef Israels, less lugubrious than is usual with this excellent artist; a "Winter Fishing, Bavaria" (24), by Münthe; a typical Bouguereau—"Distraction" (33), it is here entitled; and a little study by Jan van Beers, "A Coquette" (59), a head without personality, though a pretty exercise in colour.

MUSIC.

THE energy with which Signor Lago is carrying on his operatic season at the Olympic Theatre deserves to meet with success. During the past week he has produced Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Mme. Albani in her incomparable *rôle* of Elsa, and has added to his repertory two works which have all the attraction of novelty. On Saturday, and again on Thursday this week, *Lohengrin* was given, for the re-appearance of Mme. Albani. Great as the artist is in almost any part she undertakes, it is beyond dispute that her most illustrious achievements have been as Wagner's heroines, and among these there is, perhaps, none which affords her such excellent opportunities as Elsa; she is undoubtedly right in emphasizing as she does, and as no other singer does to the same extent, the gentle and winning side of the character. But it is happily quite unnecessary to discuss her reading in detail, since it is familiar to all operagoers; it must suffice to say that she made all her old success in the part, singing such portions as "Elsa's Dream," the solo in the second act, the exquisite duet with Ortrud, and the duet of the third act in consummately artistic style. The continued "indisposition" of Signor Vignas compelled the management to entrust the part of Lohengrin to Signor Zerni, who appeared last week in *La Favorita* with only partial success; strange to say, the singer was far more acceptable in the more arduous part, and even in the difficult final scene was more satisfactory than could have been foreseen. Mlle. Rita Elandi was an energetic Ortrud, though the quality of her voice is far from pleasing when she wishes to be dramatic; Signor Ancona was excellent as Frederick; and Mr. Charles Manners duly impressive as the King. The chorus was moderately efficient, and the least successful part of the performance was the playing of the orchestra; so many mistakes were made that it was evident either that the parts were extraordinarily incorrect, or that too little pains had been expended on rehearsals. Signor Arditi conducted.

The Italian version of Mozart's *Schauspieldirector*, which opened the performances on Tuesday evening, is—though not so stated in the programme—a modified edition of a rearrangement of the original work, first produced at the Vienna Opera House on August 28, 1858. Mozart's unpretending little *Singspiel*—written as a *pièce d'occasion* for a fête at Schönbrunn, in 1786—contains only five numbers; but Louis Schneider and Wilhelm Taubert, the author and composer responsible for the new version, added several songs from other works of Mozart, and set the whole to a new libretto. This pasticcio, in which Mozart and Schikaneder are introduced, working at the composition of *Die Zauberflöte*, has been justly censured by Jahn and other of Mozart's biographers, chiefly on the ground that it represents the composer as a vulgar debauchee, neglectful of his wife, and ready to make love to the artists who sing in his own operas. This element has been excised from the Italian version, and, though the book as it stands is not particularly strong, it serves its purpose well enough for the introduction of some charming music, the hand of the adapters being never very prominent. Of the original score, the Trio for two soprani and tenor, "Ich bin die erste Sängerin," is by far the best number. It is a genuine piece of comedy, and is worthy of the composer of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The principal soprano part was originally written for Mozart's sister-in-law, Mme. Lange, whose voice had a compass of three octaves; in Schneider's version she is one of the characters brought on the stage, though her part is not so important as that of Mlle. Herz. The latter was extremely well sung by Mlle. Elena Leila, who has a high soprano voice of rather unequal quality. Her singing of scales and *fioriture* is excellent, and in light soprano parts she should prove a most useful artist. The remaining characters were filled by Mlle. M. Marra, Messrs. Temple, Wareham, and Tate. As the Impresario Mr. Temple acted and sang with real comic talent, though, like the other male members of the cast, his very English pronunciation of the Italian words was conspicuous throughout the performance. On the whole, the little work is one which can be witnessed with thorough enjoyment. It is carefully played and sung; and, though it cannot claim to rank with Mozart's greater compositions, it is a clever and skilful arrangement, and serves to present much charming music in an agreeable way.

Of *Cædmar*, a romantic opera in one act, which followed *L'Impresario*, it is not possible to speak so favourably. The composer, Mr. Granville Bantock, was until recently a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and some of his works have been from time to time performed at the concerts of that institution. Mr. Bantock has fallen strongly under the influence of Wagner, and from the Bayreuth master's *Walküre* and *Tristan* he has sought inspiration in setting *Cædmar*. It is inevitable that a genius such as that of Wagner should influence the style of the music of our younger composers, and in some instances the result has not been altogether bad. But in Mr. Bantock's case it is to be feared that his admiration for Wagner is likely to lead him into wrong paths; *Cædmar* is incoherent, disconnected, and unvocal; the power of expressing passion, the dramatic intensity and masterly orchestration which are Wagner's great characteristics, are apparently beyond Mr. Bantock's reach. The work shows earnestness of purpose and some feeling for effect; its performance will probably be of use to the composer, if he has the wisdom to learn from it how to avoid in future the defects which render it unsatisfactory. The performance was adequate, if not particularly striking. Mme. Duma, who enacted the part of the heroine—an injured wife who seeks the protection of a knight-errant, and is killed in the combat which ensues between the latter and her husband—sang the rather ungrateful music carefully and with expression. Her voice is good, and her acting is graceful and intelligent. Mr. C. Harding was the hero, and the part of the husband, Andred, was taken by Mr. Isidore Marcil.

The only concert of the past week which demands notice is the first Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, which took place on Monday. The programme contained nothing novel, but interest was imparted to it by the reappearance of Miss Liza Lehmann, who has not sung in public for more than a twelvemonth. Miss Lehmann is so charming and refined a singer that her return was certain to provoke enthusiasm among Mr. Chappell's patrons, and she was accordingly greeted with prolonged applause before and after each of her songs. Besides Thomé's "Les Perles d'Or," she introduced the beautiful serenade from Grétry's "Amant Jaloux"—a song which loses in effect when sung by a soprano instead of a tenor—and gave for an encore Bishop's "By the simplicity of Venus' doves." Miss

Lehmann was in excellent voice, and sang with all her usual finish and charm. It is a pity, however, that she introduces so many alterations in the songs she selects; both Grétry's and Bishop's songs were much tampered with on this occasion. The quartet at Monday's Concert was led by Señor Arbos, Mr. Whitehouse taking the violoncello part. The pianist was Mlle. Szumowska, who gave a rather uninteresting performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" sonata, besides playing Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor as an encore.

THE THEATRES.

THE two plays which have been given since the theatres were last discussed represent the opposite poles of the drama, for they consist of an early seventeenth-century tragedy and a late nineteenth-century farce. The tragedy is John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, acted under the auspices of the Independent Theatre Association at the Opera Comique, and it is only fitting that the old writer should be considered first. Tragedy, we venture to say, should appeal to the sensibilities of spectators by other means than those which Webster employed. When Hamlet rends his mother's heart, it is by words alone; Juliet's imagination conjures up a vision, the description of which thrills the hearer; Macbeth is most terrible when he stealthily creeps off to murder King Duncan. Webster melodramatizes and almost burlesques his theme by the introduction of physical terrors—a dead man's hand, waxen effigies to resemble corpses, shrieking madmen, coffins, executioners, a rope with which the wretched Duchess is told she is to be strangled, gibbering witches, and the rest. It certainly seems to us that the old dramatist falls into those very errors which Charles Lamb lays to the charge of "writers of an inferior genius," of whom he speaks as contrasts to the author of *The Duchess of Malfi*. Of such writers Lamb says that "they 'terrify babies with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum." That, however, is precisely what we think of Webster's affrightments in the fourth act of this work, in which the Duchess is assassinated after hideous attempts have been made by her brother to shake her reason.

That Webster conducts the play with no little skill must, however, be admitted. The action moves steadily forward in a manner which shows that he fully apprehended the art of construction, about which we hear so much in the present day. Though Webster was one of a tolerably numerous body of dramatists, we are inclined to doubt—though this must be the sheerest speculation—whether they argued about dramatic construction in his time, which seems to show that the true principles commend themselves to writers who have an aptitude for stagecraft, and have carefully studied the theatre, as, from what is known of Webster's writings, we perceive that he did. "I have ever truly cherished," this literary clerk of St. Andrew, Holborn, and member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, wrote, "my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson; the no-less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Decker, and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in mine own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial:

'——Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.'"

Webster's philosophy is chiefly put into the mouth of Bosola, whose character is so complex as to be incomprehensible; for he takes part in the most atrocious deeds, and at the same time talks much morality. Mr. Murray Carson spoke Bosola's lines with good enunciation, but did not succeed in conveying to the hearer what manner of man he understood Bosola to have been. Miss Mary Rorke essayed the part of the Duchess, whose exponent, however, imperatively needs qualities which the actress could not reasonably have been expected to display.

The farce referred to is *The Guardsman*, written by Messrs. G. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh for the Court Theatre. To trace the source of such a piece as this is a needless task. It is not original in motive or treatment; but it amuses, and that is almost everything. The fable suffices; the principal players are well provided with characters, and understand how to make the most of them; the dialogue, if lacking in gems of wit or humour, is set out with effective imitations of rather superior paste, which sparkle brightly enough at the moment though they do not bear examination. Mr. Arthur Cecil provides a highly entertaining sketch of a retired judge of the Divorce Court, who, in order to prevent his nephew, Captain Sir Eustace Bramston, from marrying, enters into a conspiracy to send anonymous letters denouncing his character—he is a Guardsman—to the girl of his choice. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, a remarkably skilful representative of certain phases of snobbery, depicts with complete success an ambitious young pickle manufacturer with social aspirations. The Guardsman's aunt, Lady Jones, who seeks to bring about the marriage which his uncle, the judge, opposes, enables Miss Caroline Hill, long absent from the London stage, to show that her capacity has matured in her absence. Miss Ellaline Terriss was agreeably employed as a winsome American girl, destined to marry the Guardsman; and Miss Agnes Thomas rendered diverting the part of a girl who may be described as a professional plaintiff in breach of promise cases.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON AND THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

THERE is a peculiar fitness in the gift by Mr. Clifford Harrison of the proceeds of his Tennyson Memorial Recital at St. James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon, to the Gordon Boys' Home, itself a noble memorial of a noble man for whom Tennyson himself wrote an enduring epitaph. A further fitness lies in the selection of the reciter, whose accomplishments give him a peculiar claim to interpret a poet, whose fire and whose polish he equally appreciates. The programme was widely representative of Tennyson's work, although neither "The Charge of the Light Brigade" nor any part of *In Memoriam* held place there. Mr. Harrison's perfect elocutionary style had flexibility enough to enable him to run the whole gamut with ease. Starting with the sturdy periods of "The Revenge," his delicate and almost song-like rendering of "The Brook," with its silvery cadences and the subtle music of its alliterations, formed an admirable link with the dreamy languors and not less melodious alliterations of "The Lotos Eaters"; the solemn grandeur and mournful tenderness of the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington making an impressive finish to the first part. Masculine vigour and fine elocutionary discrimination marked his delivery of "Locksley Hall," in which the accident of a cold first made itself prominent, luckily without perceptible diminution of the efficiency of the reciter, who then gave dainty expression to the dainty humour and quaint rhymes of "Amphion." Then, with subdued tenderness and pathos, he rendered the beautiful song, "Tears, Idle Tears," the transition from which to the sad significance that now attaches to "Crossing the Bar" was natural enough. The reciter's reverent treatment of this visibly affected an audience inclined to hold the poet in affectionate remembrance. The Memorial Service—for we may almost call it one—finished with a stirring declamation of "The Siege of Lucknow." We find it difficult to write of this recital without fear of falling into extravagance. Mr. Harrison's efforts were clearly a labour of love, as they may well have been when we remember the reciter's own qualifications, the exquisite character of the work he was interpreting, the double object of the recital, and the reflected inspiration he must have received from his audience. The word exquisite is one we prefer to reserve as the reward of the highest merit only. To apply it otherwise is to debase it; but in this case Mr. Harrison's work has earned, and should be allowed to enjoy, the epithet. Not the least satisfactory part of the afternoon's entertainment is to be found in the benefit which will accrue to so admirable an institution as the Gordon Boys' Home.

REVIEWS.

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE MAHDI'S CAMP.*

MAJOR WINGATE'S recension of Father Ohrwalder's account of his ten years' captivity, first in the Mahdi's Camp, and then at Omdurman under the Mahdi himself and the Khalifa Abdullah, is a book of very unusual and manifold interest and value. In the first place, it is an interesting book to read; in the second, it is an historical document of the first importance; and in the third, it has an extraordinary appositeness at the present moment. The second count may be dismissed first. Although in Major Wingate's own *Mahdism and the Egyptian Soudan* we had a digest of all the known evidence sifted and arranged by an authority of the first competence, no single witness upon whom Major Wingate was able to draw (save in reference to the actual fall of Khartoum) was as trustworthy as Father Ohrwalder, while none whatever had had so long an experience. This book confirms the other, the few discrepancies or corrections being rather instances of Major Wingate's general accuracy than not. Thus Father Ohrwalder does not believe the romantic story in virtue of which the Mahdi was supposed to have fallen directly by the vengeance of one of his victims, a woman whom he had carried off from her husband. The Father thinks that the connexion of cause and effect between the license the Prophet allowed himself and his end was less dramatic and immediate, though not less certain. In reference to the famous wonder-working Sheikh Abu Gemaizeh, who but two or three years ago was beating the Mahdi's Emirs and creating new *Arabian Nights* in the heart of the Soudan, Father Ohrwalder does not give the story of the fairy tent which rose and rationed whole armies. But the Sheikh, it seems, in the stories he heard, could miraculously increase food so that one plateful would feed hundreds of people. Some witnesses had seen him cause rivers of milk to run from his finger-tips; and he could make a palm-tree rise out of barren ground, and in an hour be covered with fruit. Who would have thought that the old mango trick had so many rations in it?

As for the writing, Major Wingate assures us (and the assurance, though unnecessary, is valuable) that he has only edited the Father's unsophisticated German into something like literary English, leaving his expressions of opinion exactly as they were. The story thus told lacks art, though not to any disagreeable degree; but the absence of art is more than made up by the presence of matter. When the war broke out Father Ohrwalder had not long arrived at one of the Austrian mission stations in Kordofan, served, it would seem, partly by German partly by Italian monks and sisters. They were at a country place in the hills among the Nubas, and for a time there seemed to be some chance of the rebellion proving not more dangerous than many others which had been seen in that country, the last, of course, being the outbreak of Suleiman ibn Zebeir, put down by Gessi in fashion gallant enough, but (it may be shrewdly suspected by those who have compared documents) only too likely to have drawn on the more serious affair. Of the siege and capture of El Obeid and the fatal battle of Kashgil, especially the former, whereof he saw much, Father Ohrwalder gives a good account; fully confirming, in reference to the battle, the personal gallantry of Hicks and the utter hopelessness of his chances. The fact seems simply to be that "the Turks" (*i.e.* any representative of the Egyptian rule) were so utterly hated that even the very men whom Hicks was leading to certain death allowed him and themselves to be misguided and led into the trap. Father Ohrwalder gives plenty of details both at this time and later of the horrible bloodthirstiness which marked the Danagla-Baggara conquest, especially on the part of the Baggara. Both by inclination and in his character of representative of the Prophet, the Mahdi seems himself to have been tolerably mild. But winking at excesses of one kind, while he at first sternly punished those of another, was one of his means of getting up the full fanaticism of the Jehad; and no wars on record seem to have been more ruthlessly savage than these, from the first Mahdist successes in Kordofan to the capture of Khartoum. Father Ohrwalder, however, is by no means harsh, even to enemies, and decidedly generous to friends. He eulogizes his unlucky countryman Slatin heartily; but his own account shows that the ill-timed and not clearly necessary armistice which Slatin, while still holding ground in Darfur, made with the Mahdi, allowed the latter to dispose of Hicks unhindered. On the other hand, while full of admiration for Gordon's heroism, the Father represents the Pasha's conduct when he first returned to Khartoum as a mistake and the subject of surprise to everybody. Had he brought the smallest force of Englishmen with him, thinks the Father, there would have been no difficulty at all; but, as it was, his presence was not of itself dreaded, and was resented as being representative of the hated "Turks." Of later and still more tragic events Father Ohrwalder speaks as all the most competent judges here and elsewhere have always spoken. So great was the dismay caused by the failure of the hitherto unvanquished "companions" to check the British advance at Abu Klea that, if a single red coat had reached Khartoum before its fall, he holds that the place would certainly have been saved; and his attitude towards our delay at Metemneh is one of mournful amazement. And he does not seem to disapprove the retreat of the small advanced guard when they found the town actually lost. He even gives us the cold comfort of saying that "the bravery of the English advance with so small a force is still a source of wonder to the Soudanese." But alas! this Khartoum matter must always be the subject for little but gnashing of teeth to Englishmen themselves.

Less exciting, but decidedly important, are the Father's accounts of the subsequent events under the Mahdi and the Khalifa, when what may be called a settled government was established at Omdurman. He himself as well as his companions the Sisters were, after the first risks of the sack and massacre were over, not so much positively ill-treated as neglected in one way and narrowly watched on the other. Although the Mahdi himself professed to respect them as ministers of the Christian religion, he paid very little attention to their welfare, and during the greater part of the time Father Ohrwalder had to support himself and his friends by divers ingenious devices, such as manufacturing a rough ribbon loom, almost at guesswork, and working ribbons on it, by help of an unravelled pattern, for sale—work hard as well as difficult, which was made harder by exhausting illness of a chronic kind. Meanwhile the Government, if so it may be called, was of the purest Eastern type. The Mahdi succeeded in constantly increasing his own personal luxury, while at the same time maintaining, and even exalting, his reputation as a saint, and his kinsmen and special followers, the Jaalin and Danagla (Dongolese) flourished. But when he was dead, the Khalifa Abdullah transferred most of the power from these, and other comparatively civilized tribes called collectively the Aulad-belad, to his own countrymen, the wild Baggara. Yet at the same time the power of the other Khalifas—for there were originally four—remained in a very curious kind of way, and to a certain extent checked the tyranny, or, as some would perhaps say, multiplied it.

After this painful life had gone on for years, the unresting efforts which the friends of the mission at Cairo were making at last succeeded. Partly through the agency of Major Wingate himself, a trusty agent was secured, camels were bought at Khartoum, the Father and two Sisters, with a black slave girl, stole out of Omdurman by night, and after a headlong and exhausting ride of five hundred miles across the desert, reached the Egyptian outposts, and were free.

And now let us hear the morality of this comedy—or, rather, tragedy. We can give it in Father Ohrwalder's own words. Of the tyranny, the lawlessness, and so forth, of the Khalifa's rule there is no need to say much. But what is its effect on the wide region which, not a dozen years ago, was at least in a fair way of civilization without being too civilized, and which simply required a strong and honest hand at the helm? It consists of two parts—the capital, so to call it, and the country. The former is simply a camp. To bear arms is an absolute necessity. Whosoever does not is flogged. From time to time expeditions leave Omdurman to attack Egypt or Abyssinia, to put down insurrection, to collect tribute; but this is the sole "scheme of government." As for the country, hear Father Ohrwalder:—"Mahdism is founded on plunder and violence, and by plunder and violence it is carried on. In some districts half the people are dead; in others the loss of life is still greater. Whole tribes have been completely blotted out, and in their places roam the wild beasts, spreading and increasing in number and fierceness till they bid fair to finish the destruction of the human race; for they enter huts, and women and children are no longer safe." To this it is a sort of anti-climax, but necessary to add, that under the Khalifa the Soudan is practically blocked to trade, that its products are lost to Europe, and its markets shut; while the increasing unpopularity of the Khalifa and the dissensions between the Baggara and their rivals seem likely either to give rise to even more internecine wars, or else to let in some outsider. In other words, the Soudan pear is ripe, and we—we who are responsible, by our folly first and then by our irresolution and sluggishness, for its ripeness, must either

* *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, from the MSS. of Father Joseph Ohrwalder.* By Major F. R. Wingate. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

gather it ourselves, let others carry it off, or allow it to rot hideously.

But this is not all. What the Soudan is now Uganda will be shortly, unless the fatal policy of evacuation by England is counter-ordered. Major Wingate, very opportunely, has printed maps showing the whole connexion of the Nile district with that of the lakes and the distribution of those forts by which Captain Lugard, dexterously enlisting the old troops of Emin, has held the country. Abandon these and the factions—call them Catholic-Protestant, Wafranca-Wangreze, or whatever anybody chooses—must burst out with the certain result of a Mahommedan reaction and tyranny. The resources of that remarkable religion for conquest and destruction are, as Mahdism itself shows, as lively as ever, though as ever they seem equally impossible of conversion to pacific and constructive purposes. The situation and strength of the kingdom which M'tesa made so powerful have hitherto sufficed to keep it steady; but Mwanga is evidently incompetent, and it wants stronger hands to guide it. Grant (which seems to be the *ultima ratio* of those who would evacuate) that our abstaining does not necessarily mean some other European Power intruding. It is a large grant, but grant it. The result must then be the handing over of this "Middle Kingdom," as it may be called, to the same state of anarchic terror which Father Ohrwalder depicts in the Soudan. It is not even certain, though it is probable, that the Mahdist movement proper has not energy enough left to extend itself so far. But there is plenty of local talent available, and if there were not, there are the Manyuema and bastard Arab slave-raiders, who have long been creeping up towards the Albert and Albert Edward Nyanzas, and who are too strong for any native force, unless unusually well led. The question, therefore, for any Englishman who lays down this book is not merely, "Shall the Soudan be allowed to be what it is?" but "Shall Uganda be allowed, by sheer cowardice and meanness, to become what the Soudan is?"

NOVELS.*

IN *Children of the Ghetto* the author has been at much pains to collect and place before us illustrations of the manners and customs of the Hebrews who dwell in our midst; but, except possibly for students interested in Judaism, he has hardly succeeded in doing so in a way attractive to the average novel-reader. The story, such as it is, is of the slenderest construction and lacks continuity. In fact, the book is rather a collection of many small stories more or less connected with each other, and the characters do not seem to have been drawn with a view to interesting the reader in their various vicissitudes, but merely as pegs whereon to hang long arguments *pro* and *con* New Judaism. We mingle with the Jews of the East End, "the Ghetto," and with those of the West, and, so far as religious observances go, the former, according to Mr. Zangwill, certainly appear to be the more strict and consistent; but this very consistency and strictness seems to be the target at which is launched this three-volume projectile. At the same time the author by no means spares those fashionable Hebrews who live in large houses at the West End, modify their names so that by the multitude they are not at once identified as being of the tribe of Israel, and generally differ as widely as the poles from the denizens of the Ghetto. The observance of the actual letter of the law as practised by the strict is attacked by those born and brought up in that school. There is a revolution against the thraldom imposed by detail observance, not of the spirit, but of the letter. It is not for us here to consider the rights and wrongs of the Hebrew religion, we are merely discussing what is commonly known as "a three-volume novel"; but it does occur to us that if, as stated in the book, a young man jokingly at a convivial party of intimate friends puts a ring on to a girl's finger and repeats words which are used at the marriage ceremony—all the party enjoying the harmless little joke—it does occur to us that it is rather hard for these two young people to find that they really are husband and wife, and that a divorce is necessary to enable them to become respectively the husband and wife of the woman and man they wish to marry. Such is one incident related; and in the girl's case it was specially unfortunate, because she was engaged with her father's approval; but it came out that the object of her affections was one of the "Cohenim," who cannot marry a divorced woman. So a marriage in joke necessitated the carrying on of the joke in the shape of a divorce of the unfortunate jokers, which in its turn resulted in the wrecking of the life of one of them; thus carrying a joke a little far. The sketch of life in the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane is graphic, and at times not unamusing; but everlasting arguments of the most hair-splitting description, in which the Yiddish language plays a prominent part, are after a time apt to pall on the man who seeks to rest his brain by novel-reading. The characters are many and various, including a strict Rabbi, an ever-prayerful and praying Jew, who is always out of work, and thinks his children can keep their mortal bodies alive on prayer alone; an hysterical poet and Socialist, an educated Harrow and Oxford young man, and women of sorts, the chief feature of one of whom is that she is always bewailing the fact that she was "born with ill-matched legs. One is a thick one and one is a thin one. And so one goes about." The heroine, Esther Ansell, begins life in a garret in the Ghetto, develops into a scholar, is adopted by a West-End Jewish *grande dame*, falls in love with the enthusiastic Harrow and Oxford young man, and leaves us by going to America, where apparently there is a good opening for New Judaism. We hope she eventually came back to marry the Harrow and Oxford young man. She under a *nom de guerre* wrote a novel, not altogether appreciated by the West-End Jewish community, which provoked much discussion. It is more than probable that *Children of the Ghetto* will do the same. There is in the book too much argument and Yiddish—which latter is trying to those who have not graduated in it—and some flippancy. For instance, we are not accustomed to hear Jonah described as "prophet and whale explorer." It may be accurate, but it is flippant. The book is to be read, though we think that it will be read more by Jew than Gentile.

Very much of the traditional type of novel suitable for young ladies is *Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters*. The story is spun out, and the high-principled personages to whom we are introduced do not engage our sympathy, though many of them have troubles enough and to spare. An atmosphere of heaviness pervades throughout which is calculated to have a depressing effect. There is no comic element, and but feeble comedy to relieve the seriousness. We thirsted for the advent of "the villain," but he never came; and a thoroughly unprincipled scoundrel, male or female, would have been most welcome. No doubt this kind of novel commends itself to a certain class of readers, but there is no novelty of incident or situation of any kind which would be likely to create an excitement in the novel-reading world. In short, it is the sort of respectable commonplace "three volume" which we all know; quite harmless—so harmless, in fact, as to be almost food for babes.

A great contrast to *Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters* is "*Whittier*." A story of a girl of strong character, written in a sympathetic style. The plot is no great novelty—not conspicuously original—but it is well and touchingly worked out, with an absence of mawkishness which might easily have crept in. Virginia Whitworth, an orphan, daughter of a father estranged from his father, is at school, though she is one-and-twenty, when her grandfather sends for her to live with him. He is old, strong of purpose, obstinate, almost a recluse, and with habits confirmed as those of an old bachelor. He is a man of property, and of whims and cranks. He causes the son of his bailiff, one Roberts, to be educated as a doctor, and these two worthies, who develop into the villains of the plot, turn the old man completely round their fingers. The girl, large-hearted, full of the memory of her dead father, comes to the home of his boyhood, eager to take the place he once held in the affection of his father. She puts up with rebuffs, unkindness, and harshness from him, and intolerable impertinence and arrogance from "Dr." Roberts, who assumes the rôle of master of the property, and by degrees she begins to soften her grandfather's heart. He does not, however, entirely accept her as his son's child until one day she brings him a written proposal of marriage from the Doctor. This presumption is too much even for him. He tears up the will, in which he had left his property to the Doctor, and is reconciled to Virginia. Then comes the turning incident of the story. He is found murdered in his room. Circumstances, carefully manipulated by the Doctor, point to Virginia as the murderess. She is tried, and, though not found guilty by the jury, that greater irresponsible jury which nowadays, thanks in a measure to irresponsible scribblers in penny papers, has a way of giving a verdict without hearing or seeing witnesses, does not believe in her innocence. She therefore effaces herself, and as Mary Graham starts the world afresh—a schoolmistress in a village Roman Catholic school in the north country. Then come her difficulties. The constant struggle to remember that she is only a schoolmistress when brought in contact with those either of high or low degree, the ever-present fear of identification as

* *Children of the Ghetto.* By I. Zangwill. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

"*Whittier?*" By M. E. Francis. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

Under Pressure. By the Marchesa Theodoli. 2 vols. London Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Virginia Whitworth, the episodes of love which must find place in a novel are well described, almost as if by the hand of a woman; and the heroine secures our sympathy throughout her troublous life. Of course Dr. Roberts makes himself objectionable again, and of course Mary Graham finds a champion; but we refrain from further description, as it is better for novel-readers to read the book for themselves. The plot is well handled, and, notwithstanding improbabilities (what is a novel without them?), the story never loses interest. The incidental descriptions are good, and the subsidiary characters well drawn. The "bedgowns and petticoats" of the women, and the dialect, tell us that Lancashire is the scene of the latter part of the story; but we could have wished that the farmer Jonathan had warned his little daughter not to go near "th' delf," instead of "th' quarry," a word one seldom, if ever, hears from such as he in Lancashire.

In the dedication of *Under Pressure* the author states that this is her first attempt to describe some of the customs, prejudices, and virtues still subsisting in a portion of Roman society. Well, yes—no doubt about its being a first attempt. Let us hope that the second may be more successful. It would seem that the prejudices belong to the "Blacks," or Clerical party, the virtues to the "Whites," or Liberal party, and, possibly, the customs to both. We are told of a Prince and Princess Astalli, who are the happy parents of children with whom we are not concerned, except the twin daughters Bianca and Lavinia, the one religious and anxious to become a Sister of Mercy, and the other more inclined to mundane affairs. Bianca was sent into a convent merely because she was the less well-favoured of the two; the latter was destined to be permitted to have a husband. Bianca, however, when gossiping rumours that she was sent to the convent against her will reached her mother's ears, was brought home. The Princess feared a scandal, resenting the possibility of official inquiries being made into the doings of so aristocratic a family as hers, and this unfortunate young religieuse is made the recipient of all her more worldly sister's confidences respecting her love troubles. Considering the youth of these two young women, and the extraordinary exclusiveness and strictness of their bringing up, they seem somehow to have acquired a considerable knowledge of the ways of this wicked world. The aristocratic "Black" Prince and Princess, curiously enough, arrange for Lavinia to be married to the son of a very "White" Marchese, who was a leading spirit in the revolutionary party, and had experienced all the excitements and adventures dear to the heart of an Italian "patriot." This son Uberto was, of course, a Liberal of Liberals, with terribly shocking views on things in general; but he fell in love with Lavinia, and in due course the match was made by their respective parents, the girl being one day told by her mother that she was to have her hair pinned on the top of her head, and wear the white dress made for a special audience of the Pope, dine at her father's table instead of going to bed, and that her future husband would be at dinner! Who he was Lavinia did not know, nor did she ask. The Radical Marquis foolishly dies suddenly, and his so doing was the more foolish because he had not satisfactorily arranged his worldly affairs, at least so far as Uberto was concerned; for all the fabulous wealth of the deceased nobleman went to a son by a former marriage, and poor Uberto was penniless. This, of course, was quite sufficient for the Prince and Princess to break off the match, and equally, of course, the high-minded young man declined to give up the young woman, and she said ditto. What with one daughter's love affairs and the other's religious aspirations, the haughty Princess had rather a bad time of it; and in the end her strong-minded daughter rebelled and vanquished her—horse, foot, and artillery. The language at times is a trifle highflown. For instance, in the course of a wordy description of a February morning, we read about "The unfrozen dewdrops glittered in the clear sunshine like precious jewels dropped from the divine fingers of some reckless goddess waylaid on her hasty departure from the river-bank before the dawn could appear and spy upon her doings." This reckless goddess had evidently been making a night of it somewhere, and forgot to take off her rings when she had a morning dip to dispel the effects of the night's carouse. Again, once when the Princess sent Lavinia with a message to Uberto, who had just left the room, the young people took the opportunity to give each other a kiss. There's nothing very novel or extraordinary in that, one would have thought; but it takes a whole page to describe that kiss. No wonder "Uberto never afterwards was able to remember how he found his way home that evening." Possibly the book tells us something of the prejudices and virtues referred to in the dedication; but the picture is not well framed.

ENGLISH DEER-PARKS.*

IT is five-and-twenty years since the late Mr. Evelyn Shirley's *Account of English Deer-Parks* was published, and it is scarcely surprising that certain statements, chiefly of a statistical nature, in that valuable work should now require some amendment or correction. Errors and omissions in such works are almost unavoidable. Mr. Joseph Whitaker himself admits, in the introduction to his book, that there may be certain deer-parks that have escaped his notice. And it may not be entirely due to neglect or carelessness on Mr. Shirley's part, though it is undoubtedly a proof of industrious research in Mr. Whitaker, that the latter writer has been able to record more than fifty deer-parks not mentioned by the former. Deer-parks, as Mr. Whitaker's interesting compilation shows, have greatly increased in England since 1867, and it is possible that the volume before us may lead to some further increase, by inducing owners of parks now deer-less to stock their enclosed land with fallow or other deer. When Mr. Shirley's "Account" was written, red-deer were kept in thirty-one parks. Now they are found in eighty-six. In some few parks they are kept alone, as at Blenheim and Bolton Abbey. In a much larger number of parks they are kept with fallow-deer, and in a yet larger number fallow-deer alone are kept, not invariably, it would seem, in the smaller parks. Mr. Whitaker's aim differs considerably from the plan of Mr. Shirley's book. He does not attempt to deal with historical facts, or with topography, or with the whole art of deer-keeping; but he restricts himself to the correction of "Shirley's statistics concerning acreage (often very inaccurate), and to the addition of such particulars concerning the timber, walls, and fencing as are omitted in the work referred to." He has compiled, in fact, a descriptive list, a kind of *catalogue raisonné*, of English deer-parks and paddocks, and he has collected much information concerning the various matters of inquiry he had addressed to owners throughout the country. The points of inquiry relate to the acreage; number of fallow- or of red-deer; average weight of bucks and does; nature of the water-supply and fencing; particulars of other interesting animals protected in deer-parks; description of timber, soil, and the date of imparking. To these particulars some general remarks are added in some instances, with remarks on any special feature of interest that calls for notice.

The objects embodied in this scheme are certainly of great interest, and should prove of practical utility. But, useful and interesting as Mr. Whitaker's work undoubtedly is, it would have been still more useful if the writer could have insured absolute uniformity in realizing his scheme. With regard to what may be called the main points of inquiry—acreage of parks, number and weight of deer, water supply—he has achieved this desirable uniformity. But in other matters we have only occasional information. The date of imparking is but rarely given. The nature of the soil and herbage—both very important matters to those who keep deer—are recorded only in a few instances, and we could have wished that the observations on timber, and on historic or remarkable trees, were fuller and more explicit than they are. As an owner of deer, Mr. Whitaker is, of course, sensible of the interest that attaches to soil and natural herbage. He remarks, in his "Introduction" to the "List of Deer-Parks," that a "mixture" of herbage is best, and observes, of the varied herbage of Thoresby, that the excellent flavour of the venison raised in that park has been attributed to the abundance of thyme there. Much light could have been thrown on the subject of excellent venison if we had full statistics of soil, herbage, altitude of land, as well as particulars of breeding and of the antiquity of parks. Heavy deer, as Mr. Whitaker says, do not necessarily produce venison of fine flavour. The biggest deer in England, by the way, are at Warnham Court, where a stag was once killed that weighed forty-four stone, and where, as Mr. Whitaker records, a stag carried horns of forty-eight points last year. The soil of this park is not described in the list. We have merely the note that its pasturage is "rich." Mr. Whitaker, we observe, recommends the sowing of white Dutch clover, "a different patch every year," to improve the pasture in parks, especially where manure cannot be spared. Now, here we have an illustration of the importance of knowing what the soil of the park may be; for, although white Dutch clover may usefully promote variety of feed for deer, it is notoriously uncertain in habit. On some soils it will become rampant, much too rampant, while on others in a season or two it will perish utterly, giving place to grasses of rank or coarse growth. On the subject of timber we are not always quite certain of what species is referred to in Mr. Whitaker's notes, nor does he invariably mention what is the special feature of

* *A Descriptive List of the Deer-Parks and Paddocks of England.* By Joseph Whitaker, F.Z.S. London: Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co. 1892.

a park in the matter of trees. Every kind of tree at Cobham is noted, except the splendid avenues of limes, though the compiler refers to avenues of this tree in other parks and to the horse-chestnut avenue at Knole, in Gloucestershire. The chestnut is sometimes spoken of as the "sweet chestnut," sometimes as the "Spanish chestnut." It would be better to distinguish this tree from the horse-chestnut without using these confusing terms. For instance, Mr. Whitaker mentions "the fine chestnut avenue" at Bushey, where there is scarcely a chestnut-tree to be seen, though there is a remarkable avenue of horse-chestnuts.

"A park without deer," says Richard Jefferies, "is like a wall without pictures." It is, indeed, a "stately sight" to see, as Mr. Whitaker observes, a number of red-deer in some great park, out in the open, or knee-deep in the fern, with giant oaks about them. Fallow or roe are not less agreeable additions to park scenery. There are many persons who find pleasure in the protection of any wild creatures—beast or bird—with liberty to range within the park fencing. Highland cattle are as picturesque objects as deer to some eyes, and are to be found in many parks. The famous wild white cattle at Chillingham are, of course, noted in Mr. Whitaker's interesting list of "other animals than deer." Elands were once introduced at Tatton Park, springboks at Mount Edgcumbe, and kangaroos and emus at Whaddon Chace. Kangaroos are still kept at Tring and one or two other parks. At more than one Derbyshire park there are Faroe Island black sheep, and at Sudbury, in the same county, are Shetland ponies. At Stainborough, Yorkshire, are four-horned Spanish sheep, at Stowe Cashmere goats, at Nuneham "Mesopotamia deer," and at Ashton, near Bristol, and other places, the pretty Axis deer. Several parks comprise Japanese deer, in addition to red or fallow; while Indian cattle and St. Kilda sheep occur in two or three places. And when we have mentioned the wild turkeys at Holkham and the beavers at Leonardslee we have not exhausted the catalogue of strange creatures provisionally protected by English deer-parks. It is satisfactory to find that ravens breed in one or two parks, and are protected by owners; but Mr. Whitaker does not record any instance of the protection of nobler and more interesting birds, hated of gamekeepers and gunners. The pale, or cream-coloured, variety of the red-deer, called "German" by some, and "Danish" by the Duke of Portland, is mentioned as among the herds at Windsor, Woburn, Welbeck, and Langley. Mr. Whitaker records the breaking of the park fence at Combe Sydenham recently, by a falling elm, and the escape of several deer, "which are still at large—among them a very fine white red stag." So notable an animal, we think, could scarcely have ranged the country-side for long. With respect to fences, we are heartily sympathetic with Mr. Whitaker's admiration of old oak fencing, "covered with lichen, and mellow with age." But iron is cheaper, and deer will not attempt to leap it. Mr. Whitaker's volume is mainly addressed to owners of deer-parks; but it possesses, as we have shown, many aspects of interest to naturalists, and lovers of sylvan scenery, country life, and forestry. The observations in the "Introduction" on the management of deer-parks, the finding and catching of deer, and other matters, will be read with interest by those who are most concerned. The descriptive "List" is arranged under the names of the English counties in alphabetical order, and appears to be tolerably exhaustive, ranging from such extensive enclosures as Savernake, Windsor, Eridge, Knowsley, and Blenheim, to parks or paddocks of twenty acres and less.

TOM PAINE.*

IN spite of Mr. Conway's attempt to represent Tom Paine as a compound of Socrates and King Arthur, a Christian, a "British lion with an American heart," and so on, we cannot say that, in our eyes, his hero appears clean under the thick coats of whitewash that he has daubed over him. That Paine was a bad, coarse, ignorant man, inordinately conceited and meddlesome, that he had much natural ability, and that, vile as he was, his character was relieved by one or two respectable traits, is not less our opinion after reading this *Life* than it was before. Mr. Conway has done his best for him, for he brought to his task, so he tells us, a love for it—his taste must be peculiar—he has performed it with exemplary diligence, consulting a large number of books, and using some manuscript sources of information, and he has not been sparing of words in praise of Paine, or, indeed, of words of any kind. We should have found his book pleasanter reading, and it would, we are sure, have been not less convincing than it is now—so far as we are concerned, it could scarcely be so—if it had been of smaller bulk, and had been written in less high-flown language, in better taste, and with more discrimination. Diffuse, however, as Mr. Conway is, he passes over some points bearing on Paine's life in England that should have received attention in a book purporting to correct the received opinion as to his character. While it is true that the Life of Payne, by Chalmers, or "Francis Oldys," the principal authority for his earlier years, is the work of an enemy, Mr. Conway himself allows that Chalmers "tracked Paine in England with enterprise," and says that he "weaved into his strand of slander" all the facts that he could get at about him. All Chalmers's statements should, therefore, have been noted and criticized here. Whether, as Chalmers asserts, Paine, when he left Sandwich, where he had been carrying on his trade as a stay-maker, sold goods that had been supplied to him on credit, whether he ill-treated his first wife, and whether he was at Lewes forced to take refuge from the bailiffs in the loft of a public-house, are questions which, though of no interest to such readers as are satisfied on other grounds as to the man's bad character, should have been discussed by his apologist. We think, however, that the reader will find enough in these volumes to convince him that our opinion of Paine is not too severe, provided that he will weigh facts for himself, and not blindly accept the comments of the biographer. With respect to Paine's ill-treatment of his second wife we have a distinct declaration in a letter from his mother, reprinted here in a foot-note from Chalmers's *Life*. Mr. Conway suggests that this letter was garbled; but it was printed in Paine's lifetime, and he does not seem to have contradicted its statements. He was dismissed from his post as an exciseman for making false entries in his returns, and we fail to see that his falsehood is extenuated by the fact that he had lately bought a pair of globes and some scientific books. Three years later he was, on his humble petition, restored to his office, and was dismissed a second time for being absent from duty without leave, having decamped on account of his debts. He had been taking a prominent part in an agitation among his fellow-excisemen for advanced salaries, and Mr. Conway remarks that it is wonderful that "a man of such ability should have had his horizon filled with such a cause." As an exciseman, Paine was pleading his own cause, which he was never backward in doing. His mother's letter tells us that he was accused of appropriating the money subscribed for the purposes of the agitation.

After his second dismissal he went to America, where he soon made a name for himself by his pamphlets in support of the rebellion. Much that Mr. Conway says about these pamphlets is certainly just. Illiterate as Paine was, he could stir the masses. He wrote in plain, racy, and violent terms, with a show of reasoning, and with an assurance that, considering his ignorance, is little short of amazing. Untrammelled as well as unrefined by sentiment, he taught the colonists in his *Common Sense* to recognize their true position, and to do so without dismay; he combated the lingering feelings of loyalty that hindered them from facing the fact that they were engaged in rebellion, and he bade them look forward to complete separation, maintaining that their independence was certain to be accomplished. While there are some silly, and many scurrilous, passages in the pamphlet, it is easy to understand the inspiring influence that it had on the counsels of the Americans. Mr. Conway, we observe, defends Paine's characteristic assertion that England was not the parent-country of the American colonies. Not less important than his *Common Sense*, Paine's second *Crisis*, written when Washington had been forced to retreat behind the Delaware, and beginning with the words, "These are the times that try men's souls," is said to have been read to the American soldiers before the battle of Trenton, and to have raised their spirit, as, indeed, it may well have done. His services having been acknowledged by his appointment as secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, Paine made a virulent attack on Silas Deane for maintaining that the supplies obtained from France through Beaumarchais were not gratuitous. Mr. Conway defends Paine's conduct, though he says it may seem "quixotic," the very last epithet that we should have applied to it; for his attack on Deane was suspiciously like a bid for popularity. To make his case stronger, he published an official secret, and was in consequence forced to resign office. After having been in some straits, he at last received a substantial reward for his pamphlets, obtained for him chiefly by the exertions of Washington, who warmly acknowledged the effect produced by his writings. Like an ill-conditioned cur, Paine in after years, when he believed that he had cause of complaint against Washington, made a scandalous attack on his former benefactor.

* *The Life of Thomas Paine; with a History of his Literary, Political, and Religious Career in America, France, and England.* By Moncure Daniel Conway, Author of "Omitted Chapters of History Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edward Randolph" &c. To which is added a Sketch of Paine by William Cobbett (hitherto unpublished). 2 vols. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

Having thus been placed in easy circumstances as regards money, Paine was able to indulge his taste for mechanical inventions, for which he had no small genius. He planned an iron bridge, and took his model over to England and to France, hoping to have his plan adopted in one or both countries. While he was in England he received much notice from some of the Rockingham party, and "spent a week at Mr. Burke's and the Duke of Portland's in Buckinghamshire." He had his bridge made; it never spanned a river, and he exhibited it on Paddington Green to sightseers at a shilling a head. This visit to Europe led Paine to attempt to play a somewhat similar part in the Old World to that in which he had already appeared in the New, and in 1791 he published in London the first part of his *Rights of Man* as an answer to Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. The extent of Mr. Conway's critical intelligence may be measured by his remark that the least part of Paine's task in writing this book was "to demolish Burke," who, he says, "had dabbled where Paine had dived." Burke certainly never left the clear atmosphere of his political philosophy to descend to the muddy depth where Paine wallowed in unsound theories and purblind dogmatism; and, as it is almost superfluous to point out here, the bald sentences of the *Rights of Man* are not more inferior to the glowing periods of the "Reflections" than are the threadbare fallacies of Paine's revolutionary creed to the maxims of the wisest politician of the age. Having laid down the axiom that wherever a Constitution "cannot be produced in a visible form there is none," Paine declares that England had no Constitution, that the government was based on conquest, and that the right of reform lay in the nation, not acting by constitutional machinery, but as a number of individuals, born with equal natural rights, some of which they have consented—when, where, or how he does not say—to exchange for civil rights. According to him, rightful government could be attained only by a wiping out of the past. His system, which Mr. Conway calls "statesmanlike," may be said to have been founded on the belief that the establishment of the States-Constitutions in America had proved that the world ought to be brought back to the political inexperience of Adam. As Mr. Conway has thought fit to declare that Paine demolished Burke, he might also have told us which of the two he thinks had a clearer perception of the tendencies of the French Revolution. We know what Burke held them to be. Paine accepted French citizenship with delight, and though he could not speak a word of French was elected a member of the Convention. He fled from England to escape prosecution for seditious libel, and we are told "glided flower-crowned in his beautiful barge, smoothly towards his Niagara rapids," which, we have reason to believe, means that he went to Paris, where he wrote a letter to his fellow-citizens "fairly 'floreal' with optimistic felicities"—as the letter was written in September, the point of "floreal" is obscure. He tried to save the King's life, for the man was humane, and found himself helpless. He joined the Brissotins, was arrested along with his fellow-citizen, the egregious Anacharsis Clootz, was confined in the Luxembourg for nearly a year, and barely escaped the guillotine. Mr. Conway believes that his imprisonment was due to the machinations of Gouverneur Morris, then the American Minister at Paris, and was prolonged by the indifference of Washington, though he amusingly adds that the chief blame rests with Great Britain, and that Paine was "delivered up to Robespierre in the interests of Pitt." Paine had been meddling in affairs pertaining to Morris's office, and neither Morris nor Washington could have been grieved to hear of his imprisonment. However Morris claimed him, though half-heartedly, as an American, and was told that he was a French citizen. Washington appears to have been content with Morris's report, which Mr. Conway says contains "a fatal, far-reaching falsehood"; though he prints on the next page a letter from Deforgues acknowledging that Morris had claimed Paine "as an American citizen." With a lack of decency not strange in an admirer of Tom Paine, Mr. Conway begins his chapter on Paine's arrest with the words, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate." "Where," Mr. Conway asks, "is the vision that has led this way-worn pilgrim? Where the star he has followed so long?" The pilgrim had followed a Will-o'-the-wisp, and it had left him bogged. And this was the man who demolished Burke.

When Paine was arrested he had just finished writing his *Age of Reason*. Mr. Conway has a wordy chapter on this book, for which he expresses warm admiration. Like the *Rights of Man*, it appeals, both by its style and its matter, to the uneducated, presenting the Deism of earlier and more cultured sceptics in a brutal form, in bald though forcible sentences, and with coarse jeers. Once more, for a short season, Paine was able to indulge in "optimistic felicities." Some flattery from Bonaparte led him to believe in 1797 that Europe was about to enter on a period of universal peace and republicanism, and, lest his native country should miss its share in those blessings, he subscribed money for a French invasion of England. Moreover, he was founding a society of Theophilanthropists, as they were pleased to call themselves, who "sang theistic and humanitarian hymns, read odes," and believed that they were destined to regenerate society. Bonaparte, however, suppressed this society; a fresh batch of visions fled from the pilgrim, and Paine declared that the French were "worse off than the slaves of Constantinople." He returned to America, and there found himself shunned by his former friends. He was made to feel that his return was a mistake. America was not anxious to own him as one of her sons, and his vote was refused on the ground that he was not an American citizen. His last years seem to have been miserable. Mr. Conway constantly refers to the common belief that he was a drunkard. That he drank to excess in 1793, when "broken down by public and private affliction," is certain, and there is evidence—all attempt to explain away Joel Barlow's reference to the subject is useless—that after his return to America he "sought for consolation in the sordid, solitary bottle." He died in 1809. Mr. Conway gives some account of the "removal and mystery of Paine's bones," which he thinks "like some page of Mosaic mythology." The "sketch of Paine by Cobbett," announced on the title-page, consists of notes for a Life of Paine, in Cobbett's handwriting, and partly put together by him; the larger part of them is, however, the work of Mme. Bonneville, the wife of one of Paine's friends, who left her husband, followed Paine to America, and for a while kept house for him.

ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE.*

"OF all living men, there is but one who has understood me, and he misunderstood me," says Hegel, according to report, and Professor Boyesen has taken this paradoxical assertion as a text to prove that there is no English critic who is capable of truly appreciating the genius of Goethe. Of course the one critic who understood, and yet misunderstood, Goethe is Thomas Carlyle, who, in spite of his natural tendency to hero-worship, we are told was "so ruthless and self-assertive in his intercourse with his idols that he often remodelled them to suit himself before deeming them worthy of his worship"; and, consequently, "made a Goethe of his own, who, to be sure, had much in common with the original, but was yet essentially a different being." All of which, though we most powerfully and potently believe, yet we hold that Carlyle's method of treating what has proved to be a very difficult problem—namely, the best way of estimating the value of the life and works of Goethe—is better than that chosen by Professor Boyesen. The Professor is an advanced Goethe-worshipper, and may be said to be more than "Goethe-ripe," a word invented by Auerbach to indicate the degree of intellectual maturity enabling one to comprehend the significance of Goethe's life and works. He has, moreover, as we judge from these essays, thoroughly emancipated himself from certain vulgar prejudices which are still current amongst the majority of his fellow-creatures, and he can therefore survey the whole position from a standpoint which is denied to less fortunate mortals. The head and front of Carlyle's offending in the Professor's eyes is that, in an essay published in the *Foreign Review* of 1828, Carlyle has stated, in a somewhat too enthusiastic and paradoxical style, that Goethe had "the belief of a saint" united with "the clearness of a sceptic, the devoutness of a Fénelon," blended with "the gaiety, the sarcasm, the shrewdness of a Voltaire." This, we own, is certainly overstating the case; but we cannot agree with the Professor that "it betrays a radical misapprehension of Goethe's character which must detract from the value of all that Carlyle has written about him." Christian or pagan?—that is the question; and the Professor decides that Goethe was a "serene old pagan" of an Olympian type. While, however, Carlyle's peculiar "crank" (perhaps the Scandinavo-American Professor will excuse the word) was Goethe's misty Christianity, Professor Boyesen's stumbling-block is his defence of Goethe's relations to women, to which some six-and-twenty pages of this volume are devoted. In the earlier essays we were in hopes that no attempt would be made to touch this subject, as he says that it may be as well to concede there is a certain modicum of truth in the charges of unfaithfulness and want of patriotism against Goethe, since the defence he is prepared to advance would have no weight with the great public, because it would appeal to sentiments which belong only to a small minority; and we trusted that we should only hear of

* *Essays on German Literature.* By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. 1 vol. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

Goethe's opinions and ideals in his efforts at intellectual enfranchisement and self-development. But no. The inevitable disquisition follows, with its tone of strained apology for Goethe's behaviour to his victims, from poor little Frederica Brion to Lili Schönemann, from Charlotte Buff to Frau von Stein—to whom, whatever we may think of her conduct, Goethe behaved as no gentleman would have behaved, and was rightly served for it—all of which resolves itself into the fact that, in spite of his well-nigh transcendent genius, Goethe was a thoroughly selfish man, and not a little imbued with the cynicism of his own Mephistopheles. As soon as a friend, whether male or female, ceased to be of interest or of use to him, that friend was discarded, as instanced by his treatment of Fritz Jacobi, Lavater, to whom he addressed one of his most venomous and unjust epigrams in the "Xenien," and various other persons. We cannot help thinking that Professor Boyesen would have vastly enhanced the value of these very interesting essays if he had refrained from publishing this one, and had substituted one, say, on Jean Paul Richter or Lessing, which we feel sure would have been as good reading as that on the "Life and Works of Schiller" here published. After two excellent essays entitled "The German Novel" and "Studies of the German Novel," there follows a graceful little appreciation of Carmen Sylva, and the volume closes with three essays on the Romantic School in Germany. Here, again, the Professor has very decided opinions, and at times appears to us to lose his balance as a critic. Novalis, no doubt, was mystical, but still was a striking and original figure in German literature, surely deserving a higher designation than that of dilettante philosopher; Ludwig Tieck was no mere scribbler, and Friedrich Schlegel should be remembered as something else than an idealist who died suddenly from the effects of roast goose. "What an end for an idealist!" says the humorous Professor, with a chuckle not in the best of taste. Under the guise of an impartial critic it seems to be his object to belittle the efforts of those writers who, in revolt at the barren utilitarianism of the so-called school of Enlightenment, did so much to relieve German literature from the load with which the respectable but ponderous Nicolai and his friends well nigh smothered it; but the Romantic School dared to think *Wilhelm Meister* a trifle heavy in places, and so receives its punishment. It is not surprising under these circumstances that the later romanticists, such as Brentano and E. T. A. Hoffmann (who is referred to as A. T. Hoffmann), are only mentioned as synonyms for literary clap-trap and charlatanism, though it may be news to some to learn that Tolstoï, Howells, and Henry James represent the vanguard of culture of to-day, while the rearguard is brought up by Dickens, Scott, Victor Hugo, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE UNCANNY.*

MR. KING'S book on *The Supernatural* is, apparently, of American origin. The author's ideas are not particularly novel; he finds the beginning of the sense of the supernatural in the instinct—if it is to be called an instinct—about "luck," and the "uncanny." This is prior to the belief in ghosts and spirits. After bad ghosts come good ghosts, protecting ancestral spirits, friendly Totems. Then, as society is organized, the ghosts become gods, and thus we arrive at a supreme God, by a natural process of abstraction and embellishment. Ideas very like these occur in Hume; Mr. King illustrates them by a considerable amount of anthropological reading. The faults of his book are its unnecessary length and its entire lack of scholarship. We feel that we have here a guide at second-hand. Thus (i. p. 281):—"It may be remembered in the Iliad that when Zeus makes a trip to Ethiopia he was ignorant of what then took place at Troy." Where are we to find the Homeric authority for this passage? When the gods were in Ethiopia (in the First Book of the Iliad) Apollo was still darting his shafts at the Greeks, and Hera and Athene were interfering in their camp. The truth is that Homer, when he writes mythically, not religiously, is most inconsistent about the omnipresence of the gods. Hence the wise Germans detect interpolations. In his second volume, when he deals with the gods of Greece, Mr. King is sadly at sea. He quotes Dyer, and Grote, and Curtius, and Bos, whom we know not. Original authorities are very much out of his way. He says that "the myth of Dionysius first presents him as a supernal power in Thrace, a medicine-man controlling the dead," and he makes the innocent Mr. Dyer maintain that "Dionysius was named man-wrecker on the island of Tenedos." Mr. King's "Dionysius" is rivalled by his "Pallas Athenæ." After the remark, among other remarks, that "the Minotaur at Crete was a bull Totem," Mr. King quotes "Muller's *Doric Race*, i. p. 179 to p. 449." "Muller" never heard of a Totem in his life outside of Cooper's novels. "The Orphic brotherhood probably originated when the Totem system obtained in Greece." Shade of Lobeck, what manner of smattering is this? "Thus Deucalion, the father of a powerful family, created men; his Totem, probably, a stone; so men came from stones." These haphazard statements are like to bring Totems into contempt. "Zeus nods on Mount Ida, and Here and Aphrodite fan him to sleep." This is positively indecent. Aphrodite was not present on the interesting occasion to which Mr. King probably alludes. Mr. King supposes that in Mycenæ there was "a criminal population." Mycenæ was not London or New York. The Homeric Greeks "had no concept of a supreme God," in spite of the remarks of Eumæus. Who or what was "Basile at Athens," described by Pausanias? (ii. 21). Mr. King should oblige us with his references.

The worst thing, in a mild way, of universal education, is the rise of smatterers like Mr. King. The religion of Greece is a very delicate, a very complex subject; he disposes of it on a score of worthless pages; worthless, because to know the religion of a civilized race you must know its literature, and know it at first hand. If Mr. King is at sea about Greece, how can we trust him about Egypt and Assyria? How can we even expect a critical treatment of translated texts, and of learned works in various modern languages, from him? He is best among savages. He is, perhaps, not without reason in looking for a sense of luck, of the "uncanny," among minds which have not yet developed the belief in ghosts. Unluckily we know no such minds, for observation of children is very hazardous. Mr. King regards the Australian blacks as very much behindhand with ghosts, and more disposed to lay stress on "Boilya"—vague magic influence. But, though we know almost as little of Australian as Mr. King knows of Greek, we fancy that "Boilya" is a native term for ghosts or spirits. He says (vol. i. p. 152):—

> 'The ghost as yet holds a very limited and uncertain status in the mind of the Australian Aborigine, and it is very questionable if the incidents in which the ghost or spirit is affirmed have not been derived from the whites.'

He may consult Lumholtz's recent work on Queensland natives, almost unacquainted with Europeans. On i. p. 209 Mr. King himself says, "The Australian aborigines have evolved many evil spirits; not only the Ingnas, the same ghost demons of evil men that are recognized by all the lower human races, but others." Surely, here we have the existence of numerous Australian ghosts frankly admitted. Again, "when the Australian aborigine came to recognize head-men in his tribe, then he built up the theory of spirit head-men in the sky." But does the "aborigine" recognize tribal head-men? The topic is obscure, the evidence contradictory; but Mr. King, if he was to found a theory on the fact, should have given us his evidence in this place. His book contains a great deal of not unfamiliar, but not uninteresting, folk-lore, and a discussion of psychical phenomena in which they come badly off. He has not worked out fully the evidence as to the sense of the "uncanny" in dogs and other animals—a curious topic, wherein all depends on the evidence. If two men and a dog simultaneously saw the ghost of a dead dog (as we are gravely informed), then a number of Mr. King's theories are exploded. He is not wanting by any means in natural acuteness, nor in miscellaneous reading; but he has attempted a topic as huge as "The History of Human Error" without the necessary equipment of scholarship. In this audacity he is not alone. More famous philosophers are in the same case.

* *The Supernatural: its Origin, Nature, and Evolution.* By H. John King. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

OLD SHRINES AND IVY.*

NO reader of Mr. Winter's delightful volume of essays, *Shakspeare's England*, will need any reminder of the well-directed enthusiasm and pleasant meditative fancy that distinguish that record of many a pious pilgrimage to the ancient homes or tombs of the illustrious dead. The little book before us is a later collection of essays that breathe the same spirit of reverence and the same genial sympathy with all that is august and memorable in the storied past of which they treat. The very title is a full assurance of this to everybody who knows the older volume. Mr. Winter's "old shrines," however, are of two kinds. There are shrines of literature and of history, and the portion of this volume that deals with the first description of shrine is

* *Old Shrines and Ivy.* By William Winter. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

chiefly concerned with the drama, and is thus related to Mr. Winter's recently published *Shadows of the Stage.* The comedies of Shakspeare and of Sheridan and Farquhar engage Mr. Winter's many-sided comment in a series of papers that may be styled "appreciations," for whatever the aspect of interest presented—that of the stage, or of literature, or of the drama—it is presented in an attractive and interesting fashion. Now, like another Genest, Mr. Winter is a chronicler of representations, in England and in America, and will put forth a "cast" of the brave but not so recent past, that catches the envious eye of "us youth" who lived too late; and now he will proceed to smite the Shaconian devotee, doing his smiting gently, as becomes a citizen of the Republic that gave birth to the immense Cryptogram, yet doing it not ineffectively. But these matters are little suggestive of ivy and old shrines. For these we must turn to the chapters descriptive of journeys to France, to Iona, to Southampton, to Ely, to "the field of Culloden," and to Stratford-on-Avon, and in all these excursions Mr. Winter lets his fancy roam far afield, and reaps a reflective garnering that is both cheering and suggestive. Sometimes, as in "London to Dover," he depicts the changeful landscape under sun and shower, in a set of window-pane sketches from the railway, in his flight towards France, just as Kingsley once discoursed of oolite and "old red" and carboniferous rocks from the "Flying Dutchman" between Box and Bristol. "Storm-bound in Iona" is the title of travelling reminiscences of last year in the Hebrides, where Mr. Winter, defying the tempestuous season, pursued his investigations of Hebridean nature and civilization with Johnsonian resolution. It strikes us as somewhat strange that he did not land and explore the caves—Fingal's and Mackinnon's—observing, as a reason for this neglect, "it is always wise, when any form of experience has entirely filled and satisfied the soul, not to attempt its repetition." There may be something Johnsonian in this philosophic conclusion; but we confess it scarcely convinces us as sound. Perhaps on the previous visit Mr. Winter caught a too satisfying chill; for Fingal's Cave is a kind of playing-hall of the just-unbound and exceedingly fresh winds of Æolus. However, Mr. Winter does not exercise this rule of fortitude in his revisitings of Shakspeare's country. His contemplation of Stratford Church—"The Shakspeare Church"—in the summer of last year is almost heartrending to read, so poignantly are the misdeeds of renovators presented to the reader's eye and spirit. Cordially do we sympathize with the pilgrim's distress, and at the close of his touching description of the present condition of the most venerated of all shrines, we are tempted to murmur with Chaucer, "Then farewell! shrine, of which the saint is out." If it has not suffered that ultimate desecration, it is certain that much that has been done is very bad, and it was so easy, as Mr. Winter says, not to have done it.

THE IVORY GATE.*

IF the English novel of the present day does not attain to those lyric heights that sanguine critics would have us believe, there is certainly no want of variety. If we are not strong in "movements," we have plenty of "men." There is the satiric novel of Mr. George Meredith, the romantic novel of Mr. Stevenson, the analytical novel of Mr. Henry James, the pastoral of Mr. Hardy, and the didactic novel of Mr. Walter Besant. The Christian Agnostics have their *Robert Elsmere*, and the High Church party their *John Inglesant*, while the Broad Church have their great *ir*religious romance, Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ.* The Dissenter is left out certainly. Perhaps that is why Nonconformist ministers so frequently attack the art of fiction, calling novels the "Bibles of Satan," and quoting Roger Ascham and other authors whom they have not read. In England we have no real schools of fiction. Not many of our novelists hold very strong views on what a novel should be. The *views* belong to the reviewers, and the poor novelists have very little chance of getting a word in on the subject at all. In his later books, however, Mr. Walter Besant would seem to favour the opinion of Richardson, who, in his preface to *Sir Charles Grandison*, said, "it was not published for entertainment only, a much nobler end was in view." The nobler end being to instruct. Now, whatever may be urged against this view, and in an age when there is much misplaced talk about "art for art's sake," and any novel, picture or poem, guilty of a moral sense, is promptly condemned, it is highly creditable for an author to stick to his convictions, and care not how the sects may brawl. Then all of us know what the author of *Dorothy Forster* can do when he chooses. Not the most expert of moralmongers could find a purpose in that delightful story. Even historians could not pounce on any new view of the time. Indeed, it had little to do with history—it was merely literature, and literature of the first order. *Tour de force* though it may have been, the author met Thackeray for once on his own ground, and though we do not like to call any one names, it may be described in modern jargon as the "work of an artist." It must be left to Mr. Andrew Lang and other scholars of primitive literature to decide if the first story-tellers wished rather to instruct than amuse or *vice versâ.* But it is a fact that we read "The Golden Ass," for instance, on account of its delightful romance, and have forgotten all about the morals, if there were any to be inculcated. But it is notorious that the public never sees the moral intended by an author, unless he adopts the method of Miss Marie Corelli, and writes the moral first in a few paragraphs, and then proceeds to publish the story. For ourselves, the only thing we have learnt from Mr. Besant was that he was the author of very admirable stories. We speak of him only as a novelist. Yet no one can disguise the fact that of late years he has favoured the "Eastward position," so far as literature is concerned. Many of his admirers have regarded him as the prophet of the wronged, the sweated and the cheated, People's Palaces, Utopias, and other philanthropic projects. To these *The Ivory Gate* must come as a distinct blow, no less heavy than that of the Ibsenites after the production of *The Wild Duck.* The characters, the locality, the humour, and the incidents are thoroughly Besantine, and of the best; but, unless we have misunderstood certain passages, the author is continually cackling at his old loves. He laughs at some of his own reforms even, and the laughter is quite Rabelaisian.

The Ivory Gate is by way of being psychological, but it is really sensational in the best sense of the word. Until the middle of the second volume there is a splendid mystery, which only a very practised novel-reader would find out. We think that it is a great error to reveal it so soon. It should either have been told at once, as Wilkie Collins has done in *No Name*, or postponed until the end of the third volume. We are given no hint as to the mystery, save in the graceful dedication, "that the story hangs on a phenomenon of brain-disease." We do not wish to blame Mr. Besant for writing impossible or unreal stories. His novels are always refreshing after the laborious realistic or naturalistic brochure, in which commonplace people make commonplace remarks, and the authors gain a cheap reputation for being true to life, and copying nature. But in *The Ivory Gate*, where the pathology is correct, the psychology perfectly convincing, and nearly all the characters extraordinarily lifelike, we should expect a more probable hypothesis to form the basis of the story. We are asked to believe that an old solicitor, Mr. Dering (one of Mr. Besant's most remarkable creations), whose chief characteristic was a sense of justice, and whose intelligence was exceptional, should suspect, on the most slender evidence, first his ward and then his partner of forgery, on the accusation of an old clerk. We are asked to believe, furthermore, that no investigation, official or otherwise, should have been made in the first case, and that no suspicion of the clerk on Mr. Dering's part arose after the second accusation. In a tale where the construction is so satisfactory these faults are more irritating, and might easily have been corrected by an experienced writer such as Mr. Walter Besant. To use his own words, this hypothesis lacks *vraisemblance.* It would be impossible to discuss at length the many and great merits of *The Ivory Gate* without telling the story, and it is certainly a story to be read, not to be told. Although the secret is given away so early, our interest in the story never flags for a moment. In a three-volume novel that is saying a good deal. Neither in *The Golden Butterfly* nor *The Chaplain of the Fleet* are there any characters to equal the City knight Sir Samuel Dering, and his wife Hilda, or the old clerk Checkley.

* *The Ivory Gate.* By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus.

LAWFORD HALL.*

THE author of this portly volume prefers to remain unnamed, but it is an open secret that he comes of a race of antiquaries who, during the past century and more, have done good work in historical investigations, and, to judge by the example before us, he is fully worthy of the old stock. Lawford is an ancient manorial residence, and has had the usual vicissitudes of old English houses, passing in the course of ages through the hands of many different owners, some, and indeed the majority, of whom seem to have been people of great note in their own day,

* *The Hall of Lawford Hall: Records of an Essex House and of its Proprietors, from the Saxon Times to the Reign of Henry VIII.* London: Ellis & Elvey.

and well deserving the pains and trouble the present lord of Lawford has bestowed upon them. Some of us remember the pleasure with which in the palmy days of Archæological Congresses we listened to the late Mr. Nichols as he unravelled for us the complicated network of a long historical pedigree, or traced from house to house the succession of some great and ancient earldom. Much of the same clearness in heraldic and genealogical questions reappears in the work of the historian of Lawford, together with a rare power of gathering in the surrounding facts of general history which tell upon the career of his hero for the time being. The result is a book in which the successive denizens of Lawford do not so much flit by us like ghosts, or even like the shadowy ancestors in some family portrait gallery, but are real people, who played their part in the annals of our country. To recover more than their names and dates taxed historical investigation, but the author has not been content with this. He has begun at the beginning, and has endeavoured, often successfully, to give life and reality to what were before little more than names. At first it was intended to bring the notices of owners down to modern times, "but finding material growing under his hands, the compiler has thought it best to pause at a convenient point in the reign of Henry VIII., when the manor, originally a royal manor, became again for a time the property of the Crown." The biographies of persons who have played but a secondary part on the public stage contribute materially to a knowledge of the period during which they lived, and the compiler, or editor, or writer, however he chooses to describe himself, has been at great pains to elucidate some very obscure corners, and to tell us about people of whom many have incidentally heard, but few have ever known much. "The life of Sir John Say, under-treasurer of England and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.," may be regarded in this light; as may, also, notices of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter and of Lord Mountjoy, a friend of Erasmus, and acquainted with many of the great literary celebrities of the dawn of revived learning.

Lawford Hall lies in the most eastern part of Essex, in Tendring Hundred, a promontory bounded on two sides by the sea and on the north by the Essex Stour. The house stands on the edge of a hill, with a pleasant view eastward down into Harwich harbour, and westward towards Stoke Nayland, known in art as "Constable's country." When Edward Waldegrave, at a period subsequent to that of which this volume treats—namely, in 1580—bought the manor from Queen Elizabeth, he pulled down an older house and built that which has had the good fortune to find an owner and historian in the days of Queen Victoria. All, therefore, which relates to Lawford Hall in this volume relates to the older building. It is to be hoped that the later part of the story may also in due time be told, and we have the writer's half promise that, "if health and leisure should be given him, he may resume the work at some future time." These researches into the byways of history have never been so frequent as now. We lately noticed a book in which diocesan records were carefully calendared, and not long ago also Mr. Rutton's study of the history of the younger branches of the once great, but now extinct, family of Wentworth. These and many other books are printed in very limited numbers and count on a very limited circulation; but they are accessible to any one who really needs their assistance; they are at all events in print, not in manuscript, and a very small collection may comprise a very extended repertory of information on historical and topographical subjects, and not on them alone, but on the manners, customs, feelings, and thoughts of those whose heirs in such things we are.

Sixteen lords of Lawford are separately noticed in the present volume. Each is represented by his coat-of-arms on the frieze of the great hall of the mansion. This hall is forty feet long, and more than half that in width, and would form a handsome and imposing feature in any house. The writer draws pictures of what the great hall was in the family life of the past. He indulges his fancy in picturing the simple state and rude plenty of the Saxon kings; for before the Conquest Lawford belonged to Harold, and the author mentions an interesting local tradition, "that there were formerly kings in all the counties of England," and that the King of Essex lived at Lawford Hall. In the same Hall, at a later day, he sees on the oaken table the plans brought from the great Suffolk monastery "for the beautiful chancel which is still the glory of the church hard by." The next picture describes a well-ordered household of the Puritan type, "such as Milton might have rejoiced to visit." Edward Waldegrave of Lawford, the second of the name, had two daughters, his coheiresses, one of whom was courted by Sir Simonds d'Ewes, who has left full particulars of the vicissitudes of his suit, and has enabled us to follow in detail all the formalities in vogue in the reign of James I.—"the budding passion of the suitor, the half-subdued liking of the maiden, the suppressed disapproval of the mother," and, finally, a series of difficulties which even the persevering d'Ewes could not surmount. An article on the subject, we are informed, appeared in *Blackwood* some time ago, presumably by the author of the present volume, who mentions an unpublished diary of Sir Simonds d'Ewes. Something of this may be expected if a second volume on Lawford Hall appears.

Among the more eminent of the proprietors of Lawford was Humfrey of Lancaster, fourth son of Henry IV., who purchased it in 1444, and whose proprietorship affords our author an opportunity of describing in some detail Duke Humfrey's death in his lodgings in St. Saviour's Hospital, outside the north gate of Bury St. Edmund's, in 1447. The particulars are extracted from a contemporary chronicle, written by Richard Fox, published by the Camden Society. "Riding through the town past the Horse Market to the North Gate ward, he entered a mean lane, the name of which he asked of one of its poor inhabitants. 'Forsooth, my lord,' said the man, 'it is called the Dead Lane.'" An old prophecy came into the Duke's mind, and the name struck his imagination. "As our Lord will be it all," he exclaimed. This was on Thursday, the 16th February. On the following Thursday he died "soon after three o'clock in the afternoon." Our author evidently inclines to the belief, which at the time prevailed in England, that the Duke was murdered; but he does not fully commit himself. When the King's party had him securely under lock and key, it would certainly have been bad policy to put him to death secretly; the more so as the complaisant Parliament would assuredly have passed an Act of attainder against him, and after his death there was no difficulty in obtaining the condemnation of his principal adherents. "The story of their being hanged and taken down alive, and of the terrible penalties of treason being stayed at that point" has been told by all historians. But our author is the first to explain that this singular punishment was expressly directed by the terms of the royal pardon which Suffolk produced at the place of execution. They were to be taken down alive, and stripped; and the pardon further mentions that the Supreme Judge had already struck down the most guilty party. The poor men, no doubt, made their way to London, where the citizens, who loved Gloucester, would relieve their poverty; and for more than a century the hungry idlers in St. Paul's were called Duke Humfrey's servants. The Duke was buried at St. Albans, but down to the time of the Great Fire a monument in St. Paul's, really Sir John Beauchamp's, was called his.

The death of Gloucester brought the Says to Lawford. Two days after, the King granted the manor to John Say, gentleman, usher of his chamber. The shield of King Henry VI., bearing quarterly France and England, which follows that of Duke Humfrey on the Lawford frieze, represents the shortest duration of proprietorship in our annals, a period of two days. Say does not appear to have been related to the Kentish family of that surname, who were peers of the realm, though he was the son of a certain William Say of Canterbury. His arms, "three chevrons, voided," were very singular, and occur in the modern window at Hampton Court, where this same John Say appears as an ancestor of Queen Jane Seymour. John Say figures in the Paston Letters, where he is spoken of as a man of influence, to whom a "reward"—that is, a bribe—should be offered by any one who wanted a suit furthered. Such, no doubt, was the custom of the time. He became Speaker in 1467, and Edward IV. addressed him and the members on the occasion of his presentation. He said, "John Say, and ye, Sirs, that comen to this my court of parliament for the common of my land," and went on to declare he asked for no subsidy as he proposed, for the present at least, to live on his own estates. Among the many things which tended to the undoubtedly marvellous popularity of Edward IV. a declaration like this must be taken into account. A beautifully enamelled heraldic brass in Broxbourn Church represents Say and his first wife, who died in 1473. He married again, but died in 1478. His daughter by his first wife, Anne, married Sir Henry Wentworth, and "through her second daughter, Margery, wife of Sir John Seymour, was the grandmother of Jane, Queen of England." The whole pedigree is in Mr. Rutton's book. Henry VIII. took out a dispensation for his marriage with Jane Seymour. The author of *Lawford Hall* explains why this was thought necessary. "The first Lady Say was the common ancestress of three of Henry the Eighth's English queens." Jane Seymour was cousin of Anne Boleyn, as she and Anne Boleyn were of Katharine Howard. It belongs to the romance of history to reflect that the servant successively of Henry VI. and Edward IV. should have become the great-grandfather of the Queen of the last Henry, and the great-great-grandfather of the last Edward who ever sat on the English

throne. We have not reached the middle of this delightful book; but it is to be hoped we have said enough to show how delightful it will be found by any one who enjoys the bypaths of history—by any one, for instance, who enjoys the Paston Letters.

SIR A. CUNNINGHAM'S MAHA BODHI.*

THE district of Behar or Bihar of which the capital is Gaya has never been very popular in the estimation of Civil Servants. It is arid and rocky. It has a good share of hot winds in the months of April and May. It used to be far off the main line of railway. Yet it has attractions for the naturalist, the antiquarian, and the scholar. The chief town of Gaya, with its crooked, filthy, and uneven streets that seem to defy all Lord Ripon's model municipality, has for the last five or six centuries been celebrated as the resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of the Empire. A devout Hindu visits Gaya in order to free his deceased ancestors from torment, and to procure their entrance into heaven. On his arrival he is at once pounced on by a set of men called Gayawals, who manage to live by the offerings of pilgrims, and who send the visitor round to all the "sacred places, at each of which he deposits a small ball of rice, known as a *pinda*, for his relatives, while the attendant Brahman mutters a short prayer." Very devout and earnest persons visit as many as thirty-eight and forty-five of these spots; those of circumscribed piety content themselves with one or two. Amongst holy places are some large reservoirs, a certain sacred tree, the famous Temple of Vishnu Pad or the foot of Vishnu, the river Phalgu, and a hill known as Pretsila or Ghost's Hill, nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The amount of the fees levied from each worshipper varies, of course, with his means. Few, we believe, get off with a less expenditure than thirty or forty rupees, and the grandfather of the Nana Sahib is said to have spent a lack of rupees at one visit.

This brief account, we are bound to say, has only an indirect bearing on the beautiful volume before us. But it is necessary to explain that interesting as Gaya itself is in the eyes of pious Hindus and English scholars, the neighbourhood is more remarkable for recent discoveries of Buddhist remains. Six miles south of the native town of Gaya, and near a river variously denominated the Phalgu or the Nilājan, is a village known as Buddh or Bodh Gaya. It was, about two thousand five hundred years ago, the residence of the founder of the Buddhist religion, Sakya Muni; and in the volume before us Sir Alexander Cunningham has compressed into less than one hundred pages the result of careful local explorations by himself and other well-qualified persons, carried on under the direction of Government during the last thirty years. Sir Alexander is an officer of Engineers and a scholar, and one more qualified to interpret the past, to restore on paper the outline and shape of ruined buildings, and to reconcile conflicting theories, could hardly be found in the Civil or Military services of India. The letterpress is illustrated by ground plans of the temple, and by some thirty plates of statues, inscriptions in Sanskrit and Chinese, seals, relics, gold coins, and *stupas*. This latter term, we may remind readers, has been in India abbreviated into Tope, in which disguise it is very apt to perplex and mislead. It means an ancient Buddhist monument in the form of a solid dome, so says the late Colonel Yule; and in the volume before us we have numerous facsimiles of *stupas* of all sizes, due to the piety of pilgrims, or marking places where Buddha had sat, bathed, preached, and displayed "various spiritual changes." That places in the Benares and Behar provinces contained valuable relics of Buddhism has long been well known; but little or nothing seems to have been done at Gaya, with the exception of some excavations by Major Meade in 1863, till about 1880, when the late Sir Ashley Eden, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, employed Mr. Beglar to clear away the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and to prevent further decay by timely and judicious repairs and renewals. Without entering into controversial points which arise between Sir Alexander Cunningham and the late Dr. Rajendra Lall Mittra and other experts, we shall try to do justice to the labour spent at this sacred spot by a scholarly and scientific author.

There is a well-known saying of a Roman Emperor that a certain self-asserting noble of his time seemed to have been *ex se natus*. He was his own father. Similarly, Sir Alexander is entitled to say that the Mahabodhi Temple when cleared of a mass of ruins furnishes its own history. The Great Asoka was always believed to have built a temple at Buddh Gaya. The building is distinctly mentioned by the Chinese pilgrim Hwen Thsang, who visited the place about 637 A.D. General Cunningham adduces good grounds for the belief that two pillars and other remains of the time of Asoka, with the Vajrasan or Sandstone throne, were included in a somewhat larger building of ancient but later date. Something of this very kind has actually happened in our own country and in our own time. Canon Jones, on surveying a curious cluster of buildings in the middle of the small town of Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire, came to the just conclusion that they enclosed a sacred building. On removing some structures used for factories and workshops there was found in perfect preservation a unique specimen of an early Saxon church. But then it had been happily entombed in other buildings, and had never been subjected to the crowbars of sectaries and iconoclasts. On the north side of the old temple at Gaya there is unquestionably to be seen the brick wall or terrace walk where Sakya Muni took exercise for seven days. The perambulation was somewhat circumscribed; the length of the terrace, according to the author's careful measurement, being only some fifty feet. For detached notices of these and other remains of Asoka-pillars, fabulous animals, the Goddess Lakshmi, the harper of the God Indra, a boat or a ploughing scene such as might be met with in any part of the district at this very day, we must refer the inquirer to chapters iv. and v. One curious feature of these discoveries is that they represent Buddhism and Brahmanism in very close and, apparently, friendly contact. Subsequent chapters are devoted to a description of the later or Great Temple of Mahabodhi.

It was one of the four famous Pagodas illustrative of the life of Buddha. It was probably seen by the early Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian at the end of the fourth century of our era, and certainly by Hwen Thsang about two centuries and more afterwards. General Cunningham assigns its erection to the year of our era 152. A rude inscription, deciphered and translated by Dr. Rajendra Lall Mittra, shows that it was the work of a pilgrim who gave a gift of money to keep lamps burning. Probably out of all these treasures the most interesting relic at Buddh Gaya is the celebrated Bodhi-Druma or pipal-tree. Every one who has visited any ruined temple, palace, or fort in India is aware of the extraordinary penetration with which the pipal splits domes, undermines walls, and seems to display an exuberant vitality in the spots most unfavourable to its growth. The Bodhi-Druma, according to the best authorities, has had a most eventful history. It was planted by Asoka himself, and when it had been maliciously cut down by his queen, it was miraculously restored. A heterodox Raja burnt it with fire. A subsequent King, Purna Varma, restored it with the milk of a thousand cows and surrounded it with a wall of stone. After this, it experienced several other vicissitudes, and it was severely handled by monarchs acting, doubtless, under the advice of Brahmans; it was spared by the Muhammadan conqueror; and it was seen in a green old age by Dr. Buchanan just eighty years ago. The probable explanation is that the pipal of the present day—for there it still stands like the Virgilian rod, *frondescens simili metallo*—is the descendant of a long line of ancestors. Sir Alexander himself has seen a pipal-tree there in various stages of decay, no less than four times between 1862 and the date of publication, and by digging up the sandy soil under the Vajrasan throne he had the good fortune to discover two large pieces of a former tree. These may really have been part of a "giant bole," hacked by orthodox kings and Brahmans ten or twelve centuries ago. In a dry climate they would have a far better chance of surviving intact to our time than canoes or dug-outs in a Scotch or Irish loch.

Buddhism, according to the dates given by the author, probably prevailed in India for a longer period than is sometimes supposed. It was in full force in the reign of Asoka, 250 B.C. There was a Buddhist dynasty of Palas, which began to reign in the ninth century of our own era. Mahi-Pala was a prominent Buddhist, and he left many monuments at Sarnath in the neighbourhood of Benares. The last Buddhist monarch was Yaksha Pala, and in all probability Buddhism disappeared just when the Muhammadans came in, and when Hindus had to experience the penalties and pains as well as the pleasures of persecution. At various times Buddh Gaya has been the resort of pilgrims from Burma. Burmese kings sent their servants to repair the temple in the eleventh century. As late as 1829 Colonel Burney, who had filled the onerous and unpleasant post of Resident at Amarapura after the first Burmese War, conducted a deputation of Burmese to Gaya. Some other conclusions arrived at by Sir Alexander Cunningham merit notice. He has come round to the opinion that the old Hindus were really able to construct vaults and arches. For some time it was thought that these architectural principles were introduced by the Muhammadans, and even such an authority as the late Mr. James Fergusson shared this

* *Mahabodhi; or, the Great Buddhist Temple under the Bodhi Tree at Buddha Gaya.* By Major-General Sir A. Cunningham, R.E., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Allen & Co. 1892

belief. The sandstone of which some of the gigantic statues of Buddha are made must have come from Sasseram, a town on the Grand Trunk Road, some twenty miles from Gaya. It was no great distance in an age when labour was cheap, and could be had on his own terms by any energetic potentate. In the course of his explorations the author was more than once shocked by the base uses to which slabs and fragments had been put by the natives at the present day. He found "a long Sanskrit inscription let into the ground, with a hole bored in it, in which the lower tenon of the gate played." Sir Alexander is no mere bookworm unaccustomed to deal with men, but he may recollect that, after the attack by smugglers on Woodbourne, Dominie Sampson was much grieved at the damage caused to volumes of Thomas Aquinas and the venerable Chrysostom, which had been employed, with curtains and pillows, to make the windows of Colonel Mannering's house proof against bullets. We have already alluded to the amicable juxtaposition of two very different forms of religion in India. Under what terrific pressure of priestly intolerance Buddhists ultimately took their departure may be surmised by any one conversant with the Oriental character. It is morally, if not historically, certain that the separation of Buddh and Brahma was not that of the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot.

We can discern the text of a serious controversy in the photograph of the Tri-Ratna, Plate XXVI., representing what is called the Buddhist Triad. The centre figure is Buddha himself under the Bodhi-tree. On his right is Sangha, and on the left the figure of Dharma or Religion. These three figures, though expressive, are somewhat grotesque; but for a specimen of debased art it would be hard to beat the figures in Plate XXX. There the three-headed Vajra Varâhi, or Vasudhârâ, has eight arms, is naked above the waist, while seven small boars—*albi circum ubera nati*—make up an unseemly group. This resuscitation of the features of a religion which, buried in India, is still the living creed of millions in Ceylon, Burma, and elsewhere, may stimulate explorers in the same field. But it will not be easy for a German student, an Oriental pandit, or an English scholar, to show a much better piece of workmanship on such a murky subterraneous subject.

BYGONE DERBYSHIRE.*

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS is an expert in what may be called popular archæology, and the volume of *Bygone Derbyshire* is a satisfactory addition to the series of similar compilations, some of which are edited, and all of which are published by him. Perhaps the best essay in the volume is that contributed by the Rev. Dr. Cox, on the "Early Christian" tomb at Wirksworth, though "Early Christian" is not the happiest term for a monument which at the best is the work of "some Christian disciple of Continental experience early in the eighth, or quite possibly in the seventh, century." Restoration has at Wirksworth, as elsewhere, done mischief; but in this particular instance it may be claimed as a set-off that the removal of the pavement in front of the altar led in 1820 to the discovery of this very curious stone, which was buried in front of the altar, and covered a stone-built vault grave wherein lay a perfect human skeleton. This stone is covered with sculptures representing Christian symbols and scenes from Biblical history. There is Christ washing the feet of the Disciples; the Crucifixion, with the emblematic Agnus Dei substituted for the human figure; the symbols of the Evangelists; the Carrying to the Tomb, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. Dr. Cox does not entirely accept the theories of his predecessors, but his explanations seem to be well established. The date of this remarkable relic is roughly indicated by a decree of the Council of Constantinople in 603, which refers to the images of the Lamb formerly used, and directs that in future the human form of the Saviour is to be used on images thenceforward. In the account of Haddon Hall there is a misprint in the inscription on the Roman altar. Mr. J. L. Thorneley contributes a careful article on the Brasses in Tideswell Church, the Cathedral of the Peak. Another article is devoted to the biography of a Belper boy who became the founder of the cotton trade in the United States. This sketch raises some ethical problems which Mr. Axon does not attempt to solve. Slater was an apprentice of Strutt, and in that way became familiar with the machinery patented by Sir Richard Arkwright, who was his master's partner. Having conceived the idea that the cotton business would be "overdone" in this country, he slipped away to the United States, and there, without drawings or models, reproduced from memory the machines that were the basis of some great English fortunes. We are accustomed to think with gratitude of those who introduce new industries; how should we regard those who attempt to take them from their fatherland to other countries? Other articles deal with well-dressing, the Babington conspiracy, the '45, and other topics of archæology and folk-lore. There is nothing strikingly fresh in the book, but it makes pleasant reading, and will recall many things to those familiar with Derbyshire history, and probably induce others to extend their knowledge in that direction.

* *Bygone Derbyshire.* Edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S. Derby: Frank Murray. Hull: Andrews & Co.

AMERICAN LIFE.*

M. DE ROUSIERS has given an admirable and almost exhaustive picture of American life; but the translator and the reader of the translator's proofs have done their utmost to injure a good book. The printer's errors are inexcusable; but we have more toleration for the translator, because he introduces an element of agreeable speculation, and we are always exercising our faculties to guess the language in which M. de Rousiers really expressed himself. Sometimes the conundrums are easy enough, as when the translator renders "ancien" into literal English, or speaks of a journey through the interior of the Continent as a voyage. But not unfrequently we must sorrowfully confess that the translator's perverse ingenuity has mystified us. If Mr. Herbertson is an American he might possibly plead that time is money, and that he is a novice at book-translating, which he has merely taken up by way of interlude. For, in doing justice to the marvellous versatility of the Americans and their inexhaustible fertility of resource, M. de Rousiers depicts a society which knows nothing of repose. It has indomitable resolution, but little steadfast perseverance; for the exertions which follow immediately on failures are generally in some new direction. Moreover, the Americans believe in the paradoxical doctrine which Mr. Besant's *Ready-Money Mortiboy* preached to the parish schools. Their maxim is never to be contented; the more they get the more they must gain. "I should say American life greatly resembles a ladder up which everybody is climbing, hanging on, falling, and beginning the ascent again after each tumble. Nobody thinks of stopping; nobody rests contented on any step." The metaphor is just, and it explains at once why the United States make such giant strides in prosperity, why they contain so many plutocrats or millionaires, and why American life is disagreeable when it is not detestable. Half the Chicago of a few years ago was burned to the ground, and the citizens began to rebuild while the ashes were still smouldering. A speculator, at once cool-headed and courageous, is ready to risk his whole pile on some novelty at a moment's notice, and should he make a hit he may become a millionaire. But all his money will not buy him comfort; everybody of any capacity is as eager as himself in the chase after riches; he must scramble for his meals with the rest of his compatriots in monster hotels where even the millionaire is a cipher, and he cannot keep an establishment of decent servants on any terms he may offer. Nothing is more suggestive to the stranger in New York than the fact that some of the wealthiest men in the city, who keep French *chefs* with their *aides* in palaces of marble, nevertheless dine habitually at Delmonico's.

Every man is eager to better his condition, and the great difficulty throughout the States is in attaching trustworthy dependents. According to M. de Rousiers, almost the only man who seems to have successfully solved the problem is Pullman of the cars and the car-building city; he has secured his workmen by good wages and respecting their independence; and he has actually disciplined the negroes on duty on his trains *de luxe* into showing themselves grateful for the tips their civility has deserved. One of M. de Rousiers's first visits of inspection was to an extensive ranch on the Platte River. The owner bitterly complained that his best ranchmen were always leaving him. Yet they were in receipt of 500 dollars a year, with a comfortable house and *carte blanche* for pasturage. That ranch was fitted with a telephone communicating with the nearest railway station. By the telephone the cattle-breeder could learn at any hour the current quotations for live or dead stock in Omaha and Chicago, and manage his consignments accordingly. We are told how the War of the Secession and the sudden stoppage of the mouths of the Mississippi influenced and redistributed population and prosperity. Each grain district and each meat district must have its distributing centre, with easy access either to the Eastern or the Southern ports. So St. Louis was under a temporary cloud; and the lowing of oxen and the screaming of

* *American Life.* Translated from the French of Paul de Rousiers, by A. J. Herbertson. Paris: Firmin Didot & Co. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

outraged pigs ceased to be heard on its broad quays and in its slaughter-houses. On the other hand Chicago, admirably situated, anticipated its inevitable destiny by a dozen of years or so, and rose with unexampled celerity as the metropolis of beef and pork. So St. Paul and Minneapolis were "boomed" by the North-Western farmers, who would otherwise have been floating their produce down the Missouri and Mississippi. The States, according to M. de Rousiers, are an inviting country for a steady poor man who is a skilled artisan or a competent field hand. But the tendency, as population flows west, is to large properties and farms; and taking up a small allotment is a risky speculation even for a man of some knowledge who is willing to work. It is true he can get 160 acres from the Government, and besides there is always an abundance of small farms going begging. But if he be penniless he cannot break up and cultivate his 160 virgin acres without assistance from some wealthier neighbour; and if he pick up a piece of land that has been tilled and abandoned there is generally insecurity as to the title. The former occupier may turn up, and has a right to reclaim his land with the improvements. Credit in a small way is easily obtained; but the facility is a snare or an assistance according as it is used or abused. Nothing is more significant of the shifting state of existence in the West than the rough wooden boxes in which even people of some condition are content to live. We continually see telegrams from the North-Western Territories announcing the wholesale demolition of dwellings in a tornado. It only means that so many slightly constructed packing cases have been blown about; no doubt it is disagreeable or dangerous for the inmates, but it is only what might be expected. But the difficulty of retaining good farm hands has been working its own cure. American ingenuity has been stimulated, and machinery, with its many refinements, has been superseding skilled labour. Not only is the ground tilled and sown and reaped by machinery, but there are dairies with all manner of labour-saving devices which drain the milkshed of whole districts.

The Civil War made many changes in the West, but in the Eastern States the changes almost amounted to revolution. Eastern farming ceased to pay in consequence of the influx of cheap wheat from Minnesota and Dacota. An immense impulse was given to manufactures, and the rural population of New England either emigrated to the West or drained away into the smoky towns which have sprung up round the coal mines and the petroleum wells. And the manufactures and industries are on a colossal scale, employing the capital of wealthy associations or syndicates, with a vast number of hands. The power and wealth of the Eastern industrial interests have entrenched themselves behind a system of Protection. Thanks to the heavy duties on all imports, the Eastern manufacturers have been growing rapidly rich. But, as M. de Rousiers shows, the foundations of their prosperity are precarious; and he predicts the speedy arrival of the day when a change of parties may cause collapse and widespread disaster. Protection enables the masters to pay high wages, yet they cannot depend on the votes of the workpeople. For, of course, the working-man begins to grumble at what he considers an unfair distribution of the profits; and he is certain that in his capacity of consumer Protection taxes him heavily. Meanwhile, although his nominal income is good, his lot in the large cities is as wretched as can well be conceived. He lives for the most part in many-storied, overcrowded blocks of building, with little light and no ventilation. And in New York, for example, he does his work in the most trying of climates, where, in the summer which follows the bitter winter, the heat is almost insupportable. Indeed, were it not for the constant infusion of fresh foreign blood, and for the free air and the elbow-room still to be found in the Far West, the American race must have deteriorated more conspicuously than it has deteriorated. Whether we may consider their discoveries a blessing or a bane, the Union is the paradise of the patent medicine vendors. But pills and purges cannot counteract those vicious habits of daily life which M. de Rousiers describes so graphically. He tells how the indefatigable business man bolts the solid breakfast which might suffice a Californian miner, and then rushes off to catch the tramcar or sky-train. How he toils all the day in the service of Mammon, snatching what is advertised as a "quick luncheon" at a bar counter; how he deluges himself at an express dinner with iced water, and then retires to the drinking saloon to refresh himself with cocktails and corpse-revivers; and how, whether engaged in business or pleasure, he patronizes the indigenous productions of the South by smoking or chewing the strongest tobacco. Finally, as an appropriate end to his strange, eventful history, he is taken to the cemetery at a smart trot, in consideration for the mourners whose time is money.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HORSE.*

THIS *Manual of Veterinary Physiology* shows plainly that, from one point of view at any rate, the student of veterinary medicine is better off than his fellow who walks the hospitals; it is rather a slim book, consisting of only just over 400 pages. The medical student, on the other hand, if he reads *Foster's Physiology*, has to get through a very much larger quantity of matter. We remember the latter work when it was no larger than the volume now before us; but since that period it has steadily increased in bulk, until now the contents have become too voluminous to be contained in one cover, and the book has been obliged, like an overfed amœba, to divide by fission into four separate parts. The author of a *Manual of Veterinary Physiology* has, however, by no means achieved this result by an undue condensation of the matter; he has not produced a moderately-sized volume by too tight packing, but by only paying attention to the better known regions of physiology, and by saying little or nothing about the more controversial aspects of the subject. This course is, perhaps, on the whole to be commended in a text-book designed for a professional student who has a great deal to get up in a short time; but, on the other hand, this plan is apt to produce in the mind of the diligent student a self-satisfied feeling, which is not really healthy, of having thoroughly got up the subject. There is proportionally less said about the cerebral hemispheres than about any of the other organs of the body; and we find in that chapter some inaccuracies—not, however, relating to physiology, but to anatomy. It is stated, for instance, that the deeper and more complex the convolutions of the brain, the greater the intelligence of the animal. This remark is often made; but it is delusive without being considerably qualified. No one, for example, could reasonably accuse the marmoset of being an animal markedly deficient in intelligence to the ponderous and stolid rhinoceros; and yet the brain of the former is as innocent of convolutions and furrows as the brain of a mammal can well be, while the cerebral hemispheres of the rhinoceros are extremely complex. The truth of this matter is that within a given group the small members have smoother brains than the larger. A lion, for example, is better off in the way of convolutions than a civet-cat, and a baboon is, so far, the superior of a squirrel-monkey, or a marmoset. The horse has a fairly complex brain, and yet the author is constrained to admit that he is not distinguished intellectually, except in the way of memory—surely, not a mark of inferiority, this? His remarks upon the language of horses may be commended to the attention of Professor Garner, who would probably find a stable quite as good a place for studying animal speech as an African forest.

The most complete part of the book is that dealing with digestion. It is here that the principal differences between equine and human physiology are to be found. Horses move their muscles, use their nervous system, and possess circulatory organs much as does man; but it need hardly be said that the horse is practically a vegetarian, while man is, in spite of some of our friends, built for an omnivorous, verging distinctly towards a carnivorous, diet. It is not of the least use to point out monkeys as the nearest allies of man, and therefore to be imitated in the matter of diet; the public, no doubt, hold that there is an intimate connexion between monkeys and nuts. But the fact is—and it is one of those facts not generally known—that many monkeys feed largely upon insects, occasionally robbing nests of their eggs or of their young birds. This, however, by the way. The horse has an enormous cæcum, while man has a very small one; part of this is even rudimentary, and appears to serve no purpose except that of affording a convenient locality for a particularly dangerous kind of inflammation. This cæcum (in the horse) plays a very important part in digestion; it has been generally held that cellulose, which forms so great a part of all vegetable food, is there digested; but Captain Smith thinks that this also takes place in the stomach. He quotes, in this connexion, a very interesting recent discovery by Mr. Brown that in oats and barley the cellulose is dissolved and rendered "digestible" by a particular ferment—not provided by the glands of the stomach, but pre-existing in the grain itself. The fruit and the leaves of the papaw tree afford an interesting analogy to this; they contain a ferment closely allied to, if not identical with, pepsin—the ferment which carries on the digestion of the stomach; this fruit would, therefore, form an excellent diet for dyspeptic people. A whole chapter is devoted to a consideration of the foot of the horse, practical hints as to shoeing being also given; some of the phrases used in this chapter read very oddly to persons who are not acquainted with the technical terms in use among veterinarians. The author speaks, for example, of the "horny frog,"

* *A Manual of Veterinary Physiology.* By Vet. Captain F. Smith, M.R.V.C.S. London: 1892.

the "sensitive frog," and says that "the frog is peculiar, inasmuch as it needs for its perfectly healthy condition contact with the ground," and that "the wasted condition of the frog may be restored by pressure." The "frog" is, in reality, an elastic cushion on the foot, the action of which is hardly apparent in the iron-shoed horse. If any one has ever observed that obese and unwieldy ally of the horse, the rhinoceros, indulging in a trot, he cannot fail to have been struck—ridiculous as it may appear to any one who has not seen the sight—by the extremely graceful and springy motion of the limbs. This is brought about by the elastic pad referred to.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AT last the French publishers are waking up, and books of various kinds are beginning to issue from their presses. Among them is the first for some months of those solid historical studies by which the modern French school of historians is now distinguishing itself as much as any school in Europe. To tell the truth, M. de Crue's book (1) is very solid. He is of course—a fact at which he glances good-humouredly in the preface—at the huge disadvantage of contrast with almost the most vivid of all Dumas's mainly historical romances, *La reine Margot*. But also his volume is less an account of the actual fortunes of his two heroes than an instalment of a complete history of the *Politiques*—a thing very well worth doing, but involving a great deal of inquiry into very tortuous and not very interesting intrigue. As for the innovation in the title-names, we are sadly resigned to that by this time, though it certainly seems a little unnecessary in the present case. Where living representatives of the family authorize or insist on it, they act, of course, within their rights, and a man of good manners must take his chance of magisterial correction from the ignorant when he writes "La Tremoille" instead of "La Tremouille." But we are not aware that either Margot's lover or his friend is represented in modern France, and so we might surely be allowed to call them La Môle and Coconnas, especially as the latter, at any rate, never seems to have signed any French form of his proper name, Coconato.

M. Pierre Bonassieux (2) (another Dumasian reminiscence), in his book on great Trading Companies of modern history, is another member of the same general class. M. Bonassieux goes steadily through all the examples of his kind in all European countries since the Renaissance, and has, indeed, an appendix on the various renewals of the institution, chiefly by England, during the last dozen years or so. His book is painstaking, and, as a collection of information on matters the history of which has hitherto lain scattered far and wide, should be useful; but for that very reason it is a little hard to criticize in brief space.

M. René Bazin (3), to whom we owe several very delicately-written novels and a capital volume of Italian sketches, has followed these latter up with a volume on Sicily, containing preliminary chapters on Tunis and Malta, with postscripts on Naples. The whole is characterized by the same elegance and proportion, without fine or florid writing, which distinguished the Italian travel scenes; and the Maltese chapters have special interest for Englishmen. M. Bazin, though the reverse of a Chauvinist, takes a not unnatural pleasure in the alleged popularity of France in Malta. We would not dash his satisfaction, but may suggest a common-sense explanation. England possesses Malta, Italy covets it, and, between the two, it is not surprising that the pardonable but perverse little patriotism which distinguishes small and not entirely independent communities should turn platonically to a third Power. It is not recorded that there was much love lost between French and Maltese when they last actually foregathered.

M. Paul Bourget always writes well, and his new novel (4) will, no doubt, be as welcome to his special flock as his old ones. Those who have always deplored the bent of his remarkable talent towards the morbid and *malsain* will not, perhaps, find much improvement in *La terre promise*. It turns on the mental struggles of a youngish man who, under the influence of an honest affection, has been changed "from an adulterer and a libertine to a respectful and ravished *fiancé*," and who, while indulging this lawful passion, is suddenly confronted with his old love and her little daughter—of whom he chooses to be certain that she is his own child. It would probably be impossible to explain to M. Bourget why this situation gives an Englishman what we call "a bad taste in the mouth." But he glances at a French form of the same objection in an interesting preface defending the novel of analysis. He does not, however, in his attempt to show cause against what he calls the *malveillance* of critics to this form grapple with what seems to us the most serious of all objections—that the analytic novelist is more and more tempted to present to his readers studies instead of finished pictures, to substitute the exhibition of the intermediate processes for the completed results of art.

That active and patriotic young Chauvinist, Prince Henri d'Orléans, has reprinted a memoir on the subject of French Indo-China (5), its prospects and disadvantages, which he addressed to a learned body.

It is rather an unusual time for bringing out tourist guides; but such well-executed and better illustrated little volumes as the well-known *Vingt jours* series (6) are welcome at any date. The illustrators have had excellent subjects in the coasts of Northern Britanny (which are slowly filling with watering-places, but not yet reduced, like those of Normandy, to the state of a continuous Brighton beach), and in the splendid architecture of St.-Brieuc and Paimpol, Tréguer and Lamballe.

M. des Rotours's *Morale du cœur* (7) (which appears with a preface by M. Ravaisson) is a sketch of modern ethics on their more sentimental side, from Rousseau (with a certain "throw-back" to the Scotch school) to Mr. Spencer; and is a very fair example of the return to a more idealist philosophy than has recently been fashionable.

Of school books we may note M. Boïelle's school edition (Whittaker; G. Bell & Sons) of M. Claretie's *Pierrille*. The preface contains a vigorous protest—which we heartily endorse—against vocabularies, and a plea for the use of the honest dictionary.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WORDSWORTH and meteorology and topography are pleasantly associated in Mr. Samuel Barber's sketches of Wythburn—*Beneath Helvellyn's Shade* (Elliot Stock)—the people and locality, their past and present, being presented from various points of study. Of Wordsworth, indeed, he must needs write who writes of the Lake district. Mr. Barber has drawn on the poet in adorning his theme, with an aptitude that does not degenerate into profuseness. His meteorology is confined to that volatile meteor—as an old writer calls it—the cloud, its many forms and varied phenomena. Mr. Barber is an observer of clouds. It is his delight to study the fantastic and graceful forms of the cirrus, the serried or marmoreal masses of cirro-cumulus, and to pass, like the poet, "from mount to mount" of the cumulus "through cloudland, gorgeous land." The fruits of this agreeable study are very interesting, and will, we think, be found by non-scientific observers far more intelligible than the portentous writings of certain "scientists" who have dealt with the subject. We sympathize with Mr. Barber's dislike of such terms as "stratiforius" and "cumuliforius." He finds more security in adopting Herschel's "anvil cloud," and "bead cloud," "ram's head," &c. But the terminology of cloudland is at present somewhat indeterminate. Not long since we heard of a young meteorologist who was utterly ploughed on examination because he was unable to satisfy his examiner by a definition of a "Noah's Ark." He should be partly consoled by Mr. Barber's reference to this mysterious manifestation of cloud—"How many theories have been advanced with regard to the stratified and aggregated forms called 'Noah's Ark'!" At present the study of clouds is a somewhat neglected branch of science, and it may be, as Mr. Ruskin suggests in a letter to the author, that much may be done "by patience and dexterous attention, without the aid of costly instruments and in the lovely and healthy observatory of the air."

The tone, rather than the title, of Mr. Douglas Sladen's volume, *The Japs at Home* (Hutchinson & Co.), is suggestive of "Mr. Douglas Sladen at Home," so serenely familiar is the attitude of Mr. Sladen towards Japan and all that therein is. Perhaps this impression is due to the levelling influence of a camera. Mr. Sladen is a "Kodaker." He has "Kodaked" Japan. His book is writ in "Kodak," we may say, so jaunty and colloquial is its style. From this point of view it is not surprising to find that Mr. Sladen thinks "Japan might be almost

(1) *Le parti des politiques—La Molle et Coconat.* Par Francis de Crue. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Les grandes compagnies de commerce.* Par Pierre Bonassieux. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Sicile.* Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *La terre promise.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Lemerre.

(5) *Une excursion en Indo-Chine.* Par le Prince Henri d'Orléans. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Vingt jours en Bretagne: de St. Malo à Brest.* Paris: May et Motteroz.

(7) *La morale du cœur.* Par Jules Angot des Rotours. Paris: Perrin.

disappointing, if it were not for the Henry-Irving-in-Hamlet legs of the coolies." And, of course, *Madame Chrysanthème* is not forgotten, nor Sir Edwin Arnold, who, "while in Japan is nothing if not Japanese," which is precisely what Mr. Sladen appears not to be. He describes what he sees fluently enough, often very prettily, but the description is of the surface for the most part.

The Silver Domino (Lamley & Co.) is an anonymous effusion, satirical as to intent, and extremely suggestive of the gentle Malayan exercise of running a-muck, or the emancipated young person having a fling, to its own obvious enjoyment. The temper of it is as illogical as that of the Angry Boy in the Jonsonian play; the wit "shrinks not from blasphemy"; the satire is conveyed from Byron by the very simple process of reading "Rudyard Kipling" for "Amos Cottle," and so forth; and the humour, which is "new," lies in addressing Mr. Gladstone as "Gladdy," Mr. Kipling as "Kip," and the like. From first to last it is nothing but screaming; you wonder when the scalping is going to begin, and are left wondering.

The delineation of the gentleman is set forth in a series of extracts from modern and ancient writers, in *The Perfect Gentleman* (Cassell & Co.), by the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, D.D., whose aim has been to "gather into one focus a multitude of scattered rays which have emanated from many great writers" who throw light on the subject. "So many, and so many," and so varied are these illumined periods that you might think there was nothing so complex as the character of a gentleman. And yet, as the focussed result proves, it is a very simple character. Dr. Palmer's book is indeed exemplary in effect, and is a treasury of quotations, well selected and very delectable to contemplate.

Who has not built his castle in Spain, and taken count of the cargo of his ship that is to come home, or rescued at least some salvage of its wreck? Of such pleasing phantasy Mr. George Ellwanger has constructed *The Story of My House* (Bell & Sons), and presented some engaging visions of the making of that house, the governing of it, the garden and orchid houses, the library and its delights, the beauty within it, and the various charms of nature without. And, whether the ideal be altogether ours, or in some details be contrary to our dreaming, there can be no doubt that everybody will sympathize with much in Mr. Ellwanger's prospectus of a house beautiful. It is indeed an attractive representation that is elaborated in his pretty volume, even though we should not subscribe wholly to the furnishing of the library shelves as Mr. Ellwanger presents it. But on this point the wise are agreed to differ.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year, and twelve poets impersonate the months of the year in *A Calendar of Verse* (Percival & Co.), a novel selection from the poets, comprising extracts for every day in the year, as in a birthday book, though without the blank pages for the autograph. Mr. Saintsbury contributes a sympathetic introduction to this interesting experiment in poetic selection, which he has happily characterized as a "table-book," a book in which old-fashioned folk were wont to inscribe their favourite passages from their best-beloved authors. One author only—Campion, who stands for September—is not to be ranked in this category. But the selection here given is so excellently representative of that charming poet, the day of his election should not be long delayed.

Queer Stories from Russia, by Capel Chernilo (Clarke & Co.), is a collection of very brief sketches that belies the title affixed to them. There is nothing "queer" in these simple little tales of Russian life—nothing that is not very familiar to the English reader.

Mr. William le Queux's *Strange Tales of a Nihilist* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), if less true to the literal document, are exciting enough in the wild old fearless style of romance, and abound in wondrous examples of plottings, disguisings, stratagems, and police exploits.

Humorous Readings from Dickens, edited by Charles B. Neville (Simpkin & Co.), is merely a jumble of brief extracts from *Pickwick*, &c., to which preposterous "headings" are given, such as "An Unacceptable Old Man's Wooing"—otherwise, Mr. Pecksniff's courtship of Mary—and "The Wonders of the Medical Profession," which is descriptive of nothing less than the entertainment of Mr. Pickwick by that pleasant wag Jack Hopkins in Bob Sawyer's lodgings.

Among recent volumes for school use we have *Livy*, Book V., with notes by J. Prendeville, re-edited by J. H. Freese, M.A. (Bell & Sons); from Cicero, the *Pro Milone*, edited by A. B. Poynter, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Cæsar, the *Gallic War*, Book IV., edited by M. F. J. Brackenbury, M.A. (Percival & Co.); *Livy*, Book V., edited by M. Alford, "Elementary Classics" series (Macmillan & Co.); Part I., "Accidence," of *A Greek Grammar*, by Professor Sonnenschein, "Parallel Grammar Series" (Sonnenschein & Co.); a Selection of *Latin Verse*, by Spencer W. S. Carey, for lower forms (Percival & Co.)

From Messrs. Percival & Co. we have *A German Science Reader*, compiled by Francis Jones, F.R.S., comprising well-chosen extracts from modern German authorities in chemistry, &c., arranged as a progressive course of reading; Books I. and II. of *Euclid*, with excellent test exercises and notes by Daniel Brent, M.A.; an *Elementary Geography* of New Zealand and Tasmania, by Lionel W. Lyde, M.A.; and, in the "Modern German Series," *Meister Martin Hildebrand*, selected from W. H. Riehl, with notes by H. S. Beresford-Webb, "advanced texts," and Ernst Eckstein's *Der Besuch im Carcer*, edited by T. A. Stephens, "elementary texts."

Mr. Alfred Nixon's *Elementary Bookkeeping* (Longmans & Co.) is, what few primers on the subject are, a practical book, such as beginners need as guidance.

The "House," the "Home," and the "Purse" are the chief themes of discourse in a *Primer of Domestic Economy*, by Edith A. Barnett and H. C. O'Neill (Macmillan & Co.), a capital little book for the young householder, though intended, it seems, for teachers of domestic economy in schools. Teaching, if it is to bear educational fruit, can only be combined with practice and experience in the science of everyday life and domestic management. It is the excellent merit of this handbook that its teaching takes a most practical form, and is strictly elementary. It lays down a sure foundation of first principles for the use of the beginner, and altogether we do not know a better little book on a great subject than this.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. BOTH home and foreign news was extremely flat at the end of last week, and hardly a single thing of importance fell to be noticed in either department. A long abstract of Captain LUGARD'S last report was, however, published, dealing with the state of Uganda before the Captain left it, and with that series of events which has been so shamefully misrepresented abroad, and, we regret to say, by some persons at home, who, like a well-meaning co-religionist of theirs, are "Catholics first and Eng-"lishmen afterwards."

The always careful and attentive Sir ANDREW CLARK has decided that Mr. GLADSTONE must not go to the LORD MAYOR'S dinner. These constant deprivations must be very annoying to Mr. GLADSTONE, who will have the sympathy of all good men in his enforced abstention from the duties and privileges of his office. Especially must this be so on the present occasion, when he would naturally have taken the first opportunity to clear up all doubts as to his own intentions and the cohesion of his party. In his letter to the Lord Mayor elect announcing his cruel doctor's immovableness, Mr. GLADSTONE congratulates Alderman KNILL on the "spirit and success with which he maintained the "principle of religious freedom." This is an odd way of describing the Alderman's sturdy refusal to go to church, though it cannot be said to be logically false. Lord ROSEBERY, also, will be absent, it seems; so we can only wish a hospitable reception to OSRIC and BERNARDO.

Uganda. Captain LUGARD delivered an interesting lecture on Uganda before the Geographical Society on Thursday, and while abstaining, on the whole, from contentious matters, ruffled some Gladstonians terribly by saying that he had told the chiefs "These "lands are British." What authority had he? say they. Well, he had the authority of certain very well known and distinct international agreements between England and Germany and England and Italy, together with a fair construction of, though not an explicit declaration in, an agreement between England and France. These may not be indefeasible title-deeds, but they are fairly strong ones.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. A great fire at Milwaukee, some painful details about the wreck of the *Roumania* (where, as usual, the Lascar crew seem to have completely lost their heads), the opening of the long obstructed trade routes at Lagos, and the asserted advice of M. CLÉMENCEAU to the Carmaux miners to take the goods that M. LOUBET has provided them, were the chief items of Monday's foreign news.

North Germany on Monday was very busy in celebrating the consecration of the restored Church at Wittenberg on the doors whereof LUTHER nailed the theses. The EMPEROR was there, and many other Royal persons or their representatives. The Carmaux strike had ended, the miners, at least, claiming a complete victory, and the end of these things is certainly not yet, either in France or elsewhere. Colonel DODDS had had another success over the obstinate Dahomeyans. Commander DUNDAS, acting for the British East Africa Company, had finished two years' successful exploration on the rivers Juba and Tana, having got on well with the natives, and discovered the relics of the ill-fated VANDERDECKEN (Austrian, not Dutchman) expedition of many years ago.

On Wednesday morning order reigned in Uganda, or rather had reigned there in August; the AMEER was said to have relapsed into indecision on the subject of Lord ROBERTS'S mission; and the French Government had promised to bring in measures for altering, in favour of resident foreigners, the very stringent rule of forced nationalization which has been declared in the EXSHAW case.

Foreign news on Thursday was still very dull. But a dinner had been given overnight by the London Chamber of Commerce to Sir HENRY LOCH, which was attended by Lord RIPON and other persons officially or otherwise connected with the colonies. Lord ROSEBERY had refused one correspondent information on the Behring Sea and Pamirs matters, and had referred another to Lord SALISBURY'S words, if he wanted to know Lord SALISBURY'S intentions. In both cases, and especially in the first, he may be approved, and we can only express surprise that any one belonging to a constitutional party should attempt a thing at once so unconstitutional and so inconvenient as the earwigging of a Foreign Secretary on diplomatic matters actually in progress. Some important changes in the diplomatic

service were announced on the same morning, chiefly permutations consequent on the approaching retirement of Sir GEORGE PETRE from Lisbon, whither Mr. MACDONELL is transferred from Copenhagen.

OSMAN DIGNA—the OSMAN DIGNA that we used to know—made his appearance once more this week. It was announced at Paris that Count D'AUBIGNY had had better success than Sir C. EUAN SMITH (he had, perhaps, the wit to keep clear of reporters), and had concluded a commercial agreement with Morocco.

Ireland. It seems probable that a plan of Archbishop CROKE'S for liberating the Paris funds will be acquiesced in by both Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, though some spokesmen on both sides are very angry at the idea of a compromise. A great deal of feeling has been shown in regard to the resolution of the National Education Board, which admits the well-known Christian Brothers' Schools to a share of the grant. If we may presume to offer advice to Irishmen in an "exclusively Irish affair," we should dissuade them from singing the "Boyne Water" on this occasion.——A terrible crime was committed in a police barrack in Ireland early in the week: a constable in a fit of insanity murdering his sergeant, together with the sergeant's wife and three of his children, and then committing suicide.——The literature of the Irish Eviction Commission was enriched on Thursday morning by a correspondence between Mr. MORLEY and the redoubtable Sir FREDERICK MILNER, whose bland persistence has before now brought so many Radical great ones low. Sir FREDERICK had not much less than his usual success on the present occasion, reducing Mr. MORLEY to a quaint alternation of pathetic protestation and nettled recalcitrance. The impartiality of Mr. LISTER DRUMMOND, Secretary of the Commission, was vindicated. Colonel SAUNDERSON addressed a large Unionist meeting at Bath on the situation on Wednesday night. On Thursday Lord HOUGHTON, in receiving some deputations, eulogized Irish scenery and the Irish Constitution. Both are excellent; but it is a pity that the VICEROY objects to other people expressing that admiration for the Constitution which he feels himself. This is carrying jealousy too far, surely.

The London County Council. The London County Council, that ideal of Lord ROSEBERY (who, by the way, was on the same day pretty sharply and pretty justly taken to task by the LORD MAYOR for ignoring seven centuries of excellent work on the part of the Corporation in deference to a silly Radical fad), sat yesterday week as a licensing authority, and busied itself with places of entertainment. The usual fanatics were prominent on the occasion, and one of them, Mr. CHARRINGTON, earned the proud distinction of being, we think, the first Councillor who has had to be removed by attendants for gross disregard of the rulings and authority of the Chairman. Last week an election to the Council was held in North Kensington, where Progressive replaced Progressive by a majority of about two hundred on a poll of less than a third of the constituency. For the majority of the population of London is not in the least like Lord ROSEBERY, and not only feels no enthusiasm for its municipal institutions, but apparently cannot be got to take the slightest interest in them.

The Booth Inquiry. It is to be feared, as indeed it was feared last week, that Lord ONSLOW'S well-meaning BOOTH-whitewashing Inquiry will hardly prove a success, except as a fresh advertisement for the "General." It has been pointed out, damagingly enough, that the Committee is purely officious in one sense, and not even officious in the other; that it cannot examine on oath or grant indemnities to witnesses who may have libellous truth to tell; that, in short, though excellently constructed for screening, there could hardly be a less promising instrument for discovering the truth.

The Wreck of the *Roumania*. Each day's details of the loss of the *Roumania*—the chief of a series of disasters caused by the heavy weather last week, which vented itself in tremendous rain throughout the South of England and very severe storms at sea—told a more lamentable and less comprehensible story. The survivors, indeed—two English officers, one of whom had lost his wife, and both of whom were washed ashore insensible, and half a dozen Lascars—were not, perhaps, in the best plight for telling their tale. But it would appear that the ship struck on a shelving shore not sixty yards from a sandy beach; that, though no assistance was rendered from the latter, she did not go to pieces for more than an hour, and that no attempt whatever was made by any of her officers to save either themselves or the passengers. That there should have been a good deal of wrecking is less incomprehensible; for the Portuguese of the remoter parts are not extremely civilized, are very poor, and not passionately fond of strangers; but the authorities seem to have done all that could be expected.

The Thirsk Collision. The terrible collision which smashed up one of the East Coast expresses near Thirsk on Wednesday morning, with the immediate loss of half a score of lives and with injury to many persons, may have been due to this cause or that. But it illustrates very painfully what must have struck many people—the extreme danger of the modes of lighting trains which modern demand for luxury and ease has forced upon Railway Companies. Whether it is impracticable to light trains by electricity we cannot say, but it is quite certain that either gas or petroleum makes a conflagration the almost necessary sequel of a collision. On the other hand, the advantage of the great solidity and strength which, though not necessarily, distinguishes the Pullman cars from other carriages was once more shown, as well as the danger of transverse seats.

The Municipal Elections. The municipal elections decided on Tuesday, coming just after a General Election, excited less interest than usual, and did not produce any very decided result politically, the gains of both parties being nearly equal. This, indeed, is of itself unfavourable to the party now in power; for that party, which still calls itself "Liberal," takes, as a rule, more pains about these things, especially in small boroughs, than the party which is called Conservative, and it is usually able to show a numerical advantage. The most important single event, however, must be admitted to have gone to the Gladstonians. The "Liberals," long hopelessly outnumbered in the Corporation of Liverpool, have been for years creeping up, and had actually attained a plurality of elected members. Some further gains on Tuesday will now enable them to co-opt their own candidates into the vacant aldermanic seats, and so obtain a substantive majority.

The Church Association. The Church Association has not, as a body, imitated the conduct of the two clerical tailors of Tooley Street, who have set up a "Protestant "Church of England," with intended ordination from unspecified bishops, all to themselves, in consequence of the LINCOLN Judgment. It has only framed a little programme for abolishing the Episcopal veto enabling churchwardens to remove without a faculty any "orna-"ment" which they may please to think illegal, and so forth. This is moderate. On Thursday the Association held a conference at Folkestone, and consoled itself with much strong language.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week Miss ANNA PARNELL recovered twenty pounds damages from a private hotel-keeper who had, in the language of her own country, "exterminated her"—in other words,

turned her out; and Mr. NORMAN LAMPSON was cast in the price (a thousand guineas) of a portrait of his wife and daughter by the late Mr. LONG, which the persons concerned regarded as "a horror" in likeness, and divers experts pronounced to be ditto in art. The case was by no means a clear one; but it illustrated at least one old moral, that in all matters where money is concerned, it is well to have a definite understanding beforehand.——An extraordinary statement was made, on Monday, by the Official Receiver of the affairs of the Liberator Building Society, from which it appeared that, speaking roughly, three millions of money had disappeared, or at any rate had been used in such a fashion as to leave only a few thousands of "free" assets. It is fair to say that the solicitors to the Society strongly contest the Receiver's view.——A very gross case of the contempt of court which is unfortunately becoming too common with a certain kind of journal was disposed of by Mr. Justice DAY, on Tuesday; the publisher and editor of a cheap morning paper being fined 100*l.* and 50*l.* respectively, and costs, for articles concerning the case of LEADER *v.* SMYTH. The case itself, one of libel and alleged jewel-stealing, was taken later, and has been proceeding during the week. What is called by some persons the "Edinburgh "Baccarat Case" (for the apparent reason that the game was played in Brighton, that the loser resides in Galloway, and that the holder of his cheque is an innkeeper in the neighbourhood of Marlborough) was decided by Lord WELLWOOD in the Court of Session last Tuesday in favour of Mr. MAXWELL, the defender, whose cheque Lord AILESBURY had obtained and passed to his former trainer, the "pursuing" hotel-keeper in question. The Judge made some pretty severe remarks reflecting on Lord AILESBURY himself, and it can only be observed that, although here, as in former matters, this "young nobleman" may have been "unfortunate," he is in that case a very unfortunate young nobleman indeed.——Sky signs received a blow on Tuesday by a decision in the case of Messrs. CARWARDINE, the millers, and on Wednesday the extreme prudery of the English law in the matter of wills—a prudery which has survived many changes in other things—was shown by Mr. Justice BARNES, who pronounced "reluctantly" against a will because one of the witnesses didn't actually see the testator sign. On this latter day a golfer was fined twenty shillings for driving a golf-ball on Wimbledon Common to the danger of the public; and Major FISHER, who has been unpleasantly notorious in the police reports for some time past, was sent to prison for three months unless he could find sureties for twelve.

Racing. The All-Aged Stakes and the Old Cambridgeshire were the events of interest on the last day of the Houghton Meeting—the last also of the old-fashioned flat-racing season, though all that is changed. In the first-named, Orvieto met May Duke and Rusticus, and justified the odds laid on him by defeating them, with something to spare; while in the second, Pensioner indemnified himself for his defeat in the more important race of the same name by defeating a very fair field, including Windgall, Thessalian, Buccaneer (who had just walked over for the Jockey Club Cup), and four others.

Miscellaneous. The town of Northampton came in last week for an agreeable present, Lord and Lady WANTAGE offering to bestow on it Abington Abbey, a mansion close to the shoemakers' capital, and of historical interest in connexion with SHAKSPEARE'S family, and twenty acres of land, for a park and museum.——The threatened great cotton strike, which seemed towards the end of last week likely to be averted, became more probable, and this week opened with a pretty confident expectation of it. West Wickham Common has passed under the charge of the Corporation of London, the manorial and common rights having been bought up by the Corporation itself and others. The "unemployed" have begun to demonstrate on Tower Hill and elsewhere.——On Monday an American preacher at the Metropolitan Tabernacle was challenged to pronounce himself an "immersed believer" by a member of the congregation. There was something of a fight, and the challenger soon became an extruded disturber. He afterwards, with a backer, appeared at a police court, but was let off on apology.——The agitation among the inhabitants and neighbours of Trafalgar Square at the way in which their interests and wishes have been ignored by Mr. ASQUITH continued briskly at the end of last week, when also the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE delivered at Reading an address, on a subject on which he is always very well worth listening to—the advantages of the older classical education over its rivals, and even over its own more modern forms.——H.M.S. *Howe*, one of the "Admiral' class, ran aground badly at Ferrol on Wednesday. The ship, however, the value of which represents some two-thirds of a million, was got off, though rather badly damaged; and the Spanish Government has made her free of its docks and arsenal hard by.——Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH was elected President of the Society of Authors on Thursday, in succession to Lord TENNYSON.

Books, &c. Some good books have come out this week. Mr. S. H. REYNOLDS, whose admirable edition of BACON'S Essays we noticed a year or two ago, has, with the assistance of the Clarendon Press, brought out a fellow to it in the shape of SELDEN'S *Table Talk*, a book of the first interest, which perhaps does not least delight those whom it most irritates, and which was not a little in want of editing. The second series of Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY'S *Letters to Young Shooters* (LONGMANS), like the first, carries no small weight. Mr. WILLIAM WATSON, in *Lyric Love* (MACMILLAN), the latest of the "Golden Treasury" Anthologies, has had a subject where a hand less accustomed to the matter could hardly go wrong. Two new editions of the Waverley Novels—great undertakings, with new adornments and apparatus—have been launched, one by Messrs. BLACK, the old ship's husbands of this craft, and the other by Mr. NIMMO, who has Mr. ANDREW LANG for editor. Mr. GOSSE has, by a coincidence, in one week become the adoptive father of NASH'S *Unfortunate Traveller*, a sixteenth-century novel, in Messrs. WHITTINGHAM'S beautiful series of separate reprints, and the actual father of a very graceful nineteenth-century novel (but with a sixteenth-century subject also) of his own in *The Secret of Narcisse* (HEINEMANN). Mr. SANTLEY'S *Reminiscences* (ARNOLD) were published yesterday.

IRELAND.

THE most interesting item of Irish political news during the past week is the announcement that Mr. O'KELLY has commenced proceedings against Major LE CARON and his publisher for alleged libel contained in his *Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service*. Mr. O'KELLY'S cause of complaint against the author is not, as readers of the book may remember, of a purely political nature, and, in so far as it is undertaken for the vindication of the plaintiff's integrity as the delegate of any American organization, the English public have no special concern with it. Still, directly or indirectly, it can hardly fail to raise questions in which all English politicians are more or less deeply, and Gladstonians painfully, interested; and advantage in one form or another is likely to accrue to us from that alone. The Special Commission, it will be recollected, pronounced no opinion on the question

of Mr. O'Kelly's alleged presence at the famous interview between Major Le Caron and Mr. Parnell in a corridor of the House of Commons, though, in the teeth of Mr. Parnell's emphatic denial of the most important of the witnesses' allegations as to what took place on that occasion, the three judges declared themselves to have "come to the conclusion "that Le Caron has given a correct account of the "message he was requested by Mr. Parnell to convey "to Devoy." As regards Mr. O'Kelly, however, they simply record his statement that "he could not say "whether the conversation between him and Le "Caron"—in which he was said to have suggested that the latter should, on his return, use his influence with his friends on the other side to bring the organization (the physical force party) into line with the Parnellites—"did or did not take place, but stated "that he had not the slightest recollection of it." Certainly it is most desirable that a jury should have an opportunity of determining the question which the Special Commission thus left open.

It is not easy for an English Government to perform a solemn farce successfully when Irishmen are included in the cast of characters. Nobody, we should think, can be more acutely sensible of this at the present moment than Mr. Morley. If Parnellites and anti-Parnellites would only look at him, and take their cue from him, they could never speak as they do of the Evicted Tenants' Commission. What they ought to understand is that, now that the Commission has been carefully prevented by the terms of the reference from dealing in any sense judicially with the claims of the evicted tenants to reinstatement in their holdings, it will be the wisdom of all good Gladstonians, English or Irish, to pretend that the functions of the Commissioners are of a strictly judicial character. The memory of the public is short; and one cannot be always hunting up the back numbers of newspapers to see exactly what it is that Mr. Justice Mathew—or, as it would be less misleading, perhaps, to call him in this connexion, Sir James Mathew—and his colleagues were empowered by the Lord Lieutenant to do. Thus it would have been easy enough to grow and cultivate an indolent delusion in the English mind to the effect that the Commission are arbitrating, according to strictly equitable principles, upon a dispute between Irish landlords and their tenants; and that their award will, on that account, deserve the respect of honest men. How provoking, therefore, must it be to the Chief Secretary to read the reported speeches of men like Mr. T. Harrington and Mr. James O'Connor—a Chairman of the Evicted Tenants' Association—and to note how inconsiderately these marplots blurt out their recognitions of the true character of the proceeding in which these gentlemen, learned or other, are engaged. The object of the Commission, say the former, is not "to "collect information as to the circumstances which led "to the evictions." They did not require such information, as "they all knew the causes of the evictions," which, indeed, is perfectly true. All the Commission had to do was to find by what means they could be reinstated as soon as possible. Let them, then, "ex-"clude the lawyers and the press, and proceed to "business at once." By Mr. O'Connor the Commission is discussed as "a tribunal to fix the fair pur-"chase price of holdings in cases where landlords and "evicted tenants are unable to agree." Nothing said, it will be observed, as to why the tenants were evicted, when they were evicted, or whether anybody has taken their places; the fixing of a fair price, so as to pave the way for another Land Purchase Act, making sale compulsory—that, according to these ingenuously outspoken Nationalists, is the beginning and end of the whole business. And so, of course, it is, but it cannot delight Mr. Morley to hear it put with so little finesse as this.

And it is at this moment of all moments that Mr. Morley's correspondence with that most uncomfortable of inquisitive letter-writers, Sir Frederick Milner, has been given to the public. The Chief Secretary's own share in it is more or less of an old story; for his letter in reply to Sir Frederick's inquiries as to the proposed terms of the reference to the Evicted Tenants' Commission is dated October 6, and in it Mr. Morley requested his correspondent to wait a few days until these terms should be officially announced. That was all right so far; and Sir Frederick Milner, of course, had no choice but to wait accordingly. But the worst of it was that he did more than wait for a few days; he waited for three weeks, and by that time not only the terms of the reference, but the names of the Commissioners, had been made public; and on both subjects he had some awkward remarks to make. He pointed out how unfortunate it was that the inquiry should be conducted by gentlemen who, with one exception, have shown a political bias in favour of the Land League, and who have also expressed opinions hostile to the Irish landlords; and how greatly it was to be regretted that the persons whose interests are threatened are not only not represented on the Commission, but cannot even be represented by counsel. As regards the terms of the reference his observations are of an even more troublesome kind; and here the Chief Secretary's annoyance must have been heightened by perceiving how valuable is the assistance which has been rendered him by those outspoken Nationalist allies of the Government on whose mode of backing their Ministerial friends we have remarked above. Sir Frederick, of course, quotes Mr. Sexton's frank declaration that Sir James Mathew and his colleagues are "not to inquire whether the evicted tenants "are to be restored, nor why they are to be restored," but to restore them. And he goes on in his unsympathetic way to ask whether no distinction, then, is to be made between "those tenants who were unable to pay "their rents," and those who "could pay, but deli-"berately defrauded their landlords"; because (so runs his narrow reasoning) if no such distinction is drawn, and tenants are reinstated indiscriminately and without a thorough and searching inquiry into the particulars, Mr. Morley will be "deliberately placing a premium "upon fraud."

Even this correspondence, however, may be a comparatively pleasant subject of reflection for Mr. Morley after a perusal of Mr. Redmond's speech in Dublin last Tuesday night, with its intimation to him that he has been guilty of "evasion and procrastination" and "unworthy timidity" in his dealing with the amnesty question, and that the sooner he compels Mr. Asquith, by a threat of resignation, to advise the release of the gentle Gallagher and his friends, the better it will be for him. With what eager cordiality Mr. Asquith, who has just had to execute a surrender to the friends of anarchy on his own account, will receive the request to him to capitulate to the patrons of political assassination to oblige Mr. Morley, may be easily imagined. And perhaps it is because Mr. Morley can so vividly picture to himself the warmth of that reception that he has incurred Mr. Redmond's reproaches as a lukewarm Laodicean.

BACCARAT AT BRIGHTON.

BACCARAT is, in itself, a very enjoyable game, and would be perfectly harmless if all men played with fairness, good temper, and well within their means. If all men were equally virtuous, we would with equal pleasure play baccarat with them all. Unfortunately, the best institutions are at the mercy of human greed and folly. Baccarat is, in France,

"a gigantic agent of national demoralization," as Lord BEACONSFIELD said about the Turf in England. It leads to ruin, duels, the haunting of *tripots*, and cheating; but it has never in France been so utterly vulgarized and desecrated as in England. It is impossible to read the accounts of the recent trial before Lord WELLWOOD, in Edinburgh, without shame and disgust. The name of a family old and distinguished in history has been sullied, and the story is like a sordid chapter from the adventures of Mr. DEUCEACE and Colonel ALTAMONT.

Formally speaking, Mr. TYLER, an innkeeper, was suing Mr. MAXWELL for payment of 5,000*l.*, on a cheque won from Mr. MAXWELL by Lord AILESBURY, and handed by Lord AILESBURY to Mr. TYLER, as part payment of a debt of 7,000*l.* The cheque, when presented, was not honoured. The giver of the cheque contended that it was granted for an illegal consideration, money lost at cards, and again, that it was obtained by illegal means, he being in a state of intoxication when he played and paid. The evidence left no doubt as to his incapacity for playing his game with consideration and understanding what he was about. This circumstance might have shown the winner that he should not have dreamed of engaging the loser at baccarat, and the history of Lord AILESBURY'S broken connexion with the Turf, as narrated by the Judge, ought to have warned the loser. As to the person to whom the cheque was paid by Lord AILESBURY, as Lord WELLWOOD said, "he could only recover if he could prove that "he did not know the cheque to have been given for "a gambling debt, an illegal consideration." "Lord "AILESBURY was well aware that, if payment was refused, "he could not himself enforce payment; and, further, "if his Receiver came to hear that he had recovered "the proceeds of the cheque, he might have to pay it "over to the Receiver." It seems odd if the Receiver, any more than Mr. TYLER, could get the money unless he could prove, what Mr. TYLER was required to prove, that he did not know it was the fruits of baccarat. This innocence the Receiver would probably have been unable to demonstrate as an element in his own guileless character.

Thus the cheque was a kind of enchanted cheque, and really of no value to any one, unless Mr. MAXWELL had adopted the view that a gambling debt, in whatever circumstances lost, was a debt of honour, and must be paid at all costs. We do not deny that this is a chivalrous hypothesis; but chivalry, in the whole affair, was glaringly conspicuous by its absence. Lord WELLWOOD was not satisfied that Mr. TYLER, to whom Lord AILESBURY telegraphed on acquiring the cheque, was quite devoid of any suspicion as to the consideration for which it was drawn. Consequently Lord AILESBURY did not recover the 5,000*l.*; Mr. TYLER, we presume, is still Lord AILESBURY'S creditor, and Mr. MAXWELL (who appears to have been under the hallucination that he had only lost 3*l.*), at all events has not been obliged to pay the much more considerable sum of 5,000*l.* We do not gather from the report that any other sportsmen took a hand in this curious game. If Mr. MAXWELL had won from others, and had accepted payment in the morning, as occurred in the leading case of Colonel ALTAMONT or AMORY, we fear that his position would have been more disastrous, pecuniarily, than it turns out to be. But apparently Mr. MAXWELL and Lord AILESBURY were engaged in single-handed baccarat; each of them, as it were, crying "Banco" at each deal. This is a game of extreme simplicity and stupidity; for such attractions as baccarat possesses depend on the numerous varieties and shifts of fortune in a large company. Nobody, we presume, would dream of playing roulette single-handed against the bank. There is no skill in baccarat at all; for it is notoriously impossible to lay down any fixed rule as to the judiciousness of *tirer à cinq*. In place of an apparatus of cards, the gamblers might as well have tossed up—heads or tails—and the only honourable plan for Lord AILESBURY was to go double or quits till his opponent was quits, and there to leave off. That would have been a harmless, but not a profitable, mode of passing the evening. The moral of the whole transaction was sufficiently dealt with by the learned judge, and is too conspicuous to need a longer explanation.

CARMAUX AND ALGERIA.

IN one of the passages of conversational horseplay reported by Dr. MORITZ BUSCH, Prince BISMARCK laid it down as a rule that you can talk a Frenchman into taking five dozen with satisfaction if you only use the proper formulas. The power of phrases on the minds of Frenchmen is possibly not so great as the Prince described it to be in his talkative after-dinner hour, when an appreciative audience, dried Pomeranian goose breasts, a present of several cases of his favourite hock, and a pipe of tobacco had put him in the humour to stretch himself at his ease, and let his tongue wag. Still it is undoubtedly very great, and so M. CLÉMENCEAU has demonstrated this week. Within five days of the time when this politician had opposed the terms of M. LOUBET'S Carmaux Arbitration, he went to the scene of the strike, and there persuaded the strikers to accept these very terms on the ground that they amount to a substantial and even a glorious moral victory. This he has done by altering his formulas. Last week it was an outrage on universal suffrage that M. CALVIGNAC was not to be restored to his place in the mines at once. This week M. CLÉMENCEAU tells the miners that, though their interesting Mayor is to go on indefinite leave of absence, "the principle of "reinstatement is safe." In the same style he goes through all the terms of M. LOUBET'S award, and shows that they are the reverse of what he called them last week, and he has had no difficulty whatever in inducing the miners to accept the Minister's ruling. The feat does bear out the Prince's grotesque doctrine that, if you only assure a Frenchman that the rods are removed from the back of the Roman citizen, and that the flogging he is about to receive is really a demonstration of the dignity of humanity, he will be quite satisfied.

There ought, indeed, to have been no difficulty in persuading the miners to accept terms which have been made amazingly favourable for them. M. CLÉMENCEAU has even found other employers of labour apparently so indifferent to their own ease that they are ready to promise work to those of the strikers at Carmaux whom the Company refuses to take back into its employment. He has been able to assure his clients that the prisoners who have not already completed their term for the riot which preceded the strike will be speedily released. In the act of making this announcement he gave another example of the naïve susceptibility of Frenchmen to fine phrases. The miners, he explained, would have properly scorned to ask for the pardon of the prisoners. That would have been a condescension not to be expected from persons of their dignity; but they will be glad to hear that the prisoners have been pardoned, because universal suffrage at Carmaux is in favour of pardon. The remarkable thing is certainly not that the miners should have finally accepted terms of a very favourable character, but that a politician of the standing of M. CLÉMENCEAU should have given such a curious example of inconsistency as he has done by first denouncing the award, and then insisting that the men should accept it. This will not make it easier than it has hitherto been to understand M. CLÉMENCEAU'S

reputation for ability or the principles on which he acts. To foreign observers it has always appeared that he had earned his reputation remarkably cheaply. He has always avoided office, so that nothing could be known of his administrative ability, and his speeches were chiefly remarkable for their fluent command of Radical commonplaces. Yet till of late he was accepted as the strong man in reserve who at some future day was to do something remarkable. Perhaps the fact that this reputation is not what it was may explain the part M. CLÉMENCEAU has played at Carmaux. The fact is that he never quite recovered the discredit of the mistake he made with General BOULANGER. It was M. CLÉMENCEAU and his friends who first forced Le brav' Général on the Moderates as a trusty Radical soldier. When they began to be frightened by the doings of their *protégé*, and would willingly have snuffed him out, it was found that he could perfectly well do without them. The defeat of the General was due to somebody else, and the result of the whole Boulangist agitation was to throw M. CLÉMENCEAU into the background, and to transfer no small part of his reputation as strong man in reserve to M. CONSTANS. A secret fear that he was tending to be forgotten may possibly help to account for that appearance of his as a leader of La Révolution Sociale which has shocked some nervous observers. A politician who falls back on the Social Revolution as a last resource, after three-and-twenty years of careful effort to shirk the danger of responsibility, is not likely to develop the qualities of a very formidable anarchist. M. CLÉMENCEAU would now be as obscure as M. BRISSON if, like that once promising statesman, he had been entrapped into taking office.

M. FERRY, who is one of the very few French politicians who have not been crushed by office, has come out of comparative obscurity this week in a much more honourable way. He has presented to the Senate a Report on the Government of Algeria, which is really a very able and very interesting document. It has been known for some time past that this so-called colony of France is in a thoroughly disturbed condition, that it is almost as much infested by brigands as Tonquin is by the Black Flags, while every branch of the administration is costly and most of them are inefficient. The Senate has appointed a Committee of Inquiry, of which M. FERRY has been chairman. His Report is too long to be fully analysed here, but it may be recommended to all who wish to understand French methods of colonial government, and the causes of their general failure. The document is an excellently, though occasionally rather pedantically, written comment on the consequences of what the French amusingly call their "logic" in matters of government. After the war it struck some Frenchmen as a fine thing to say that Algeria was only a prolongation of France. The deductions to be made from this fine maxim are obvious to a people of close reasoners—are as self-evident, in fact, as the conclusion that man is a monkey because monkeys and men have hands. Since Algeria is a prolongation of France, it must be administered in precisely the same way. So the office of Governor-General has been reduced to a mere show. The country has been divided into three prefectures, with prefects who take their orders from Ministers and Algerine deputies in Paris. Several years of their combined efforts have flooded Algeria with ill-paid officials, and covered it with railways which run up hills, to show the ingenuity of French engineering, while large settled tracts are left without means of communication—railways which exist only for ports, and ports which exist only for railways.

But the triumph of French logic in Algeria is to be seen in the administration of the forests. In obedience to the fine maxim we have quoted, the forest laws of France have been applied bodily to the so-called forests of Algeria. These districts are, in fact, vast regions of bush, inhabited by nearly a million of semi-pastoral, semi-agricultural, and always nomadic Kabyle and Arab tribes. When it is remembered that the French forest-laws are carefully designed to protect plantations of great trees from the depredations of the inhabitants of the open country, the consequence of applying them without restriction to the Algerian bush will be seen at once. The whole unhappy Kabyle and Arab population has been treated as criminal for living as it has lived from time immemorial. There has, in fact, been, on a larger scale and for a longer period, a repetition of that establishment of iniquity by law which was seen when the principles of Westminster Hall and the methods of Bow Street were applied without restriction to Bengal, and there has been no WARREN HASTINGS to provide a remedy. Kabyle and Arab tribes have been treated as trespassers for shifting their encampments and pasturing their flocks. In the sacred name of uniformity the fines imposed have been identical in amount with those inflicted in France, though it is notorious that the inhabitants of the bush are in extreme poverty. The doctrine that where there is nothing the king loses his rights has been so far observed that the amount actually extorted is fixed at a tenth of the nominal fine. Still, it is more than the inhabitants can pay; and, as the responsibility is collective, there is not one of the small tribes of the bush which is not burdened with arrears of debt. The net results of this system are forcibly summed up by M. FERRY. While the whole legitimate produce of the forests is only 477,000 francs, the fines extorted (for acts which are only artificially offences) amount to 1,658,958 francs. The administration on the spot is in the hands of understrappers who are very ill paid and worse supervised. M. FERRY confesses that the Government officials are sometimes corrupt and oppressive. The scandalous trial of the Algerian Mayor SAPOR for resetting native cattle-stealers, and summarily imprisoning his own countrymen who complained when he was found in possession of their cattle, comes very opportunely to bear out M. FERRY'S severe judgment. At the end of ten years of this "logic" the whole forest population is in a condition of hardly-suppressed rebellion. Cattle-lifting and fire-raising are chronic all along the border of the bush. These are the results of treating Algeria as a continuation of France. M. FERRY'S remedy is to restore the power of the Governor-General and administer Algeria in Algeria on the model supplied by that "great educatress of free "peoples, England," in India. This is complimentary to us from a politician who does not pass for our friend; but whether the Ministries in Paris and the Algerian deputies will take to the cure kindly is a point on which M. FERRY, who knows them, must himself entertain serious doubts. The indispensable preliminary to any real reform of the administration of Algeria must be the conversion of deputies and Government officials in Paris to the faith that you cannot administer a great dependency from the capital of the mother-country, if that is the proper word in this case. All you can do is to dictate the general principles on which it is to be administered, while leaving the application to the officials on the spot. This M. FERRY sees, and therefore he would restore the powers of the Governor-General. For our part, we feel great doubts whether this can be done while there are Algerian Deputies at Paris. The real source of the evils complained of is, we are afraid, the existence of any French colony in Algeria at all. A colony grafted on a dependency must necessarily produce a hybrid form of government. The administration of India, of which M. FERRY speaks with admiration, would not be what it is if a large permanent English settlement existed anywhere within it. The resource which would pro-

bably suggest itself to Englishmen—the exclusion of Algerian deputies from the Parliament and the establishment of a local Legislative Council under a Governor-General with large powers—would shock all Frenchmen as a form of separation, and M. FERRY himself would be as strongly opposed to it as any other.

A CRYING NUISANCE.

PERSONS whose avocations have led them, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, into the streets of divers provincial towns—which need not be specified, partly because there are so many of them—have frequently found it impossible to walk, talk, think, or exist in moderate comfort, because of the ear-splitting yells of many impish little boys engaged in selling evening newspapers—or, at all events, in crying them for sale. In some few instances the local authorities have had the good sense, either by express bye-laws to that intent, or by the reasonable application of the laws of England, to put an end to this intolerable nuisance. It has probably never been quite so bad in London as in some country towns, mainly because the newspaper-vendors here are scattered over an incomparably larger area, and are for the most part much older, and less shrill in tone. Nevertheless, the nuisance in London is more than bad enough to be put down.

Some correspondence on a part of the subject lately arose in the morning papers, and the men to whose doings exception was then taken are sometimes as bad as any others. They are those who frequent the "resi-" dential quarters" of the metropolis. They have lately devised a cunning plan of hunting in couples, or even threes. Two of them will go howling down opposite sides of the street, keeping abreast, in the belief that the discordant yells of more hoarse voices than one will be more apt than a single (and necessarily intermittent) bellow to persuade the credulous inhabitants that their papers contain some exciting news. But, after all, these pests do at last pass away. Even that cannot be said of the ragged wretches who shamble at the elbow of some harmless British subject as he walks along the principal thoroughfares in the evening, yelling "Win-ner" at the top of their raucous voices, every time they can catch breath enough to do so, which is about every ten yards. Some years ago it was only on the days of great races—say, once a week during the season—that this cry of "Winner," or "All the "winners," made itself generally heard; but now it is in use six days a week, and sometimes on the seventh, whenever there is nothing of more definite nature to howl.

There is no sufficient reason, in the nature of things, why a boy who sells newspapers should make a surpassingly loud and disgusting noise, any more than he who tempts the passer-by with a mechanical gentleman-lady-and-dog-taking-a-walk. The street newspaper trade is an extremely convenient one to a great many people, and does no harm to any one if decently conducted. Probably the stationary newspaper vendors who do not howl do quite as good a business as the peripatetic nuisances who do. The vendor with his armful of newspapers and his contents-bills is perfectly conspicuous to every one who wants to see him. Therefore the yelling is very nearly, if not quite, as useless as it is offensive. And it is not only offensive, but an offence, because it comes well within the legal definition of a common nuisance, and there is no possible legal excuse for it. Of course, any one is at liberty to prosecute somebody for it, but no private person will, because it is hard to nurse one's wrath against the offending individual until the following morning, and to take the trouble of seeing the matter through before the magistrate. But it is the business of the police to prevent offences in the streets, and the thing could be done by an order of the Commissioner's. It would probably not even be necessary to prosecute. Experience touching the exposure for sale in the streets of an indecent pamphlet some years ago, shows that men of the offending class are perfectly susceptible to commands from the police to leave off breaking the law. If the police had general orders not to allow the running newspaper-boy or -man to yell, the nuisance would be speedily abated. It is a matter seriously affecting the comfort of many thousands of people, and we trust that Sir EDWARD BRADFORD will promptly give it so much of his attention as can properly be spared from the doings of Mr. ASQUITH'S friends in Trafalgar Square.

THE SUICIDE OF THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

THE Programme, or Scheme of Policy, which the Church Association has published during the present week, preliminary to its Conference at Folkestone, is not a very important or interesting matter in itself. It is, no doubt, not to be forgotten, or merely pooh-poohed, that a fresh "section" of those who want the law altered, and for that purpose endeavour to work on the gullibility of electors and the malleability of candidates, has been formed. It is a little amusing to read the details of this new scheme for unchurching the Church. The Bishop's veto, of course, is to go; and the aggrieved parishioner is to be obtainable as easily as a knight of the post in old days. The Ecclesiastical Courts are to go too, for reasons equally obvious, though, we hope and believe, much weaker. Deprivation, instead of imprisonment, as more effective and less invidious, is to be agitated for in case of conviction. The laity are to be "represented" *more Nonconformistarum*. And, best of all, any incumbent, or any churchwarden, may remove an "illegal" ornament without any nonsense about faculties. The only objection we could venture to make to this last drastic remedy is that it does not go quite far enough, and yet makes all the others superfluous. Give any parishioner the right to remove anything he dislikes with a *stet pro ratione voluntas*, and, as far as we can see, the object of the Church Association is attained at once.

But there is another side to the question which is of far greater—which is of real—importance. The new scheme is a practical acknowledgment on the part of these accusers of the brethren that their game is up. By it the Church Association rushes violently out of its entrenchments and on to a remarkably steep place. It has hitherto always assumed the part of a defender and enforcer of the law. There might be those who said that its attitude towards that august entity was very much that of the wicked squire or lord of last-century novels, who availed himself of subservient justices and tricky lawyers to deprive his poor neighbours of their property, their liberty, or their honour. The Church Association, such harsh critics have always said, has some money, no scruples, and unlimited malevolence; and it has applied itself to get the law to enforce, under one pretext or another, the rather remarkable doctrine that CHRIST left His Church, from an uncertain period in the third century or thereabouts to a certain one in the sixteenth, to the care of Antichrist. Others might put it less harshly; but the fact remained that the Association always proclaimed its sole and single desire to enforce the law. It has changed all that. It frames a scheme, a programme, for the express purpose of altering the law. It admits, in terms as clear as a congregation of not very distinguished and generally

muddle-headed men can arrive at, that it is outside the law, that its *quondam* victims are under the law's protection, and that it is going to cut them out of that protection by hook or by crook, if it can. Such an achievement as this seems to us to outweigh in importance almost anything that has occurred since the LINCOLN Judgment, or has been brought about by it. "The law! the law!" was the cry of these persons, and in its name they haled this priest to prison, they frustrated the wishes of that congregation, they succeeded in getting temporary decisions flying straight in the face of the clearest rubrics. Now the law has gone against them, and they curse it to its face. It is Nehushtan, and we must make a new law as soon as possible. This, we repeat, is the best thing that could happen. It is good to see sensible Evangelicals like the Bishop of WINCHESTER accepting the judgment, and it will be far better to see sensible High Churchmen abstaining from presuming upon it. But nothing can be quite so good as the abandonment, in their rage, by this handful of mischievous fanatics of the one stronghold which they occupied. Even very sound and very high Churchmen have sometimes been not a little confounded by the recklessness with which extreme Ritualists would themselves argue for change, and thus put themselves also out of their strongest standing-ground. But these other persons had no other standing-ground whatever. Their one case lay in the alleged somnolence and oblivion which led, or was supposed to have led, the Church of England to cut itself off from Christendom and become a Protestant sect. Their one hope of proving that this was the fact lay in getting decisions from the courts of law to that effect. They have failed, and they have no sooner failed than they cut themselves adrift, agitate for new laws, and confess that it is necessary in the last decade of the nineteenth century to get the English Parliament to say that the English Church is something different from that which Parliament, Church, and law affirm her to have been and to be. And so they have committed practical suicide, and have proclaimed themselves schismatics in hope and intent, if not, like a few blunter enthusiasts, in actual and honest deed.

MORE REINSTATEMENTS.

MR. ARNOLD MORLEY, apparently determined not to be left behind by his namesake, has been doing a little "reinstatement" on his own account. His operations are not on so large a scale as Mr. JOHN'S, but they have the advantage in point of expedition. While the CHIEF SECRETARY is slowly setting in motion the elaborate machinery which is necessary to hoist the evicted tenants back again into their holdings, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is able, by a stroke of the pen, to readmit the ejected postmen of his predecessor. Seeing, too, that the screw applied to him is not that terrible instrument of torture which is wielded by Mr. HEALY upon Ministers "handed over to the "secular arm" by Archbishop WALSH, but merely such *lene tormentum* as humane Mr. GEORGE HOWELLS would be likely to bring to bear upon him, it must be admitted that the chair of office at St. Martin's-le-Grand is altogether a less uncomfortable seat than the ditto at Dublin Castle. Thus cheerfully writes Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY to the postmen's intercessor:—"Dear "Mr. HOWELLS,—Having now looked into the cases "about which you wrote to me, I am pleased to be "able to tell you that I have felt justified in re-"appointing Mr. C. B. SALMON to the service, and in "restoring their good-conduct stripes to five out of the "seven men who were deprived of them for attending "outside meetings. The other two men whose good-"conduct stripes are still withheld have not given "satisfaction by their conduct. Mr. SALMON will re-"enter the class of postmen at the bottom, with wages "of 18*s*.; but if he conducts himself well, these wages "will, I doubt not, be before long increased."

To all the adherents of the ennobling modern doctrine that everybody has a right to do everything (except to work for wages which seem to him sufficient), and that anybody who forbids anybody else to do anything and punishes him for doing it is a brute, these devices of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S will give general satisfaction. It seems, perhaps, a little hard on the two reduced postmen, who have apparently suffered for having failed to "give satisfaction by their conduct" during a period throughout which their now reinstated comrade was exempted, by the happy accident of his previous dismissal, from subjection to any similar test. But it will be a lesson to them to observe the Augustinian maxim *Pecca fortiter* in future, and to get themselves dismissed while they are about it, instead of merely reduced; and, indeed, we are not sure but that expedient may still be open to them. Mr. SALMON himself, however, is not perhaps without his own grievance. He may fairly argue that, if he was wrongfully dismissed by the late Postmaster-General, which is presumably the assumption on which Mr. MORLEY has reappointed him, he ought not to be compelled to "re-enter the class of "postmen at the bottom." Rather, he should, if any change is to be made in his position, be sent to the top of his class as some compensation for his unjust, if temporary, exclusion from the public service. To degrade him and lower his wages is an indefensible proceeding. What will the other Mr. MORLEY'S evicted tenants say if they are reinstated at a rent higher than the contributions which they paid to the Plan of Campaign Fund? The Gladstonian newspapers, who are applauding the POSTMASTER-GENERAL for having had the courage to "reverse the decision of his predecessors," have strangely misapprehended the situation. This is just what he has not had the courage to do. Like Mr. ASQUITH in his dealing with the Trafalgar Square rowdies, he has only reversed so much of it as he dared, with the result of disgusting every friend to the principle of authority without fully satisfying its enemies. The spirit, however, which has prompted this last official step is none the less mischievous for the timidity which has partially counteracted its influence; and Mr. MORLEY is proving no less significantly than his colleagues that the present Government only exists to do the bidding of that party of lawlessness and disorder whom they have so assiduously flattered during the last six years, and whose aid was so largely instrumental in their restoration to power.

UGANDA.

THE work of strengthening Lord ROSEBERY'S hands —or, to put it more generally, of giving the Ministry that clear expression of the national wish which is all they require to induce them not to evacuate Uganda—continues to be performed with no slackening of zeal. Meetings and addresses have not failed down to the end of the week. English clergy at Chester, and Scotch men of business at Leith, have met for the same purpose, and have said the same things. Moreover, they have said them in the proper way. They have taken it for granted that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers will do what is patriotic, and do it in the right way. Whether Government will act through the Company or not is a mere question of convenience and choice. On that point Ministers may decide. But the question whether we are to "maintain the "just influence of England within that territory in "Africa which was assigned to this country by the "Treaty of 1889" is quite another matter. On that

point the answer has been emphatic and affirmative, with no exception worth considering seriously. We do not know on what principle, which the present Cabinet is bound to respect, a small minority of the nation should be thought entitled to dictate its policy.

Captain LUGARD'S address to the Geographical Society should in its turn strengthen the hands of all men who are desirous to support the firmer and more patriotic element of the majority. It is not so much that there is anything actually new in Captain LUGARD'S speech. The traveller is, no doubt, entitled to take it for granted that the stay-at-homes know nothing of foreign lands. Still we think that Captain LUGARD does a little overrate the number of those who hold what he calls the Sahara and Swamp theory of the interior of Africa. A majority of Englishmen is, we think, aware that, after deducting the Sahara and the swamps, there is a good deal left in Africa which is neither sand nor quagmire. It was also already a matter of common knowledge that no part of the continent is more agreeable (when we have deducted the quagmire—a very necessary piece of subtraction) than Uganda. But Captain LUGARD has restated already known truths with force. The favourable picture he gives of all that part of the country which is not valley bottom should not prove the less persuasive because of the candour with which he recognizes the existence of wholly disagreeable conditions in the low-lying ground. The old device of painting every new country as a Garden of Eden has long ceased to be excusable. It had its justification in less experienced ages, but to-day it smacks too much of the Company prospectus. Captain LUGARD avoided the error of following that very bad model.

It is very well—very right and judicious, indeed—to insist on the attractions of Uganda; but we flatter ourselves that the country at large is more sincerely moved in this matter by considerations different from those of profit and loss. Our national honour forbids us to go, says the Bishop of CHESTER; and the Leith Chamber of Commerce agrees with him substantially when it says that evacuation would be a retrograde step, disastrous to our interest and prestige. The common opinion of such different authorities, looking at the question from such different points of view, will find support in Captain LUGARD'S speech. We do not believe that the most convinced opponent of a forward policy (always supposing that it is honest conviction which inspires him, and not factiousness) can read the end of Captain LUGARD'S speech without being converted to the opinion that evacuation is an impossible policy for us now. The speaker repeated what had been said to him by old chiefs in the country, in words which put the duty of Englishmen as plainly as it can be put. "In old times," said the chiefs, giving their reasons for doubting whether they could give him support, "the white men came to Mruli and Fansera in "North Unyoro, and the people did not believe they "had come to stay, and would not accept them. But "they built forts and stayed, so the people came. And "one day they gathered up their things and went; "and KABAREGA killed all those people who had "been friendly to them." In this case we have come and have built forts, and have promised to stay, and have gathered people about us from the Soudan among other places, and have supported some of them in civil conflicts. Are we now to pack up our things and go, leaving the people who trusted us to be killed by KABAREGA or some one else? It is surely better, if the words "national honour" have any meaning, that we should hold Uganda at a loss for half a century than that we should do such a dishonourable thing. As a mere matter of business it is better; for such a surrender would be a signal to encourage every form of encroachment on our borders in Africa, and would be an equally clear warning to all men to give us no help.

CUB-HUNTING.

THE sport of fox-hunting offers infinite variety to those who devote themselves to that amusement or, as it used to be called in old stories and songs, diversion. The fox-hunter must take his pleasure seriously, or he is no fox-hunter. He may go out with the hounds six days a week, ride to hounds well and gallantly on the finest of horses, dress himself to perfection, be the prince of good fellows, and yet be no fox-hunter in the eyes of the true fox-hunting squire. The true fox-hunter is a country gentleman, who lives on his estates, hunts with the hounds of his own country every time they go out, no matter what the weather is, often also with other packs, never uses the steam covert-hack if he can help it, but rides his own covert-hacks long distances, and looks upon his sport as one of the most important duties of his life, which is no play, but downright hard work, that rejoiceth him even as such. The year is divided for him into the fox-hunting season; the summer season, when he takes the keenest interest in heaving about puppies at walk, in knowing where vixens have put down their cubs, in the Puppy Show, and in the colts that have to be broken; and the cub-hunting season.

Cub-hunting is not fox-hunting, and if it is taken on its own merits, quite apart from any other form of diversion, it is one of the prettiest sports imaginable.

The vixen puts down her cubs about the month of May, and has to teach them their country and the way to get their own living between that time and the first or second week in August, when they are fine young foxes with very fluffy fur, which makes them look fresh and handsome. Some think that the fox helps the vixen in this arduous task; but, as the vixen is very shy in putting down her cubs, often in shallow out-of-the-way places, removing them as soon as they are old enough to the larger and safer earths, it is open to doubt whether the fox condescends to notice them at all. Judging by analogy with other beasts of the field, it is likely that he knows not the joys or the cares of parental affection.

The huntsman, having made up his pack after the puppy-show and completed his drafts and entries, is anxious to begin teaching his young hounds and preparing them for the hunting season, and that is the main object of cub-hunting. Another object is not only to teach young hounds what a fox means, but also to teach young foxes what a hound means, in which double process many a cub, and possibly a young hound or two, lose their lives. A favourite puppy of our acquaintance got on the line of an old fox with a few old hounds in cub-hunting, ran a long distance, came back to the kennel about thirty hours afterwards, and died of exhaustion. The old hounds were none the worse, as with them it was not an uncommon occurrence. Condition in hound or horse is everything.

Cub-hunting begins as soon as the harvest is over, as hounds, to say nothing of horses, going through standing corn are supposed to injure the almighty farmer. But, if the harvest is very late, the outlying wild districts and the great woodlands are resorted to. The cub-hunting season may be said to begin as early as convenient in August, and end with the last days of October, after which the first fox-hunting meets are published. Cub-hunting proper is a quasi-mystery. The meets are not published, and have the air of being a secret trysting-place of the master, the huntsman, and the whips. The servants wear their last-season scarlet, as the hounds know them better in that colour. Others dress as they please; but the good dresser has his cub-hunting suit of neat top-boots, brown breeches, and dark coat. There always appear at the meet some old hunting hands with profound wisdom expressed on their countenance, as if inspiration had led them to the spot, of whom our hunting squire is sure to be one. This is in the early and creamy days of cub-hunting before it ripens into fox-hunting, which it gradually does towards the end of October.

To enjoy cub-hunting is not to enjoy one's bed. The huntsman at break of day takes out a very large pack of mixed, young and old, hounds, and meets his master at the appointed place, which would be near a covert wherein litters of cubs are known to be. His young hounds as yet are strangers to the fox, but are full of life, fun, and frolic, and have, when out at walk, been hunting anything they pleased. A hound, with such an exquisite nose as he has, must hunt something. Now they have to learn not only what a fox is, but what everything else is not. The young hounds

have a tendency to follow the huntsman as their particular friend; but he knows that the spirit within them will not allow them to remain quiet, he therefore makes himself as dull and silent as possible. If he hustled about, blowing his horn, and craming to the front, the young hounds would think it good fun of itself. But as he remains very quiet after having sent the old hounds into the covert, the young hounds vote it dull, and are eager to go to the first tongue they hear just to see what is going on. Soon the hounds open in full chorus, and the cubs are scattered all over the covert; the old foxes have gone away by virtue of their experience of last season, and if a few hounds get on their line they are stopped by the whips. A cub soon falls a victim to his want of knowledge of the world, and the young hounds learn what blood is. A great fuss is made over the body of the dead cub to impress the young hounds with the idea that these funereal rites are the main objects of life.

Our squire gets up at an early hour and rides his quiet old cub-hunter, one of his hacks, a cob, or a pony, either to the meet or the covert to be first drawn, and knowing the sport, the country, and every hound in the pack, thoroughly enjoys in the early autumn the quiet and deliberate process, comparatively, of entering the young hounds to their game. The sport consists in observing the young hounds and the cubs, and not in riding to hounds at a great pace. There is no eager anxiety to get through your field, and cram to the front at all risks, that you may have a chance to see the run, when the man who does not know how to get a good start, or to recover lost ground, is hopelessly out of a good thing. All the anxiety, care, etiquette, and sometimes the vexation, to say nothing of the fatal jealousy, of fox-hunting is absent. Cub-hunting is a calm, leisurely sport, when nature is very beautiful, the flowers are still in bloom, the sun shines warm, and the coverts are dense with leaf. There is no crowd of horsemen, and no ladies for whom it is necessary to open a gate; and, in addition to such negative charms, our Squire, who knows every path and every gate, notwithstanding that silence is golden in cub-hunting, enjoys a quiet chat with the master about the young entries, admires the form of Hector, the dash of Romulus, and the tongue of Harmony, prize-winners at the Puppy Show. The charm of cub-hunting consists in the quiet enjoyment of the mere hunting of young hounds, chiefly in covert, following their own instincts, but taking their lessons from the older hounds, their encouragement from the huntsman, and their ratings by way of reproof from the whips. They are severely stopped from riot—that is hare, rabbit, &c.—but whipcord is used more for its sound than its sting. The whips, however, are to teach the young idea that their natural foods—hare, rabbit, sheep, deer—are unworthy of notice, and the fox alone is fit to regale their delicate noses.

The hunting-man in the country learns a great deal in cub-hunting that is useful to him in fox-hunting. If he goes out regularly he will know where the foxes are to be found, and their running; the same fox will usually take the same line in the same season. He will know the changes that have taken place in the country during the summer, when the riding-paths in coverts have been altered by growth or by cutting, for example, and he will learn how best to get through a difficult bit of country, or where the huntsman crosses a bad place. True cub-hunting is to be found in the early part of the season; as the young hounds enter it gradually grows into fox-hunting; more people appear at the covert side, especially as the time of meeting gets later, and towards the end of October it assumes more the character of fox-hunting, and a good fox may be run. We hold, however, that to run a good fox in cub-hunting is not the right thing. In cub-hunting the short-running foxes should be killed, the more the better, and the good foxes should be left for the great sport. Gamekeepers like to see foxes killed in cub-hunting. One of their wiles is to get rid of the old foxes, and feed the cubs themselves with rabbits, &c.; in this way the cubs get fat, comparatively tame, know no country but their own native covert, and fall easy victims to a large cub-hunting pack. The keeper is then rewarded for the number of cubs he has shown, having *removed* the parents, who would have taught them their cunning. Huntsmen and keepers are apt to shift litters—to take them out from one place and put them down in another more convenient perhaps for both—which entails artificial feeding, and the loss of the vixen's lessons in wisdom. A fox once handled, according to Jack Russell, i no good for two years.

In the great hunting Shires the whole fox-hunting proceeding is more or less ceremonious, occasioned by the number of people who take part in it for many various reasons, and it is almost reduced to riding to hounds. In the outlying provinces there is still to be found hunting for hunting's sake. In the Shires the cub-hunter is a horse used for that purpose, and the hunter is kept and trained for the fox-hunting season. In the provinces the hunter is often taken out to get gradually into condition by sober cub-hunting for long hours, and we venture to think the condition of hunters is better understood sometimes in the provinces by a good sportsman with a horse or two, for instance, trained by himself, than it is in the Shires, where there are second horsemen out, where hunters are trained by the grooms, and where there are all sorts of such-like luxuries.

The cub-hunting season is now over, and the young hounds and the young foxes are both well fitted for the fox-hunting season, when neither are any longer considered or talked of as youthful. The cubs are foxes, and know to their cost the sound of the huntsman's horn, and the puppies are hounds only known by a few to be in their first season; they have assumed all the airs and manners of the older hounds.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil, though it numbers over six hundred pictures, both small and great, is by no means notable for high average achievement, or for conspicuous excellence in single examples. We do not recall, in fact, an exhibition of the Institute so undistinguished. The unusual predominance of landscape cannot be held responsible for the want of distinction in other descriptions of work, for the more capable and attractive portion of the exhibition is undoubtedly the product of landscape-painters. Portraiture, for example, is but slightly represented, and figure subjects are strangely few, and for the most part decidedly insignificant. Pictures that tell a story, or deal with incident; pictures of the sea, or coast marines, still-life studies, and so forth, are as fully shown, to speak by the number, as previously. Yet there is little among these that claims our attention. Sir James Linton, as if to emphasize the prominence of landscape, is himself an exemplar in this branch of art, having abandoned, temporarily we must hope, those studies of the heroic or adorable personages of romance or history which have charmed us in past exhibitions. In the West room we have two paintings by Sir James Linton, "Sweetwater" (150), a study of park-like scenery, and "Approaching Michaelmas" (143), a rural subject of the kind that appeals to the sentimental traveller. These are somewhat prosaic transcripts, unpleasantly dark in tone, and too suggestive of the artist's literal acceptation of an eighteenth-century critic's view of landscape as made up of the "dead pieces of nature." Such vitality as Sir James Linton's third painting possesses—"The Old Story" (244)—is entirely due to the figures, which are expressive enough, though we cannot say the version of the old story is particularly interesting. Mr. R. W. Allan's summer sea under the influence of brilliant sunshine and brisk air—"The Breezy Blue" (13)—has excellent freshness and force. In "A Sussex Lane" (103), Mr. Wimperis presents one of the finest of his broad and luminous studies of landscape, illuminated by changeful gleams and shadowed by the torn and flying clouds of a windy sky. Mr. Claude Hayes is a painter of landscape to whom the term colourist is rightly ascribed, and in his "Berkshire Pastoral" (367), and to a still greater degree in the smaller picture, "On a Surrey Common" (4), his sensitive perception of the magic and mystery of colour is convincingly revealed. Mr. Leslie Thomson also is of the company of colourists, as is proclaimed by his admirable canvas "Clay Barges" (118), where a forlorn and unattractive land of clay-delvers and puddlers forms the subject of this veracious and accomplished student of landscape. In the same room we note Mr. Thomas Pyne's strong and sincere Hampshire landscape, "At Ringwood" (40), and Mr. Pickering's large study of a rocky ravine and river-pool, "A River Sanctuary" (94), very broadly handled, yet marked by minute and conscientious observation of nature.

More attractive with the general, however, must be Mr. Pickering's impressive "Dream of Home" (486), an old half-timber mansion, a "home of ancient peace," with its tranquil garden and pond, old trees and out-buildings, in the solemn light of a lowering evening sky.

In the Central room we find one of Mr. John Reid's clever character-studies of the showman's life, "Toby's Rehearsal" (283), and in the West gallery "A Gipsy Queen" (469), by the same painter, is so persuasive and actual as to revive in you many a memory of the vagrom life on the road. Types, also, we have in Mr. Raven Hill's "Bank Holiday" (324), and capital studies these are of the stray revellers of the streets, with concertina in hand, bellowing some popular ditty. "A Skirmish near Tangier" (483), by Mr. Aubrey Hunt, is a spirited work, though the horse and rider are suggestive rather of a fantasia than a fray. Byron's line "Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven" might have been inscribed under Mr. Fahey's night-piece, "The Gulf of Spezia by Starlight" (339), for there is something of poetic vision, as well as undoubted cleverness, in the artist's treatment of a very difficult subject. In the East room are Mr. Aumonier's "Sussex Hayfield" (422), and Mr. Alfred East's decorative and beautiful "Clairwin Valley" (513), the more notable landscapes that remain for notice. Mr. John Collier's woodland picture, "In a Beechwood" (625), is marked by the painter's unfaltering realism. The textures and forms of mossy boulders and tree-stems, erect or fallen, are rendered with unimpeachable truth in this admirable study of "beechen green and shadows numberless." Of the portraits, Mr. Shannon's one contribution (97) is the one example that commands attention.

At Suffolk Street, the Society of British Artists have formed an exhibition that is fully equal, if water-colours are included, and the making of pictures be an industrial pursuit, to the show at the Institute. Here, again, we have a prodigious array of paintings that possess no kind of interest for the lover of art, passing before which the sparsely-sown works of real charm and accomplishment move us with the surprise that is felt by the wanderer in some new suburban district when he chances upon some picturesque Augustan or early Georgian house. Mr. Glendenning's "Adversity" (65), with its effective figures, as an unforced note of pathos, in a delicately-harmonized landscape of cool, gleaming greys, is one of these pleasurable instances. Mr. R. W. A. Rouse's more robust work, "A Southerly Wind and a Stormy Sky" (15), and Mr. Pickering's "Autumn Gust" (59), an elm-edged cornfield with belated harvest under a dark, rainy sky, are excellent studies of the more boisterous moods of Nature. The same kind of veracity—the realism that is not that of the copyist or spiritless transcriber—must be claimed for Mr. John Reid's coast-scene, with fisherfolk, "The Storm" (103). Mr. Wyke Bayliss shows a variety of architectural drawings in water-colour—the Cathedrals of Milan, Cologne, Siena, and Florence supply the material for some of these interesting studies—and one painting, the "Votive Chapel in the Abbey Royal, St. Valéry-sur-Somme" (131), which is one of the most elaborate and successful of the artist's architectural interiors. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Pilots, Puerta de Passages" (68) is extremely clever, but a little too assertive in its literal record of the extremely transient impression of dazzlement produced on him who passes suddenly from a darkened room into the glow and heat and reverberated light of a Southern sky. The vivid blotches of colour reflected in the blue water in Mr. Brangwyn's picture positively wound the eye by their crudity, and, with the unatmospheric background of terraced hillside, may be likened to some garish, many-coloured patchwork quilt of fantastic composition. The picture, in short, is not an example of well-tempered realism. In "Tarifa, Spain" (222), Mr. Brangwyn depicts the Mediterranean as a sea of indigo, with opaque shadows in the lifting swell, and scarce any graduation of surface light. Mr. Yeend King's charming landscape, "A Mill on the Ouse" (155), is both in colour and quality finer than his more elaborate work at the Institute. An unhackneyed subject, yet one that must appeal to the imaginative painter, is successfully handled by Mr. A. W. Strutt—"In the Hush of Night" (173)—whose study of the soft light of the rising moon on the plumage of swans floating on some rushy mere is both skilful and poetic in effect. Though somewhat cold in colour, Mr. Robert Sauber's "Diana" (78) is a decorative design of considerable merit.

At the Goupil Gallery there is a collection of paintings and drawings by Adolphe Hervier, which forms a "one man's" exhibition of exceptional interest to the lover of landscape art. Hervier died in 1878, in his sixtieth year. By friendship, rather than in a topographical sense, he was associated with the Barbizon painters. There is nothing especially Barbizonian in his work or his method of study, for he sought the material for his admirable landscapes not in one locality, but in many widely-different districts of France. But no one who studies his sincere and very individual paintings would dispute his rightful place in the company of Rousseau and Troyon, between whom Gautier placed him. In such woodland scenes as the "Landscape" (36), "Old Oaks, Forest of St. Germain," and "Forest of Fontainebleau" (21), there is indeed more than a suggestion of Rousseau in the painter's style, and in the simple yet imposing force of presentation. Like Constable, Hervier was an untiring observer of nature, and would address himself to variations on a theme that attracted him with the enthusiasm of a devotee. Many an old farmyard, with its picturesque surroundings, has he painted in Normandy or Picardy—"Old Houses" (8), "Farmyard in Normandy" (4), "Stable-yard" (22), "A Woodland Farm" (44)—with inexhaustible interest in the subject. In such rural scenes, and in the freedom of wide treeless plains, of hillsides set about with gaunt windmills, Hervier seems to have found a keen delight. Beautiful in colour, and completely artistic in style, as these delightful paintings are, their simple and unadorned truth is one of their chief charms. As you look at the wonderful painting of windmills, "Moulin de la Galette" (12), with its spacious sky of vast and ragged clouds lit by transient pale gleams of the sun, the very wind smites you, fresh with scents of the high and bare hills. Constable's studies of the Downs near Brighton are not more effectively handled; while in the drawings of Hervier, of which a fine and varied selection is on show at the Goupil Gallery, there will be found material for examination as interesting as Constable's own.

At the Burlington Gallery, in Old Bond Street, Mr. Charles Sainton's drawings in silver point comprise some charming and clever studies of the *première danseuse* of the ballet—on the stage, or "going on" as in "The Last Touch," or in the dressing-room (14), with certain studies of the figure of a visionary kind, inspired by a vein of fancy that is graceful as well as unforced. Of the latter description we have examples in "Will o' the Wisp" (15), in "A Spider's Web" (21), a pretty and decidedly modish siren, and in "A Bacchante" (7).

An exhibition well representative of the artistic work of the late Charles Robertson is open at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. Probably there are few members of the Royal Water-Colour Society whose drawings are better known than these interesting studies of Eastern scenery and society, of East-coast backwaters, and English rural districts. They have before now been collected for exhibition, and they will thoroughly repay the attention of visitors to the present well-varied collection.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

NOW that the shouting is over, and the heroes of the hour—the hosts and the guests—have finally said good-bye and turned once more to the dull routine of winter quarters, it is interesting to note what is thought by practical soldiers abroad as to the value, from a service standpoint, of the unique race lately accomplished in Germany. We in England have been at no pains to conceal our opinions about it, and in these columns a week or two ago views were expressed which appear to coincide with those that have been heard from every quarter of the kingdom. But our notions on equitation have but little in common with those of foreigners on the subject, and, however justly we may claim to take the lead so far as sporting horsemanship is concerned, we cannot afford to despise Continental opinion where aught that appertains to the training of cavalry is in question. Many of us will, therefore, turn with interest to an article which has just appeared in the leading German military paper, where the long-distance ride is discussed in regard to the practical value of the lessons it has taught us.

The writer, who throughout adopts a most impartial and

reasonable tone, begins by frankly admitting that the long-distance rides, which appear to be viewed with so much favour by foreign officers of late years, can never vie with riding across country as a means of developing that decision, quickness, and resourcefulness which are so essential to every cavalry soldier. He places hunting, therefore, first amongst the sports which should be encouraged amongst officers, and his opinion will be endorsed with acclamation by every colonel who commands a regiment on this side of the Channel. But the German officer adds that more than pluck, good horsemanship and an "eye for country" is requisite for a leader of cavalry. He should understand how to cover long distances on the road with the least possible distress to the animals he and his men bestride, and it is as necessary for him to be a good horsemaster as it is for him to be master of his horse. The art of getting the most out of horseflesh on the line of march is one which needs study and practice to every whit the same extent as do race-riding or the *haute école*, and therefore these feats of endurance should form part of an officer's education as well as those upon the tan or between the flags. To cover many miles with success a man must first of all study his own condition, and while he makes his charger fit, must not forget to render himself so too. He should carefully watch how his horse takes its food, and vary the amount of it, the time of feeding, and the nature of the forage, so as to ensure that the animal derives the maximum amount of benefit from the nourishment it takes. Then he should endeavour by experiment to discover the pace which suits its conformation best, and the most judicious manner of varying it, so as to afford relief to the muscles, and yet get over the ground. The particular pace that best suits the animal having been arrived at, it should be trained to go at that pace evenly and methodically, and with the regularity of a machine. And care should be taken never to stretch the bow to the utmost, or the subsequent reaction will more than counterbalance the present gain. Thus it is that a man will learn to watch the animal closely and sympathetically, will come to know by experience when he must check it, or when he may venture to press it forward. A careful, observant rider like a good coachman will note signs of fatigue or distress where another in his excitement will overlook them, while it is by the head rather than by the hand or leg that success in rapid marching is to be attained, and horse and man can be brought to their journey's end in such condition as will render them equal to renewed exertion on the morrow. We note with pleasure that the foreign critic holds that it is only when this is so that, viewed from the military standpoint, long distances can be said to have been successfully accomplished.

It was because of the encouragement to study a branch of professional knowledge that would be given by it that the announcement of the great competition between Berlin and Vienna was hailed with delight by officers in both the great armies. Properly conducted, valuable lessons might have been supplied and really useful experience gained. Have the hopes which were roused in many bosoms been substantiated? "If we are to be just and candid even against ourselves," the German officer says, "we must answer No." In place of what is usually spoken of as a distance ride, a race (at least in so far as the majority of the competitors were concerned) took place, an abnormally long one of the exact length of 357 miles 518 yards, certainly, but still a race; and it is because of this fact that the so-called distance ride was a failure. To have succeeded in accomplishing such a distance at an average pace of some four German miles (or about fifteen and a half of our own) in three hours, including the inevitable halts for refreshment, remains a wonderful performance, and any one who compassed it is to be congratulated. Indeed, it may be admitted, thinks our German friend, that all those who arrived at their destination on horseback achieved a feat of which they have reason to plume themselves. In the hunting-field and on the racecourse, if man or beast is to show any pluck or dash at all, there must be occasional accidents, and some must even prove fatal. Whether, however, even the most splendid prize would compensate a rider for what he must feel when he thinks of the glazing eye of the good horse which he watched dying from the effects of the over-exertion that he had subjected it to, is another question which he clearly holds a strong opinion about, but which he prefers to leave unexpressed. As a typical example of a sport which officers may indulge in with advantage and amusement, it is clear, indeed, from the tenor of the article we are referring to, that the Berlin-Vienna fiasco is regarded with as little favour in Germany as over here. The criticism, however, is not merely destructive, but suggestions are thrown out with a view to making such competitions in future alike more humane and more instructive. It is probable that the patronage which was bestowed on the trial of endurance just over, and the attention it everywhere aroused, will cause a fashion for these exercises to set in, and that many more on a smaller scale will in future be heard of. It is therefore suggested that, in the conditions of all other such competitions, a clause should be inserted which should specify that no one should be considered eligible for a prize whose horse was not perfectly sound when it reached the goal, and that, moreover, prizes should be given only to those riders whose chargers showed a degree of fitness for further exertion which was satisfactory to the judges. Of course, with such a modification of the rules we should probably never get "record" performances, and would be left ignorant usually as to how much better a horse might have done had he been harder pressed. No doubt, too, there would be many heartburnings where a horse unluckily lamed close to the journey's end, and, yet otherwise fit and well, might be disqualified. Men, however, must be prepared for such miscarriages, and must accept them with resignation as the fortune of war, while there should be no difficulty in appointing judges whose award would command confidence and respect. Englishmen will, we imagine, endorse these views, and will hold that, unless thus carried out, long-distance competitions will teach us nothing, and will disgust all lovers of horseflesh.

The concluding part of the article in which the German officer discusses the relative performances of his comrades and the Austrians is especially interesting, and is marked by a generosity of spirit which cannot be too highly commended. He begins by frankly admitting that the Austrians showed an undoubted superiority over his own countrymen. The manner in which this superiority has been explained away in certain quarters does not, however, seem to him to be satisfactory. It has been said that the Austrians, having to cross the hilly portion of the route in the beginning of the ride, when their horses were fresh, thus gained an advantage over their opponents, who had to face the slopes with horses weary after a prolonged strain. He does not deny that there is a little, certainly, to be said on the part of those who hold these views; but he points out that the soft sandy stretches which the Southerners had to traverse, on horses accustomed to harder ground, did not by any means tend to render their task easier; and he is not satisfied, therefore, that their success can be accounted for by this argument. On the other hand, more legitimate explanations are, he considers, to be found; first of all in the excellence of the breed of horses to be found in Austro-Hungary, where a most rational system of breeding and rearing is adopted, and where there are wide open plains over which the young stock roam at will and grow strong and sinewy on abundant pastures. The clean limbs and sound feet and joints which distinguish these animals are the outcome of decades of careful breeding and management, and the Austrians of to-day are reaping the benefit of their forefathers' wisdom. But, after all, the real cause of defeat lies elsewhere than in these facts, although they were greatly instrumental in the result, and German officers must not conceal from themselves the truth, says their comrade. For the last thirty years long-distance riding has been studied, and practised, although on a less heroic scale than in the present instance, throughout the armies of the dual monarchy, and that the experience gained has been turned to good account is witnessed by the results they have good cause to be proud of. The German generously acknowledges the superiority of his opponents, and, like an honourable foe, does not seek to raise any specious excuses to impeach the justice of the award. His suggestions, we hope, may be carried out, should a novelty develop into an annual custom; but we would venture to add yet another which will be necessary if any data worthy of our attention are to be derived from the contests. Unless every rider is obliged to carry the same given weight, we fail to see how fairness is to be obtained, or how we are to gauge the relative merit of the performances. Weight is a factor which we cannot afford to leave out of sight where the exertions of the horse and his rider are concerned, and its importance is especially great where exercises—which, after all, are

chiefly valuable as a means of testing or developing military efficiency and those qualities in an officer which are instrumental in bringing one branch at least of it about—are undertaken.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE rise in its rate of discount by the Bank of England was promptly followed last week by an advance in its rate by the Imperial Bank of Germany. The Directors of the Bank of England then began to borrow upon Consols, the value of money in the open market decidedly rose, and on Thursday it was generally expected that the Bank-rate would again be put up. But it was not.

The enhancement of the value of money has come as a surprise upon the market; for trade is not improving—quite the contrary—and though speculation is somewhat more active than it was in the summer, it is still very stagnant. There is nothing, then, in the state of business to account for the movement; it is entirely due to the withdrawals of gold from London, chiefly for Russia. At this season of the year there is always a demand for gold by the Scotch banks; but the metal returns in a few weeks, and therefore the withdrawals would have little effect upon the market if they stood alone. There are similar demands for Egypt and other countries to move the crops, as the phrase goes; but those demands likewise recur every year, and in themselves are too regular to have much influence upon the market. Thirdly, the Austro-Hungarian Government intends shortly to bring out a great loan for about 20 millions sterling, and it would, therefore, be contrary to its interest to disturb the European money markets. The Austro-Hungarian withdrawals, then, were sure to be regulated with an eye to the effect upon the value of money, and, in fact, as soon as rates began to rise in London the withdrawals ceased, and now it is understood that the contemplated loan will not be brought out until the spring. What has really compelled the Bank of England and the Imperial Bank of Germany to act so energetically, and what not impossibly may lead to even higher rates before long, is the action of the Russian Government. According to a semi-official statement in the *Journal de St.-Pétersbourg*, telegraphed to all our daily contemporaries on Monday, the Russian Government has at the present time in St. Petersburg, and standing to its credit with its agents abroad, about 96 millions sterling. Yet the Russian Government has for some time past been withdrawing immense sums in gold from its foreign agents, and more particularly from Messrs. Bleichröder of Berlin. Why it should do so is puzzling every observer, and is causing unexpressed but very real anxiety amongst the most judicious. It will be recollected that the Russian Government was compelled, last year, to forbid the export of all kinds of grain; consequently, that the exports fell off disastrously. Further, it will be recollected that, on account of famine, there was an extraordinary relief expenditure, amounting, according to the Controller of the Empire, to $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, reckoning the rouble at 2*s.* of our money. It will also be borne in mind that all through this year there has been an extraordinary expenditure on account of famine and cholera, that for the greater part of the year the prohibition of exports continued, and that the harvest has again been very bad. It seems perfectly certain, therefore, that Russia has no means of her own to meet all the payments she has to make in Western Europe for interest, stores, war material, political purposes, famine relief, and the like, unless she sends gold. But, instead of sending gold, she is actually taking it from London and Berlin. She attempted to raise a loan of 20 millions sterling in Paris in the autumn of last year, and got only about 12 millions sterling, and all through the summer she has been trying to raise another loan, either in Paris or in Berlin, or both, without success. Why, then, it is not unnatural to ask, should Russia be accumulating a gold fund of not far short of 100 millions sterling, if we are to believe the Russian Government itself, while it has such a difficulty in meeting its obligations abroad? At home, it will be recollected, there is no coin in circulation; the money consists of the notes of the Imperial Bank, and the Government, therefore, can pay for all internal expenditure, whatever be its object, simply by printing new notes. The natural reply that will occur to every one is that Russia is preparing for war. If so, it is little wonder that there should be very real, though unexpressed, apprehension in every money market in Europe. But, whatever the explanation of the Russian policy may be, it is certain that Russia at the present time is disturbing all European money markets, is disappointing all calculations of bankers and merchants, and is creating a very uncomfortable feeling; and if she continues the policy she is now pursuing, it is quite possible that we may have a 5 per cent. rate before the year is out, and possibly even that may not prove sufficient.

Up to Wednesday morning the general expectation in the City was that on Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England would raise their rate of discount to 4 per cent. As pointed out above, the gold withdrawals have become dangerously large. It was believed that they would continue on the same scale, and as the Bank was borrowing on Consols, and the 3 per cent. rate had been made effective, it seemed a natural inference that there would be a change. Apparently, however, on Wednesday some information reached the Directors which induced them to do nothing for the present. Without being in the confidence of the Directors, it is impossible to say whether the decision is wise or not. If they act vigorously so as to continue to make the rate effective, they will, of course, be in a position to do anything necessary should the occasion arise; and that this ought to be done is evident from the fact that during the week ended Wednesday night gold amounting to 704,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank, while in the open market as much as 78*s.* 1*d.* per ounce was paid for the metal. In other words, the great houses which exported the gold were so anxious to avoid going to the Bank of England that they paid more for the metal in the open market than it would have cost them had they withdrawn it from the Bank. It is incumbent, then, upon the Directors to do everything requisite to protect their reserve.

The tenders sent in to the India Council, on Wednesday, for bill and telegraphic transfers on the Presidency Treasuries were disappointingly low, and the price of silver, therefore, fell in the afternoon to $39\frac{1}{8}d.$ per oz., and the next day to $38\frac{15}{16}d.$ per oz. There has likewise been a fall in New York. It is very evident, indeed, that the principal mining Companies have been holding back stocks for some time past. They were frightened by the heavy fall a few months ago, and they hoped to steady the market by stopping their sales. As soon, however, as there was a recovery in the price, and they began to offer silver on a very moderate scale, the market again shows a tendency to give way. By great care and judgment the fall may be postponed; but everything seems to point to an inevitable decline before very long.

There are rumours, apparently well founded, that the leading members of Lord Herschell's Committee are in favour of a gold standard for India. It may well be doubted whether a gold standard without a gold currency is practicable; for ourselves, we do not believe that it is. And even if it were, we are convinced that it would be very injurious to India. But, however that may be, if the Committee reports in favour of such a policy, there will certainly be alarm in the silver market, and a sharp fall. Whatever the details of the plan may be, every one will conclude that sooner or later the adoption of a gold standard will necessitate the stoppage of silver coinage for private parties, and that will mean a further serious depreciation of the metal.

The stock markets have been lifeless this week. The expectation of an advance in the Bank-rate to 4 per cent. was calculated to check business, but far more serious is the influence of the fears excited by the action of Russia. If, as the semi-official *Journal de St.-Pétersbourg* asserts, Russia has already nearly 100 millions sterling in gold, of which between 15 and 20 millions sterling are abroad, it is obvious that, if she likes, she can throw all the money markets of Europe into confusion; and it is further evident that she must have very serious objects in view when she continually disquiets the markets. Naturally, the fear is that she is preparing for war, and that fear, if it spreads, will not merely stop business upon the Stock Exchanges, but will create alarm and bring on a heavy fall. The whole condition of the Continent, too, is disquieting, and any accident may cause a break on the Bourses. In New York the near approach of the Presidential election is weighing upon the Stock Exchange, while the money market is stringent. In India the currency uncertainty, together with the depre-

ciation of silver, is unfavourable to enterprise. In Australasia the financial crisis continues. At home the depression in agriculture is deepening, trade is getting worse, and the numbers of the unemployed are week by week growing larger.

Markets have not changed very much this week. Consols closed on Thursday at $96\frac{13}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$. India Sterlings are unaltered, and there is little to report in Colonials. Victoria Three and a Half per Cents, however, closed at 92, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$. In the Home Railway market the movements are generally downwards. Brighton "A" closed on Thursday at $152\frac{1}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{3}{8}$; Caledonian Undivided closed at $116\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western closed at $163\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$, and North-Eastern closed at 154, a fall of $1\frac{3}{8}$. In the American market the movements, though generally not considerable, are for the most part upwards. Beginning with the purely speculative (which are not suited to investors), Erie shares closed on Thursday at $27\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; but Union Pacific closed at 41, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$. Coming next to the dividend-paying shares, Louisville and Nashville closed at $70\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore closed at $137\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; while Illinois Central closed at $105\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. There is little to report concerning the Argentine market. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed at 23–6, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; but Central Argentine closed at 72–3, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Argentine Government Five per Cents of '86 closed at $70\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at $67\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at 72, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Chilian Four and a Halfs closed at 91, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; German Threes closed at 85, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Greeks of '84 closed at 65, a rise of $1\frac{3}{4}$; while Portuguese closed at $24\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$; and Spanish closed at $62\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$.

THE BANCROFT AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE first performance by the members of this Club took place last week at St. George's Hall, when the representation of *She Stoops to Conquer* was preceded—with the permission of Mr. Henry Irving, whose kindly interest in the amateur never fails—by *Bygones*, a pretty little play by Mr. Pinero, wherein Miss Adela Drayton played brightly as Ruby, and Mr. D. Lewin-Mannering acted with quaint tenderness as an elderly foreign professor, whom a fit of feminine pique nearly places in possession of Ruby's hand. Although this is a new club, it must not be supposed that the members are necessarily novices. On the contrary, some of them are decidedly old hands so far as experience is concerned, and have achieved reputations in the amateur theatrical world. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that the very experience which might be considered to qualify them to undertake old English comedy should not have had the less obvious, but much more practical effect, of warning them from facing so severe a test. Not that the performance was by any means a bad one, but the modern manner is so hard to get rid of that the ordinary amateur who succeeds in throwing it off is a decided rarity. In this case, the courage to grapple with Goldsmith's comedy was backed up by a good deal of determination to succeed in it, which must be taken as a justification of the attempt. Miss E. Chester possesses both the sprightliness and the dignity necessary for Miss Hardcastle, and must be commended for a careful rendering of the part. Mr. Cliff Keane's Tony had some extremely good points, but his method is too suggestive of Mr. Albert Chevalier tempered by a West-End refinement of speech, and both he and his companions were far too nervous to infuse any spirit either into the alehouse song or the "We are the boys That fear no noise" exit. The one was whispered and the other whined. Miss Georgina Kuhe was a girlish Miss Neville, Mr. Martin Cahill a sound Squire Hardcastle, Mrs. Royal-Dawson an imposing Mrs. Hardcastle, and Messrs. Dawson Milward and Wellesley Forbes played young Marlow and Hastings with some dash, but very little firmness. Taken altogether, the performance was creditable to the club. It is not fair to expect amateurs to do this class of work, and they ought not to challenge criticism on their efforts in this direction. What they endeavour to represent is so far removed from anything within their own experience that they stand at a hopeless disadvantage, unless they give an amount of study to the subject which should qualify them to change their status altogether. The Committee, in view of the difficulties attending upon the formation of a new club, were compelled to submit to some delay in bringing about the present performance, but hope to arrange another before the end of the year. For that occasion, let them provide a play with more familiar surroundings, and if they bestow upon it the same amount of skill and labour they have given to *She Stoops to Conquer*, the result will reward them far better.

THE GOLFER'S TEMPER.

THAT "lookers-on see most of the game" is a proverb which holds good on the links. Golf is a game which can be very thoroughly appreciated by the spectator, and those who never have, and who never will, handle a club can yet be keen critics, both as to the situations of the game, and on the conduct of the player in the said situations. He need never himself have taken "a full shot" to know whether the ball has been well or ill struck. His ear is quite as keenly attuned as is that of the agonized golfer himself to all the sounds which instantly convey "topping," "heeling and toeing," "missing the globe," or "taking the ground"; and, if he is of the right sort, his heart will go away with a well-struck ball, as freely and lightly as does that of the truly happy golfer of the minute. The experienced bystander learns to judge distances, and knows all the unutterable feelings which are conveyed by the words "a bad lie." He requires no interpreter when the foremost caddie, with a horrible gesture of the hand, ruthlessly conveys the meaning that the ball is down in bunker or sea; and, if he is a true friend, he will take a look at the scenery while the golfer hastens to his appointed place.

It is, as we say, a game which the uninitiated can understand, and the student in human character can learn many edifying and amusing lessons as he follows, what ought to be on his part, a silent, if critical, course round the links.

The temper and moods of the golfer might be grouped under as many heads as are the points of a Scotch sermon. One thing may be confidently asserted—that the man who plays a good game, and is neither depressed with himself nor cross to his partner on those days of anguish when he is "off his game," is a man of truly heroic mould. It needs not to ask his name and profession, they may be learnt in good time; but before then the wise onlooker will have silently ranked him in the foremost ranks of those who govern and control men's lives. We remember being amused by hearing an earnest adorer of an eminent statesman asking, in tones of unnecessary unction, whether the great man "showed his statesmanship in his golf." The question was put to one who had been beaten by the statesman the previous day. "He played infernally well yesterday," was the morose and injured answer, and the deeper question as to whether his game shadowed forth his policy was treated as a matter of supreme indifference.

We do not remember at this minute hearing that any of those men who are loosely styled "eminent" in any of the walks of life (unless, indeed, it be some among "the sons of the manse") are "scratch" in the royal game. Probably their opportunities of learning or of practising are few and far between. An archbishop once said with a smile that he would like to play, but that it would not do to be seen "beginning," and the hearer, thinking of the sight that the beginner presents, silently agreed.

There are politicians who would have been the better for "beginning" in early youth. Had Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt been caught young and sent out in couples Mr. Morley might have grown the skin which he lacks, while trying to get out of a bunker, chaffed, as we feel certain he would have been, by Sir William Harcourt, standing on the edge. And Mr. Chamberlain might have learnt earlier in life among the goodly and mixed company that meet on any links, that he need not look on every one who has the misfortune not to be municipally born, as common and unclean. We can even imagine Sir George Trevelyan growing nerves in that healthy life, and his morbid clinging to shibboleths passing out of him as he struck his balls; but here imagination fails; we can only picture him missing

the globe and returning to his hotel looking dejected and heartbroken. We can picture these and many more, and make up for them matches and foursomes, in which the great game would discipline them for the one it is their profession to play; but we are wandering from the point before us, which is to describe the golfer's mood as it appears every day among those who do play. Every links has got attached to it during the season a certain number of players, who at the first glance it is obvious never will play, but their zeal is as indefatigable as the result is poor. They have no modesty, and are seen day after day playing in a style which is almost indecent in its utter caricature of what style should be. With some of them the endless perseverance tells, and they play in a sort of way. They are nearly always good fellows, playing with each other, or with a condescending friend, or devoted to the ladies and their links. The species has been heard uttering "44" in a bunker, and their round on the shortest course runs into three figures. They are never tired of writing the record of each stroke, and they make the table d'hôte lively with the history of their achievements; but they are borne with patiently. A keen golfer is never wholly a bore—that is one of the many saving points in the game. To go from the lowest to the highest class of players is a long step, but sometimes the best as well as the worst performer will show the same humorous characteristics. Perhaps in the latter case we mark the weaknesses with more awe, and feel more keenly for the human being who knows what it is to excel beyond all others, and who feels his fall when the day comes on which he is doomed to suffer, what is worse than defeat, the sense that he "cannot hit a ball." What delightful partners these great men make when they go out with a second or third rate player in a foursome! How good-naturedly they take the stroke which "lays them dead" where they ought not to be, and how delicious to all beholders is their exit from the difficulties in which they find themselves. And then when, in their turn, they foozle, miss the short putt, and make the too short approach, what balm it lays to the soul of the second-rate partner, how he mutters to himself that he at least did not do *that*, and how cheerfully does he address the great master and beg him to remember how he has been sinned against at the third and fourth hole! Perhaps the best players are among the worst for being depressed with themselves, though they rarely show it except to the close observer. A few among them have been known "to pick up their ball," in the face of a large gallery; but, as a rule, they are masters of their fate as well as the game. There are a large class of players who might rank among the first, could they learn that a game must be played as a game, and not as if it were a battle-field with a nation's fate at stake. These are the men whom it is well to avoid as partners. If they can just manage not to be abusive, they demoralize themselves and their partner by black looks and a manner of walking which can be interpreted a mile off. The temper oozes out in the fierce swing, as the ill-directed ball flies to its doom, and when the luckless partner turns a craving eye for a soft word when he is the sinner, he meets a glance which speaks of the simmering verjuice in which the soul is lying. It might be thought that the discomfort such players produce within themselves and to all, whose unhappy lot it is to play with them, whether as friend or foe, would make them cease to care for the game, but they are among the keenest of the golfers, and they must not be judged by their golfing temper. The onlooker may see them again "in another place," perchance look down on them from the Strangers' Gallery, and with wondering eye watch them in debate, calm, courteous, self-controlled, supplied with all they lacked while golfing, and released till they return to the links from the contemptuous pity of their fellow-men. We believe intense vanity often lies at the root of the golfer's moods; he cannot bear to do anything badly, and unless equipped with a balancing weight of philosophy, he cannot therefore play golf and behave in a seemly manner; for it is the certain fate of the golfer that he will before all the world, on any given day, play so as to be a wonder to himself, and, what he feels more deeply, a wonder to his caddie. We have seen men who pride themselves on their philosophic turn of mind behave on the links as if they had never heard that with care and attention such a frame of mind could be attained; and the philosophic bearing, as well as the game, has been carried off from them by those whose intellectual capabilities they have spoken of with superior disdain.

Perhaps these individuals are needed to set on a higher pinnacle those players who, whatever may be their little peculiarities on the course, can play a game as though they were Christians, and have a brotherly feeling even for a partner who, in their belief, has lost them the game. And truly beloved are the men who form this by far the largest class; they will, we can assure them, never again be so fervently blessed as when they send an encouraging remark after the erring ball; they will make no firmer friend than the partner who knows at the end of the round that the match has been pulled off, because his friend refused to be demoralized by his bad play, and that the calm attitude maintained towards himself has enabled him to pull himself together. Lastly, there are a handful of good and great souls, who, after the last round, will stand on the putting green, in the waning light which forbids their going out again, and the onlooker will hear them say, "It was a good game; I played my best, and don't mind losing," and as that bystander turns with them to enjoy the evening of books and work which only the conscientious golfer knows how to enjoy, he may say with truth that human nature may have its moods and weaknesses, but it is not to be altogether despised.

THE CRISIS IN THE COTTON TRADE.

THE notice of a reduction in wages which the operatives in some of the principal centres of the cotton trade have received from their employers takes effect at the beginning of next week, when, unless terms of peace are arranged at the last moment, we shall witness the inception of an industrial contest paralysing one of the most important of English industries. The number of the operatives who will resist the proposed reduction in their earnings by leaving their employment is estimated at 60,000—a figure which does not include the thousands of persons not at present immediately involved, who, if the conflict continues for any length of time, will find themselves thrown into idleness. Although the savings of the Lancashire operatives are by no means insignificant in amount, and although considerable sums have been put aside against the day of battle by the powerful Trade-Unions concerned, yet if the contest be fought out to the bitter end, the pinch of poverty will before long be acutely felt throughout the extensive districts affected by this dispute. As will be pointed out later on, it is perfectly possible that the threatened reduction is a mere piece of "bluff." If so, we may see the impending strike collapse by the withdrawal of the masters' demands. But, if not, the outlook in these districts would appear to be more gloomy than at any time since the great struggle of 1878, when 120,000 operatives turned out from the cotton-mills.

The nature of the issue between the workpeople and their employers is simple. That the cotton trade is in an extremely depressed condition, that prices are so low as to make it impossible to earn even a moderate rate of profit, is admitted by both sides. It is as to the proper remedy to be adopted that a marked divergence of opinion prevails. The masters propose to meet the difficulties of the situation by taking five per cent. from the wages of their "hands." The operatives, while declining to have their wages reduced, have for many months past strongly urged that the over-production, which they declare to exist and to be the principal cause of the depression, should be checked by a restriction of output. They have asked the masters to run the mills on four days only in each week for a period of, say, six months. In this manner, it is thought by the workpeople, prices will be raised, stocks will be satisfactorily unloaded, and the difficulties of the present situation will be overcome. Thus, what is objected to by the operatives is, not the diminution in their earnings (for, under their own scheme, they would lose two days' pay a week for a lengthy period), but the fact that the reduction in wages asked for by the employers will be unaccompanied by that curtailment of production by which alone, as they believe, the existing depression can be removed. Practically it comes to this, that the cotton operatives have declared war against their employers because these manufacturers decline to make a "corner" in yarn and piece-goods.

Instances in which working-men have endeavoured to dictate to their masters the lines upon which business is to be carried on have recently been somewhat numerous. Unjustifiable as these attempts may appear, it is yet

evident that those by whom they are made have achieved considerable progress towards acquiring the elements of economic knowledge. In the old days the dominant delusion of the working-class mind was the idea that all employers, without exception, earn, under all circumstances alike, profits of extravagant dimensions. But what the working-man of to-day says to his employer is this :—" I do not allege that you have been earning, or are likely to earn, extravagant profits; present prices, I admit, leave you little or no margin; but if prices are low, that is the fault of the excessive output, which you persist in producing." And to enforce the adoption of his pet policy of bolstering up falling trade by restricting production, the collier "plays," and the cotton-spinner threatens to strike, and calls for an Eight Hours' Bill. To have grasped the fact that the capitalist is not as bloated as he is painted is something. To arrive at an adequate conception of the difficulties involved in all attempts to effect a more than temporary and fictitious improvement in the condition of a trade by curtailing production may be the next step which the working-man is destined to make in the path to truth.

It is worthy of remark that the suggestion made last week by the Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester that the employers and the operatives should "select an independent number of gentlemen before whom to discuss the dispute, in order to avert the calamity of a strike," was met at the outset by a remonstrance addressed by the secretary of the operative spinners to these two civic dignitaries, who are sharply reprimanded for falling into the error of speaking of a "strike" when they ought (such is the ridiculously untenable contention of Mr. Mawdsley) to have used the term "lock-out"—an error "due to the habit many men have contracted of looking at labour disputes from the employers' standpoint"—and was subsequently declined with thanks. But if the cotton operatives approach the impending conflict in a spirit savouring somewhat unduly of bluster, the explanation of their demeanour may possibly be found in their conviction that no serious struggle is likely to take place.

The truth is that among many well-informed persons the opinion prevails that the Lancashire manufacturers have no real intention of insisting upon the reduction in wages of which they have given notice, and that their main object is to force up prices by the fear of an industrial deadlock. Your purchaser is an emotional creature; and if you want him to realize the fact that you do not mean to go on indefinitely producing for his behoof with no profit or next to no profit to yourself, the best way to make your point clear is to parade the most vigorous preparations for putting the whole machinery of production out of gear. Not until the sovereign panacea of panic has been applied can the hard-pressed manufacturer hope at length to receive reasonable offers for his output. Thus, not so long ago, did the colliery-owners, by the simple device of an amicable quarrel with their miners, lasting about a week, manage to get rid at fabulous prices of rubbish-heaps containing almost as little combustible matter as the paving-stones of Piccadilly. Thus, too, did certain of these very Lancashire cotton-manufacturers, no later than April last, by squabbling for a month over the sum of not quite thirty pounds claimed by some Stalybridge mill-hands, succeed in "strengthening values" in the most delightful manner. There is, indeed, a particular kind of harmless necessary strike without which the operations of modern commerce could hardly be carried on at all; and it is to this benign type of industrial malady that, as many observers on the spot confidently affirm, the present crisis in the cotton trade must be held to belong. Whether this classification be correct or not is not for us to say. This is emphatically not one of those cases in which outsiders see most of the game.

REVIEWS.

LORD TENNYSON'S LAST VOLUME.*

THE little volume which contains the last Works of Alfred Tennyson has something more than the melancholy interest of circumstance. It was, indeed, impossible, or nearly so, that it should contain anything of his greatest. That had been given finally in the immortal "Crossing the Bar," which a critic of the hour dismissed as "homely verse," and in which critics who were not of the hour discerned at once the very realization of the magnificent lines which sixty years earlier he had addressed to ears not yet attuned to their music in the "Dying Swan." With that "eddying song" no country could expect to be "flooded" a second time. But the present volume none the less illustrates what has always struck careful judges as one of the most distinctive notes of Lord Tennyson—his singular adequacy. Putting his dramatic efforts aside, it cannot be said that he has ever published a single volume that was unworthy of him as a volume; and even those attempts were rather kept down by the towering elevation of their author before he attempted them than by their own failure to soar.

It would be too much to say that no marks of age are perceptible in these hundred pages; but it is not in the least too much to say that, if we compare them with any similar work of his predecessor in the Laureateship, the greater volume and permanence of Lord Tennyson's poetical gift will be seen at once. It is true that even in his dotage Wordsworth wrote nothing base; but he did reach something like dotage—something which provoked a *solve senescentem*. Here there is nothing of the kind. There is not the wild freshness of morning; there are none of the poet's very happiest things; and there is nowhere quite that δαιμόνιόν τι, that real lightning before death, which was given him by anticipation in the "homely" verses. But, if this volume were a first instead of a last, it would strike all competent readers as something altogether marvellous. Take, for instance, this passage from "St. Telemachus," where the martyr in his distant solitude conceives the half-conscious idea which drives him to Rome, to the Colosseum, and to death as he protests against gladiatorial bloodshed :—

And once a flight of shadowy fighters crost
The disk, and once, he thought, a shape with wings
Came sweeping by him, and pointed to the West,
And at his ear he heard a whisper "Rome"
And in his heart he cried "The call of God!"
And call'd arose, and, slowly plunging down
Thro' that disastrous glory, set his face
By waste and field and town of alien tongue,
Following a hundred sunsets, and the sphere
Of westward-wheeling stars; and every dawn
Struck from him his own shadow on to Rome.

This is an example of the peculiar cumulative Tennysonian sweep of blank verse which is one of the poet's most characteristic methods, and of which there are, perhaps, not more than two or three better examples in his whole work—that picture of solitude on the island for which some would give all the rest of *Enoch Arden*, and the two crowning passages of the *Holy Grail*, the passing of Galahad and the voyage of Lancelot to Carbonek. So, too, in a still more dangerous comparison, the title-poem comes out, not of course superior, not of course equal, but with no deplorable inferiority. Indeed, the result is quite different from that of a similar comparison made many years ago when Lord Tennyson republished the incomparable "Mort d'Arthur" as part of "The Passing of Arthur." There were those then who shook their heads; but no one need shake his now, even in the full remembrance that no more perfect example, not even the "Mort" itself, nor the "Lotus Eaters," nor "Ulysses," nor the "Dream of Fair Women," exists of the Laureate's prime of day than "Œnone." Paris, wounded to the death, has sought his wronged love, has been refused help, has died, and has found the last offices at the hands of his old friends the shepherds of Ida, who build, deck, and light his funeral pyre. In a dream before her cave Œnone hears his voice once more calling her :—

and the dream
Wail'd in her, when she woke beneath the stars.
What star could burn so low? not Ilion yet.
What light was there? She rose and slowly down,
By the long torrent's ever-deepen'd roar,
Paced, following, as in trance, the silent cry.
She waked a bird of prey that scream'd and past;
She roused a snake that hissing writhed away;
A panther sprang across her path, she heard
The shriek of some lost life among the pines,
But when she gain'd the broader vale, and saw
The ring of faces redden'd by the flames
Enfolding that dark body which had lain
Of old in her embrace, paused—and then ask'd
Falteringly, "Who lies on yonder pyre?"
But every man was mute for reverence.
Then moving quickly forward till the heat
Smote on her brow, she lifted up a voice
Of shrill command, "Who burns upon the pyre?"
Whereon their oldest and their boldest said,
"He, whom thou wouldst not heal!" and all at once
The morning light of happy marriage broke
Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood,
And muffling up her comely head, and crying
"Husband!" she leapt upon the funeral pile,
And mixt herself with *him* and past in fire.

* *The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and other Poems.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

These are both examples of the famous measure which ranks with Milton's as the supreme example of non-dramatic blank verse in English—the Tennysonian decasyllable; and they show absolutely no loss of cunning, nor much of strength. The third poem in the same measure, "Akbar's Dream" (from which, it will be remembered, rumour had it that the book was to be named), is to us less interesting. It is a poem with a learned apparatus of notes (which in poetry are always a bore), and we at least do not find the Emperor's tolerant visions of a sort of universal religion, which is to be neither Christianity, nor Islam, nor Polytheism, but to bear with all, and unite the good points of each, very attractive. But here, again, there is no failing in technique, and the Hymn to the Sun is fine:—

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again we see thee rise.
Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human hearts and eyes.
Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down before thee,
Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless in thine ever-changing skies.

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from clime to clime,
Hear thy myriad laureates hail thee monarch in their woodland rhyme.
Warble bird, and open flower, and, men, below the dome of azure
Kneel adoring Him the Timeless in the flame that measures Time!

The reader will notice the unrhymed third line as one of those tentatives which the poet was always making, and he will find several others. The dactylics of "Kapiolani" are the most daring of these, and, we think, the least successful; but they could not be exhibited fairly without giving the whole poem, which is a concerted piece, no stanza identical with any other, and all fitting into and making up the general scheme. Another instance of the Laureate's fancy for mingling this rather dangerous foot with trochees and iambics (as in the forty-year-old "Daisy" and "Lines to Maurice," but more audaciously) occurs in the dedication of the "Death of Œnone" to the Master of Balliol:—

Dear Master in our classic town,
You, loved by all the younger gown
There at Balliol,
Lay your Plato for one minute down,

And read a Grecian tale re-told,
Which, cast in later Grecian mould,
Quintus Calaber
Somewhat lazily handled of old;

The stanzas which follow those quoted are fine ones, but we rather doubt the form. "The Bandit's Death," a version of the tale of "Il Bizarro," introduced by the quatrain to which we referred last week, a quatrain of Cyclopean architecture—

O great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known!—

and a monologue called "Charity," where the pathos is true, but a very little obvious and cheap, exhaust the list of the longer poems in ordinary English. But "Churchwarden and Curate" completes the roll of dialect poems which began with the "Northern Farmer," and is, we think, the superior of them all, except the first. The churchwarden (who testifies against "Baptises," having once been one himself, because they have had the impudence to use his pond for dipping in, and one of his cows has died since, poisoned, of course, by "their nasty sins") is true brother to the delightful person who admitted that there might be some truth in the charge in the matter of Bessy Marris's bairn against him, "for she wur a bad un, she." But these things are but in the outer courts of poetry.

The poems hitherto mentioned fill three-quarters of the book, and the remainder is occupied by very short pieces. Here is the already well known "Silent Voices," with the other things that we mentioned last week. The most-often-quoted lines of "Riflemen, Form," by the way, used to run, we think—

'Tis true we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.

They now appear as—

True we have got—*such* a faithful ally
That only the Devil can tell what he means.

Nothing in this division is the equal of "The Silent Voices," but the two songs, optimist and pessimist, in "The Dreamer" are interesting and characteristic.

"I am losing the light of my Youth
And the Vision that led me of old,
And I clash with an iron Truth,
When I make for an Age of gold,
And I would that my race were run,
For teeming with liars, and madmen, and knaves,
And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs, and Slaves,
And darken'd with doubts of a Faith that saves,
And crimson with battles, and hollow with graves,
To the wail of my winds and the moan of my waves
I whirl, and I follow the Sun."

. . .

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
Heart-weary and overdone!
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

He is racing from heaven to heaven
And less will be lost than won,
For all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

The Reign of the Meek upon earth,
O weary one, has it begun?
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-music
Or ever your race be run!
And all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

Nor can we omit the dedication, which, though absolutely unmistakable, is, with that delicacy which distinguished the author, simply inscribed "To ——."

There on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

And so we read and close—probably for the last time, certainly for the last as far as work revised and prepared for the press by himself is concerned—a "new volume of Tennyson's poems." That experience began, for the present writer, in a dim and childish way, with "Maud," and has never been missed since, at each recurrent appearance of the poet's work. It has been said lately that universal acceptance of the Laureate was very late, and can hardly have been asserted till "Teiresias," as it were yesterday. The experience to which we refer leads us to regard this as an entire mistake. We should ourselves say that, by the time of the publication of the first "Idylls," though there might still be grumblers, the vast majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen who cared for poetry had made up their minds about Tennyson. By the time of the next book—*Enoch Arden*, in 1864—this popularity must have reached something like high water. We remember very well that gossip then asserted that 17,000 copies had been sold or ordered on the day of publication—an amount never approached since the palmiest days of Scott and Byron; and, whether truly or falsely stated, indicating what was generally thought.

But figures of this kind can never in the faintest degree indicate what Tennyson has been to this and to the last generation. Long before even those who are now middle-aged were born, and during almost the entire intellectual life of the oldest now living, he had, survivals and memories being put aside, been at the head of the poetry of England, which is at the head of the poetry of the world. Of the heart-leaps to which he has given by turns cause and expression—of the way in which he has kindled and satisfied what not the least of his survivors has called

The fond unnamed desire and the hope of hidden things—

of the perpetual and ever-new pleasure with which he has supplied those who are capable, not merely of feeling, but of analysing, as far as it can be analysed, and comprehending, as far as it can be comprehended, the beauty of word-magic and word-music—no figures, no words, hardly even music itself, could give any interpretation. In the phrase that he read, or may have read, as he was dying, he has gone home and taken his wages with him; and the best of these wages is the infinite multitude of passionate intellectual delights that he has given to thousands of his contemporaries, and will give to tens of thousands of those who are to come.

NOVELS.*

THE remarkable popular success gained by Mrs. Needell's last novel, *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*, naturally draws attention to that following it from the same hand. *Passing the Love of Women* will, we believe, enhance the reputation of its author. It is better and more closely constructed than its predecessor, the characters are more varied, if not more vigorously drawn, and the plot is at once ingenious and simple. Mrs. Needell has not in any previous work drawn a woman with greater skill and care than she has given to the portrait in this novel of Margery Denison. Margery is unconventional, and is to be found at times in mental attitudes few women could assume without an air of audacity; but she is never audacious, because she is at all times absolutely true to her own nature, and that nature is revealed to us as circumstances have moulded and developed it. Margery is presented in her brilliant beauty, her gay good humour, her lively talk, her tender caprice, in a way that justifies the worship offered her by her two adorers. Not all tellers of stories can so explain their queens of society. Margery's admirers are not limited to two; but Gilbert Yorke and John Cartwright are the only two the reader concerns himself with. They are the two whose love passeth the love of women. Here, again, skill of presentment and clearness of conception enable us to follow the author's intention, and to grasp the two men's natures. They contrast and complement each other, nor is it easy to determine whether sympathy is most won by the passionate artist soul of the musician or the profoundly religious and exalted nature of the Methodist minister. Here, be it said with respect, Mrs. Needell has all but quite escaped her most dangerous pitfall—sentiment. Not quite; the passages in which Gilbert and John ask each other, on various occasions, to give a "leg up" in the favour of Margery, quiver on the verge of mawkishness. Very much better are the passionate scenes between John Cartwright and his mother, in which the emotion rings true and powerful. Glimpses here and there into the working of the Wesleyan "Connexion" show Mrs. Needell's familiarity with the world of Dissent. The tone of the novel is elevated, but not didactic. It is interesting from the first page to the last.

A Brilliant Woman is a courageous title. How if a be not brilliant? as the inquisitive Second Watchman would in such a case have certainly propounded. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd, however, who gave the title, has gone very near to justify its use. Maria Kingson deserves to be so called, and had a ruthless hand cut away half the people who surround her and two-thirds of the pages consumed in telling her story, her figure might have stood sharply and notably out of an effective setting. Such a figure as Maria's should have been allowed to monopolize attention, and the rest should have been mere shadows to throw forward her brilliance. That would have been artistic work. Maria is a beautiful graceful clever girl, consumed with vanity and consciousness of her own bright personality, who has been petted and praised into infatuated conceit of herself and wholly untaught by contact with superiors. She marries a man of wealth and position, not because she cares for him, but because by his means she desires to conquer society. This is all unsparingly told, yet the reader likes the girl as Mr. Burlington did, and comes to sympathize with his blindness to her faults and kindness to her fine qualities. It comes so about, it must be admitted, something in despite of the author. Faded and worn incidents, rambling excursions into the past of Maria's mother, one of the most tiresome of old ladies, descriptions of scenes dragged in for the sake of filling space, do their best to obscure the "brilliant woman," and divert attention from her. There is an "Aunt Anne." She had been better called by any other name. Yet, with all drawbacks, the story of Maria's vanity and ambition, her ludicrous failures, the gradual dawn on her egoism that her husband is in every light her superior and her better, has a touching human interest. The flighty spirit knows no trace of meanness nor untruth, and it has enough vitality to shine through three long meandering volumes. Had they been skilfully compressed into one, her story might have been as brilliant as herself.

Fevers cause delirium sometimes, and this would seem to have happened in the case of Mr. Fergus Hume's novel, *The Fever of Life*. All the scenes in which a certain strenuous Mrs. Belswin, "the woman with the fierce eyes," appears are wild with the excitement of tempestuous fury, and the lady's language occasionally needs the excuse of temporary loss of mental equilibrium. As a relief to this, the accomplishments of Mr. Toby Clendon, "who wrote witty essays for *The Satirist*, slashing criticisms for *The Bookworm*, and dainty society verses" for any journal which would take them, are called into play. Mr. Clendon sings, but not dainty society verses; on the contrary, very poor ditties of the low music-hall type. He talks, and his talk is not far above his singing. He flirts with Miss Tommy Valpy, who is quite equal to the occasion. "Oh I don't mean that sort of lark," she says; "the evenin' lark—my style, you know. Waltzin', flirtin', talkin' jolly rather." Toby and Tommy are not refined young persons, but they form a welcome change from Mrs. Belswin, with her guttural voice, "the flash of her fierce eyes," and the "vicious click of the strong white teeth." The lady is descended from Maori ancestors, and retains her savagery. She lives, moves, and dies in an atmosphere of battle, murder, and sudden death, from which we are not sorry to be delivered.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage wields a pen of power, but like a horse of power, to be truly useful, it should be completely under the control of the owner. In writing the history of *Prince Schamyl's Wooing*, Colonel Savage's command of a lively and picturesque style seems to have been a little inadequate. It has run away with him. From the start in the mess-room of the Guard Uhlans in "mad St. Petersburg" to the finish the reader is rushed at headlong speed on the wings of the "historic present" through the scenery of the Russo-Turkish war without breathing time to comprehend events or recognize individuals. The sentences are a series of telegrams. The dialogues are printed in the usual way, but lack indication of the speakers. Flowery and dashing epithet drowns the page. It is a charge of cavalry rather than a story:—"To the sound of thundering cannon, with waving banners, singing trumpets, and rattling drums, proud, beautiful martial music thrilling on the thin air, the victorious host of Russia defiles before its lord! Forests of bayonets, thickets of lances, lines of grim artillery, with the tossing crests of the rarest cavalry in the world flashing by, the great panorama unrolls before the eyes of the aged Emperor." That is martial and fine in its way, but three hundred and forty-six pages of it is too much. What is not concerned with war in this impetuous romance is concerned with love, and the one subject is treated much like the other. It is the grand style, only a little too grand.

If you want to make a real sensation about blood and poison and murder and things, the masked villain with the bowl in one hand and a dagger in the other is allowed to come on with the tragic scowl and the stride and stop in the regular way. Or, if you want to make it comic, the poisoner has a dance, like the never-to-be-forgotten *pas de deux* of Mr. Grossmith and the tea-pot, which old playgoers have seen, and never seen surpassed for drollery. But if the object be to present people and events at once odious and tiresome, unnatural and commonplace, flippant and dull, no better method can be devised than that adopted by Mr. Ford H. Hueffer in his novel, *The Shifting of the Fire*. It could not be better done. It would not be easy to write a worse book in a worse way. But a generous mind seeks to find some good in the worst work, and Mr. Hueffer may be congratulated on the just balance maintained between his personages, their deeds and their language. They act and talk insanely, they are vulgar with mechanical accuracy, there is no break into probability about them. They are in perfect accord with the author as to bad grammar and wrong spelling. Their little scraps of French flow with complacence from his pen. One and all they are quite happy in each other's society, and there with much satisfaction and relief they may be left.

* *Passing the Love of Women.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. 3 vols. London: Warne & Co. 1892.

A Brilliant Woman. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

The Fever of Life. By Fergus Hume. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Prince Schamyl's Wooing: a Story of the Caucasus—Russo-Turkish War. By R. H. Savage. London: Routledge & Sons. 1892.

The Shifting of the Fire. By Ford H. Hueffer. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.*

IN spite of the number of books already published which deal with the life and works of Chopin—some more, some less, worth reading—this little volume by Mr. Charles Willeby will come to many as a pleasure and a surprise—as a pleasure for the author's unpretentious and straightforward style, and the evidence of his musician-like appreciation of the genius of Chopin; as a surprise that, while he displays a hearty admiration for the gifts, at the same time he is not blind to the failings, of his hero. As the author truly observes:—"A great part of the Chopin literature is so highly coloured and overdrawn, and contains so little that is reliable, as to render it practically worthless." Liszt's rhapsody, for instance, is in many ways untrustworthy, and the style at times mere "gush"—a characteristic which is always

* *Frederic Chopin.* By Charles Willeby. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1 vol. 1892.

more or less evident in that great virtuoso's work—while many of the other biographies, memoirs, or what not, are but *ex-parte* statements in favour of or against the conduct of George Sand. Professor Niecks' *Frederic Chopin as a Man and Musician*, of course, stands alone as a masterly and exhaustive work on the subject; but the general reader requires a volume of handier and more concise form than is possible in so comprehensive a work as that of the Professor. We would not, however, be understood to say that Mr. Willeby's treatment is in any way sketchy or abridged. Having a considerable amount of material to deal with, he has exercised his discretion in selection with much judgment and tact, and as a consequence has produced a very readable and interesting book, his analyses of the works of the composer being always lucid, and his criticisms sympathetic and just.

Chiefly on the authority of George Sand and Liszt, it has been the fashion to picture Chopin as a feeble effeminate youth, of an exceedingly sentimental turn of mind, whose health was very precarious and temper uncertain. It suited the first writer, for reasons best known to herself, to depict him thus, and the second writer followed her, mainly through ignorance. The truth was, as Mr. Willeby says, while correcting these erroneous assertions—as well as differing from the Polish biographer, Karasowski, who has stated that Chopin's youth was vigorous and unattended by sickness—that, although he was undoubtedly delicate and predisposed to pulmonary disease, his father and sister both falling victims to it, he was healthy and bright as a youth, and up to the time of his manhood was only once ill. Indeed, had it not been for the late hours and excitement of Parisian life, which played havoc with his delicate constitution, he might have successfully avoided the ghastly disease, if not altogether, at least for some years longer than he did. Liszt's statement that Chopin was indebted to Prince Anton Radziwill for his education is another specimen of his incorrectness, which has received a flat denial from Chopin's outraged relatives. At nineteen years of age, Chopin, as a pianoforte-player of almost preternatural power, went to Vienna and Munich, where he gave concerts with considerable success for his reputation, if not for his purse, and eventually arrived in Paris, where he was destined, with but few breaks, to spend the rest of his life. At first his success was indifferent, and at one time he had made up his mind to return to Warsaw in disgust, when, happening to meet Prince Radziwill, he was persuaded to go with him to the house of the Rothschilds, with the result that "he delighted the whole company, and left the richer by several promises of pupils and the high opinion of those who could be of substantial benefit to him." On this he determined to remain in Paris. The truth of this story is doubted by Professor Niecks, because neither Liszt, Hiller, nor Franchomme says anything about it; but Mr. Willeby thinks it accounts in a very satisfactory manner for Chopin's remaining in Paris, and sees nothing strange in his not mentioning it to his friends, as one of Chopin's "greatest characteristics was pride, and perhaps of all his faults the most glaring was what would seem ingratitude, but was very frequently nothing but thoughtlessness." Of Chopin's relations with George Sand Mr. Willeby treats with the greatest care and justice, prefacing his remarks with the statement that he desires to advance "nothing for which chapter and verse has not been or cannot be found," and proceeding to divest the talented novelist's account of its fiction and romance. It was an ill-assorted relationship from the first, and influenced a certain period of Chopin's life very much to his detriment; but the faults are not wholly upon his side, and it would appear to be certain that the lady's own temper, as instanced by her treatment of her own daughter, was not of the most angelic order. Both accounts of the cause of the final rupture, the lady's own and that which Professor Niecks says he received from Franchomme, the violoncellist, seem to be as unsatisfactory as the reason was trivial; but they plainly point to the undoubted fact that she was weary of nursing the sick and irritable musician, and was glad enough for an excuse to be rid of him for ever.

As a composer Chopin may be said to be the greatest writer for the pianoforte that the world has hitherto known, and as an executant, those who have heard him play have declared him to be superior to all his contemporaries, with the exception, perhaps, of Liszt. Unlike that virtuoso, however, he had the divine gift of melody, and his writings will live for their intrinsic merit as music, when the compositions of Liszt, to which Chopin showed the greatest antipathy, will have ceased to attract an audience. Mr. Willeby, in commenting on this antipathy of Chopin for the music of Schumann and Liszt, expresses considerable surprise at his disregard of Schumann's music, but quite understands it with regard to Liszt; "for," as he says, "never was barrenness of idea more exemplified than in those works of the great pianist which he has been pleased to call original compositions." Chopin came like some extraordinary comet into the horizon of music at a time when the world's eyes were fixed upon several luminaries of larger size from a musical point of view, and departed as quickly (he was barely forty years of age when he died), leaving behind him a galaxy of pianoforte works (he was not of a temperament to shine in orchestral composition), whose adequate interpretation demands the labours and executive skill of a Liszt, a Pachmann, and a Paderewski. We can sincerely recommend this little work of Mr. Willeby's to all who love the music of one whom Schumann has called "the boldest and proudest poetic spirit of the times."

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.*

To come across a new work on *Electricity and Magnetism*, a large and sumptuous volume of 967 pages, a book covering the whole field of electrical science, and to find that it contains no reference to electrostatic or electromagnetic units, nothing about the potential of points near magnetic shells, no explanations of such mysterious words as "volt," "ampere," "ohm," and "farad," to say nothing of "ergs," "dynes," "gausses," and "henrys," and no mathematics except a short but charming proof (in a footnote) of the theory of the tangent galvanometer, is indeed refreshingly novel. It is the more unexpected because the English editor of the book is himself the author of a text-book of electricity on very different lines, the best of the kind hitherto published. In the preface of this new volume Professor Silvanus Thompson disarms criticism by avowing that the book is intended for the table of the drawing-room rather than for the desk of the student, and must not, therefore, be judged as though it pretended to be a text-book of reference. But no apology was necessary. We may say at once that the book is well written, splendidly illustrated, and excellently translated; and we can think of no better book to place in the hands of the general reader who wishes to learn what is known about electricity without submitting to the drudgery of mastering the particularly dry technical details. The very length of the book, which is the only reasonable score of complaint, is excusable on the ground of the absence of mathematics and technical terms. A work which dispenses with their aid must needs lose much in compactness.

The book is divided into two parts—the first dealing with the phenomena and laws of electricity and magnetism, and the second with their applications. The first part, as originally written, would seem to have been based on the obsolete two-fluid theory; but it has been carefully revised, so as not to conflict with modern views. An unusually large section of this part is devoted to meteorology, and especially to the fascinating phenomena of the Aurora. Few people have any idea of the extraordinary brilliancy of the Aurora Borealis in high latitudes. In the Arctic regions "the phenomena," says M. Guillemin, quoting from M. Martins, "are seen with a splendour and magnificence not comparable with anything else. Brilliant and varied as a display of fireworks, the sight changes every moment. There is not time for the painter to catch the form or tint of the changing lights; even the poet fails to describe them. Never are there two auroras alike; their variety is infinite." The most frequent pattern is a broad luminous arch over a dark segment of sky. The tracery of the arch has been compared with a palisade, and also with silken draperies, seeming sometimes to hang just above the spectator's head, "waving to and fro their thousand folds as if swayed by the wind. They seem to be not far above the earth, and one is astonished that the rustling of their folds is not heard." There have been many theories to account for this curious phenomenon. M. Guillemin seems to waver undecided between those of De la Rive, Planté, Faraday, and Adams. We confess that we rather lean to Professor Thompson's own view, that the aurora is due to luminous discharges, like those in Geissler's vacuum tubes, between the warm streams of highly-rarefied air flowing at a great height from the tropics to the Poles on the one hand, and air at ordinary pressures on the other. Neither of these will "conduct" electricity (although both can be powerfully "charged"); but there is an intermediate state of rarefaction in which luminous discharges can take place. The highly-rarefied air, electrified in warm latitudes by the evaporation of salt water, descends in the region of greatest cold, and the discharge always takes place at a certain altitude within this region.

In the matter of thunder and lightning the book is much more up to date than might have been expected. It is only within the last two years that we have learnt from Professor Lodge to dis-

* *Electricity and Magnetism.* Translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin. Revised and edited by Silvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc., B.A., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

tinguish between "A and B discharges"; and from photography to distrust the conventional zigzag representations of lightning flashes. A terse and serviceable summary of Professor Lodge's researches is given by the editor in an appendix. An "A" discharge is a flash taking place after a steady electrical strain, as when an electrified cloud slowly approaches the earth, or is slowly charged. A "B" discharge takes place when an unelectrified cloud is suddenly charged by a flash from another cloud sailing above it, and as suddenly discharges itself in another direction. Where there is a steady strain a pointed rod or a stream of hot air will often prevent a flash by silently dissipating the charge; but "B" flashes will strike a column of hot air rather more readily than anything else, and refuse to be "conducted" by any pre-arranged route. Both kinds when they strike have a horrid habit of spitting out little side-flashes into all masses of metal near the track of the main flash, and this constitutes, perhaps, the chief source of danger from lightning. In the twelfth chapter some interesting details are given of the tricks played by lightning. The facts are often, as M. Guillemin observes, "singular, extraordinary, and unusual"; so much so that it is sometimes hard to accept them, even when the testimony in their favour is overwhelming. It is true that nothing is more characteristic of lightning than its impish freakishness; but what, for instance, are we to make of the following story?—

> On Sunday, July 11, 1819, M. Salomé, pastor of Moustiers and episcopal commissary, went to Chateauneuf to instal a new rector. At about half-past ten a procession was formed from the pastor's house to the church. The weather was fine, only some large clouds were remarked. Mass was begun by the new rector.
>
> A youth of eighteen, who had accompanied the pastor of Moustiers, was chanting the Epistle, when three claps of thunder were heard, which succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning. The missal was lifted from his hands and torn to pieces; he felt himself tightly nipped in the body by the flame, which afterwards seized him by the neck. Then, by an involuntary movement, this youth—who had at first uttered loud cries—closed his mouth, was thrown down and rolled over people assembled in the church, who had all been thrown down, and forced out at the door. On coming to himself, his first idea was to go into the church again, to the help of the pastor of Moustiers, whom he found suffocated and unconscious. The youth procured for the unfortunate pastor the attention and care of those who, being only slightly wounded, could give him help. They raised him, put out the flames in his surplice, and by means of vinegar recalled him to life about two hours after his swoon. . . . The electric discharge had touched the upper part of the gold lace of the [pastor's] stole, flowed down to the bottom, carried off to the other end of the church one of his shoes, and broken the metal buckle.
>
> A young child was taken from its mother's arms and carried six paces off. It was only brought to itself by being made to breathe the open air. All present had their legs paralysed. All the women, dishevelled, offered a horrible spectacle. The church was filled with thick black smoke; objects could only be distinguished by the flames of the articles of clothing kindled by the flash.
>
> Eight persons remained dead on the spot. A girl of nineteen years old was carried home unconscious, and died the next morning, a victim to the most horrible suffering, to judge by her howlings, so the number of people killed was nine; that of the wounded was eighty-two.
>
> The officiating priest was not killed by the lightning, doubtless because he wore a silken vestment.
>
> All the dogs in the church were found dead, in the attitudes in which they were previously.

We have given this account at some length because it is taken from a memoir communicated to the *Académie des Sciences*, and professes to be an accurate record. The ambiguity as to whether all the people were forced out of the door, or only the youth, was probably introduced in course of translation, and need not detain us. Nor need we exercise ourselves over the assurance that the three thunderclaps succeeded each other "with the rapidity of lightning." On the whole, we cannot doubt that there is a considerable substratum of truth in the accounts of this memorable disaster. It would seem that no less than nine people were killed and eighty-two wounded. But it will hardly be denied that the whole story reads more like a theosophical fantasy than a sober narrative of facts. The details, at any rate, cannot be accepted without a good deal of corroboration. It must, we should think, be a very insidious kind of flash that can take off a man's shoe and carry it to the other end of a church. And what, we should like to ask, were the "previous attitudes" of the slaughtered dogs? If they were asleep there is nothing more to be said, except that, in fairness, the fact might have been stated.

Thunder is caused either by the sudden expansion of the air heated by the flash, or by the sudden inrush of air into the partial vacuum which the flash produces, or perhaps by both. The rolling of thunder is attributable to the branching of the flashes, a branching which, as the photographs show, is sometimes very extensive. The whole flash, with all its ramifications, takes place in a fraction of a second. The noise of the nearest branches strikes the ear first; and the succession of claps and rumblings is due to the varying distances of the branches from the listener's ear. It has been shown by experiment, however, that part of the noise may be caused by the sudden change in the electric stress in the air in the neighbourhood of the flash.

A very pretty chapter is the eleventh, on the various forms assumed by luminous discharges, including a very brief editorial note on Professor Crookes's researches, and every one will be interested to read the description, given in the fourth chapter, of the more important "influence machines," by which powerful sparks can be produced. It would have been well, by-the-bye, if a sketch of Belli's apparatus had been included among the illustrations to this chapter. Belli's Doubler is related to the more complicated machines in much the same way as a simple parallelogram of wire is related to the more complicated armatures of modern dynamos. The parallelogram of wire (first used, we believe, by Professor Thompson) has established itself in elementary text-books as the simplest idea of a dynamo, and this, too, as well as Belli's Doubler, might advantageously have made its appearance in a book intended for beginners. A description of Belli's Doubler is to be found in Professor Thompson's paper on Influence Machines, read last year before the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

The second part of the book, on the applications of electricity, is very clear and complete, considering the vastness of the field which it covers. The mariner's compass, lightning rods, the telegraph, the telephone, electric clocks, motors, electric lighting, and electroplating are described in an admirably simple and straightforward style. It would be easy to point out omissions. Nothing is said, for instance, about Edison's telephonic receiver with the chalk cylinder; and the author does not attempt to explain the principle of the quadruplex telegraph. It was impossible, of course, to describe every electrical invention. Typical examples had to be selected, and it was only natural that priority should be given to French apparatus. Many of the telegraphic instruments described will be quite unfamiliar to English readers. The dial telegraphs of Breguet, Siemens and Halske, and Froment, for instance, are not employed in this country, although superior in some respects to the Wheatstone dial, which may be found in hundreds of English villages. On the other hand the Wheatstone "transmitter" (a very different thing from the "Dial") is fully described, although, we believe, it is not much used in France. We are glad to find that justice is done to the wonderful instrument invented many years ago by Professor Hughes. Other forms of telegraph apparatus are continually being improved and modified, but this machine, although in constant use, has hardly been altered since it was first invented. It would seem to have emerged in a state of perfection, like Athene, from the brain of its originator. Professor Hughes is well enough known as the discoverer of the microphone and the induction balance, but in our opinion there is more genius in his telegraph apparatus than in the other two inventions put together. The Wheatstone Transmitter is also a particularly ingenious instrument; but it has developed in the last few years into something quite different from its original form. Twenty years ago it was thought extraordinary that by its means forty words a minute could be telegraphed from London to Aberdeen; and M. Guillemin does not seem to be aware that any advance has been made upon this speed. The editor, in a footnote, observes that, with good conditions, 250 words a minute can now be sent. But even this falls far short of the truth. A speed of 600 words a minute has frequently been attained, and a speed of 450 words a minute is regularly kept up on many English lines. Each word contains on an average six letters, and each letter requires on an average six successive electrical signals. It follows, therefore, that, when the apparatus is working at the rate of 450 words a minute, 270 electrical signals must be telegraphed in each second. When leading politicians make speeches, as they sometimes do, late at night in obscure villages served by single wires, they may thank the Wheatstone Transmitter for the completeness of the *verbatim* reports which they see in the next morning's newspapers.

The quadruplex, as we have said, is not described, either on account of the difficulty of explaining so intricate a matter in a popular way, or because the author himself may have had no opportunity of becoming familiar with it in practice. We venture to think the latter reason must be the right one, because M. Guillemin says that the phonopore of Mr. Langdon-Davies con-

stitutes "a quadruplex service far more simple and reliable than the complicated quadruplex methods previously in use." The phonopore is certainly an ingenious instrument, and is in use on some of the English railways; but in "reliability" we doubt whether it can compare with the regulation quadruplex. The latter apparatus, as every one now knows, enables four independent streams of telegrams to be sent simultaneously by one wire, and two of these streams may be safely sent at the maximum speed of the Wheatstone Transmitter. The phonopore can also convey four independent streams by one wire, but not, we believe, at so high a speed.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.*

WITH the assistance of many writers, entitled by their prowess in the field to speak with authority, Mr. Marshall has compiled a book containing most of the information there is to be had about Rugby Union football, or Rugby football, as it may properly be called, since the Rugby Union rules were adopted, two years ago, by Rugby School. The volume contains an enormous number of not very interesting photographs of football teams and individual players, and a full half of it is filled with accounts of matches and the like, of which the interest is chiefly personal; but the earlier chapters contain a great deal that may advantageously be perused by any one who plays the game or takes an interest in it. Oddly enough, it does not contain a copy of the laws of the game, the insertion of which would very much improve it.

After some pleasing speculations, apparently by the editor—to the effect that (1) the Romans played at Rugby football; (2) they may have introduced it here, though "there is no historical evidence to show that they actually did so"; (3) whether they did or not, it has been played in England, in one form or another, from time immemorial—there comes a chapter on "Football at Rugby School," by Mr. A. G. Guillemard. It is, to say the truth, a disappointing chapter, consisting principally of extracts from the account in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* of the "School-House Match." And herein Mr. Guillemard leaves unsaid that which he ought to have said—namely, that this classic is a standing puzzle. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that his extracts (which are substantially the whole account of the play) do not lead him to "judge that the leading principles of the game have been in any way altered." This he says although from first to last there is not a word in Judge Hughes's account of the match to suggest that it was lawful to run with the ball—surely a "leading principle of the game," if any game ever had a leading principle. On the contrary, there are two or three passages suggesting, by more or less strong implication, that you might not carry the ball, and that no one did. When young Brooke got the try from which old Brooke kicked a goal, it is clear that he dribbled the ball in. It was thrown out of touch, and then "young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it . . . . Brooke holds on . . . . And now he is close to the School goal, the ball not three yards before him." Later in the match, if the ball "rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it, and [not run, but] sent it away towards the sides with the unerring drop-kick." Again, when Crew is "driving the ball in behind our goal," and East charges him, "the ball is just at equal distances between the two." Finally, when the School forwards force the School-House to touch down just before "no-side," "the ball rolls slowly in behind the School-House goal"—is manifestly dribbled in by a rush of forwards. Therefore we repeat that there is nothing in *Tom Brown* to suggest that you might run with the ball, and an almost overwhelming presumption that, in the view of the author, you might not; and this is the more perplexing because the late Mr. Matthew Bloxam—no mean authority—asserted from his personal recollection that running with the ball was invented by a town boy named William Webb Ellis, in 1823, some years before Judge Hughes went to Rugby. To future historians of the game, or to Messrs. Marshall and Guillemard in future editions, we commend the consideration of these circumstances. Brief complimentary chapters follow on the Eton, Harrow, and Winchester games, that on Eton football, both at the wall and in the field, being by Mr. S. R. James, who, as an Eton master, an old Haileyburian, and sometime captain of the Cambridge University Rugby team, might have written the entire work himself, and undoubtedly would have done it extremely well. A very interesting account is then given by Dr. Almond, the head-master of Loretto, of Rugby football in Scottish schools. Dr. Almond writes avowedly on behalf of football as a game for boys, and makes, with considerable vigour of style, various observations which in our judgment are thoroughly well founded. He deplores the "discouragement of dropping" to which the modern game tends; he speaks of the "infatuation" whereby a dropped goal has been made to count for less than a goal from a try, and he expresses a preference for the old Rugby School rule that the ball might be taken up bounding but not rolling. This rule had divers merits, among others that it insured a good deal of dribbling; but undoubtedly upon muddy days the frequent interferences of umpires, and the still more frequent appeals to them, on the ground of "no take-up," were tiresome, and productive of many differences of opinion.

The three most important and interesting chapters in the book deal with the history of the Rugby Football Union from 1871 to 1880, by Mr. Guillemard, from 1880 to 1892, by Mr. Rowland Hill, and the past development and future of the game, by Mr. Arthur Budd. Mr. Guillemard mentions, among other things, how "the Rugby method of bringing out the ball for a toy" was discarded by the Union as "too intricate." It was simply a punt-out on a small scale, and a natural development of the rule giving a right to a free kick when a player caught the ball and "made his mark," and was a pretty piece of play. The three writers named set out the gradual development of Rugby football from being a game of individual strength, pace, and courage, to being a game of pace, artfulness, and skilful combination, but above all the last-named, as it is at present. This part of the book is all good, but Mr. Budd's chapter is admirable. He says that "twenty years ago" at Clifton, "to put one's head down in a scrummage was regarded as an act of high treason." This is odd. It was certainly not so at that time at Rugby, although the old game of twenty-a-side, with hacking, and hacking over, and dropping into touch, was then in full swing. In fact, no forward at Rugby who wanted his "flannels" or his "cap" ever dreamed at that time of going into a scrummage except with his head down. Whether he could keep it down was another question. On two or three points Mr. Budd severely and most justly condemns the practices which, we learn with disgust, are now fashionable in Rugby football. The first is "screwing," of which Mr. Budd shall give his own account:—

> 'In order to screw successfully it is necessary that your side should first obtain possession of the ball. Having obtained it, the practice is to deposit it behind the first or second row of forwards, where it lies safe from the interference of your opponents, and to there manipulate it [Mr. Budd should not split his infinitives] till you screw your adversaries off it and rush on with it yourself. All this has led to a most objectionable practice. What one now sees in every match, no matter where one goes, is that the moment the ball is put down in the centre of the scrummage both sides try to be the first to pull it back, and you will behold a forest of legs scraping for its possession. This *modus operandi* is extremely unfair, and entirely opposed to the spirit of the off-side laws, seeing that the bulk of the scrummagers are in front of the ball.'

This is simply off-side play of the vilest description, and off-side is the cardinal sin—the mortal, the unpardonable sin—of all properly-conducted football. "Heeling-out" is another manifestation of the same hateful vice, and consists in the shirking of their work by the forwards, who think of nothing but kicking to their own half-backs, who are immediately to throw to the three-quarters. The heeler-out puts all his own forwards in front of him off-side. Lastly, Mr. Budd denounces "the now prevalent practice of half-backs on defence standing on their opponents' side of the scrummage," and this is a crime so dreadful that, but for Mr. Budd's express assertion, we should not have believed that any one could commit it. The remedy for all this is to have not merely a referee, but an umpire, whose imperative duty it shall be to interfere of his own motion to forbid unfair play, and who shall have authority (and be bound to use it) to order off the field any player who persistently disobeys him. About the time that Mr. Budd was at Clifton umpires at Rugby occupied this sort of position, and invariably interfered to prevent hacking off-side (which, of course, was unlawful), or even shoving off-side in the scrummage, any forward who was in front of the ball being bound as soon as possible to come out of the scrummage, and go round to the back of it, and put himself on-side again. Moreover, those umpires were armed with canes, with which they might, and frequently did, emphasize their objurgations. You cannot do that in a man's game, but you can to some extent supply the defect by a sufficiently stringent application of penalty kicks. Holding such sound—if old-fashioned—views of football, Mr. Budd is naturally dubious about the merits of the "four three-quarter" system, devised of late years by the players of gallant little Wales. He fears that it may result in an approximation to a game consisting of "the ball, by rapid exchanges, travelling to

* *Football—The Rugby Union Game.* Edited by Rev. F. Marshall. With numerous Illustrations. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

and fro across the field *ad infinitum*." Well, that would be the ultimate result of a continuous development of the "passing" game, such as has gone on during the last ten years or so. The opposite pole is a continuous tight scrummage, in which the heavier side would drive the lighter steadily down to the goal line, and none of the backs would ever get a chance. Twenty years ago there were games to be seen sometimes (*e.g.* if one side were much stronger forward and much weaker behind the scrummage than the other) not so very unlike that. The object is to get a game as nearly as may be between the two, with solid scrummages of short duration, diversified by a reasonable amount of dribbling and loose scrummaging, and ornamented by brilliant individual runs, tempered by moderate and judicious passing and by elegant and effective dropping. Just at present the game is a good deal too loose. Let us hope that some strong team of hard-working forwards may effect a reaction.

In Mr. Budd's chapter occur also some invaluable observations about professional players. We trust that on this subject there is no difference of opinion among those who influence the counsels of the Rugby Union. We cannot repeat here the substance of his arguments on the subject. They will serve as a standing proof of the soundness of the Union's action in the matter up to the present time. It must suffice for the moment to say that he demonstrates, conclusively in our opinion, that football is a game utterly unsuited to professionalism from the professional's point of view, and that if amateurs in the least countenance professionalism or consent to play with or against professionals, the game will inevitably become one fit only for shopboys to bet upon. and not for gentlemen, or any other amateurs, to play at.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

MR. MARKHAM knows the greatness, the interest, and the many disputable points of his subject too well to expect that we should receive his book as definitive. But he may fairly ask us to say that it is the best of all recent works on Columbus, and we are prepared to do so without mental reservation. This by no means implies that Mr. Markham's biography is without fault. It would be as easy as it would be unfair to pick holes, and to use them as proofs of the general incompetence of the writer. Mr. Markham is too fond of telling us what his hero looked like, and what he thought about at times concerning which there is no evidence. This descriptive picturesque style is now worn threadbare, and never was tolerable except in the hands of a great stylist. It has at all times the serious defect that it induces men to assert as matters of fact what are really only guesses. Mr. Markham, for example, says that, when Columbus emigrated to Portugal he had already thought and studied much on the subject of the Western route to India. Of this there is literally no shadow of evidence. The fact that the discoverer habitually wrote, even to Italians, in Castilian, goes, as Mr. Harrisse has pointed out, rather to prove that, when he left home, he did not know the literary language of his own country, but only the dialect of Genoa—which could hardly have been the case unless he had been self-educated in Portugal, where Spanish was largely the Court and literary tongue.

We may point out one sheer blunder and one extraordinary piece of reasoning in Mr. Markham's book. He says that Isabella the Catholic had set aside her niece, and reigned by the vote of the Cortes alone. This is entirely wrong. The so-called niece was set aside by the whole of Castile as spurious, and that for reasons of a convincing kind publicly given to his good people by Henry IV., and sufficiently indicated by the name he bears in the list of Spanish kings (El impotente). What the Cortes did was to recognize Isabella as the only legitimate heir, which is quite another thing. Mr. Markham might as well assert that Charles II. reigned by the vote of the Free Parliament alone. Then the author decides that Beatrice Enriquez was the wife, and not only the mistress, of Columbus. His reasons are that the family of Beatrice remained on good terms with Columbus, which would not have been the case unless he had married their kinswoman; that her son Ferdinand was received as a page at Court, which would not have been the case if he had been base-born; and that when the Admiral said he "never" saw his wife after leaving Portugal, he meant "hardly ever," and we must, therefore, not suppose that he only recognized Filippa Moñiz as his wife. Reasons one and two only prove how limited is Mr. Markham's knowledge of the Spain of the fifteenth century. Reason three is as fine an example as has fallen in our way of the desperate straits to which a gentleman may be driven when he will make the evidence which he cannot find. The undeniable fact that in his will Columbus left Beatrice at the mercy of his legitimate son, Diego, as a person to whom he had done wrong, settles the question. If Beatrice had been wife, and not mistress, she would have been entitled to a jointure, which could only be refused at the risk of invalidating the will. To live with a "barragana" was no unusual course for layman or priest in Spain then or afterwards, but to treat a "muger" as a "barragana" was illegal as well as immoral. The supposition that Beatrice was "barragana" in the very ancient sense of morganatic wife is made unacceptable by the fact that she was noble, and Columbus was not, at the time of the birth of Ferdinand. Besides, such a union with a man not a noble, and a great one, would have been more discreditable to a lady of her position than the "life of honour." Why Columbus did not marry Beatrice Enriquez, we shall almost certainly never know, but that he did not is as certain as any fact of his life. Our explanation, if we were asked for one, would be, that in the early days of their union, at least, the lady simply acted on the rule that marriage with an inferior would be a loss of status, whereas the other relation was a personal matter of conduct and conscience, to be put right with the heavenly powers by the advice of her confessor. A South American lady of pure Spanish blood and large estate who lived in the "free grace of God" with a half-bred Indian gave that very answer to a traveller who asked, indiscreetly enough, why she did not marry her lover. It is a queer code of morals, but quite intelligible.

These examples show that Mr. Markham's determination to find popular principles and strict moral conduct of the correct nineteenth-century English kind in his hero can lead him astray. But though his knowledge and critical judgment, like those of most men, are subject to limitations, within their bounds they are good. He has, in the main, that sound appreciation of the relative values of events and periods in the Admiral's life of which we have had to note the absence in some other authors of late. The early years of the discoverer's life in Genoa and Portugal are discussed adequately —that is, briefly. Mr. Markham will have nothing to say to the pure legends, the voyage in the service of King René, the wreck on the coast of Portugal, the studies at Padua, and so forth; but he dismisses them without screaming that Columbus was a liar, and Ferdinand an impostor. Then he devotes the bulk of his volume to his proper subject—namely, the discovery of America, and the three succeeding voyages. The geographical knowledge and beliefs of the time are summarized with sufficient detail, but the reader is not poisoned with erudition from Mr. Bunbury about Hipparchus and Seneca, or with talk about the mediæval writers whom we recently saw described in very choice American as "inheritors of conservancy." It is, in our eyes, a great merit in Mr. Markham that he manifestly prefers to believe all the old and orthodox things, making no cheap parade of originality by starting fresh theories. Long experience as a writer about discovery proper, and as a critic of the characters and conduct of the Spanish explorers and conquistadores, has given Mr. Markham that knowledge of the surroundings and the background which, though he does not always know it, are indispensable to the biographer. We have seen few better things of the kind than Mr. Markham's argument that Watling Island is Guanahani, the landfall of Columbus. This is, of course, no new opinion, and has had many and capable supporters; but Mr. Markham sums up the old evidence, adduces new considerations, and, in passing, demolishes the cases for the other islands in an effective way. His account of the conduct of Columbus towards his companions and as Governor is at times a little too much that of the advocate. The facts show the discoverer had to deal with incessant mutinies, and had often to thank his brother Bartholomew for quelling them. This does not prove, as foolish writers have asserted, that he was an incompetent man, but it does prove that he wanted the indefinable something which enabled Cortes to keep his following, naturally a most unruly one, in such excellent order. Columbus has certainly been blamed beyond all rhyme and reason for his treatment of the natives, but we cannot think it so honourable as Mr. Markham does. There is occasionally a too obvious contrast between the words of the enthusiast and the acts of the kidnapper. Still the error is on the right side, since Mr. Markham does at least see that the discoverer was a great man. A very useful passage is devoted to the authorities for the Life of Columbus. Mr. Markham reviews them from the Admiral's son to Señor Asensio, making his reservations, but always with courtesy. We trust he will allow that we have followed his example, and can again declare that *exceptis excipiendis* (which *excipienda* are not vital) this is in a moderate size the fullest. the most clear, the best reasoned, and the most generally useful of the Lives of Columbus which has appeared to our knowledge.

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* *Life of Christopher Columbus.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B. ("The World's Great Explorers.") London: George Philip & Son. 1892.

MILES'S POETS OF THE CENTURY.*

TWO more volumes of Mr. Miles's extensive anthology are before us. In reviewing the earlier volumes we pointed out that the editor had not wholly succeeded in fulfilling his promise of exact reproduction, and also that the space allotted to different writers did not seem to be governed by any adequate scheme of proportion. We cannot say that these defects have been amended. For the matter of exactness, a poem of Ebenezer Jones, who died, as stated in the volume itself, in 1860, is dated 1879. Mr. Allingham is said to have spent the last years of his life at Whitby; whereas he really spent them at Witley in Surrey. Doubtless these are misprints; but such misprints as in a book of this kind ought to have been most vigilantly guarded against. For the other and more important matter of proportion, we found things in the other volumes that put us on questioning. In these two there are things that fairly puzzle us. We are still of opinion that Mr. Miles would have done a more useful work, and saved himself and his helpers much barren trouble, if he had confined his selections to the minor poets, or, if that epithet be thought invidious, to the less generally known. But he has committed himself to representing all the English poets of the century both small and great, and some of the greater ones have already had an ample share. It is too late now to plead, as an excuse for scanty samples of any one poet, that the bulk of his work may be supposed well known to the reader. We are entitled to expect that every man's work shall be fairly shown, and that regard shall be had to its relative importance according to an approximately uniform scale. If any exceptional treatment is to be used in the case of the best-known writers, it should be, one would think, to select by preference from their less familiar pieces. This would in some cases have been well worth doing.

It is an old-fashioned trick to apostrophize the gentle reader. But we feel greatly disposed on this occasion to summon him, if so be that he can help us to assign any kind of reason for the distribution of available space among the greater and lesser poets in these volumes. We protest that for our part we are at a loss. Mr. Coventry Patmore gets four-and-twenty pages, Sydney Dobell twenty-five, Mr. Lewis Morris twenty. Dobell's share may be thought slightly excessive, but let that pass. Dante Rossetti, whom it would be absurd to call a minor poet, has eighteen pages; James Thomson, one of the most original and powerful among those who have just come short of greatness, has only thirteen. Was Rossetti indeed so much less than Dobell, or James Thomson than Mr. Lewis Morris? Stranger still, Rossetti and Thomson are quite adequately introduced, the one by Mr. Hall Caine, the other by Mr. Roden Noel, who most justly gives particular praise to Thomson's mastery of narrative verse. But not one word of Thomson's "most admirable narrative poem" is printed among the extracts themselves. One cannot help thinking that the authors of the introductions have not had the making of the selections. There are yet odder things to come. Kingsley, unequal in long flights but first-rate in many shorter pieces, is put off with eight pages, while ten are given to Cox Bennett, of whom we chiefly learn that he supposed University races to be rowed at Oxford in July. Strangest of all is the lot of Matthew Arnold, whom many competent judges hold only second to Tennyson and Browning, and at his best full worthy to keep company with them. Eighteen pages of prefatory matter are contributed by Mr. Samuel Waddington, who appreciates the poet as highly as we do, and even hints an opinion that his sonnets may ultimately be rated above those of Milton and Wordsworth. And then what have we? Forty pages of extracts? (remember, there are twenty pages of Mr. Lewis Morris's verse). Thirty? twenty? fifteen? What Mr. Miles has given us is a beggarly six; nothing but *The Forsaken Merman* and two stanzas—two stanzas torn from the poem—of *Thyrsis*. Not one line from *Empedocles on Etna*, parts of which stand with Wordsworth's Odes and Browning's *Rabbi ben Ezra* at the highest level of philosophical poetry in our language; not one line from *Sohrab and Rustum*, perhaps the most nearly successful effort of modern English in a strictly epic manner; not a single sonnet. Either there has been some extraordinary blunder, or some mechanical consideration about the arrangement of sheets has been allowed (though the signatures give no warrant for that hypothesis) to ruin the selection that Mr. Waddington designed. In any case, the treatment of Arnold's work is inexcusable.

Tennyson and Mr. George Meredith share an odd fate which in Tennyson's case is accounted for after a sort, but is not accounted for at all in Mr. Meredith's. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. declined to allow a selection from Tennyson's poems to appear. Whether they were acting on a fixed rule or mistrusted the company Tennyson might find himself in, they were within their rights; and, as Mr. Miles himself remarks with laudable candour, Lord Tennyson's poems are easily obtainable in one volume. If Mr. Miles had stated the facts, and left it there, he would have done all that could be expected. But he must needs give us an essay of thirty-five pages on Tennyson's poetry, garnished with extracts discreetly stopping short of the whole bulk of any one poem. Mr. Alexander H. Japp says many things proper enough to be said, though "sensuo-imaginative receptivity" is a vile phrase; he has overlooked Tennyson's lines to Virgil, one of the most complete masterpieces of metrical art in the language. However, our quarrel is not with Mr. Japp for omitting this or that poem in his essay, but with Mr. Miles for making believe that an essay with scattered quotations can be a substitute for a representative selection. What is more, he has treated Mr. Meredith in the same fashion without alleging any difficulty about copyright; nor can we understand why Mr. J. A. Noble, whose essay shows him quite capable of making an effective selection from Mr. Meredith's less difficult verse, was not asked to do so. We agree with Mr. Noble in not ranking "Modern Love" as Mr. Meredith's masterpiece; but we could be angry with him for not mentioning "Love in the Valley," if we were considering this book as a collection of critical essays. But that is not what it aims at; and our grievance, again, is not that our judgment of Mr. Meredith's works may not be the same in all details as Mr. Noble's, but that Mr. Miles has, apparently out of pure caprice, not enabled the reader to use his own judgment at all. Robert Browning has been handed over to Mr. Furnivall, who, after giving a kind of annotated catalogue of the poet's works, chooses (if indeed it was his choice) to reproduce the handful of pieces already known to every one who reads any modern poetry at all.

To some extent, as in the cases of Clough, Dobell, and Kingsley, Mr. Miles's collection goes over the same ground as the last volume of Mr. Humphry Ward's "English Poets." We cannot say that the comparison is favourable to Mr. Miles. In short, although much good work in detail has been put into these volumes by Mr. Miles's assistants, the work is not well done as a whole. Still it may be useful as a rough measure of the great improvement in literary workmanship that has taken place in the last forty years. If we cannot command poetic genius, we can and do nowadays expect verse-writers to know the rules of their business. A man cannot by taking thought become a perfect gentleman, but he can learn how to walk into a room. Our young poets can at any rate walk into the room with a good grace which was less common among their elders. If the gentle reader whom we have already invoked wishes to see the difference between really distinguished manners and untrained amiable intentions, let him take up Mr. Aubrey de Vere's or Mr. Palgrave's work, and then turn to that of various other persons whom, as we hope the twentieth century will be allowed to forget them, we see no occasion to name. Then let him turn to almost any volume of poems issued by a respectable publisher within the last ten years, and he will see that the author, if he has not as much to say as Mr. Aubrey de Vere or Mr. Palgrave, has at least endeavoured to say it well.

* *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century.* Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick Tennyson to Arthur Hugh Clough.—Charles Kingsley to James Thomson. London: Hutchinson & Co.

TALES FROM THE DRAMATISTS.*

IN this book Mr. Morris has had the good fortune to enlist the sympathy of Mr. Henry Irving, who says, "I do not pretend to be a judge of the manner in which this work has been executed. All I can say is, that I have found the tales very good reading, and that they have given my appreciation of the originals a keener edge. That they will inspire the young reader with a desire to make the acquaintance of some of the finest plays in our language I can readily believe, and that they will help to cultivate a taste for what is best in the theatre is my earnest hope." Mr. Irving has estimated to a nicety the value of the book, and that value is not to be despised at a time when the prevalent practice of literary dram-drinking may be held to justify the use of spoon-meat to restore a healthy appetite for solids. Mr. Morris's plan is to preface his selected plays with a short prefatory note, and then to give the text of the play, reduced to narrative form, with occasional quotations from the actual dialogue. He starts with Ben Jonson, giving *Every Man in his Humour*, declaring that "Of the numerous authors of the Elizabethan era, contemporaries of

* *Tales from the Dramatists.* By Charles Morris. With an Introduction by Henry Irving. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1892.

Shakspeare—including Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Massinger, Ford, and half a score of others—very few have left works of sufficient dramatic merit to survive to our time. . . . The powerful plays of Marlowe are too primitive in style, those of Webster too revolting in the cruelty of their incidents; while the licentiousness which pervades some of the best works of other authors unfits them for the nineteenth-century taste." He does, however, give an example of Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaster; or, Love lies Bleeding*. In objecting to *The Maid's Tragedy* as being "deeply infiltrated with licentiousness," he speaks of it as the author's best; but in this Hazlitt does not agree with him, declaring roundly that it is one of the poorest, and giving good and sufficient reason for his opinion. Macready, moreover, could not have felt that it was radically licentious, since he produced it at the Haymarket in 1837 under the name of *The Bridal*, with alterations by himself and three new scenes by Sheridan Knowles, when it was very well received by the public. Massinger is represented by *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Otway by *Venice Preserved*, Mrs. Centlivre by *The Busybody*, Farquhar by *The Beaux' Stratagem*, and Mrs. Hannah Cowley by *The Belle's Stratagem*. The prefatory notices are very short—so short as to afford but insufficient room for anything like complete biography, and none whatever for efficient criticism, which is, however, occasionally attempted with no very happy results. We do not complain that no mention is made in the note on Mrs. Centlivre of her casual and romantic, if irregular, connexion with Hammond—Bolingbroke's "silver-tongued Hammond"—but care should be taken not to marry her to Sir Stephen Fox, when her husband (if he ever was her husband) was only a nephew of that gentleman, both of whose matrimonial alliances are sufficiently well known. *A Bold Stroke for a Husband* ought never to have been allowed to creep in for *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. Farquhar is said to have "died poor in 1706, his best play, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, being written during his last illness." The pathetic story of his death is told by the late Mr. A. C. Ewald in the "Life" appended to that gentleman's edition of the plays. *The Beaux' Stratagem* was brought out early in the March of 1707, and Farquhar died on the 29th of the following month of April, on the very day when a benefit had been given him. Edward Moore's *The Gamester*, and John Home's *Douglas*, are included in the collection, as are *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Road to Ruin*, and *Wild Oats*. Sheridan and George Colman the Younger are honoured with two selections each, *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*, and *The Poor Gentleman* and *The Heir-at-Law*.

We have to mark further inaccuracies as we proceed. There is some sort of excuse for declaring *Duplicity* the first of Holcroft's plays, since *Love and Famine*, which was really his first, was only performed once —at Drury Lane, on the 1st May, 1778—and was never printed. The elder Colman's first play was not *Sally Honeycomb*, but *Polly Honeycombe*; and although 1785 is the year when he was stricken with the paralysis which led to his mental derangement, it was not until 1789 that the management of the Haymarket Theatre devolved upon his son. Without for a moment denying the claims of either of the younger Colman's two plays to a post of honour in these volumes, we could have wished that Macklin's *The Man of the World* had achieved a similar distinction. Thomas Morton's *Speed the Plough*, Tobin's one play, *The Honeymoon*, Sheridan Knowles's *The Wife*, Lalor Shiel's *The Apostate*, and Talford's *Ion*, complete the list of works, which have been chosen with sound judgment, even though the immorality of Dryden, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Cibber exclude them from the writer's good offices. Any objections we could make to Mr. Morris's selections could not apply to the works he has included; they would merely form a plea for the extension of his labours. With a modesty as becoming as it is prudent, he anticipates the inevitable reference to *Lamb's Tales*, and declares that he "makes no effort to imitate or approach in style that deservedly successful work. It has, indeed," he adds, "been deemed advisable to deal with the drama in a less juvenile manner, and thus to appeal to an older circle of readers." This reminds us, though we only mention it in proof of the emasculating enterprise of the followers of the late Rev. Thomas Bowdler, that at least one edition of the *Tales* has been published with *Measure for Measure* omitted. In referring to the absence of any work dealing similarly with the non-Shakspearian drama, the writer has apparently forgotten that Miss E. W. Macaulay's book, *Tales of the Drama*, published in 1822, is not confined to Shakspeare, but is also founded on the tragedies of Massinger, Shirley, Rowe, Murphy, Lillo, and Moore, and the comedies of Steele, Farquhar, Bickerstaff, and Mrs. Cowley, the selections from Moore and Mrs. Cowley being the same as those made by Mr. Morris. Another work of the kind has, we believe, been published within the last two or three years without attracting much favourable attention. Any honest effort in the direction of arousing a public interest in the beauties of the older English drama calls for warm commendation, and we cannot do better than echo Mr. Irving's earnest hope that these tales will help to cultivate a taste for what is best in the theatre.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.*

M. GABORIAU and Mr. Conan Doyle must now be acknowledged as the typical romantic writers upon detection of crime and other complex matters, and their methods in dealing with these subjects, although differing a good deal in style, naturally show some similarity of action. The latter and younger writer, however, altogether declines to copy, or to carry his cases to the exciting and somewhat lengthy developments of the elder writer, therefore the difference of expression between them is as marked in their works as the difference in procedure is between the English and the French police. The expedients of the tracker, always engrossingly interesting to the general mind, are, in the work before us, given to the reader with the clearness and conciseness necessary to stories purporting to be facts, and the keenness of the observation of their author makes itself felt upon every page. Assuming a candid expression, Sherlock Holmes, with a frank geniality, pretends—like a *prestidigitateur* who was some years ago in our midst—to reveal all his private theories and secret reasonings upon criminal matters; but the reader is really kept entirely in the dark, and knows no more at the end of the book of the inner workings of the detective system than he does at the beginning.

The work is full of interesting subtleties and wily surprises. Each story has its own peculiar interest, and several are extremely dramatic. "The Speckled Band" is decidedly the most thrilling; it has the creepiest of unexpected *dénouements*, which takes the breath away and compels the reader to pause before beginning a fresh story. In excitement "The Five Orange Pips" —classed with it—runs it close. In this we think the author's legal knowledge to be at fault. It seems unlikely that a legatee would sign his father's will, even though his lawyer points out to him the proper spot on which to do so. But we forgive him that slip, because of the cleverness of the whole of the story, and because he says, at p. 120:—

> 'The ideal reasoner would, when he has once been shown a fact in all its bearings, deduce from it not only all the chain of events which led up to it, but also all the results which would follow from it. As Cuvier could correctly describe a whole animal by the contemplation of a single bone, so the observer who has thoroughly understood one link in a series of incidents should be able to accurately state all the other ones both before and after.'

We also like Sherlock Holmes's artistic and Balzacian sense of fitness. It is quite right and appropriate that he, when pondering over a quiet easy case, should smoke shag tobacco, and wear a blue dressing-gown; and that, on the other hand, when engaged upon a tedious and complex problem, he should take to cigars, and a brilliant purple robe. There is really much humour in the "Red-Headed League," which we can but feel to be intentional; and the "Beryl Coronet" is well worked out, and shows the author at his best—especially in his powers of imagery and skill in character-drawing.

SACHARISSA.†

MRS. HENRY ADY is much to be congratulated on this volume, in which she collects and gives to the world all that can be gathered together concerning the life and times of a most delightful and remarkable woman, the people among whom her life was spent, and the family from which she sprang. The period over which this account extends is from 1617 to 1684, and it is not too much to say that the interest grows and is sustained throughout. This is the more praiseworthy because the annals of the period are disappointingly poor in details concerning the life of the Countess of Sunderland. As a correspondent she was, in Henry Savile's opinion, "the most eloquent in England," remarkable even among the members of a family who were noted for their literary habits. It is exasperating to learn that almost the whole of this correspondence has been lost, and that we have in our day only three little notes, written to

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* *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* By A. Conan Doyle. London: George Newnes, Limited.

† *Sacharissa: some account of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, her Family and Friends.* By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). London: Seeley & Co.

her father in her early youth, and twenty-four letters belonging to the close of her life.

Thanks, however, to two men, we can feel as if we too had had an intimate knowledge of the charm and gracious presence of this beloved and admired lady. Waller, the ardent lover and poet, has immortalized her in the lyrics written in praise of "Sacharissa" and of the home in which she was reared; while Vandyke seems never to have wearied in reproducing her delightful features, and Dorothy Spencer, or Dorothy Sunderland, at various ages, and in many costumes, still looks down in life-like guise from the walls of Penshurst, Althorp, and Petworth.

Dorothy was the daughter of Robert, the second Earl of Leicester, and her mother was Lady Dorothy Percy. There was some difficulty in concluding the marriage treaty, as Lady Dorothy's father, Lord Northumberland, was still a prisoner in the Tower, where he had lain ever since suspicion had fallen on him for being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot; and what perhaps was a greater impediment than his absence, was the fact that his estates were much impaired by the enormous fine levied on them. Lord Lisle seems to have had some misgivings regarding the prospects of a good endowment for his son's wife. But the couple were genuinely attached, and the difficulties being arranged they were married; and Dorothy Sidney, the eldest child of a family of thirteen, was born in 1617 at Syon House.

After Lord Leicester had succeeded at the age of thirty to his father's title and estates, Dorothy's parents lived for ten years very quietly at Penshurst, seldom going to Court, and nursing a property already considerably charged, and not likely to be less burdened as one after another were added to the members of the family, names which were to figure in their country's history.

The beauties of Penshurst have been sung by Ben Jonson and described by Sir Philip Sidney in his dreams of Arcady. Among the relics enshrined within its walls is one of pathetic interest, a lock of his auburn hair, cut off by his brother who was with him on the fatal field of Zutphen. "The Penshurst of the present time is still the Penshurst of Ben Jonson and of the *Arcadia*," and the pages in which Mrs. Henry Ady describes afresh its beauty of scenery, and tells the history of its house and pictures, are among the most charming in this delightful story.

In such a home, and nourished on all the traditions of what was best and noblest in the race from which she sprang, Dorothy's early life was passed. Her father's public life kept him much abroad, and Lady Leicester, a woman of warm, impulsive, and passionate temperament, seems to have sometimes sighed in the somewhat straitened life which she led at Penshurst for the interests of Court and town life. But she seems to have done her part bravely, and we read of the upbringing of her numerous family, the management of her husband's estates, and her efforts to get Charles I. to send her husband his long-delayed supplies, the want of which in his life as Ambassador at Paris often obliged him to burden his estates and suffer from harassing embarrassments. Dorothy was very young when the poet Waller, a widower at the age of twenty-four, became her devoted lover. We are told that "Dorothy rejected the poet's addresses from the first," and seems never to have had the least temptation to succumb to his somewhat wearisome courtings. "They who read his character," says Dr. Johnson, "will not much condemn Sacharissa that she did not descend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence comprised in wit." She could not be indifferent to the beauty of his verses, and, indeed, long years afterwards, when both were old and met often in a long-tried friendship which had withstood all the changes and chances which had chequered their two lives, Dorothy laughingly asked Waller when he intended to write some more verses for her, as he used to do in the old days at Penshurst. "When you are as young again, madam, and as handsome as you were then." An answer probably made in the temper produced by a twinge of an old heartache, but one which must have made Sacharissa feel that she must rest content with the words which had already embalmed her youthful glories.

Very graceful and pretty are the letters to her father which have been preserved, and the dutiful and "exactly obedient" tone in which they are written does not in any way prevent the reader perceiving how close and affectionate are the relations between the father and daughter. They are not an uninteresting study in these days, when intimacy is supposed only to exist where there is also a vulgar tone of familiarity and a disuse of all terms of respect and veneration. After some fruitless negotiations and efforts for "marriage treaties" with suitors who were not after Dorothy's heart, she met one who seems in every way to have been worthy of her, and the record of their too short married life is an idyll of domestic love and bliss. Henry, Lord Spencer, who at the age of nineteen wooed and won the much-sought-after lady, seems to have had every charm of person and character, and Lord and Lady Leicester had no anxieties in intrusting him with their "deare Doll." They were married in July 1639, and in 1643 Dorothy was left a widow. He fell at the battle of Newbury in company with Falkland and the flower of the Cavalier party, and, perhaps, for men who fought for the King as he did, not because they thought him right, but because they knew the Parliament was wrong, their fate was one which it would be cruel to grudge them. "Foremost in the brilliant company which charged that day," says the historian of the Civil Wars, "with a kind of contempt and with wonderful boldness, upon their foes, rode Lord Sunderland (to which title he had been raised), distinguished among so many brave men by his heroic bearing. Again and again he returned to the attack with a valour which made even his enemies wonder, until, as he was in the act of gathering up his reins to charge once more, a bullet from a trooper's musket struck him, and he fell mortally wounded. Calmly and nobly he met his end, and those about him were surprised to see him die with so few regrets." Terribly vivid is the story of the grief of the young and broken-hearted widow and of his devoted mother-in-law.

Our space forbids us following any further the career of Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland. The best and happiest part of her life was ended when the heart of her husband was brought back to Althorp, and buried with his ancestors; but she was to live on many long years, to know herself the mother of statesmen high in the country's service, to have as a son-in-law "the brilliant Halifax," and to find in him the dearest and most faithful friend of her declining years. She was the sister of Algernon and Henry Sidney, and among such surroundings and companionships if she was to taste much sorrow, she at least was to know all the fulness and interest of life—lived in stirring times and among high-souled and great men.

Sir Henry Sidney in a now famous letter written to his son at school ends with these words:—"Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side, and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family." It is almost strange in these days to read such appeals. We are supposed to believe that it does not much matter of what quality is the tide which circulates through any one's veins. "We swear the brains are in the heels," and we utter pointless platitudes, that, given wealth and the advantages that wealth brings, all men are equally good in the affairs of life. That our social system is the sufferer by it cannot be doubted, and if we are free of some of the political vices which were the bane of the men of the period with which this history deals, we are also singularly free of their high-souled and patriotic lives, of their sense that *noblesse oblige*, and that their Order was one which imposed high obligations on them. No one can read this history of the Sidneys and Spencers without feeling how strongly and truly they acted up to this ideal set forth in the letter we have quoted; and no one can believe that either those who forget the deeds of their ancestry, or those who boast that they "do not know who their grandfather was," are the better or the wiser for falling away from the traditions of race, or for glorying that they have the misfortune to have none to fall from.

Much more we might write on Sacharissa and the women of her time, but perhaps we shall do best to conclude in the words which, taken from *The Tatler*, are placed as a motto on the title-page:—"The fine women they show me nowadays are at best but pretty girls to me, who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired. That graceful motion, that awful mien, that winning attraction, are now no more seen. They tell me I am old. I am glad I am so, for I do not like your present young ladies."

MRS. RITCHIE'S RECORDS.*

OF Mrs. Ritchie's desultory but charming "Records," decidedly the most novel, as well as now of most poignant interest, are those which relate to Lord Tennyson. She had known him almost all her life, and with a certain intimacy. "The first occasion of her having the honour of breaking bread in company with Lord Tennyson was in her father's house, when she was propped up in a tall chair between her parents." A laudable delicacy prevents Mrs. Ritchie from dwelling upon the relations between Thackeray and Lord Tennyson; but here and there the veil is raised for a moment, and we get a flashing glimpse of that noble friendship. It was not only for her own sake, but doubtless for her father's also, that Mrs. Ritchie was

* *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning.* By Anne Ritchie. London: Macmillan & Co.

indulged with quite a series of those pleasant personal confidences which the Poet Laureate was always chary of granting to his admirers. We believe that Mrs. Ritchie was the first to whom was confessed that delightful reminiscence of the poet's first verse:—

> 'The wind that goes blowing where it listeth, once, in the early beginning of this century, came sweeping through the garden of this old Lincolnshire rectory, and as the wind blew, a sturdy child of five years old, with shining locks, stood opening his arms upon the blast, and letting himself be blown along; and as he travelled on, he made his first line of poetry, and said, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind."'

This must have been in 1814, and ten years before the death of Byron, an event about which Mrs. Ritchie has preserved a very interesting anecdote:—

> 'One day the news came to the village—the dire news' which spread across the land, filling men's hearts with consternation, that Byron was dead. Alfred was then a boy about fifteen. "Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once said, speaking of these bygone days. "I thought everything was over, and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."'

This is a story to be told to those "ferocious young" who, in their absence of historic instinct, think nothing so clever as to bury the merits of Byron under the refuse of his defects.

When Mrs. Ritchie comes to her personal reminiscences they are desultory, as they are bound to be, but almost always of positive value. They do not deal with impertinent trifles, but with actions and incidents which illustrate the poet in his poetry, the man in the genius of his character. The description of Lord Tennyson's manner of reading verse, if slightly high-flown, is of positive interest, and we are glad that so intelligent an impression was seized while it was still possible for a few favoured listeners to compare it with the original:—

> 'Reading, is it? One can hardly describe it. It is a sort of mystical incantation, a chant in which every note rises and falls and reverberates again. As we sit around the twilight room at Farringford, with its great oriel-window looking to the garden, across fields of hyacinth and self-sowed daffodils towards the sea, where the waves wash against the rock, we seem carried by a tide not unlike the ocean's sound; it fills the room, it ebbs and flows away; and when we leave, it is with a strange music in our ears, feeling that we have for the first time, perhaps, heard what we may have read a hundred times before.'

The only active episode of Lord Tennyson's life, his excursion into the Pyrenees to aid in the Spanish Liberal Insurrections, has always hitherto been veiled in complete obscurity. It has often seemed to us odd that absolutely nothing should be recorded about so romantic a feat, performed not fewer than sixty years ago, by one of the greatest of English writers. Mrs. Ritchie has given us, evidently from Lord Tennyson's own conversation, about one page of highly amusing but exceedingly tantalizing information. The English volunteers met a Señor Ojeda, who confided to Tennyson that he intended to "couper la gorge à tous les curés." This worthy could talk no English, and regretted the circumstance, as, he said, it prevented his confiding his thoughts more fully to his young ally; but, he sighed to Mr. Tennyson, "vous connaissez mon cœur!" "And a pretty black one it is," reflected the poet.

The records of Lord Tennyson and those of the Brownings are written with such a running pen, and with such evident enjoyment, that the chapters on Mr. Ruskin strike a note of contrast. Yet the Ruskin record is the longest section of the book, as though Mrs. Ritchie, in her determined conscientiousness, had not allowed herself the slightest relaxation in her enforced task. The "Records" are mainly a review of, or chatty commentary on, *Preterita*, and she quotes rather more copious passages from that very singular fragment of an autobiography than her own scheme renders appropriate. As she writes this her review, she introduces ever and anon some slight word of personal confirmation or addition.

The records of the Brownings have not the sustained importance of those of Lord Tennyson, which latter aim at being a kind of general essay on his life and genius. But we shall be surprised if these broken memories of the wedded poets are not the section of the work which will be most eagerly read and most frequently referred to. Of all the pictures which have been preserved of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Ritchie's is, as it seems to us, unquestionably the most vivid and lifelike. From a girlish diary, kept in or about 1856, she quotes words which have not her present mastery of language, or power to create an impression, but which have the unique value of positive freshness. Most valuable are those notes which come untouched from the very moment of their inception, far more valuable than all the literary working-up of memories which later years may produce. We invite our readers to turn to pp. 190, 191 of this volume, and to read how Elizabeth and Robert Browning struck a young girl when she met them first in Paris.

It is a little unfortunate that Mrs. Orr's *Life of Robert Browning* seems to have appeared while Mrs. Ritchie was putting her memories together, and to have disturbed her. The flow of her graceful and vivid reminiscences appears to be suddenly checked, and she deviates into extracts from letters to other persons, interesting enough in their way, yet not essential to her particular purpose. But one chapter in this later portion of her study is of first-rate importance; it is that which deals with Browning's relations with the charming M. Milsand—whose influence on his mind has yet to be properly recorded—in the delightful retreat of St. Aubin, near Luc-sur-Mer, in the midst of that "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" which belongs, in the records of English literature, to Mrs. Ritchie herself not less than to Robert Browning. All this portion of the book is full of things which, if space remained to us, we should like to quote. Of earlier and more frivolous anecdotes, perhaps the most delightful is that of Robert Browning visiting the Carlyles one afternoon, and holding the kettle, with which he had filled the teapot, so absently and so long that Mrs. Carlyle abruptly called out—

> '"Can't you put it down?"
>
> Mr. Browning, confused and somewhat absent, immediately popped the kettle down upon the carpet, which was a new one.
>
> Mrs. Carlyle exclaimed, in horror—I have no doubt she was half-laughing—"See how fine he has grown! He does not any longer know what to do with the kettle."
>
> And sure enough, when Mr. Browning penitently took it up again, a brown oval mark was to be seen clearly stamped and burned upon the new carpet. "You can imagine what I felt," said Mr. Browning. "Carlyle came to my rescue. 'Ye should have been more explicit,' said he to his wife."'

This volume is written with such a delicate grace of style, such sweetness and tenderness of feeling, and such genuine enthusiasm, that it cannot fail of receiving a very warm welcome from a crowd of readers.

GEOLOGY.*

MR. HATCH'S *Text-Book of Petrology*, though it appears under a new title, is practically a revised and considerably enlarged edition of the author's *Introduction to the Study of Petrology*, published only last year. That was an excellent little work; this is even better. In a progressive subject like petrology doctors must sometimes disagree; but in most cases Dr. Hatch has held the balance fairly between conflicting opinions. It might, however, be doubted whether eclogite can be classed logically with the pyroxenites, or eulysite with the peridotites, or whether the ophicalcites of Connemara have any genetic relation to the normal serpentines. These, however, are small matters; the book is clear, concise, and accurate; in a word, it cannot fail to be very helpful to students.

The Student's Handbook of Physical Geology, as stated by the author, has been partly rewritten and increased by about a hundred pages. Books, like children, generally grow, but in their case the tendency often needs checking. The former edition had the great advantage of exactly meeting the wants of the less advanced student; it gave him ample instruction, but was not so voluminous as to terrify him at the outset. Mr. Jukes-Browne must prune rather than expand in the future, or he will find the old saying about a big book come true. We doubt, also, whether some changes are improvements; for instance, in the section on Coral-reefs the author quotes arguments against Darwin's view which have been shown to be more specious than valid. Apparently he has not read the third edition of *Coral Reefs*. Also the new classification of the igneous rocks is less logical than the old, so that present simplicity is obtained at the price of future perplexity. But as a set-off the sections on rock metamorphism are particularly clear and good, and the book in many other respects is improved.

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* *Text-Book of Petrology, containing a Description of the Rock-forming Minerals, and a Synopsis of the Chief Types of Igneous Rocks.* By Frederick H. Hatch. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

The Student's Handbook of Physical Geology. By A. J. Jukes-Browne, B.A., F.G.S. Second edition, revised. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

THE VEILED HAND.*

ONE sometimes hears a complaint that the reviewer of novels has an evil disposition to set forth the plots of them in ironic brevity, and, having treated them so, to deem his duty done. The complainants aver that neither life nor fiction can have any episode, or any set of episodes, which is not apt to appear ridiculous when dealt with by that summary procedure. They are right, and their protest is in the abstract just; but there is something to be said for the reviewer whose method offends them. The new novels which have anything besides their incidents to speak about are as rare as four-leaved clover. In many cases, then, the reviewer who confines his remarks to the gist of a novel demeans himself with mercy. It is seldom indeed that he has to deal with a novel whose manner is better than its matter. A new work by Mr. Wicks, however, is an exception to the rule upon which the average modern novel is constructed. The incidents which are packed into *The Veiled Hand* are very numerous and dramatic. That is not a fault. Mr. Wicks manages his plenitude of episode with such skill that the packing is not a congestion. His story flows on with orderliness and lucidity. In almost every chapter it is unconventional; but the passages that are burlesque are comparatively few. For one instance there is Chapter xiii., in which the persons at a dinner party keep speaking of Lord Feeldmore, who is one of them, as "the Earl." And, while we are finding fault, we must protest against the gross and gratuitous blunders in French. Here is a sentence which contains almost as many offences as the novel does incidents:—"Garçon, deux petites verres du cognac." There is no hint that Mr. Wicks wishes to show the speaker's singular ignorance. Also, we should have liked Mr. Wicks to have allowed nature to guide him in his management of the young people. Lovers are weak, no doubt; faltering in their emotions, and frail in grammar; but novelists, like everybody else, should deal gently with the erring. Mr. Wicks does not. He gives his lovers a page or two every now and then, which is not enough; and he makes them speak to each other with the precision of a leading article on bimetallism, which is too much. Still, whilst Mr. Wicks carries his revolt against love as the main motive of fiction to an extent which might bring pallor to the cheek of Mr. Gosse, we are not wroth against him.

Despite its refrigeration of the tender passion, his novel is continuously interesting. His plot, which is exceedingly ingenious, involves a wide variety of urgent topics, all of which Mr. Wicks treats with familiarity, shrewdness, and vivacity. The legislators who are endeavouring to devise means by which the British public may be protected from adventurers under the Limited Liability Acts will find in the chapters narrating the rise and fall of the Great Coradell Company as much inspiration as they are likely to derive from many ruminations in committee. The chapters dealing with the great strike in the coalfields are equally instructive. Mr. Bowdler, who brought the strike to pass, and the miners to destitution ere the end of it, seems to have been drawn from the life of an eminent Scotch agitator years ago gathered to his fathers; but the motives and the methods of such heroes do not change much with the flight of time. Bowdlers, like the poor, are always with us, and Mr. Wicks will have contributed much to the service of man if his novel makes the proletariat familiar with the "true inwardness" of the movements to which they lend themselves when high-strung Knights of Labour take the field. It must not be supposed, however, that *The Veiled Hand* is a didactic work. Incidentally it is capable of teaching much which the community would profit by knowing; but this teaching is casual only, and subservient always to Mr. Wicks's purpose, which is to tell a story with the thoroughness of treatment in detail which a plot such as his demands. In the matter of construction *The Veiled Hand* is extremely skilful, but the literary style of the work is not equal. In the earlier chapters it is stiff. Now and again, also, we have a lapse into facetiousness. Mr. Wicks should be above such pranks. The book is illustrated by pictures from the pen of M. Jean de Paléologue. The sketches are worthy as a rule; but, unhappily, M. de Paléologue seems to share his colleague's opinion that lovers in fiction are rather less important than walking ladies and gentlemen in a drama.

* *The Veiled Hand.* By Frederick Wicks. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1892.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE salute M. Hector Malot on having (as far as we have not with extreme rigour of verification, totted up the long list of books on his fly-leaf) completed his first half-century of novels and started another. We may concede to the devil's advocate that there are not any exact masterpieces among them; but, on the other hand, there are very few of the very many we have read which fall below a decently high standard—a standard, curiously enough, seldom higher than when, as in *Sans Famille* and *Micheline*, M. Malot has attempted the *roman honnête*. He breaks ground for the full century with a story of a different kind in *Complices* (1), a story of a sort of *femme-serpent*, who, after being unfaithful to her husband with one of his clerks, eggs the clerk on to the murder which the pair accomplish, and then plays exactly the same game, or the first half of it and a little more, on the lover who has been weak enough or honourable enough to marry her, and, when the murder is brought home to them, slips out, by the grace of a French jury, leaving the man to punishment condign. The book belongs, of course, to a large class, but it is hit off with the skill of a practised workman, and though none of the characters is quite unforgettable, they are all strongly outlined and well finished.

M. Jean Madeline's (2) is a first book and a good one. Indeed, the principal mark of the novice is to be found in the singular variety of its subjects and manners, which, to an experienced eye, look rather like a collection of experiments and exercises than like the deliberate work of a man who has chosen and successfully grasped his style. Here there is an exact and photographic study in the modern fashion, rigidly incomplete, and what some Goths still call inartistic; there a *clair de lune* sentiment, elsewhere a lively bit of satire, and in one place a regular philanthropic appeal for the better treatment of general servants. But we do not know that this is not a much better thing for a beginner than a ferocious attempt to confine himself to one thing only; and throughout M. Madeline's book we see signs (equivocal, of course, as such signs always are) of promise. His touch, as in the nature of things it was sure to be, is a little uncertain; but it is not weak nor mannered, and we note with particular pleasure that, though he is not at all "goody," he seems quite free from the brutality which used to be affected by *les jeunes* a few years ago in France, and which our own good children are dutifully copying years after date.

Mme. Mary Floran's *La Destinée de Jacques* (3) would have been a better book if that extraordinary savagery which besets the lady novelist in all countries had not made her give it a quite unnecessarily unhappy ending. The earlier part, with its sketches of the Picard farm and its inhabitants, is quite good; and in Republican France there is nothing too romanesque in the return of the peasant soldier who has won his commission and his acceptance by the lady of reasonably high degree—his father's landlady—whom he has despairingly loved earlier. But why this fair prospect should be destroyed because the father has not paid his rent we fail to understand. That Jacques should insist on paying the debt out of his own funds—as apparently he could do, and does—before marrying the lady would be clear to any Englishman in his case, as also that he should have the sum so paid settled on her child by her first marriage. But why make her and himself, two guiltless persons, miserable for life by breaking off the marriage as well? *Non liquet.* However, the point of honour, we freely grant, is impossible to discuss. It exists or it does not exist, according to country; but we feel a certain not wholly pharisaical satisfaction in thinking that English points of honour are somewhat more intelligible than this, which exists in the very same country where a man is thought none the worse if he declines to marry a girl *sans dot*, or a girl if she beggars her parents to secure that *dot*.

M. Conti's Russian story (4) is something of a *berquinade*, and we should doubt whether it will please France's great friends in Russia. Prince Ivan Bobroff is a Nihilist and a philanthropist, who is upbraided by his Nihilist friends because he is philanthropic, and arrested by the authorities because of his Nihilism. Then there is a lurid picture of the horrors, moral rather than material, of Bobroff's imprisonment; which is alleviated by a turtle dove, and ends in an escape. The book, however, is not without merits, and quite answers to the italicized warranty that it can be put "entre toutes les mains, *même* entre celles des jeunes filles."

Une race (5) and *Perinaïk* (6) are issued by MM. Plon in a new form of cover—plain colours, with an *encadrement* in red. The first is one of those curious studies of what we may, without injustice, call the bestial side of peasant life which have been so

(1) *Complices.* Par Hector Malot. Paris: Flammarion.
(2) *Contes sur porcelaine.* Par Jean Madeline. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(3) *La destinée de Jacques.* Par Mary Floran. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Ivan Bobroff.* Par Henri Conti. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.
(5) *Une race.* Par Georges Beaume. Paris: Plon.
(6) *Perinaïk.* Par J. Cantel. Paris: Plon.

frequent recently in France—a thing not without merit in a way, but without charm, and with insufficient justification of any other kind. *Perinaïk* is the history of a Breton contemporary and female disciple of the Pucelle, who, with a Franciscan friar, meets the fate of the Pucelle herself, or of Fra Dolcino and his Margaret. This kind of book is very difficult, indeed, to do well, and, despite some meritorious scenes, we are not sure that M. Cantel has vanquished the difficulty.

M. Hugues le Roux is a clever man and a good writer, but he has undertaken a dangerous adventure in attempting a series of "Les gens d'aujourd'hui," which begins with Soldiers and Sailors, and is to go on to the Modern Ecclesiastic, the Bourgeois, the Villager, the Man of the World, and His Majesty the Workingman himself (7). Not that the present instalment is bad. M. le Roux knows the Norman coast especially "like his hand," and many of the stories are good. But they seem to us representative rather of incident than of type—a thing to which we have in itself not the least objection, but which does not seem to square with the scheme.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

EPIDEMIC Influenza, by F. A. Dixey (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), is a study in comparative statistics with regard to recent epidemics of influenza in London and certain foreign cities, the material for which is derived from documents in the Registrar-General's department and similar returns in Paris and Berlin. The data thus supplied are subjected by Dr. Dixie to a special selection and grouping and various modes of "reduction," such as reveal the real significance of statistical results with clearness and simplicity. Dr. Dixie's method of tabulation is productive of very interesting and striking results, which are further illustrated by an instructive series of diagrams setting forth the number and percentages of deaths from influenza and other causes, with the meteorological conditions, during periods of epidemics. The results of these investigations must prove of great value and assistance to future investigators. It is a pity that the facts and figures relating to the last epidemic—the brief yet severe visitation in January and February of the present year—should be incomplete, owing to the work going to press at that critical time. "Had I foreseen," Dr. Dixie remarks, "the delay that has unavoidably occurred in the reproduction by lithography of the illustrative diagrams," the tables of 1892 would have been more complete. The epidemics investigated comprise those of 1847, 1848, 1889-90, 1891 and 1892. The four chief subjects illustrated are the course of each outbreak, the meteorology of the period, the effect on the mortality from other diseases, and the age-relation and age-influence, with the relation of influenza to age and sex. All these subjects, except the second, are illustrated with remarkable significance. The facts and figures of the meteorological tables appear inconclusive. The weather prevalent during an epidemic was, in all cases, too varied to indicate any influence on the course of the epidemic. Perhaps the meteorology of the seasons anterior to the first of the successive outbreaks of late years, 1889-92, might suggest some influence. Certainly the excessive drought of the winters, and the wet summers, were not normal. The bulk of the annual rainfall generally occurs between October and February, and is usually accompanied by frequent gales and a high average "horizontal movement" of the atmosphere. Dry winters and wet summers are notable of the chronicles of these years. Scarcely a drop of rain fell in two successive Februarys, for example. In short, the comparative statistics of the seasons 1888-1892 must, we think, yield results very different from the partial observations given by Dr. Dixie's tables.

Dr. Gordon Stables, in *The Boys' Own Book of Health and Strength* (Jarrold & Sons), has drawn up golden rules, in the shape of practical advice and guidance, that should promote health and strength in boys; just as, in a companion volume for girls, he has indicated the common-sense way to promote health and beauty. Exercise, training, clothing, recreation, are among the important subjects dealt with. Nor are diet and medicine and alcohol and tobacco neglected. On these, as on all other topics upon which Dr. Stables discourses, much excellent advice is offered. We can but think, however, that the question of medicine—patent, or duly recognized in B. P. prescriptions—is distinctly excrescent or irrelevant in a book for boys.

The New Ohio, by Edward Everett Hale (Cassell & Co.), is a story of New England emigration in the old days to the wilds of Ohio, when that State was to the dweller in Boston the Far West. It is not an exciting story by any means, yet will interest those who like to read of old times by the elaborate fidelity of the writer's study of the period, the people, and the history of the early emigrants to the West.

The Reflections of a Married Man, by Robert Grant (Gay & Bird), is a study of domesticity, suggestive in part of Stocktonian influence, though by no means of an extravagant order of humour. The humour of it is not the less pleasing because it is unassertive.

Mr. Horace Smith's *Interludes* (Macmillan & Co.) is a small and miscellaneous volume made up of two essays, a story, and some verses, none of which calls for any criticism on purely literary grounds. The essays—on "Criticism" and on "Luxury"—are the most readable things in the book, though we cannot say they show any individuality of view or of style.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's studies of the incorrigible Jew—*The Jew at Home* (Heinemann)—though put forth in "black and white," are a good deal more black than white to the dispassionate person far removed from actual contact with the gruesome originals of the artist's sketches. Gratitude might have prompted Mr. Pennell to mitigate the severity of his judgment of the Jews of Brody, of Lemberg, and of Berdicheff, for it is certain that they have served him well as artistic material. The hideous presentment of "A Jew of Berdicheff" (119), the appalling "Pharisee" (125), or the ghastly invalid "At Carlsbad" (34), might well haunt Mr. Pennell's dreams, by a sort of poetical justice, as the Malay distressed the slumbers of De Quincey. These and other examples of Polish and Russian Jews scarce need the supplementary illustration of Mr. Pennell's pungent commentary.

In the preface to the second edition of *Hereditary Genius* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. Francis Galton makes a suggestion which must have occurred, we think, to thoughtful and critical readers on first studying that work. He regrets the choice of title—which is, indeed, a good deal inexpressive of the aims and investigations of the author—and observes that "Hereditary Ability" were preferable. However, the title of a book so much discussed is not lightly to be changed. Genius, it is true, has frequently been found to be compatible with conspicuous ability in the practical science of life. Almost all of Mr. Galton's examples of a continuity of genius in a family are of this description. But there is another kind of genius which certainly supplies no "beautiful accordance with theory." This is that genius which is apt to manifest itself in the sudden shining of isolated examples—as with Blake, and Chatterton, and Shelley—such as are beautiful, or baleful, it may be, as they suggest the ancient belief in divine or demoniac "possession." You may define it as "inspiration," or as "rushes of ideas from apparently supernatural sources"; you may be deeply convinced that it may be near allied to madness—as a poet has said, and who should be more competent to judge?—and decide that it is not "a healthy faculty," nor in any case "desirable to perpetuate it by inheritance," yet is it genius, capricious, inexplicable, and altogether distinct from that "natural ability" of which Mr. Galton's book mainly treats.

Round the Round World, by the Rev. G. E. Mason (S.P.C.K.), is the record of a missionary voyage to New Zealand in 1884, undertaken at the instance of the Archbishop of York, then Bishop of Lichfield, by the author and Canon Bodington. Mr. Mason, who made the round of the world by travelling through the United States and across the Pacific to New Zealand, is an agreeable writer, and evidently endowed with the locomotive disposition, which is probably as serviceable to the missioner as cheerfulness and energy. The account of his mission to Auckland and Christchurch is pleasant reading, and the observations on New Zealand people, scenery, flora, and the rest, betoken a healthy interest in other matters.

Mr. Thomas B. Foreman's *A Trip to Spain and Portugal, including a Day in the Dark Continent* (Simpkin & Co.)—to give the cover-title, not the title-page, which, if less portentous, is yet more lengthy—is just a simple and very ingenuous journal of a holiday trip—nothing more. The day in the Dark Continent is not descriptive, as might be thought, of a thrilling yet brief experience with Moorish pirates, or an incredible sojourn in Timbuctoo, but a visit to Tangier that proved tolerably uneventful.

Mr. Henry Wallach's translation of Dr. Wilhelm Kaufmann's treatise, *The Egyptian State Debt* (Mathieson & Co.), gives English bondholders and others interested in Egyptian finance the opportunity of studying the curious and somewhat complicated history of Egyptian loans from the standpoint of international law. As a book for reference, also, the value of the work is enhanced by a statistical synopsis, historical and financial, prepared by Mr. Wallach, and a translation of the full text of the Law of Liquidation decreed in 1880.

(7 *Marins et soldats.* Par Hugues le Roux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Bibliophiles of all sorts and conditions are appealed to in the new "Caxton Head" Catalogue of rare and desirable volumes, the 250th in number of issue, put forth by James and Mary Lee Tregaskis, and illustrated with facsimiles of engravings, titles, typography, and bindings. In all respects, this selection is as attractive and varied as any of its numerous predecessors.

We are glad to note a new and revised edition of Mr. A. C. Ewald's interesting *Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Napier* (Cassell & Co.), which includes some additional letters.

We have also received *Distinction and the Criticism of Beliefs*, by Alfred Sidgwick (Longmans & Co.); *Beowulf, an Anglo-Saxon Poem*, from the Heyne-Socin text, with Glossary, translated by John Lesslie Hall (Boston: Heath & Co.); *Experimental Evolution*, Lectures delivered in the Summer School of Art and Science, University Hall, Edinburgh, by Henry De Varigny (Macmillan & Co.); *Per Lineam Valli*, by George Neilson, a new argument touching the earthen rampart between Tyne and Solway (Glasgow: Hodge & Co.); *A System of Instruction for Small Patrols*, translated by Major Formby from the French (Stanford); *Technical Education and its Influences on Society*, an Address by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Macmillan & Co.); *The Framework of Chemistry*, Part I. "Typical Facts and Elementary Theory," by W. M. Williams, M.A. (Bell & Sons); *The Theory of Bookkeeping*, by Benjamin Seebohm (Effingham Wilson & Co.); *Vivâ Voce French Class Book*, by Eugène Pellissier, M.A., a selection of anecdotic passages in French and English on opposite pages, with explanatory notes (Percival & Co.); *Poems* by Two Friends (Cambridge: Palmer); *Our Moral Nature*, by James McCosh, D.D. (Macmillan & Co.); *Prince Arthur's Visit to the Moon*, by "Ganymede" (Flack); *The Night and Day of a Soul; and other Poems*, by Sidney Harden ("Labour News"); *Half Round the World with General Booth* (Simpkin & Co.); and *The God of Fools; and other Poems*, by E. Harold Begbie (Digby, Long, & Co.)

In last week's issue the title of M. E. Francis's new novel "Whither?" *was accidentally misprinted* "Whittier."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. THIS day week it was announced that, in consequence of all the major thanes of the Cabinet flying in that remarkable manner from the LORD MAYOR'S feast, Lord KIMBERLEY had had to reconsider his refusal and promise to appear, lest haply it should be said that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers were afraid to meet the citizens of London.

On Tuesday morning a long manifesto was published from the National Liberal Federation tending to show that, of all famous victories, there never was such a famous victory as that just won for Home Rule. In token whereof the Federation, which seems to be a frank federation enough, if a little foolish, produced figures, we believe, quite accurate, showing that Home Rulers in Great Britain were at the late general election (and there are some bye-elections to add in now) in a minority of some two thousand and odd votes. It *was* a famous victory.

On Tuesday night Mr. BALFOUR at Edinburgh addressed the Scottish Union of Conservative Associations in very excellent form. He attended to the wounds of Mr. MORLEY as thoughtfully as the doll's dressmaker did to those of Fascination FLEDGEBY, labelled Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT scientifically as an example of "disinterested aversion to the British "Empire," drew an agreeable picture of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers on Wednesday night hurrying in different directions to avoid awkward unbosomings at the LORD MAYOR'S feast, exposed the utter unsoundness of the Gladstonian contention in the matter of protection to Sheriffs in Ireland, and wound up with such an examination of the conduct of Sir JAMES MATHEW, as we should imagine few judges have ever had to undergo at the hands of an ex-First Lord of the Treasury. The *Daily News*, by the way, is very angry with Mr. BALFOUR for talking about being "impaled on the "horns of a dilemma," and objects ALDRICH to him. It was, no doubt, a misfortune for Mr. BALFOUR that he was not brought up on that admirable writer. But *we* will, as Mr. TITMARSH used to say, construe ALDRICH with the *Daily News* any day; and we defy it to find anything there inconsistent with this common metaphor. It is possible to argue, no doubt, that the "horns" of a dilemma are more like those of a Zulu impi than like those of a bull, and that you are rather caught between them than impaled upon them. But ALDRICH'S explanation does not suit the one more than the other.

We discuss elsewhere the maimed rites (oratorically speaking) of the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet, and it would be cruel to describe the affair twice over. A vacancy in a strongly Gladstonian constituency, East Aberdeenshire, has been created by the appointment of Mr. PETER ESSLEMONT to the Chairmanship of the Scotch Fisheries Board.

On Thursday night Lord SALISBURY was present at a banquet of the Nonconformist Unionist Association, and made a good speech on the topics of the day, Uganda and the Eviction Commission more particularly. Uganda was also the theme of a very large and enthusiastic meeting—two meetings, in fact, for there was a considerable overflow—held in the Town Hall, Kensington, and attended by Captain LUGARD. Lord KIMBERLEY, who is improving, with great good sense, the position into which the *fainéantise* of his more prominent colleagues has forced him, made a very sensible answer to the Anti-Opium fanatics on the morning of the same day.

Ireland. The VICEROY was waited upon yesterday week by deputations from various diocesan synods of the Church of Ireland to protest against the proposed easement to the Christian Brothers' Schools. These deputations, no doubt, did after their nature well; but not, we venture to think, wisely.——We did our best when the names of Mr. MORLEY'S Eviction Commissioners were first announced to prevent some hasty Unionists from crying out before they were hurt. But we could hardly have anticipated that Sir JAMES MATHEW would so triumphantly vindicate his claim to be considered a warm friend to the Union. On the first day of the Commission's sitting, last Monday, he made an opening speech, which further narrowed down Mr. MORLEY'S one-sided reference, described the object of the Commission to be reinstatement *sans phrase*, proceeded, first, to abuse Lord CLANRICARDE for not putting in an appearance, and then to abuse the counsel (Mr. CARSON) who put in an appearance for him, alternately gave and refused license to cross-examine, refused Mr. SMITH BARRY'S counsel (Mr. KENNY) permission to inquire whether Mr. SMITH BARRY'S evicted tenants have ever made any

appeal for reinstatement, and ended an almost unheard-of scene in what he very justly protested was "not a "court of law," by characterizing the conduct of both learned counsel as "impertinent and disgraceful to the "Irish Bar," receiving in return from Mr. CARSON the calm assurance that the inquiry was a farce and a sham. Sir JAMES had naïvely requested that nobody would comment on his action, and some Gladstonians, nothing loth, carried this etiquette so far as to say nothing about the matter, while others were almost equally gingerly, and perhaps more aghast. Mr. BALFOUR'S remarks at Edinburgh, however, forced them out of this attitude, and they made up in ill-temper on Wednesday for Tuesday's reticence. As for the Commission itself, it has taken the avowed position of an *ex-parte* inquiry, and may be said to have lost all interest. A few Roman Catholic clergymen and professional agitators have been called to air their views, and Lord CLANRICARDE'S agent is expected to be heard next week. But the thing has plagiarized the title of Mr. HOWELLS'S best novel, and is *A Foregone Conclusion*. Indeed, it seems to have had very little to do, and its President, in another of his remarkable utterances, is said to have observed that "its time was of little value," and that it might be a good thing to take a jaunt to one of the estates concerned. And then the Commission itself began to shrivel. Mr. MURPHY, the only one of its members who was regarded as a sort of apology to the landlords, has resigned—cruelly omitting to inform Gladstonian newspapers of the fact, so that they boasted of his presence after his resignation. Mr. MURROUGH O'BRIEN has made tracks for a safer and more profitable berth. It was said yesterday that Mr. ROCHE, Q.C., was beginning to think that, after all, Courts which *are* "Courts of Law," and in which his fellow Q.C.s receive different treatment from judges, are preferable. And so it seems probable that, in default of counsel, witnesses, Commissioners, and everybody, Sir JAMES MATHEW will be left sitting "he by "himself he."

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. An interesting dinner was given by the NIZAM at Hydrabad, yesterday week, to the VICEROY, at which both magnates said the things they ought to have said. Prince BISMARCK had been continuing the mingled tissue of "revelations" and grumblings which is sometimes damaging to his enemies and more often to himself. The shortest way with Salvationists had been vigorously carried out at Geneva by the imprisonment of a man named CLIBBORN, who calls himself "Colonel."

On Monday morning the *Howe* had not been floated, but was in no worse condition; there was a religious difficulty in Hungary; Prince BISMARCK, who appears to be covering with alarming rapidity the distance which separates a great man from an old scold, had been denouncing the Anglo-German agreement; Count D'AUBIGNY was experiencing the sad truth that a Sultan, like a woman, *souvent varie*; OSMAN DIGNA had failed to induce any serious rebellion in his old haunts; and there was a report from Gilgit (which need neither be at once accredited nor regarded as probably untrue) that the affair at Somatash was a deliberate *guet-apens* for the unfortunate Afghans on Colonel's YANOFF'S part.

On Tuesday morning it was reported that the partizans of Mr. MERCIER (who, in accordance with the omens when his case was before the grand jury, had been acquitted last week) had been fêting him, and had received the assurance (which we seem to have heard before in similar cases) that he was a persecuted patriot; that President KRÜGER was prepared to stand or fall by the independence of the Transvaal; that the Italian elections had resulted in a considerable Ministerial majority; and that Count D'AUBIGNY was requesting the Sultan of MOROCCO to come and be protected. It was asserted (and was later confirmed) that the SZAPARY Ministry in Hungary had resigned, and that the Russian Government had addressed to the PORTE a reminder about the indemnity. This, of course, only means "How dare you be so insolent as to let the "man STAMBOULOFF, who has resisted and checkmated "us before Europe, come and see you?"

The conciliators have not exactly had the last word in the Carmaux matter. On Tuesday a suspicious parcel was left at the offices of the Company in Paris, which, being taken to a police station, exploded and killed five men. Now, most people are afraid of dynamite, and the Parisians are more afraid of it than anybody else; so that there was a considerable scene in the Chamber. It was reported that Colonel DODDS had given "no quarter" orders in Dahomey, which, from certain incidents in Tonquin, we should have thought superfluous. The Belgian Chambers had met.

By Thursday morning the election of Mr. CLEVELAND to the American Presidency, the probability of which had been confidently asserted for some days, was declared to be certain, and Mr. CLEVELAND'S majority over Mr. HARRISON was estimated at not much less than two to one. Colonel, now General, DODDS had had yet another victory in Dahomey, Cana, the royal burial-place, being, it is said, taken, and the capture of Abomey itself imminent. The International Bureau for the Suppression of the Slave-trade, with Sir GERARD PORTAL as representative of Great Britain and President, opened its sittings at Brussels on Wednesday.

Yesterday morning the proportions of Mr. CLEVELAND'S probable victory were further magnified. The excitement of the Parisians was making things uncomfortable for M. LOUBET'S Government. Prussian finances were in somewhat bad order for that frugal country, and schemes of reform were before the Diet.

Uganda. This day week Captain LUGARD delivered another important address on Uganda at the Cannon Street Hotel under the auspices, as they call it, of the London Chamber of Commerce. The meeting was quite unanimous, even though Mr. MACKENZIE, of the British East India Company, defended that body, of which, as we venture humbly to think, a very great deal too much has been heard and made in the matter. The Captain transferred his useful labours on Monday to Manchester, and met with an equally good reception there.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the case of LEADER *v.* SMYTH ended, as was to be expected, in a verdict for the plaintiff, with 500*l.* damages. Mr. Justice DAY had summed up rather in Mrs. SMYTH'S favour than otherwise, though he expressed surprise at the line of defence adopted; and he impressed upon the jury what is, no doubt, formally true, that the improper communications with the press had nothing to do with the case. Yet we may be pretty certain that jurors being men, and not always men without a sense of decency, any chance that Mrs. SMYTH might have had of escaping the penalties due to a suspicious temper and an unruly tongue was done away with, and not wrongly done away with, by that very proceeding. As was once roughly but sensibly remarked, "If a newspaper re-"porter approaches you, tell him to go to the d—l; "and if you feel inclined to approach him, set it down "at once to the instigation of the same personage." A rather large batch of solicitors was on the same day struck off the rolls or subjected to minor penalties for misconduct; and the convict NEILL was respited for a week that affidavits might come from America—a not very wise proceeding, and certainly not a merciful one. But it is fair to Mr. ASQUITH to say that he seems at the same time to have taken some pains to impress on NEILL that he will probably be hanged. See-saw *again*. As a matter of fact the affidavits subsequently turned out

to be worthless, and the man will be hanged. No additional suffering inflicted on such a scoundrel need count; but it is a pity that Mr. ASQUITH had not—as Mr. MATTHEWS, no faultless person, would pretty certainly have had—the strength of mind to let the law take its course, sure of his justification.——This day week a dinner was given by members of the Northern and North-Eastern Circuits to the three new judges they boast of—Mr. Justice BRUCE, Mr. Justice BARNES, and Mr. Justice KENNEDY.——The nationality of certain oysters was in question on Monday, and was not decided, judgment being reserved; and the eternal GOSSAGE case was once more before the Courts.——On Tuesday some registration appeals were taken.——The principal case on Thursday was that of BLAIR and GIRLING *v.* COX, a libel action arising as an incident of a once well-known expression of Justice GRANTHAM'S about Chancery expenses. The jury found for the plaintiffs with a farthing damages, and they were refused costs.

The Thirsk Collision. The evidence of the signalman at the enquiry into the causes of the Thirsk collision disclosed, without an attempt at concealment, that the accident was due to his direct blundering; but the cause assigned for his incompetence—that he had been sitting up with a sick child, and had applied in vain for relief—remained in dispute.

Labour. The Lancashire cotton strike (on the merits of which there seems to be a greater difference of well-informed and unprejudiced opinion than usual) began on Monday. Fewer hands seem to have gone out than was expected, but the number of actual strikers, 30,000, seems to be sufficient. Meanwhile, while some are thus quarrelling with their employment in Lancashire, others are protesting against being unemployed in London. Trafalgar Square, after five years' peace and quietness, heard the old rant (though fortunately, thanks to police precaution, it did not see the old riot) on Saturday, and next day some unemployed paid Dean BRADLEY a call at Westminster Abbey. The Dean exhibited Archdeacon FARRAR to them as "one of the most gifted preachers of this "nation," and then, perhaps remembering a certain text about bread and a stone, supplemented this benefit with a shilling a-piece. After Sunday Tower Hill had to take the place of Trafalgar Square, but the meetings continued. On Tuesday these industrious unemployed met and marched on the office of the *St. James's Gazette*, which had, it seems, insulted their dignity; but the minions of tyranny were watchful. Some very incendiary language was used later about those "disgraceful dwellings called the clubs." Is Captain SHINDY also among the unemployed? And on Wednesday a Mr. T. KING talked nobly.

The *Roumania* and the *Howe*. A good deal of space was occupied in the papers of the end of last week by details of the two disasters to British ships which had happened on the coasts of the Peninsula. The statement of Captain HAMILTON seems to be formal and positive, to the effect not only that no steps were taken by the officers of the *Roumania* to save the passengers, but that the last chance of safety for these unfortunates was done away with by a positive order or recommendation to stay below. The telegrams respecting the *Howe* on Friday and Saturday were extremely conflicting, private intelligence declaring the ship to be a certain and total loss; while official news, both Spanish and English, merely confessed that she had not yet been got off. The latter turned out to be correct. Preparations for attempting salvage have been going on during the week, and it is said that the Admiralty have come to terms with a German firm, the Neptune Salvage Company. To some people it may seem rather odd that the largest shipping concern in the world (as the British navy may fairly be said to be) should not be ready to do its own salvage.

Meetings. A sort of aftermath of Congresses and Conferences has been gathered in this week. Several Dissenting sects, calling themselves the "Free "Evangelical Churches," have been conferring at Manchester; there was a women's meeting at Bristol; and the Institutes of British Architects and of Civil Engineers have met and been addressed by their presidents.

Canadian Cattle. Mr. GARDNER informed a deputation which waited on him yesterday week that he had decided to withdraw the privilege of Canadian cattle, and an Order in Council to that effect was issued the same day; Mr. CHAPLIN'S policy being thus thoroughly carried out.

Miscellaneous. One of the largest battleships in the Navy—the *Royal Oak*—was launched by Messrs. LAIRD last week at Birkenhead, as her sister the *Revenge* had been, two days earlier, on the Tyne.——A long-distance marching competition of some interest took place on Saturday last between a good number of regular, militia, and volunteer teams of nine men each in heavy marching order. The distance was fifty-four miles—one seldom needed in actual warfare—and eight of the seventeen succeeded in doing it; the winning team, that of the 3rd East Surrey Volunteers, taking only 17 hours 36 minutes.——The rains and winds of last week gave way, at the beginning of this, to fog, which was very general in at least the south-eastern parts of the country; but reports of disasters at sea from the more boisterous weather of the earlier period continued to come in fast.——The Duchess of TECK opened a Home for the Dying in the Avenue Road on Monday.——The London County Council, at its Tuesday meeting, was chiefly occupied in dividing the bearskin with regard to the betterment to be reaped, from the street to be made, by the Act of Parliament to be obtained, from the House of Commons to be got over, by the Government to be kept by Providence in office for that purpose.

Obituary. Mr. ALBERT WRATISLAW, who died last week, was a Cambridge scholar of somewhat eccentric ability in Slavonic and other tongues, whose name was better known some years ago (especially in the five-and-twenty years during which he held the headmastership of Bury St. Edmunds Grammar School) than recently.——General ABBOTT had been chief engineer to the Cabul force under Sir GEORGE POLLOCK fifty years ago, and later was the last Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe.——Miss SOPHIE EYRE was an actress of ability, especially in parts rather out of the ordinary stage way; and M. HERVÉ (whose real name was, it seems, FLORIMOND RONGER) had written ballet, opéra bouffe, and the like, sometimes with no small success, for more than forty years. It is to be hoped that he was not, as is reported, snuffed out by an article.——Mr. SAMUEL BRANDRAM was very widely known in recitation, especially of SHAKSPEARE, a very difficult and peculiar art, which he himself had raised to perhaps a higher pitch, and had certainly made more popular, than any practitioner of it, putting ladies out of the question, before his day.——The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning—it is supposed from heart disease—was an odd person in many ways. His domestic affairs, which were the subject of a great deal of scandal, were nobody's business but his own. But, although he was a connoisseur of taste and judgment, he distinguished himself by gutting Blenheim of the treasures in books and gems and pictures which made it famous; and, although he was justly credited with the possession of no small ability, and took an interest in a considerable number of subjects, he never made

any figure in public such as his ability and his advantages of position combined would have seemed likely to secure him.

The Theatre. Of Mr. IRVING'S production of *King Lear* at the Lyceum on Thursday night we hope to write fully next week. Meanwhile it is a pleasant task to record thus briefly a success deserved by all that care can add to art.

MR. BALFOUR AT EDINBURGH.

MR. BALFOUR'S return to the platform at this particular juncture in the affairs of the Government is a misfortune on which no man with a spark of humanity could refuse to condole with them. He could hardly have chosen a worse day for them than the morrow of the opening of the Evicted Tenants Commission, or have had a better text for himself than the extraordinary sayings and doings of its President. With these, however, and with Mr. BALFOUR'S observations thereon, we deal elsewhere. His criticism of them, trenchant as it is, is but one of many reminders which he has given to the Government that one of the most formidable of their opponents is again in the field. His speech at Edinburgh the other night was an excellent example of his most "raking" form of attack; and the singularly exposed position into which circumstances have forced the enemy has, on this occasion, rendered his fire even more than usually destructive. It is seldom indeed that a Government lies open at one and the same time to the taunt of having borrowed the denounced policy of their opponents, and to the reproach of having fared as ill with it as though they had had the courage to start a "reversal "policy" of their own. Yet this is the present plight of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. One of them after another has been compelled to shelter himself behind the precedents established by the late Government; yet each of them in turn is forced by the necessity of conciliating some section or other of his motley crew of supporters to violate the spirit of these precedents while adhering to them in the letter. Mr. ASQUITH, for example, has had no choice but to recognize the principle that, as Mr. BALFOUR puts it, it is the duty of a Home Secretary to "see that the "right of public assembly is not so exercised as to in-"terfere with the rights of private citizens." But, under stress of the necessity of keeping well with the anarchic group of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers, he has been obliged to adopt a course which has disgusted the citizen without satisfying the agitator. Lord ROSEBERY, again, would gladly have pleaded the policy of the late Government as a justification for retaining Uganda; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S "disinterested "aversion to the British Empire"—his unselfish willingness to break up what he may claim to regard as being in some sense a family property—has reminded Lord ROSEBERY that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, he, too, has his anti-Imperial fautors in the Gladstonian ranks, and the result is see-saw in the Foreign Office as in the Home Department. Even Mr. MORLEY catches at a misapplied section of the Land Purchase Act as a colourable pretext for appointing his Evicted Tenants Commission, though no sooner is it appointed than it shows to all the world that its real mandate is to carry out not the inoperative intention of the Legislature, but the baffled purpose of the Plan of Campaign.

An Administration in such a predicament as this would naturally be at the mercy of a far less acute and powerful critic than Mr. BALFOUR. In his hands they present a truly pitiable spectacle. He has completed the exposure, already nearly accomplished by the Unionist press, of that second and no less disgraceful Kilmainham Treaty in which the Evicted Tenants Commission had its origin. He has put the finishing touch to the refutation of Mr. MORLEY'S case in the controversy with Colonel SAUNDERSON, on the question of affording police protection to sheriffs charged with the execution of legal process. And he has pointed the moral of the repeal of the two outstanding sections of the Crimes Act by connecting it, as in the inevitable order of cause and effect it undoubtedly is connected, with the revival of the National League and the renewal of boycotting. The duty of the Opposition, as Mr. BALFOUR says, is clear. It is to support the Government in so far as "they are engaged in main-"taining either the laws of the land or the honour "of the Empire"; and whenever they show a tendency to sacrifice either the one to Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN, or the other to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to make use of that adequate power of control over the backsliders which beyond question they possess. It is to be feared, however, that their energies are much more likely to be taxed for the former of these purposes than for the latter.

SELECTION MAKERS.

ÆSOP'S old man and boy with the donkey had not a harder task than the maker of selections and collections of verses. Yet people flock into that profession, and collections are made on every conceivable or inconceivable topic. Anything will do, smoking, shaving, angling, the domestic affections, rivers, dinners, pet animals, for many persons have written one or more pieces on those topics, and then comes the literary gleaner and binds the sheaf with his own packthread. It seems to be supposed that people want all the poems on one theme in one bunch. It is odd, too, that while they do not buy poets in the poets' own volumes, and to the poets' own profit, they do buy them in collections, otherwise collections would not be made. The ordinary collector should be, and we hope is, miserable himself, for he is a cause of misery to other people. He is always writing and asking for permission to select things, and his letters have to be answered. Thus he bores those whom he addresses and he irritates those whom he does not address, for they feel slighted. Many poets, we hope, answer the collector that, if people want to read them, they must buy or borrow their books—a position unintelligible to the anthologist. But the uninvited to the picnic sit down and review the neglectful selector who has not asked for their contributions.

The occasion, though not the cause, of these remarks is Mr. WATSON'S *Lyric Love* (MACMILLANS) which we might prefer to call *Love Lyrics*. It has the motto from Mr. BROWNING about "Half angel and "half bird"—as if an angel was not half a bird to start with! Mr. WATSON, of course, is not the kind of editor, nor the "Golden Treasury" series the kind of collection, that the most disdainful poet would refuse to welcome. But Mr. WATSON, greatly daring, has introduced the work of the living, unlike Mr. PALGRAVE, and we tremble for him as we think of the wrath of the uninvited. Their name is legion. Safer it is to edit men dead, whose works have passed out of copyright. Another peril of the collector is that he cannot please everybody, everybody finds some things which he "has no use for," and regrets others which he does not find. We might, for example, and we do prefer many omitted Elizabethan lays, almost any, in fact, to some poems by worthy gentlemen still in our midst. Of these Mr. WATSON is not too sparing; but he thinks that there is fanaticism abroad as to the Elizabethans and sham admiration. So he sets to work to vituperate the song-writing of that tuneful

age, "with a few splendid and memorable exceptions." The poets hyperbolically worshipped female lay figures; "the goddess might be constructed from a stock recipe "of saccharine ingredients," out of a sugar bowl, perhaps. Well, we open Mr. BULLEN'S *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books* (1887) absolutely at a venture, and hit on "The Amorous Silvy," from JOHN ATTYE'S *First Book of Airs* (1622). That is what you can recommend to a friend; that is singing. We honestly prefer it to—but it would be unkind to mention the works of contemporaries; moreover, it is not their fault that song is not in the air. But, reading the examples here from Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES, who does not perceive with what good right they take a place among the melodies of the Elizabethans? This is because Mr. BRIDGES, by virtue of some grace or of some study, can reply across the ages to the masters of old. "Pranked "and bedizened inanities" is a phrase that does not describe Elizabethan love lyrics. Carefully examining Mr. BULLEN'S book, by way of a specimen, we find not a shadow of excuse for all Mr. WATSON'S critical wrath. There is very little in it about "Ivory foreheads, snowy "bosoms, and starry eyes," all excellent things in their way. The censure looks like a "fling," a petulant outbreak for which we see no obvious reason. Mr. WATSON'S collection is full of excellent things, it could not be otherwise; but it would have been still more excellent if he were as tolerant of Elizabethans as of Victorians. When he marvels that Mr. PALGRAVE prefers

> Ye flowery banks o' bonny Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fair?
> How can ye chant, ye little birds?
> And I sae fu' o' care.

to

> Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?

and so on, we might ask which version he supposes that BURNS preferred? Surely the longer measure, as in "Scots wha hae," was made to suit a musical composer. The collector, of course, cannot please everybody, but he cannot go far wrong when he gives us plenty of SHAKSPEARE, CAREW, SCOTT, SHELLEY, and HERRICK—though we could take a good deal more of HERRICK—and these Mr. WATSON gives us. Some of his moderns, too, bear the terrible test of comparison with these great names very well, which is a comfortable thing. As ANON. was to have a chance, we might have preferred the *Lowlands of Holland* to *The Lass of Lochryan*. LOVELACE'S "Divine De-"stroyer" pleases less than the song which opens his *Lucasta*:—

> If to be absent were to be
> Away from thee.

But these are questions of taste, and if every anthology were as good as Mr. WATSON'S their existence would be justified. Only he should not accuse people of "conventional and fictitious admiration" because they like to hear all the Elizabethan angels singing out of heaven. If he does not like it, *tant pis pour lui*.

MINISTERS NOT AT GUILDHALL.

SAVE that it is desirable not to break old and good customs, there might be reasons for doubting whether it is worth any human being's while to write or to read anything about the speeches at the Guildhall on Wednesday last. We have not the slightest intention of saying anything impolite to Lord KIMBERLEY, who, if not an extremely brilliant, is a most respectable, person, and whose conduct in consenting to fill the gap, and to go to the City on a November night after he had made up his mind not to go, must be allowed to be gallant, and may almost be called heroic. Nor do we mean to infer that the positive value of the information which Lord KIMBERLEY was permitted to vouchsafe was very greatly below what it usually is on such occasions. There are few things more agreeable to the sympathetic student of the humours of life than the annual affectation of expectation that the Prime Minister (or in rare cases some substitute of his) will say something very important at Guildhall, co-existing, as it does, in the minds of all persons cognizant of the world and of history, with the knowledge that the Prime Minister, or his subordinate, scarcely ever *does* say anything of importance, and very seldom even pretends to do so. Nay, it might even be contended by a hardy advocate that the sum of positive information contained in Lord KIMBERLEY'S address rather exceeded than fell short of what is usual. He told us what is satisfactory enough, so far as it goes, that negotiations are going on for an actual "delimitation" of the Pamirs, from which we are justified in inferring that the question is not to be once more let slide, nor are the preposterous claims of Russia to the whole region to be granted by default on our side. He told us, what is very interesting, that Mr. GLADSTONE would have braved Sir ANDREW CLARK, and the dangers of going in a carefully-shut carriage to a carefully-warmed room, and speaking for about a third of the time for which he spoke at Oxford the other day, if the Cabinet had not risen *en masse* and forbidden this rash attempt. No doubt, as we may picturesquely translate Lord KIMBERLEY, they "flung "themselves on the heroic man," exactly as Mr. PICKWICK'S followers did on a famous occasion, and held him back. Moreover, Lord KIMBERLEY gave an account of the action of the late Government in regard to Uganda so fair and accurate that it has made his own side grumble at him; and he was generally reasonable, polite, and obliging.

Unfortunately for himself, he was not, by many removes, the speaker whom his hearers wanted to hear. To speak the brutal truth, there are at most four persons in the present Cabinet in whose utterances, apart from departmental matters of fact, the public feels the very slightest interest—Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord ROSEBERY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. By what an extraordinary concatenation of accidents, by what a strangely combined chain of proofs of "the temporary supremacy of the devil," all these four were incapacitated from appearing on the one occasion on which Ministers generally show in a body, the world has partly been informed. Mr. GLADSTONE was prevented by his health, his age, and the weather: yet he would have made light of these, it seems, but for Sir ANDREW CLARK, and now it seems further that he would have made light of Sir ANDREW CLARK if his Cabinet had not laid violent hands on him. It was, so some say, further absolutely impossible that the PRINCE OF WALES could spare Lord ROSEBERY on this particular birthday of his. Mr. MORLEY, "intent on business "and not on mere moves in an angry game," could not possibly think of such frivolous matters as dinner, and speeches after dinner. We do not remember that any public excuse for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S absence has been put forward, but it will have been observed with unfeigned regret that his son was in bed on Wednesday. We shall not be suspected of irony or of ill-feeling when we say quite simply that we hope Mr. HARCOURT is at this moment out of bed, and very well. At any rate, it must surely be agreed that the coincidence of all these great and good reasons in the case of so many great and good men is most unprecedented and most mysterious. Into such mysteries let us not pry. Let us not be idle enough, or rude enough, to ask whether one very obvious and simple explanation, applicable to all four, might not be found. The fault and the fate of too obstinate questioning are both known. Let historians be contented with chronicling the fact that

on the very first occasion for presenting themselves to a distinguished audience of their countrymen after a long exclusion from office, after what they themselves describe as a complete and momentous victory, at a time when there is great curiosity about divers all-important subjects of home and foreign policy, the PRIME MINISTER, the FOREIGN SECRETARY, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD-LIEUTENANT, experienced a simultaneous, an irresistible, and, to say the least, an insufficiently explained temptation to stay away—and did so.

INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

THERE is certainly no subject concerning which so much undiluted rubbish is talked as what is vaguely termed "the Labour Problem"; and about no part of this subject does one hear more entirely misleading assertions made or more utterly imbecile suggestions put forward than about arbitration and conciliation in trade disputes. We are again and again assured that we want a law of arbitration. But the enthusiastic advocates of industrial peace by Act of Parliament are apparently unaware that for the last sixty years and more we have had upon the statute-book a measure intended to promote the practice of arbitration between masters and workmen, not only in cases in which the dispute relates to claims made under a rate of wages already agreed upon, but also (with the consent of both parties) in cases in which a conflict arises in regard to the rate of remuneration to be paid in the future. The complete futility of legislation in respect to matters of this nature is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that neither this nor two later statutes of a similar character have ever yet been acted upon in any single instance. These ingenious inventions for the artificial production of industrial peace were from the first perceived to be quite unfit to do their work, and have accordingly been long ago relegated to the scrap-heap of oblivion. We shall, no doubt, be told that when a few alterations have been made, the patent peace-making machinery will turn out a complete success. But it is impossible to believe anything of the kind. The essence of all arbitration that is not a mere sham is the power of either party to call in the aid of the law in order to secure the compliance of the other party with the terms imposed by the award of the arbitrator. Is it seriously supposed by those who clamour for a new law to promote industrial arbitration that it will be practicable to enforce by legal pains and penalties compliance with an award given in a trade dispute? If, for example, the arbitrator has found that thirty shillings a week is the "fair" wage for certain work, is it proposed that the workman, if he refuse to go in and do the work at less than thirty-one shillings, or the master, if he decline to keep his factory running unless he gets the work done for twenty-nine shillings a week, is to be marched off to prison?

But if the object of the proposed legislation be not to provide us with a system of industrial tribunals armed with powers adequate to secure obedience to their decrees, what is the good of it? Apparently, the one novel feature of the new arbitration courts is the official or semi-official character which it is intended to give to these institutions. Whether this feature is likely to prove sufficiently attractive to overcome the almost universal distaste with which the method of arbitration is regarded, would seem to be very doubtful indeed.

The antipathy with which the working-classes regard all outside interference in trade disputes has recently been illustrated by the truculent refusal of the Lancashire cotton operatives to adopt the very mild suggestion made by the Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester, to which we referred last week. The precise terms in which their rejection of this proposal (which was only that the men and their employers should discuss the matters at issue between them before a number of independent gentlemen selected by the two parties, anything like a suggestion of actual arbitration being studiously avoided) was conveyed are well worthy of note. The resolution passed by the Executive Committee of the Spinners' Trade Union thanks the two Mayors "for their well-meant offer to meddle in the "threatened lock-out. Believing, however, that the "questions at issue are best understood by the employers and operatives directly concerned, and that "they can best be arranged between themselves, "the Committee decline to recommend their members to consider any proposition which does not emanate from the employers themselves." To this the Mayor of MANCHESTER replied, expressing "regret that "the tone adopted in your resolution is not likely to "conduce to a settlement of existing differences." The rejoinder made by the secretary of the Trade Union is couched in the following characteristic language:—"We shall decline to accept lessons in letter-writing "or compiling resolutions from 'meddlers' in other "people's business who get angry at being told to mind "their own. There seems at present to be a tendency "amongst the upper classes to try and make a name "for themselves on the shoulders of working-men, and "then to get them to submit to reductions in wages "under the guise of arbitration"; but it is unnecessary to set forth further excerpts from this egregious effusion. It is evident that the mere suspicion of the bare hint of arbitration was enough to irritate the nerves of Mr. MAWDSLEY to such an extent as to temporarily deprive him of all self-control. As when a bull—a right murderous bull, *duro, chocante, carnicero y pegajoso*—charges at the *matador* who has dashed in his eyes the scarlet cloak, even with such furious ferocity does your thoroughgoing Trade Unionist "go for" the misguided mediator who waves before him the hateful flag of truce. With perfect accuracy has Mr. G. HOWELL, M.P., recently declared that "the resuscitation of tribunals of arbitration is "very doubtful, for the men praise the proposal on the "platform, while they resent outside interference when "occasion offers." Nor is the antipathy to arbitration confined to working-men. It constantly occurs that employers decline to refer a dispute with their workmen to arbitration, evincing a by no means unreasonable reluctance to take their chance of being driven into the Bankruptcy Court by the award of a man who, even if he be absolutely unprejudiced, is yet totally ignorant of the special circumstances of the trade. It is incontestable that, in this country at any rate, masters and workmen alike prefer to settle their disputes for themselves either by friendly discussion or by a stand-up fight. And when Englishmen take off their coats the best-intentioned mediation of outsiders is very unlikely to succeed either in averting the conflict or even in inducing the combatants to shorten it by a single round.

In truth, the cry for State Boards of Arbitration and Conciliation is founded, not so much upon the reasoned conviction that institutions of this nature are likely to effect any improvement in the relations between labour and capital, as upon that vague and vehement desire that something shall be done which constitutes the chief of all obstacles to the real and permanent amelioration of society. "Something must be done," no doubt. But the one thing needful above all others is the steady growth of the capacity for seeing both sides of a question. The Labour Problem is, in the main, a moral problem. And whatever view we may take as to the true functions of legislation, there is one thing

that, obviously, cannot be effected by Act of Parliament—the development of moral qualities. We have already the "Act to Consolidate and Amend the Laws "relative to the Arbitration of Disputes between "Masters and Workmen" (5 GEO. IV. cap. 96), the Councils of Conciliation Act, 1867, and the Arbitration (Masters and Workmen) Act, 1872; and nobody is one whit the better for the existence of these statutes. We can, if we like, pass "The Development of Sweet "Reasonableness (Masters and Workmen) Act, 1893." But we shall be no nearer than before to the reign of industrial peace.

"MR. JUSTICE'S" JUSTICE.

SOMEWHERE about midway in that extraordinary "course of procedure" on which we are none of us to comment if we do not wish the reporters to be evicted while the tenants are being reinstated, Sir JAMES MATHEW let fall an observation of unintentional humour but undeniable truth. "You are treating this "Court," he said to Mr. KENNY, when that intrusive advocate was apparently about to suggest that some of the ordinary forms of justice should be observed, "you "are treating this Court as a court of law, which it is "not." It is always as well to guard in every possible way against the risk of misapprehension; and the President of the "Plan of Campaign Commission"—the phrase is Lord CLANRICARDE'S, not, perhaps, too politely employed in a formal communication to the Commissioners themselves, but with strong claims to adoption by an outside critic in virtue of its perfect accuracy—may have delivered himself *ex abundanti cautelâ* of the remark above quoted. But any one who has been at the pains to read Mr. Commissioner MATHEW'S astonishing harangue at the opening of the proceedings, will be apt to think that superfluous would have been a better word than abundant. Popular notions as to what is or is not a "court of law," may be somewhat wanting in precision, but there are at least a few items of information on the subject which even the simplest of laymen may fairly be supposed to have mastered. For instance, he knows that it is not customary for the presiding judge to commence what is virtually a penal proceeding against a certain class of his fellow-countrymen, by delivering an elaborate speech for the prosecution; nor usual to quote the section of an Act of Parliament, accompanied by an interpretation of his own which prejudges the main point in dispute before him; nor regular to found a series of presumptions against the persons in question, on the fact that they have not done something which, in his opinion, they ought to have done; nor common, lastly and above all, to inform the first of the aforesaid persons, whose case is coming on for hearing, that so far as the Court is aware "he stands alone," that no other member of his class "makes common cause with him," and that "even at "the eleventh hour he may see the wisdom" of permitting the Court "to extricate him from the position "which it would seem, great as is his rank, no man "need envy him." We cannot believe, we say, that the simplest of laymen would fail to detect in these deliverances a certain flavour of innovation upon ordinary legal procedure, or that, after them, there could have been any real necessity for assuring the public through a reply to counsel that "this is not a Court of "law." Mr. Commissioner MATHEW, however, was still apparently doubtful of the success of his efforts to define the tribunal since, after denying to counsel the right of cross-examining a hostile witness—a right which, according to one report, he had expressly undertaken to recognize—he proceeded to bully and browbeat them in a fashion which obliged them, as it would have obliged any other advocates, with a spirit and a sense of duty, to retire from the case. Whereby, it is to be presumed, the learned President of the Commission has at last satisfied himself that he has made the desired distinction clear. For any man who could have believed after this that he was in a "court of law" must have been also under the hallucination that he was living in the seventeenth century.

It is worth our while, however, to follow the movements of this remarkable member of the High Court of Justice in a little more detail. Indeed, it is only respectful to the Government to do so, since it must be remembered that Sir JAMES MATHEW represents the legal, the judicial, the equitable element in the inquiry, or, at any rate, that, if he be not their representative, they are not represented at all. Sir JAMES, who, as Mr. BALFOUR well put it in the justly indignant review which he took of the Commissioner's proceedings in his speech at Edinburgh, is "a learned judge in England," began his work the other day by a performance in the way of statute-interpreting which he has certainly never equalled on this side of St. George's Channel. He described the 13th section of the Act of 1891 as embodying a declaration of the Legislature that the evicted tenants ought as a body to be "reinstated"—ought to become "practically the tenants of the "estate"—irrespective of the question whether they had adopted the Plan of Campaign or not. In other words, the learned logician lays it down that when a statute enacts that A shall be at liberty, if he chooses, to treat B as a person entitled to contract with him, notwithstanding certain disabilities to which B has by his own act subjected himself, that statute really means that B's disabilities are to be removed, for the purpose of imposing him upon A as a person possessing a first claim to the privilege of the contract. To say that an ex-tenant may be allowed, if he and his landlord mutually agree, to purchase his holding under the Land Act of 1881, as though he were an actual tenant, is the same thing, according to the Chief Commissioner, as saying that the ex-tenant shall be made an actual tenant once more. He talks, as Mr. MORLEY talked before him, and as the whole party whose instrument he has made himself are, of course, obliged to talk, about "re-"instatement"—a word and an idea of which the Land Purchase Act knows nothing. As Mr. BALFOUR says, "the policy of permitting the evicted tenants to "buy was not a policy of reinstating" at all. The Government never suggested that the men who had ceased to be tenants—by reason, not, as Sir JAMES MATHEW puts it, of having "joined" a combination to reduce rents, but of having, in pursuance of a criminal conspiracy, made actual default in payment of rent—should become tenants again. The learned Chief Commissioner, who is apparently under the impression that in "our country"—meaning Ireland—an ejectment process may be set on foot by the wicked landlord without any breach of the contract of tenancy on the part of the tenant, may well take peculiar views of the policy of reinstatement; but, as he seems to be also of opinion that a purchaser under the Act of 1891 becomes a "tenant of the State"—a theory which is negatived by nearly every provision of that statute—we ought not to be surprised at any proposition which he has laid down. Undoubtedly the first thing which the Chief Commissioner should do, under his power to "call for records," is to procure the volume of the statutes containing the legislation of 1892, and a copy of the judgment of Chief Baron PALLES in which he defines, from the legal point of view, the character and incidents of Sir JAMES MATHEW'S "combination to obtain a reduction of "rents"—otherwise and better known as the Plan of Campaign.

We need not follow Mr. BALFOUR in detail through his justly severe criticism on the behaviour of a Commission which, according to Mr. MORLEY's letter to Mr. MCCARTHY, was to "examine and report with "strict impartiality," and which begins by refusing to the representatives of one of the parties the right to examine the witnesses called on behalf of the other. Six weeks ago, when Mr. MORLEY published the letter above referred to, we pointed out that, from the very logic of the case, the "impartial inquiry" must necessarily prove to be what Mr. CARSON has described it, and every honest man in the country recognizes it as being—a "fraud and a sham." We showed that this conclusion followed irresistibly not only from the well-known fact of the Nationalist compulsion under which the Government were acting, but from the very terms of the proposed reference itself. But what we did not and could not predict, and what we confess we were far from expecting, was, that the Government would succeed in carrying out their project by such means and instruments as they have managed to employ. Of the Commissioner who is known in English courts of law as Mr. Justice MATHEW, and whose proper prefix, when he sits at 28 Merrion Square, we must leave it to himself to settle, we wish to say no more than we have been with pain compelled to say already. The resentment which his proceedings provoke is as nothing compared with our indignation and disgust at the tactics of a Government who, to serve their own ends, have hunted up a vehement Nationalist partisan from the English Bench and withdrawn him, to the destruction of all future confidence in his impartiality, from those purely judicial duties in which we are still willing, for our own part, to believe that he is able to put due restraint on his political prepossessions —of a Government, in short, who, after having trafficked with Irish lawlessness and its patrons for six years, have now crowned their achievements by bringing English law in the persons of its administrators into disrepute.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE return of Mr. CLEVELAND has been unexpectedly triumphant. The Democrats have defeated their Republican opponents as completely as they did in the Congressional elections of three years ago. It appears reasonable to believe that in both cases the victory of the Democratic party has been due to the same cause—the unpopularity of the MCKINLEY tariff. That Mr. CLEVELAND would win was always probable, particularly since it has been known that he had come to an understanding with the Mammon of unrighteousness at Tammany Hall, and had thereby made himself fairly secure of carrying the important State of New York. But it had certainly not been foreseen; it had hardly been hoped by his own party that he would gain a victory which would make him practically independent of the Tammany politicians. This, however, is what has happened. Mr. CLEVELAND has secured over one hundred votes more than Mr. HARRISON and General WEAVER, the candidate of the Farmers' Alliance, taken together—the votes meant being, of course, those of the electors who, according to the theory of the United States Constitution, are chosen to select the President.

The recent success of the Republicans in some quarters in regaining the ground lost in the first heat of the reaction against Mr. MCKINLEY's notorious tariff, and the confidence with which that party had appealed for support, on the ground of its extreme Protectionist principles, had led to the belief that the unpopularity of the restrictive commercial policy had been exaggerated. It now appears that this is not the case—or, at least, not to the extent supposed. Mr. STEVENSON, the new Vice-President, who may be trusted at least to know what things it is considered judicious for a Democratic politician to say, has claimed that the "success of Democracy [namely, the Democratic party] "marked a revolt on the part of the farmers and wage-"earners against the MCKINLEY tariff and the high "protective policy of the Republican party." Mr. STEVENSON is obviously one of those who retain that regard for the consumer which is beginning to appear a little antiquated to some among our newer lights. The Republicans had appealed to the country on the ground that they were the true friends of American industry, and the answer received would seem to show that the electors are of Mr. STEVENSON's opinion. There are other reasons for believing that Mr. CLEVELAND has benefited, if not by a movement in favour of free trade, at least by the desire for much less restriction than prevails. The Democratic party has gained largely in the West and North-West among the farmers, who seem at last to be turning restive under the heavy taxation they have been compelled to pay for the benefit of the Eastern manufacturers. The Farmers' Alliance, which is openly hostile to the manufacturers and the syndicates (which could not exist without Protection), has gained all the success which has fallen to it at the expense of the Republicans. It is also natural to believe that late events at Pittsburg have helped to make Americans understand that a thoroughgoing protective policy does not necessarily keep up wages, though it may serve to swell the profits of the capitalist. Other causes have combined to depress the Republicans. Their ill-judged approval of the so-called Force Bill has done much to restore the shaken discipline of the Democratic party in the Southern States. In that section the Farmers' Alliance seemed at one time likely to divide the party. But fear of a Bill which would give real effect to the negro vote has restored its tone, and Mr. CLEVELAND receives the vote of the "Solid South."

It is difficult to calculate on the consequences of the Democratic victory. The American Constitution is so rich in checks and counter-checks that it may be found that the majority of the voters has not yet obtained effective control of the machinery of government. The Democrats have returned their President, and they have a majority in the House of Representatives, but they have only a half of the seats in the Senate. Five of the other half have fallen to the Farmers' Alliance, which will probably act with the Democrats in a revision of the MCKINLEY tariff. But the Farmers' Alliance may well turn out to be a very compromising friend. It is committed to very wild notions indeed on the subject of the currency, and may ask a very high price for its support. Until the Democratic Party possesses an independent majority in the Senate, it may not be able to do much for the liberation of American commerce from restrictions. In the interval the new Administration will certainly be called upon to face the currency question, in which there lie both ample work and the danger of a financial crisis—not only for the United States. As far as our own relations with America are concerned, the result of the election is indifferent. Mr. HARRISON has just interfered impudently on behalf of the Irish dynamiters. Mr. CLEVELAND insisted on the recall of Lord SACKVILLE and did not wait for an answer. In both cases the motive was to curry favour with the Irish vote, and since Mr. CLEVELAND has sworn eternal friendship with Tammany, he will not be less eager for that support than he was before.

TERMINER AND OYER.

IT is not credibly asserted that the Rules Committee of the Judges of the High Court have under their consideration the following draft of Rules for the trial of criminal cases. It is hoped that the Rules will be adopted by the Council of Judges in time to come into operation at the approaching assizes.

Commission of Terminer and Oyer.

The Commission of Oyer and Terminer under which Assizes and Gaol Deliveries have heretofore been held, ordering the Commissioners to hear and determine the cases that shall be brought before them, shall no longer be issued. In lieu thereof, there shall be issued a Commission of Terminer and Oyer, ordering the Commissioners to determine and hear such cases.

Procedure.

The Procedure in criminal trials held under Commissions of Terminer and Oyer shall be as follows:—

1. Upon a case being called on, the Judge shall immediately pass sentence upon the prisoner.

Note.—To secure greater uniformity of sentences, it will be expedient that, save in exceptional cases, the sentence pronounced should be the maximum sentence permitted by the law for the offence for which the prisoner is about to be tried.

2. The Judge shall then sum up the case. In doing so he should indicate to the jury the nature of the verdict which, in his opinion, they ought to find.

3. The jury shall then return such a verdict as may seem to the Court to be required by the justice of the case. In the event of the failure of the jury to find, within what the Court may consider a reasonable time, such a verdict as it may seem to the Court that they ought to find, the jury shall be discharged, and the Court shall direct a verdict to be recorded, such as, in the opinion of the Court, the jury ought to have found, and such verdict, so recorded, shall be of the same force and weight as if it had been found by such jury.

4. When the verdict is found or recorded the Court shall call such witnesses for the prosecution as it may deem it desirable to examine.

5. The Court shall examine such witnesses in chief, who shall not be sworn.

6. When the examination of all the witnesses for the prosecution is concluded, counsel for the convict may suggest questions in the nature of cross-examination, and the Court shall put such questions to the witnesses, or otherwise, as may seem to the Court desirable.

7. The Court may, in its discretion, re-examine any witness during or after the cross-examination.

8. As soon as the evidence is concluded the convict shall be briefly informed of the nature of the indictment against him, and shall be allowed to plead Guilty or Not Guilty if he should be so advised. The convict shall then be removed.

Miscellaneous.

9. If any person utters, or any newspaper or periodical publishes, any comment upon the procedure of any Court sitting under a Commission of Terminer and Oyer, such person, or the proprietors, editors, printers, publishers, and staff of such newspaper or periodical, shall be forthwith brought before a Court or a judge, and such Court or judge shall immediately adjudge such person or persons to be guilty of contempt of Court, and sentence him or them to be kept in penal servitude for life or for any period not less than seven years.

10. If any or all of the witnesses for the prosecution do not come to the trial, the Court may, in its discretion, order the gaoler to read in open court the returns of prisoners convicted of indictable offences at the place where the trial is being held during the preceding year, and a copy of any returns so read shall be furnished to the Secretary of State. [N.B.—Gaolers can procure copies of these returns by applying to the Home Office.]

11. After the reading of such returns, or in place thereof, the Court may proceed—if no witnesses are forthcoming—to view such places where crimes are alleged to have been committed as may seem to the Court expedient. The expenses of such view will be costs of the prosecution.

12. If any counsel engaged in a criminal trial under a Commission of Terminer and Oyer shall say or do anything which may seem to the Court disgraceful or impertinent, such counsel shall be required to take off his wig and gown, and shall forthwith be hanged.

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

IT was, perhaps, partly with the intention of showing that it is not only a common detestation of Home Rule which binds himself and his party to his Nonconformist hosts of Thursday night which caused Lord Salisbury to put Uganda at the beginning of his speech. This is a question on which the Unionists have always been moderate, and are therefore now reaping the approval and the support of men of all parties. The meeting at the Kensington Town Hall, which was going on while Lord Salisbury was speaking at the Hôtel Métropole, is the last of a series of pieces of evidence that on this point there is practical unanimity in the country. It is, too, not fantastic to think that it was otherwise appropriate to open with a brief reference to a question of patriotism on which the victory is, we may trust, as good as won. From that it was appropriate to go on to the fight in which the victory, though already, we believe, ultimately certain, has yet to be gained.

But the main interest of the speech must, after all, be sought in what Lord Salisbury had to say on the second and the greater subject. Ireland is what binds him and his hearers most closely. The interest was not sought in vain. In point of form the speaker was never more happy, more completely in that vein in which were made the famous comparison with and apology to the attorneys. The speech was full of those exasperating phrases of which Lord Salisbury is master—that is to say, "flouts and jeers," which are vehicles for conveying argument. "Mr. Gladstone's "unfailing and verbose optimism" and "the conceit "and infatuation of the man who disregards every "consideration by which in any ordinary walk or busi-"ness in life human beings are ordinarily guided, "in order simply to satisfy the exigencies of a "pedantic theory"—these words will, no doubt, be added to the long list of Lord Salisbury's sins against decorum by the members of a party which tolerates the rhetoric of Mr. Healy. But they convey the note of a possible politician—and then they are but the point and edge of a demonstration from evidence and analogy that the politician is, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone. The absurdity of the argument for Home Rule which is, with fatuous persistency, drawn from the self-governing colonies, was never put more convincingly, nor in a more compact space, though the speaker was hampered by obvious considerations from pushing his demonstration to its full extent. It was not for a past and future Prime Minister to point out without necessity that the colonies may govern themselves because they may also separate without ruining the Empire—deplorable as such a step on the part of the least of them would be thought by all patriotic men. What was wanting to this part of Lord Salisbury's speech was amply supplied by the comparison with

India. The speaker was obviously conscious of a certain malicious pleasure in providing annoyances for the persons who are always accusing him of insulting the Irish, if he compares them to anything at all. The party which has the happiness to include Lord RIPON can hardly say that you insult a man by comparing him to a Hindoo, but not by comparing him to an Indian Mahometan.

The opportunity afforded by the Evicted Tenants Commission—now visibly withering before our very eyes—was one which Lord SALISBURY might be trusted not to miss. Indeed, it would have argued on the part of the Unionist speaker who decided to let it alone either stupidity, or kindness of heart towards the already discredited, carried to the degree of imbecility. Of the first nobody has ever accused Lord SALISBURY, and tender consideration need not be lavished on a body which has shown so little for others. To deal at any length with the part Lord SALISBURY took in inflicting that punishment of the gauntlet which Sir JAMES MATHEW has drawn upon himself is unnecessary. On these occasions one cut differs from another in severity, but it is tedious to insist on matters of detail. Sir JAMES MATHEW will probably remember the exact moment at which he passed Lord SALISBURY with some distinctness. The moral which the speaker drew from the recorded proceedings of the Commission is of less personal and of very great general interest. "If "these things are done in the green tree, what will "be done in the dry?" Here, while it is still necessary to consult English feeling, a Commission is appointed to inquire into a dispute between Irishmen, and an English judge, of Irish birth, is chosen to preside, in order that there may be some guarantee for fairness. Yet, it is not at work before it has thrown every consideration of justice and equity to the winds, and has displayed the most violent partisan spirit. What can the Protestants and the landlords look forward to in that day when the Irish clergy and the League see themselves masters of a Parliament and Administration at Dublin, checked only by the veto of the Crown, which, so say the Home Rule members, is to be exercised only on the advice of Irish Ministers. Then there will, indeed, be a "saturnalia for insolvent "debtors," and "a time of woe and disaster for all "minorities, whether financial, political, or religious."

OLD GAME LAWS.

EVEN the most juvenile of English histories teaches that for several centuries the great object of legislation, in connexion with game, was to preserve it for the use of the king, and Manwood defined a forest as a place "known in its bounds, and privileged for the peaceable being and abiding of wild beasts and fowls of forest chase and warren, to be under the King's protection for his princely delight"; but the exclusive preservation of game for the "princely delight" of the monarch was not a custom authorized by universal tradition. Canute promulgated an ordinance in which he willed "that every man be entitled to his hunting in wood and in field on his own possession," and the right of any landowner to kill game on his own property seems to have prevailed, more or less, from a very early date in English history. Ethelred, in the ninth century, and Hoel Dha, in the tenth, legislated with regard to hawking, and the stringent laws of the Norman and the Plantagenet kings in respect to their deer-forests is proverbial. We have not space on this occasion to notice them; and we will only refer to one curious enactment of the Forest Charter, by which it was provided that "every Lord of Parliament, Spiritual or Temporal, sent for by the King," might, "in coming and returning, kill a deer or two in the King's Forest, Chase, or Park," through which he might have occasion to pass, provided he did it in "the View of the Forester, if present"; or, if the latter were absent, he caused "one to blow a horn for him, lest he should seem to steal the King's deer." In the year 1389 a law was passed making the possession of landed property a necessary qualification for killing game, and, with certain alterations and modifications, it remained in force for more than four hundred years. No one might kill game unless he had "lands or tenements to the value of forty shillings by the year, nor any priest or other clerk," unless he were "advanced to the value of ten pounds by the year."

About the year 1600 game-laws began to notice guns. A Scotch Act specially forbade the use of a "hagbut" (no relation, we suppose, to the sackbut, of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego), or fowling-piece, as well as of "a fowler-dog." How little the lawgivers then foresaw that in the future much of the private wealth of that country would depend upon fowling-pieces and "fowler-dogs"! We hear of guns again some few years later, in 1630, when Lord President Conway wrote to Secretary Dorchester, stating that the servant of a certain Mr. Eure "came into Ringwood Forest with a piece charged with hail-shot, killed a brace of hares, and would have killed the keeper" had not the keeper overpowered him, and "seized on the piece in right of His Majesty." The keeper succeeded in getting the poacher imprisoned; but "Mr. Attorney" got him out of gaol again, whereupon the poacher turned the tables on the keeper by getting him imprisoned for "seizing his piece." What this piece charged with hail-shot and the "hagbuts" forbidden in Scotland were like we can but conjecture. That great authority, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, writes that "Gunmaking proper, as applied to sport, may be said to have originated in the last years of the seventeenth century"; and he states that "flint locks were brought into England in the reign of William III." We may assume, therefore, that the guns of the Highland sportsmen of the year 1600, and of the poacher just mentioned, "were fired either by means of a slow match, or else by a notched wheel fixed near the touchhole."

A remarkably mild and polite official declaration on the subject of poaching was made on behalf of King James I., in the year 1604. "He had hoped, seeing his subjects know how greatly he delights in hunting, that none would have offered offence to him in his sports." He admits "that gentlemen of the better sort have behaved as those who know their duty, but not some" (gentlemen, apparently) "of the baser sort"; and then it is observed that "the King and his posterity liking this recreation, it seems strange that any should use more license in his grounds than they would allow in their own." The forest laws "are as ancient and authentic as the Great Charter," and offences against them "show insolence and want of reason." After a long preamble in this strain, he announces his intention to enforce "against all stealers and hunters of deer the penalties authorized by the present laws," and he ends by hoping "that, after such a warning, he shall not have occasion to exercise them." How lamentably have we fallen in style and courtesy in our modern and laconic notice, "Trespassers found here will be prosecuted"! When we think of the angry letters which country neighbours address to each other about infringed sporting rights, how gentle seems the same King's letter to Lord St. John, remonstrating with him for allowing his son to hunt "with a kennel of hounds" and kill a stag in the Royal forest, "which is strange, as he could not but know that we are careful of the game." "Nor that we would have misliked your hunting in your own wood," "knowing that you may so order it as to have your recreation." Five-and-twenty years later a game-preserver wrote more strongly when he objected to the doctrine that "any one ought to be allowed to kill game anywhere" as "a damnable opinion of a Puritan." In the reign of Charles II. only those who were "esquires, or otherwise privileged," and had "leasehold property 150*l.* a year, or 100*l.* from freehold," were allowed to keep or use "guns, bows, greyhounds, ferrets, coney-dogs, lurchers, hays, nets, lowbels, hare-pipes, snares, or other engines for the taking or killing game."

Pope writes of pheasant-shooting being practised in Windsor Forest in the reign of Queen Anne, and that a pheasant may have occasionally come within range of a shower of "hail-shot" is likely enough. In the early days of the Royal House of Hanover, when hawking was falling into disuse, and guns were still so bad that it can have been little, if any, pleasure to use them, country-gentlemen took to netting, much on the principle followed in our own times by poachers. "Setting-dogs" were trained to creep up to the game, and then lie down, allowing the net to be drawn over themselves as well as the birds. In the course

of the seventeenth century, Blackstone wrote of "a bastard slip known by the name of the Game Law, now arrived at and wantoning in its highest vigour," but when Blackstone was only four years old, a book was published on *The Game Law*, "In the Savoy," "at the Lamb without Temple Bar." In the Preface it speaks of "the Poaching and Murdering Arts of the inferior sort of People," and it gives the definition that "Game signifies Prey." The pulling down of deer-park palings at night for firewood is not a very uncommon offence of cottagers in our own times; but in 1727 a person who committed it was liable to a fine of 30*l.*, or to "suffer a year's imprisonment, and stand in the Pillory one Hour on a Market-Day in some town next to the Place where the Offence was committed." Any one who even wounded a deer in a park or enclosed ground was to be transported "to the Plantations" for seven years. The penalty for burning heather or gorse on a moor between February 12th and June 24th was imprisonment for from ten days to a month in a gaol, and the prisoner was "there to be whipp'd and kept to hard labour." Keepers of parks might "justify the killing of any person that" came "to hunt and kill game wrongfully." It was felony to find and carry away a "Falcon, Lanner, or Lanneret" without taking it to the sheriff of the county, "though for this felony," it is comforting to read, the offender was to "have his Clergy." The latter clemency, however, was not shown to any one who should "steal Fish out of any Pond," for he was to be "adjudged guilty of Felony, without Benefit of Clergy." As to the clergy themselves, Sir Edward Coke is quoted as observing "that although Spirituel Persons are prohibited by the Canon Law to hunt game; yet by the Common Law of the Land for their Recreation, and to make them fitter for the Performance of their Office, they may use the Diversion and Exercise of Hunting." No one might in those days make a park or warren without the royal license. A "Dove-Coat" was a "Nusance," and nobody might "newly erect" one, except the Lord of the Manor. On the other hand, any person killing or taking pigeons was to pay 1*l.* per pigeon, for the use of the poor of the parish in which the offence was committed, or else be sent to gaol for three months. It may be a consolation to fishermen who regret the rule which prevails on certain waters, that fish under prescribed lengths must be thrown back again, to know that it is not without ancient precedent. In the book of game laws, from which we have just been quoting, it is laid down that no salmon under sixteen inches, or pike under ten, or trout under eight inches, may be taken out of any river, and this law had then been in force for more than one hundred and fifty years.

The first regular tax for killing game was instituted in the reign of George III., and the amount of it was two guineas. Many years afterwards it was raised to three guineas, and, later still, to three and a half guineas, to be yet again altered to three guineas, as at the present time. The qualification from estate was abolished in the year 1831. Notice of any later legislation respecting game would be beyond the province of this article.

THE ACCIDENT AT THIRSK.

AMONG the scant legislative achievements of last Session is an Act entitled the Witnesses (Public Inquiries) Protection Act. This Act for the first time affords to witnesses before Commissions, Parliamentary Committees, and similar tribunals, the protection which the regular law courts have always afforded them. But the law courts have not merely protected their witnesses from deliberate intimidation; they have also prevented the course of justice being interfered with, and jurymen, actual or potential, being biassed by the irresponsible comments of outsiders on questions still *sub judice*. It seems to be high time that the Act of last Session should be followed up by an Irresponsible Comment (Public Inquiries) Prohibition Act. The inquiries being held at Thirsk, both before the Coroner and before the Board of Trade Inspector, are practically judicial—had one question put by Major Marindin to the signalman Holmes been answered otherwise, they might have been practically criminal—proceedings, and yet comment both on the evidence and on the conduct of every one concerned in the case has been unrestrained throughout. Had the story originally told to the press by the signalman Holmes (with whom, as matters have turned out, it is impossible not to sympathize) broken down on further investigation, he must have been placed on his trial for manslaughter; and where could have been found the juryman who had not prejudged his case to start with? A cynic might suggest a further reason for such an Act. A close time for critics, even if it lasted only a week from the date of the occurrence, would prevent not a few worthy persons from making themselves somewhat ridiculous. In the *Times* of Monday last, for instance, two different people make proposals which any railway lad-porter or booking-office boy could have told them were simply absurd. Two days afterwards, another person, whom from the fact that he appears in all the dignity of large print we may assume to be highly distinguished, sums up in a single letter, under the title "How to make a railway collision," all the crudities to which all the other newspaper critics have individually given utterance. With his last two words alone it is possible to agree, and even then not perhaps exactly in the sense intended.

Let us consider in more detail what is the value of a few of the various proposals for obviating accident—for compelling human volition, that is, to act with the inexorable certainty of a law of nature—that have been made by our amateur railway managers. We are told, for instance, that in the Thirsk accident the Pullman car was hardly damaged; therefore we should abandon our system of compartments altogether, and adopt cars constructed on the American system and entered only from the ends. To this the answer is twofold. First, that, though a Pullman car in the middle of a series of ordinary carriages is undoubtedly the safest place, the public usually prefer to run the extra risk (as is proved by looking at any ordinary Midland day express, where the Pullman cars are available to first-class passengers without extra charge, and yet are left almost empty), and that railway-carriage builders are not the masters but the servants of the travelling public. Secondly, that, though a single Pullman car is safe in a collision where there are weaker carriages on either side of it to be crushed against it, a train entirely composed of Pullmans has no such immunity. This, at least, appears to be the lesson of American experience, which shows further that the impossibility of exit except by breaking a way through the solid sides of the cars with axes and hammers has added a new and very real element of danger from which our compartment carriages are exempt. Again, another amateur declares that the gas with which the carriages were lighted exploded, and set them on fire; that he always knew it would; and that gas-lighting ought to be immediately put a stop to. It now seems pretty clear that the fire came, in fact, not from the gas-reservoirs, but from the fire-box of the locomotive. Take it even that there is a risk; gas has unquestionably caused one accident—not in England, but in Germany—since it was first introduced about thirty years ago. Does the public—a public which lights its ball-rooms with candles in lace and paper shades—object to run the risk, and prefer the safety of the glimmering oil-lamp? For paraffin is really more dangerous than gas, while electricity is practically out of the question under normal service conditions.

Here is a much more serious impeachment of railway management as at present existing, which "Indignans" shall give in his own burning words:—"You, without notice, divide the Scotch express, and send the two portions careering along the line, trusting that every signalman will observe and interpret the significance of two tail-lamps attached to the rear of the first portion of the train. Not content with this, you gaily start a goods train to dodge in and out between the two portions of the express, and . . . do not even take the trouble to tell the signalmen how far the second portion of the express is behind the first." It needs only an elementary acquaintance with the method of block-working to know that it was, strictly speaking, of no importance to the signalman at Otterington or Manor House boxes, where, we are told, "there was no room to shunt the goods train," whether the express was running in one portion or twenty. The business of these men could only be to pass each train as it reached them, whether goods or express passenger, into and out of their section without delay. More than one train at a time they could not accept; there was no reason why they should ever accept less as long as there was anything signalled forward to them. As for observing and interpreting the two tail-lamps, any lad after a month's experience on the line could tell "Indignans"—who apparently would look upon signal-flags or signal-rockets as mere bits of bunting or displays of fireworks

whose meaning no seaman could be expected to trouble himself about—that every signalman is bound to watch for the tail-lamp, as otherwise he could not know that the train had not broken asunder, and left a portion within his section; and that the difference between two lamps and one lamp is as obvious as the fact that twice one makes two. As for the goods train dodging between two expresses, half an hour devoted to the study of the rudiments of block-signalling should teach a critic that the essence of the block-system lies precisely in the fact that thereby goods trains and expresses can be run indiscriminately with perfect safety. Substitute for the goods train—which, in fact, was delayed by the sudden torpor of the signalman's faculties—the first portion of the express, and it will puzzle "Indignans" to explain why the accident should not have been twice as disastrous as it was in fact.

But enough of this. Another point, however, cannot be left unnoticed. Holmes's mistake was absolutely unconnected with the number of hours which he was normally called on to work. He had been less than eight hours on duty, after an interval of fourteen hours off duty, when the accident occurred. But an eight-hours day is the popular cry of the moment, and so the Thirsk accident is made to serve as an argument in its favour. An eight-hours day by all means—if either the public or the signalmen are prepared to pay the price. But are they? Then, again, it is urged that there should always be two men in each box, so that the one may act as a check upon the other. Restraining one's impulse to quote irreverent rhymes, and to ask why two? why not at least an umpire in case the two disagree? one may, perhaps, inquire whether people who make such proposals realize what they mean. The employment of six men—three gangs of two, each working for eight hours—instead of two men, each working for twelve hours, as at present, would imply, in round figures, an increase of working expenditure of about 1,500,000*l.* per annum—in other words, would cut off a half per cent. from the dividend on Ordinary stock, would confiscate, that is, 10 per cent. of the capital value of that stock. Seeing that in the year 1891 one passenger in every 180 millions lost his life by a train accident, that not one of these accidents could have been prevented by double-banking all the signal-boxes, that, further, the railway experts are clearly of opinion that such a course would increase rather than diminish the risk of accident, one may be forgiven for asking whether the game is really worth the candle.

It may be said, "Has the Thirsk accident, then, no lessons?" Certainly it has. But the lessons are of two very different kinds. For the railway experts, who, we may assume, add to the ordinary humanity which leads them to desire to avoid the sacrifice of human life a further desire to spare their Company a bill for compensation of perhaps 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.*, the lesson has already come home. And that lesson is that the last word in perfecting signal appliances has not yet been spoken. Our arrangements are already, take them for all in all, without equal or second, the most perfect in the world. But it is possible that, by the adoption either of the Sykes electric lock and treadle system, or of a purely automatic system, such as the Americans so much favour, they may be improved still further. Any reasonable expenditure for this end—at least on main express routes—will be money well spent. For the lay public, on the other hand, the lesson is one which it is much harder to learn, precisely because it has so often been taught that it has become the dullest of platitudes, being, indeed, expressed in old-fashioned proverbs. But if only the public will realize that collisions such as that at Thirsk must, humanly speaking, occur from time to time; that a body striking with an impact of 20,000 foot-tons can hardly strike without dramatically terrible consequences; if each member of the public will realize that the chance of such a disaster happening to him individually is, after all, quite too infinitesimal for calculation, perhaps when the next bad accident comes we shall receive the news with less unreasonable emotion.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE strike, or lock-out, or whatever it is to be called, in the cotton trade seems likely to be followed soon by another struggle, on a scale at least as great, in an industry even more important. Since 1875 wages in the South Wales coal trade have been regulated by a sliding scale which, though frequently modified, has worked well upon the whole, and contributed to prevent any great labour dispute. Some time ago, however, the workpeople, while expressing themselves in favour of the principle of a sliding scale, contended that the present arrangement is not fair to them, and therefore they gave notice of its termination at the end of the year, unless certain modifications were made. Since then they have demanded: firstly, that the press be admitted to all meetings of the Sliding Scale Joint Committee; secondly, that an umpire be appointed in all cases of dispute; thirdly, that wages be advanced or reduced 10 per cent. for every shilling, in a manner set out; and, fourthly, that both parties should take common action to keep up the selling price of coal. The employers have rejected all four demands, intimating that, in the present state of trade, a reduction of wages has become necessary. The representatives of the workpeople, on their side, refuse to discuss any proposal less favourable than the present sliding-scale arrangement, and so the matter stands at the present time. It is to be hoped that a settlement of the dispute will be arrived at; if not, it is possible that it may spread very seriously. The South Wales workpeople are not affiliated to the Miners' Federation; but it is feared that if there is a real dispute between themselves and their employers they may go over in a body to the Federation. If they do, there is no foreseeing how the quarrel may spread, for the Miners' Federation profess that they are able to prevent reductions of wages; while, on the other hand, the South Wales employers, as already said, allege that they cannot go on paying the present rate of wages. Without taking upon ourselves to decide whether the present rate of wages is or is not too high—a matter which an outsider cannot possibly judge of—there can be no doubt at all that trade is bad. For fully two years it has been falling off in every direction, and the depression is greatest in international trade. The demand, therefore, for steam-coal is very small. At the same time the iron trade is in a bad way, and the demand for coal for iron manufacture, as everybody knows, is an important factor in the prosperity of the coal trade. Lastly, the shipbuilding industry is languishing. In every direction, then, the influences affecting the coal trade throughout the United Kingdom are unfavourable, and, *prima facie* at least, it seems not improbable that the contention of the South Wales employers is based upon fact. In any case, it seems to have been unwise on the part of the workpeople to raise a question as to the sliding-scale just now. Had they done so when every industry in the country was prospering, before the Baring crisis, their action would have been intelligible, but to allege at the present time that a scale which they were contented with while things were going on well is unfair to them now does not seem very wise. It is to be recollected, however, that during the past eighteen months very considerable reductions have been made in their wages, and probably they have come to the conclusion that this would not have been possible were it not for the existing sliding-scale arrangement. In any event the middle of winter, at a time when every kind of business throughout the United Kingdom is depressed, is an exceedingly unfavourable one for raising such a question and risking a dispute that may throw the whole of the workpeople out of employment, and bring distress and suffering upon their families. And it would be doubly unfortunate if the dispute were to extend beyond South Wales. If, for example, the quarrel there were to result in an adhesion of the miners to the Federation, the Federation authorities might feel bound to interfere, and that might lead to disputes elsewhere, and possibly to action which would aggravate the trade depression, already great enough.

The Treasury Bills offered for tender on Monday were taken at lower rates than had been expected. The twelve months' bills were placed at a trifle over $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the three months' bills at about $2\frac{7}{16}$ per cent. Since then rates in the open market have given way, and the quotation for three months' bank bills is now no better than $2\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. The decline is mainly due to the stoppage of gold exports. As speculation is stagnant and trade declining, there is extremely little demand for banking accommodation, and therefore the instant alarm respecting gold shipments subsides, rates give way. It is unfortunate that the Bank of England does not exert itself more vigorously to support the market, for at any moment the Russian withdrawals of gold may begin again.

The price of silver fell on Thursday to $38\frac{13}{16}d.$ per ounce, and probably we are near another considerable fall. Mr. Cleveland's election as President of the United States makes it more probable than ever that the purchases of the metal by the United States will soon be stopped. It is true that the newly-elected Congress will not meet until December of next year, unless it is called together by a special summons from the President. But it is to be recollected that the Congress comes into existence at midday on the 4th of March, and that the President may summon it to meet then or as soon after as he pleases.

The Board of Trade returns for October are again unfavourable. It is to be recollected, of course, that there were five Sundays in the month this year, and only four in October of last year. But, even allowing for one day less, and also for the decline in prices, the returns are not satisfactory. The value of the imports was a little under $34\frac{3}{4}$ millions, a decrease compared with the corresponding month of last year of about $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was a little under $18\frac{3}{4}$ millions, a decrease of nearly $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions, or about $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The strike in the cotton trade, and the dispute in the South Wales iron trade, together with the great depression in agriculture, are almost sure to exercise a still further unfavourable influence.

There has been a good deal of business during the week in South African gold, diamond, and land shares, and prices are good. In almost every other department, however, there is discouragement and lack of activity. The depression in agriculture and the decline of trade are weighing upon all home securities. The action of the Russian Government in accumulating such vast amounts of unemployed gold, and its political activity, are causing uneasiness upon the Continent as well as here, while the silver crisis is warning all operators to be careful how they increase their risks. Mr. Cleveland's victory in the United States, too, is likely to have an unfavourable influence upon the American Stock market. The Democrats, apparently, will have a majority in both houses of Congress, and they are pledged, if not exactly to Free Trade, at all events to a sweeping reduction of Customs duties. The McKinley tariff is certain to be repealed, and probably even the old duties will be greatly lowered. In the long run a more liberal tariff policy must have a very stimulating effect upon all American industries, but immediately it will cause a disturbance in trade, and will raise apprehensions in the minds of manufacturers who have been working hitherto on the assumption that they would continue to be protected from foreign competition. Mr. Cleveland, too, may reasonably be counted upon to carry out a wiser currency policy, which means, of course, the stoppage of silver purchases. The Democratic victory, therefore, is likely to check speculation in the American market, and so to increase the stagnation on the Stock Exchange.

The very best securities have advanced somewhat during the week. Consols closed on Thursday at $97\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Indian Sterling Three per Cents also closed at $97\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$. There was not much change in Colonial stocks, and Home Railway stocks have not been moved much. Lancashire and Yorkshire, however, closed on Thursday at $104\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Eastern Consols closed at $154\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{7}{8}$. In the American market the speculative securities have been rather neglected, and there has not been much alteration in dividend-paying shares. Lake Shore closed on Thursday at $137\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; but Louisville and Nashville closed at $71\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$, and Illinois closed at $106\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. Rupee-paper closed at $65\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Other silver securities have not much given way. Inter-Bourse securities are generally somewhat higher, though not much. Greeks of 1884 closed on Thursday at 66, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$; Spanish closed at $63\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Italian closed at $92\frac{1}{4}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. The advance in Argentine securities, and, indeed, in all other South Americans, has continued. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Ordinary stock closed at 80–2, a rise of 1, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 126–8, a rise of 2. Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at $72\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at $69\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at 73, a rise of 1; Uruguayan New Three and a Half per Cents closed at $36\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 1; and Costa Rica "A" closed at 65–9, a rise of 3.

THE EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.

THE accounts of the late war in Chili, although it exhibited a strange mixture of venerable tactics, obsolete weapons, and ignorance side by side with the very newest warlike inventions, torpedoes, Krupp guns, and repeating rifles, coming, as it did, at a moment when data other than those derivable from practice ranges and manœuvres were lacking, have been eagerly scanned by soldiers on the chance of finding something real and tangible to go upon. Even the most dogmatic of theorists must feel occasionally some "honest doubt" as to what really will happen when the outcome of twenty years of science is tested in the alembic of hard facts. And in spite of conditions which must vitiate conclusions, there are still a few valuable lessons to be learnt from the incongruous and meagre reports of the struggle. The human element is too often disregarded in the lecture-room and at manœuvres, battles are decided, as we hope political questions will not be, by the counting of noses, officers are all regarded as of equal ability, and there is no room for that "personal equation" which has ever proved itself the most decisive influence of all.

Balmaceda's, or what may be called the Government, party possessed a paper army of 52,000 men, of which, however, no more than 27,000 had any real existence; it had cavalry armed with Winchester repeating-rifles, and an artillery chiefly equipped with Krupp cannon. Opposed to it was a force which, when war broke out, was represented by but 300 volunteers, which had the navy at its back, it is true, but which had to train and organize and build up from the very beginning all that complicated machine which a modern army represents.

What, however, gave the Constitutional army, when it took definite shape, an immense advantage, was the fact that it was officered by men who, if they had at first no military knowledge, were yet animated by patriotism, were possessed of intelligence and force of character, and were of such superior social position that a habit of command came naturally to them. Finally, at the head of the hastily raised army, if not nominally, at any rate in reality, was one Lieutenant-Colonel Körner, an officer who had been a captain of artillery in the Prussian service until 1885. At that time he was employed as instructor in artillery at the great war school in Berlin; but the high pay of Professor of Artillery in the Escuela Militar of the Republic tempted him to leave Germany, and he served his new masters so well that two or three years before the troubles broke out he had been advanced to be their Assistant-Director of Military Education at Valparaiso. It was by this man's zeal and ability that the overthrow of Balmaceda was brought about, although with a self-abnegation and tact that does him credit he has allowed another to bear the honours. For it was thought that a too distinctly marked foreign influence might be unpopular with the party of national freedom, and therefore the real leader was content to veil his personality behind that of General Canto, and figured officially as a mere secretary to him.

None the less, however, was it Körner's energy and knowledge which organized brigades, a competent staff, baggage-train, and departmental troops out of chaos, which instructed the various component parts in their duties, and made the infantry adopt formations suited to the modern weapons which they carried. It was by him that three small divisions, or rather brigades, each with its complement of the three arms, were formed at Iquique; it was he who tried to show them the value of discipline, and placed in their hands those Mannlicher rifles which their opponents should have had; and, moreover, spared no pains in personally teaching them how to use them to advantage. The same active brain set the cavalry to reconnoitre and do outpost duty. Otherwise the consignment of 5,000 "Gras" rifles with two million rounds of ammunition, the three million Mannlicher cartridges, the six Krupp guns of newest construction, with 1,700 common shells, and 1,000 shrapnel, which was received on the 3rd of July, would never have been turned to the good account they were. It is impossible in a short

article such as this to detail or criticize the various operations which took place. It is enough to say that success justified the somewhat venturesome dash at Valparaiso undertaken by Körner's advice with raw levies that had not been six months under arms. But success in war must usually be held sufficient justification, and risks may be incurred under one set of circumstances which would be unpardonable under another. Balmaceda's men had shown themselves badly trained; they were known (and Körner had better opportunity of judging in this respect than any one) to be indifferently led, and no impulse of a moral character held them together or urged them on. Their opponents, on the other hand, were fired with a fervour which it was dangerous and even impossible to restrain, and it was judged wiser, with more or less undisciplined men, to take advantage of the swell of popular feeling, "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," than wait perhaps till the glow had cooled. As regards the manner in which the troops of the Opposition were handled on the battle-field itself there is little fault to be found, and even experienced soldiers need not be too proud to learn something here from the amateurs. What will astonish every one but those who remember that human nature remains much the same in all ages is, that, in spite of breechloaders and Krupp cannon, it was with cavalry that all the honours of the campaign rested. At Concon, on the 21st of August, they played a prominent rôle, while at Placilla a week later it was by them that the decisive blow of the day was delivered. Read by the glare of these conflicts, the good old times of Seydlitz seem once more with us, and the *arme blanche* is to have its own again. True it is that the battalions the horsemen overturned had fired away all their cartridges, and that the troopers who should have opposed them were "otherwise engaged." Nevertheless the art of war is to reap the benefit of circumstances, and opportunity was in this case seized and turned to good account with the swiftness and decision of the greatest captains of old. Yet, after all, what will interest every one in Europe more than the accounts of charging squadrons, positions turned, or rivers forded, is the behaviour of the magazine rifle with its bullet sheathed in steel according to the most scientific fashion of the age. A practical experiment on a gigantic scale was, in fact, carried out during this campaign with a weapon almost precisely similar to that adopted in the German and Austrian armies, and differing but very little from the one we are ourselves armed with. The necessity for a strict fire discipline, together with one of the most imminent dangers of the magazine system, were strikingly exemplified at the battle of Concon, when the Constitutionalists waded across the Aconagua to attack their opponents in position on the high ground beyond. The officers endeavoured to prevent their men from opening fire till within six or seven hundred yards of their opponents, but in many cases their efforts were in vain, and after two or three hours' fighting both sides had got rid of nearly all their ammunition, although each man of the attacking infantry carried from 150 to 200 rounds into action on his person. At the subsequent action of Placilla the troops of the Constitutional party were perhaps held a little better in hand; but on the other side, as we have said, the infantry exhausted their cartridges as before. Nevertheless the flat trajectory and accuracy of the new weapon seem to have delighted those who carried it, and these qualities rather than its long range appear to have been most appreciated and made use of. The manner in which it stood campaigning seems also to have been satisfactory considering that the rifles were placed in hands but for a very short time accustomed to their use. It is said that seven or eight per cent., however, became unserviceable; but in the two battles in which they were used they were each fired, on an average, from 150 to 200 times in two or three hours.

The effect as regards maiming power of the new small bores has been much canvassed by medical men, and the light thrown on this gruesome side of the experience gained will, therefore, also be of considerable interest. The new rifle, if what we hear is correct, appears to be a humane weapon. Its wound is either decisively mortal, or it heals quickly without complications. Even at long distances bones were bored clean through without the steel envelope becoming detached from the lead, and there was therefore none of that splintering of bones which causes so much difficulty usually in gunshot wounds. As regards artillery matters, the armament of both sides, comprising as it did various natures of ordnance, gave little hope of valuable experiences being gained. We find, however, that the effect of the battery of new-pattern Krupp guns which the victors possessed was very marked; and, when we consider that comparatively untrained gunners worked the guns, much encouragement for the future is given to artillerymen.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that much of what we have said in praise of the troops of the Opposition is only to be interpreted relatively. The accounts of their own officers show that the faults commonly observable in all hastily raised armies were by no means absent amongst them. Insubordination, developing at times almost into mutiny, was frequently to be found, and, had they been opposed to a more enterprising adversary, a swift counter-attack might easily have made them pay dearly for their lack of discipline in action. Such waywardness is usually manifested most especially in a reckless waste of ammunition, and so it was in this case. Indeed, it was made evident, as all reflecting men prophesied would be the case, that a repeating rifle in the hands of any but a highly drilled and disciplined force may truly prove a two-edged weapon. If men are not to find themselves defenceless at the supreme moment, when they most need their arms, they will have to be controlled by the bonds of a fire discipline most powerful and inflexible. To create and develop such a grasp, we must enforce discipline on the drill ground and in the barrack square, and the habit of obedience must have become so invariable in peace time that it is intuitive on the battle-field. Otherwise repeating rifles and quick-firing guns will only supply a vent for excitement, and aid men to get rid rapidly of a weighty encumbrance in the shape of cartridges. Too great eagerness may prove as disastrous as a panic, and the best armed troops in the world, if they lose their heads, may in a few hours render themselves as defenceless as a flock of sheep. Let those who study the "Zeitgeist" think of these things, and consider when they wink at insubordination that the march of science, if it gives improved weapons, has by no means as yet enabled us to dispense with what is as necessary to their efficiency as powder and percussion-caps. Indeed, unless the man who holds it be well disciplined and carefully trained, a match rifle is less dangerous to the foes opposite than a blunderbuss. For, if the bead be not accurately drawn, it is a matter of absolute certainty that the bullet will skim harmlessly into space. With the clumsier and more old-fashioned article no one could tell with nicety where the ball would go to; it was pretty sure, indeed, to hit somebody in front, even if he were not the man intended for destruction. But in the "fatal facility" of the modern small-bore lies its most obvious weakness, and without the self-restraint that is brought about by the drill-sergeant men with muskets may find themselves no better armed than men with clubs.

THE THEATRES.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES has been delivering a lecture, containing much matter that is not distinguishable from nonsense, deploring the lamentable fact that people will go to the theatre to be amused. They always have done so, and Mr. Jones must try to be as happy as he can in face of the melancholy assurance that they always will. We sadly fear that Mr. Jones will not at all approve of two pieces which have made audiences merry during the last few days; for both are, it must be admitted, extremely amusing, though there is, perhaps, a great deal more art in both of them than Mr. Jones might suspect, and, for our own part, we must confess a total inability to understand why there should be the divorce between art and amusement which he pronounced in his address. It has been irreverently suggested that the author of the very passable melodrama, *The Silver King*, of the very poor quasi-historical play *The Lord Harry*, of the feeble and fantastic *Crusaders*, and other works of varying merit, has no special claim to deplore the lack of intellectuality around him, and to set up as a teacher; we also think it is the business of a playwright to make plays, and not to tell playgoers what he thinks they ought to like best. Sheridan and Goldsmith, it is urged, did not preach on the true principles of comedy. One of them showed what those principles were by writing *The School for Scandal*, and the other by the composition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and here comes in the old adage about the ounce of practice and the pound of precept. Even when

Sheridan and Goldsmith had written their plays, they did not give lectures about art—Sir Benjamin Backbite is somewhat in that vein, by the way—and Mr. Jones has yet to write his *School for Scandal.*

In pursuit of the fascinating subject of Mr. Jones, however, we are losing sight of the theatres and of the two pieces just mentioned. The first of these is the clever farce by Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. F. C. Philips, *The Burglar and the Judge.* It was worth doing well, and it is well done. A burglar with a sense of humour is a novel and delightful personage, and we fear we shall have to shock Mr. Jones by the assertion that there is something really artistic as well as amusing about the Burglar whom Mr. Brookfield presents, and the Judge as acted by Mr. Cyril Maude. Joe has a keen eye for the silver, but still more agreeable to him is the spectacle of his old enemy, Mr. Justice Gyves, "Geoffrey," as he familiarly calls his lordship, entirely in his power. With the Judge's stupified servant fast asleep upstairs might is right, and so the burglar makes "Geoffrey" drink "Success to crib-breaking," smoke a short clay pipe, and dance a wild fandango, arrayed meantime in the judicial robes, and appreciates all this—the opportunity of severely taking "Geoffrey" to task for various little characteristic weaknesses more than anything else—even more than the plunder. The other piece we cannot help commending, even at the risk of shocking Mr. Jones, is *The Arabian Nights.* Mr. Sydney Grundy has not reasonably explained the arrival of Miss Rosa Colombier, the Gutta Percha Girl of the music-halls, at the house of the impulsive Mr. Arthur Hummingtop, who has been wandering about the streets, fired by the example of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and has so come across the young lady. There is a lack of ingenuity there, for the Gutta Percha Girl ought to be introduced with some plausibility; but we really cannot avoid the description of artistic for Mr. Charles Hawtrey's exposition of the troubles of Hummingtop, driven by circumstances from one fiction to another till he is securely fastened in the middle of that tangled web which the poet says we weave when first we practise to deceive. No actor does this sort of thing with the unobtrusive art Mr. Hawtrey displays. His Hummingtop is a cordial supporter of the theory advanced by Plautus as to the

Optimum mendacium
Quicquid dei dicunt, id rectum est dicere,

and he carries it out in the most diverting way. Mr. Penley and Miss Venne are amusing in more conventional fashion.

Another novelty is a study of morbid insanity at the Garrick, a theatre which is likely to lose its rank among playhouses of the better sort unless it is fully comprehended that managers sometimes let their theatres and are not responsible for what takes place in them. *David*—as this very tiresome, and indeed exasperating, piece is called—is not really a play, for there is no reasonable plot at the bottom of it all. In a very few plays by dramatists of unquestioned genius—Shakspeare, and one or two others—insanity has been episodically treated with effect; but to make the action of a play rest mainly upon the aberrations of a maniac is altogether a different matter. The stage, we hold, is most assuredly not the place for the discussion and illustration of abstruse psychological matters by amateur authors with no knowledge of psychology. That is our objection, and it is a very decided one, to *David.* A doctor, who has become insane through the study of insanity, tries to poison a friend in order to prove that the commission of an absolutely motiveless crime is not likely to be traced to the perpetrator. No one doubts it. The play is not worth criticism.

THE SCOTTISH CONSERVATIVE.

THERE are those who almost doubt whether such a being as a Tory exists in Scotland. These sceptics are apt to judge by appearances, they know that five of the Ministers who now sit in Cabinet Council have only been able to find seats in Scotland. They have shuddering remembrances of what "a Scotch night" means in the House of Commons, and they know that Scotland runs second to Ireland in providing Mr. Gladstone with his present majority.

It might have enlightened persons possessed of the turn of mind we have described as sceptical, to have attended the meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations, held in the Corn Exchange of Edinburgh on Tuesday night, and addressed by Mr. Balfour, whose chief claim on their affections is that he is a Scotchman first, and, secondly, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour is not, perhaps, a speaker who will ever send an electric thrill through a great audience by the power of his language. The merit of his speaking lies in its polished and literary grace, coupled with a fearless exposition of what the speaker feels to be the truth of the position he is dealing with. There are no appeals to passion, and his lips are never touched with the living fires of oratorical metaphor. Great meetings have been roused to intense enthusiasm at the sight of him, in days when he has come before them fresh from some Irish victory or from some keen contest waged with the Irish members across the floor of the House. But the glow of generous admiration has never quickened the measured calm of his utterances, and though the approbation of his fellow-creatures may have strengthened his hands in his administrative work, it has roused no more response in him than the abuse and invective of his opponents has altered the quiet purpose of his political actions. From his Edinburgh audience he received the closest attention, and the points of his speech were usually taken up with quick intelligence. A Scotch audience has had an early training in listening, and they love the premiss, the argument, and the conclusion. But those accustomed to the great North of England audiences must have thought it one of the coldest meetings they were ever present at.

What is lacking to Scotch Tories is organization and belief in themselves as a party which could be powerful if it would only believe in its own strength. But that belief is precisely what it is difficult to give to any party which has long been discredited. The first remark Mr. Balfour made, which roused anything like enthusiasm, was when he promised himself a good time in the House on the introduction of the Irish Bill. Here the audience cheered, and at election times the average Scotch Tory makes a great deal of noise when he has the will to appear at all, but he is, perhaps, too unready at putting his own hand to the plough. In electioneering knowledge and practice it is not too much to say he is many years behind England, and the heart-burnings and jealousies between him and the Liberal-Unionists have been a constant hindrance in the winning and retaining of seats. We are aware that these are unpalatable truths, and that our friends over the Border will not credit us with the real desire for their political salvation which moves us to pen these remarks. Neither would we wish to depreciate the good work which is certainly growing in Scotland. West Edinburgh was won, but it was a Scot who described the manner in which it was captured. "An Englishman stood for the seat, and organized it, the *Scotsman* worked at the Unionist cause for five years, and both the men and the women in the constituency really worked." What Edinburgh accomplished, and Midlothian went far to accomplish, might be done in at least ten other constituencies; but it will not be done till the Scotch Tory learns that he must work himself to the bone, and condescend to be taught of those who "know the ropes." He must put aside prejudice, and he must forget history, or, rather, remember that it is not so long ago when the Tory power ruled broad Scotland, and that if he now suffers in some degree what the Whigs of that day endured, he has only to wait the turn of Fortune's wheel, and he may again be in possession of a full share of political power. But Fortune will not smile on the person, or the party, that has not even the heart of grace to sing the National Anthem at the close of a meeting, a conference of its members having spent the afternoon in passing wordy resolutions in favour of the Crown and the Church.

MUSIC.

THE premature ending of Signor Lago's opera season, which took place suddenly last week, must be a subject for regret among musicians and amateurs. Signor Lago—to whom London owes the revival of *Orfeo*, the production of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and the introduction of Signorina Giulia Ravogli—deserved more support than he met with. His non-success this autumn is one more proof of how little

hold opera has upon English audiences, apart from the influence of fashion or of mere *réclame*. During the last week of his season at the Olympic Signor Lago produced Wallace's *Maritana*, with a cast of great excellence. It is long since two such artists as Mme. Fanny Moody and Mr. Eugene Oudin have been heard as the heroine and Don José; they succeeded in imparting new interest to Wallace's familiar themes, and were rewarded by unlimited applause and demands for encores. Almost equally good were the King of Mr. Charles Manners and the Lazarillo of Miss Lily Moody. All the minor parts were also well filled, the only unsatisfactory feature of the performance being the Don Cæsar of Mr. Charles Harding, who is neither vocally nor dramatically fitted to fill the post of *primo tenore*. In the last night of his season Signor Lago gave a most welcome revival of Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, a work which, in spite of its perfect beauty, has not been heard in London for some years. The performance was in many respects very good, though it also contained serious defects, which, under the circumstances, it would perhaps be unfair to criticize severely. The most noticeable feature was the admirable singing of Mlle. Leila as the Queen of the Night, of Mme. Duma as Pamina. Both are artists of the first rank, and the excellent scale-singing of the first and the dramatic intelligence and beautiful voice of the second were deserving of all praise. The Sarastro of Mr. Charles Manners and the Pappageno of Mr. M. Worlock were also good, and mention must be made of the Monostatos of Mr. G. Tate, who succeeded in making the small part more interesting than usual. The minor parts were nearly all efficiently filled; that fine artist Mme. Sviatlowsky was content to appear as one of the three attendants on the Queen of the Night. The chorus was excellent; but the representative of Tamino and the orchestral accompaniments to the Recitatives narrowly imperilled the whole performance.

The Concert season is now setting in with some severity. At the Crystal Palace on Saturday week Mr. Cliffe's new Symphony, which was noticed on its production at Leeds last month, was admirably played by Mr. Manns's band. The composer has much improved the work by a judicious compression of the last movement. At the same concert two brilliant numbers from the Ballet music to Moszkowski's *Boabdil*—first produced at Berlin in the earlier part of the year—were played in England for the first time. At Mr. Chappell's Popular Concerts, the chief attraction has been the playing of Mlle. Wietrowetz, a young Bohemian violinist, who made a very favourable impression last season at the Philharmonic. On Monday week she led Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat and Rubinstein's genial Pianoforte Trio, Op. 52, while her admirable playing of the Romance from Dr. Joachim's Hungarian Concerto was followed by an inevitable encore. Last Saturday Mlle. Wietrowetz was associated with Mr. Leonard Borwick and Herr Popper in Brahms's Trio in C, Op. 101; but the result was less satisfactory than might have been expected, the *ensemble* being rather rough and uneven. Herr Popper was heard in several small pieces, none of which were quite worthy of his powers, and Mr. Borwick gave an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35. A new vocalist, Miss Nancy McIntosh, created a decidedly favourable impression by her graceful singing of songs by Handel, MacCunn, Henschel, and Grieg. At last Monday's concert the reappearance of Lady Hallé attracted a large audience. The favourite artist introduced a new Adagio Appassionato (Op. 57) by Max Bruch, a melodious and effective work, admirably adapted to display Lady Hallé's style to advantage. The pianist was Miss Adelina de Lara, whose vigorous performance of Brahms's Scherzo in E flat (Op. 4) was followed by the customary demand for an encore. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist, and sang songs by Bishop, Schubert, and Chaminade in her very best style; Miss Lehmann is to be commended for having abandoned the alterations she introduced into Bishop's "By the simplicity of Venus' doves" when she sang it at these concerts a fortnight ago.

At the Albert Hall the Royal Choral Society began its season last week by a performance of Dvořák's "Requiem," a work which has been already fully discussed in this Review. The admirable singing of Mme. Albani, and the success with which Mr. Barnby's choir grappled with the difficulties of the choral music, were the main features of an excellent performance of a work which, in spite of some merits, remains, on the whole, far below its composer's "Stabat Mater." On the following evening Mr. Henschel inaugurated his seventh season of Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, Weber's "Concertstück" (well played by Mlle. Szumowska), Berlioz's *King Lear* Overture, Liszt's "Kennst du das Land," and Wagner's "Festival March," written for the Centenary celebration of the Declaration of Independence. The last-named work has not been heard here for some years. It is principally remarkable for its poverty of thematic material and extraordinarily heavy orchestration. In the open air, or in a large space such as the central transept of the Crystal Palace, it would probably sound much better than it does in an ordinary concert room.

Amongst other concerts, we can only mention Mr. Kennedy's interesting entertainment of Scotch songs; Mr. de Pachmann's Chopin recital—at which, among much that was excellent, though marred by inequalities, his playing of the Rondo in E flat stood out by perfection of technique and delicacy of expression; Señor Sarasate's Second Orchestral Concert; and the concert given last Tuesday by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, an American contralto who created a very favourable impression by her fine voice and intelligent singing.

"PIGS" AND "GOATS."

THE last two or three mails have brought disquieting news from China. In Fuhkien we learn that a mission establishment has been destroyed, and that an English missionary and his wife barely escaped with their lives; from Szech'uen it is reported that Mr. Polhill Turner has been grossly maltreated by a mob, who chose to regard the presence of foreigners as the provoking cause of a drought which has lately afflicted that province; and from the hostile shores of the Yangtsze Kiang comes news of a revival of the anti-foreign literature which wrought such havoc at the river ports last year. We have lately had experience of the lengths to which the terror occasioned by the presence of cholera can drive ignorant Russian peasants, and in China the same cause has again roused the superstitious fanaticism of an equally besotted people. The recurrence of this anti-foreign feeling has produced a fresh crop of the abusive placards and inflammatory pictures which were the direct causes of the late disastrous riots on the Yangtsze. Beyond knowing that the pictures then displayed were defamatory and revolting, few had any idea of what they actually were. Wisely, therefore, certain missionaries on the spot have reproduced them in facsimile, that all the world might know and realize the virulence of the hatred which could make the publication of such placards possible. A collection of these reproductions lies before us, and we propose, without entering into detail, to give some idea of the monstrous nature of the disgraceful libels which it contains.

Throughout the volume foreigners are represented under the disguise of goats and pigs. It so happens that a common expression for foreigners—*Yangjin*—means, when the first syllable is written with a slightly different character, "goatmen." Taking advantage of this verbal quibble, the promoters of the anti-foreign agitation have chosen to adopt this interpretation of the phrase. In the same way the expression for "God" employed by the Roman Catholics is *T'ien Chu*, "Lord of Heaven." But *Chu* also means a pig, and consequently not only is the deity represented by a pig, but his followers are disguised under the same shape. These travesties form the basis of the illustrations, which were scattered broadcast last year, and which are again extensively placarded in the neighbourhood of the Yangtsze-kiang. The first picture shows us two foreigners kneeling in worship before a pig, which bears the superscription of "Jesus." The men are wearing green hats, which is, in China, a common attribute of the most disgraceful of mankind, and this badge of shame is universally given to foreigners, whether they are represented as men or as beasts. Other pictures illustrate the murder of pigs and goats by every kind of violent death. They are stabbed, they are bludgeoned, their throats are cut, they are beheaded, they are sawn in sunder, they are impaled, they are pounded into jellies, and they are devoured by dogs. But the pictures are not allowed to

speak for themselves. Each one is accompanied by an exhortation to carry out the ideas of the artist, as when he depicts the rejoicings at the birth of a child he adds, "When a child is born slaughter the pigs and goats." Again, we see tigers devouring a number of the same helpless victims, and we are told, "to withstand one tiger is difficult, but when all the tigers rise in awful majesty, who can approach them?" Here we have another play upon words. The name for a tiger is *hu*, and this being the first syllable in the name of the province—Hunan—which has made itself conspicuous by the hatred of its inhabitants towards foreigners, it is used to signify the Hunanese. Some pictures show us goats being taken to rich pasture, and pigs being regaled at well-filled troughs. "Hasten the fattening of the pigs and goats" is the motto for such illustrations. In others butchers are represented as cutting up the carcases of pigs and goats, and cooks are pictured as making savoury messes out of the flesh. Having exhausted their imagination in ringing the changes on the animal forms, the articles next depict foreigners as fastened to wooden frames and crosses and being subjected to every conceivable insult and violence. It is curious that this is the form which the outrage lately committed on Mr. Polhill Turner took; but whether this was *propter hoc*, or only *post hoc*, it is impossible to say. In one remarkable picture a successful warrior is returning in triumph to a city, preceded by his troops bearing dead pigs and goats, and by standard-bearers on whose flags is inscribed the name of the celebrated promoter of the recent riots, Chow Han. Indeed, throughout the book the name of this miscreant, who is still at liberty, constantly occurs in places of honour. In the closing picture the pigs and goats are seen kneeling before a hideous monster which represents the majesty of China.

In all cases the animals bear some such inscription as "Jesus," "Teacher," "Disciple," or "Western," for "Western goats," and it is obvious, therefore, that these pictures are intended to arouse the popular rage against missionaries and their followers. But it was abundantly proved at the investigations after the recent riots that the crusade is really directed against foreigners generally, and that missionaries have been made the object of attack in the first instance, only because they are more easily maligned and more open to suspicion than any other section of the foreign community. The diplomatic and consular officers are by their position and instincts not likely to arouse popular fury, and the mercantile class, residing for the most part in the foreign concessions at the treaty ports, are not sufficiently in touch with the people to awaken an anger which would under any circumstances be mitigated by the stream of wealth which pours from the foreign hongs into the pockets of the local traders. The missionaries have no such palliative to offer for their presence. They travel over the country with scrips and purses of the most modest dimensions; they have no official rank to gain them consideration in the essentially bureaucratic minds of the Chinese; and, worst of all, they sometimes wage war against the religious views of the bureaucrats with most undiplomatic vehemence. These two first disabilities are inherent in their position as missionaries, and they can no more get rid of them than a leopard can change his spots. But the manner in which they combat the religious views of the people is within their control, and should be most guarded so as to hurt as little as possible the susceptibilities of the natives. They should always bear in mind that the rights of toleration exist only by mutual forbearance, and that among a prejudiced and hostile people fierce reprisals are apt to be returned for dialectical attacks.

While saying this, we would repeat our condemnation of the folly of treating the attacks which are associated with the appearance of such pictures as we have described as being directed against missionaries only. They are the objects of the onslaught because they present the most assailable position; and were we to accept the fiction that it is against them alone that the popular hatred is directed, we should be as culpable as a general who on the day of battle should allow the bulk of his forces to remain in camp because only part of his line was attacked.

REVIEWS.

MOROCCO.*

THIS book is dressed in a title which is much too big for it. Mr. Bonsal calls his volume *Morocco as It Is; with an Account of Sir C. Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez.* There is no great sin in making the best of your wares, but it would none the less have shown more regard for accuracy on Mr. Bonsal's part if he had called this collection of articles "Some Impressions of the Outside of a Small Part of Morocco, together with Notes of what could be seen by an unofficial Person of the English Mission to Fez." Where we can check Mr. Bonsal we find him lively, not unintelligent, but inaccurate. Here is an example of his qualities:—"When the Sultan finds he can make no headway against the local opposition, he very often appoints the head of the rebellion as his Caid, a policy on a par with that of Henry II., who, if I remember rightly, when he could not rule Ireland without Richard Strongbow, determined to rule it with his aid." The comparison, though not very original, is neat, and would be accurate if Mr. Bonsal had not made a trifling mistake of between three and four centuries. Again, Mr. Bonsal does not remember rightly, when he says that Nelson put the glass to his blind eye, and declared he could not see the signal hung out at Gibraltar, when he was bearing down on the French at Trafalgar. Nelson was a very wonderful man, but even he could not see a signal of recall hung out at Gibraltar from Trafalgar Bay. That incident happened in another place. Our author's knowledge is plainly of the hasty newspaper order, nor is his English more exact. Full regalia is not equivalent to full uniform, and the little name of the Tower musket was the "Brown" not the "Queen" Bess. These examples will show that Mr. Bonsal does not go very deeply into subjects, and may warn the reader not to take him too seriously. It is only fair to add that he is candid enough as to his own limitations. He makes no pretence to understand more than a few scattered words of Arabic, or to know more of Morocco than could be acquired by hastily reading a few modern books written about it.

Provided, however, that we do not ask from Mr. Bonsal more than can fairly be expected from a "Special Correspondent of the Central News," this reprint of his letters to the papers and his articles in magazines may be skimmed with some pleasure. If he did not see much of Morocco, he reports the little he could observe briskly, and not without sagacity. He is even not afraid to show himself independent of some common beliefs. He declares that the Jews are by no means the worst used people in the country, and once or twice indicates a certain sympathy for Muley Hassan and his Ministers in their troubles. Our own feeling for the Emperor was always warmer than Mr. Bonsal's, and has been strengthened by his account of the way in which he and others who took advantage of Sir C. Euan Smith's mission to have a look at Fez thought fit to behave. Mr. Bonsal records how he insisted on having city gates opened to him, threatened the guard with his revolver, laid about him with a whip, and finally called Bushta el Baghdadi a liar to his face. What would have happened to Mr. Bonsal if he had behaved in this style at Avila, let us say? If he had not been shot upon the spot he would certainly have been marched over the frontier between two of the Guardia Civil. Yet at Fez he got an apology, and the soldiers who threatened him were ordered to be flogged. It is not to be wondered at that Muley Hassan wishes to remain better strangers with European travellers. At Kairouin Mr. Bonsal, as he tells us with a flippant sham apology, bribed students to steal manuscripts for him from the University library. The civilised visitor to Morocco seems to think himself at liberty to do things which, if they were not done among "stagnant barbarians," would cause him to be justly laid by the heels. Muley Hassan or his Minister, Sid Gharnet, would really have a case if they argued that Morocco was the better for not enjoying the civilising influence of foreigners who give themselves these licences. On his way to the coast Mr. Bonsal had the bad taste to amuse himself by promising to restore their sight to the blind of one of the villages. It is only just to add that he professes himself heartily ashamed of his unfeeling practical joke, when the poor wretches crowded round him in the full belief that a Christian had medical science enough to keep his word. If they had stoned Mr. Bonsal, there would have been an international incident, and another proof of the insecurity of travellers in Morocco; but their violence would have been greatly to be excused. The part of the book which is not taken up with the author's

* *Morocco as It Is: with an Account of Sir C. Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez.* By Stephen Bonsal, junior. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

personal adventures is shrewd enough, and confirms what is generally known of the growing weakness of Muley Hassan, of the abuse of the protection system by foreign Consuls, and of the fear of the French felt at Fez. The account of the incidents of the Mission was sufficiently commented on when it appeared in the papers. It leaves the matter much where it was, with Mr. Bonsal's emphatic assertions to be weighed against Sir C. Euan Smith's various and not quite consistent contradictions.

NOVELS.*

MR. JOHN ROY has certain qualities as a writer which atone for many faults, but if he really wishes to become a good novelist, he must set himself earnestly to mend his defects. The first and most serious of these is his rage for description. Perhaps he may have been led away by enthusiastic commendations of Tolstoï's method, and the view that life is made up of casual acquaintances, and that, therefore, no attention is wasted that is bestowed on even a friend of an hour. This may be so, though there will always be people to object to it; but anyhow, Mr. John Roy is not Tolstoï, and the great realist's shoes will be found a misfit. The amount of description in the first volume positively takes one's breath away. There is nothing the author does not describe exhaustively, except scenery, and for his reticence in this particular his readers will be grateful to him. But he analyses carefully the nine chief officers of his hero's regiment, their wives—if they have any—and their children. He next passes on to the Civil Servants on the Indian station, where the greater part of the story takes place, and not a wife or a child, hardly a servant or a horse, is allowed to escape unnoticed. We have reckoned up the descriptions as far as possible, and we find they amount to no less than thirty-three detailed accounts in the first eighty-two pages. Very few of the people thus introduced to us play any part in the story, or cease to be mere names, so that their existence has no justification whatever. They are only useful as padding, and the same may be said of lengthy dissertations on Indian government, on the Scotch and Irish, and on many other matters clumsily and inartistically thrust into the tale. When, however, Mr. Roy does devote himself to developing a character, he does it very well. Guy Langley, the hero, with his doubts and hesitations as to his marriage with Miss Treveryan, his latent sense of his goodness in being ready to make sacrifices for her, his readiness to be "happy with either" when he comes back on leave to England and finds a rich young woman ready to fall into his arms, and his ability to shake off what was poor and weak in his nature and to rise equal to the occasion in the Afghan campaign—all form a true picture of many an average young Englishman. His friend Dale is neatly sketched in, and his opinions of the various poets who formed Langley's library are really amusing. Wordsworth he pronounces, on the whole, to be "drivel"; he thinks it a "beastly shame to make little beggars of ten or eleven" learn *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, suggests that the reason of *Kubla Khan's* brevity was that Coleridge "got stumped, and didn't know how to finish it," and ends by settling down with hearty admiration to Adam Gordon. The ponderous Major Russell, too, with his mania for patriotism, is a type with which we are acquainted, and which most of us shun. The reader will be sorry for Mrs. Langley, who allows him ultimately to console her, though the marriage would be hardly more incongruous than many which take place every day. All this latter part of the tale is spun out and uninteresting; but the second volume, which deals chiefly with the Afghan campaign, is remarkably good. The ordinary person who thinks that war is made up of battles and sieges, and severe earnestness altogether, will have his eyes considerably opened, as in Tolstoï's account of the siege of Sebastopol. Altogether Mr. Roy has some excellent stuff in him, but he must learn to concentrate and to cut away.

Mrs. L. T. Meade might surely have chosen a more attractive title for her new novel than *The Medicine Lady*. It is suggestive of yellow-painted Indians and rolling prairies; of anything but London and a doctor's wife in Harley Street. It is after her husband's death, however, that Cecilia Digby takes to practising on her own account; and it is to this period that the title refers. The moral drawn by Mrs. Meade is a very dreadful and sensational one, and calculated to make a good many people uncomfortable. It is nothing less than the almost certain curse which will fall in various ways on the head of a child who has lost one of its parents by consumption, and the wickedness of marriage under such circumstances. Mrs. Digby, a bright, pretty, impulsive girl, wife of a doctor in a poor Bloomsbury district, has this truth first impressed on her in a very startling way. She and her husband are returning home from a party, when they learn that their child has suddenly developed strange symptoms, and has a queer look in its eyes. Before taking any steps to relieve the baby the doctor takes his wife into their room, and questions her as to the fatal illnesses of her parents. On hearing that her mother died of consumption, he informs her that the child may be suffering from brain disease (the outcome of that consumption), or that it may be only a teeth attack, in which case he can lance its gums, and save it. As, in spite of the dreaded fact which has just been imparted to him, he goes back to the nursery, and acts as he would have done had no other solution been possible—namely, lances the guns—it is not clear why he should have wasted time and tortured the mother by putting a question which might have been safely postponed. But with Dr. Digby and his wife truth-telling reached almost the proportions of a vice. Not content with giving their opinion when asked, they thrust it upon their friends, and kept back nothing, even when it was merely a question of surmise. As in all books with a purpose, whether the purpose is the horrors of drink, or the wickedness of not allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, every one is intensely serious, and the reader is never permitted to forget for one moment the problem at stake. It would be unfair to Mrs. Meade to tell her story, but it develops sensation enough to satisfy most people. It cannot be said that the impression of reality is very strong, or that the male characters are like the doctors we are accustomed to meet. But readers who enjoy a dramatic situation are not usually keen-sighted in this respect, and *The Medicine Lady* will probably obtain many readers and admirers.

"Le vieillard, comme il a baissé!" was the comment of one of M. Lecoq's ardent disciples on that great man when late in life he made a mess of some very simple case. This was in a sequel, not by Gaboriau, called *La Vieillesse de M. Lecoq*. Certainly if Mr. Millington, the detective, in *The March of Fate*, had made enough money by his wits to live on comfortably for the rest of his days, he must have met with some severe accident to his brain by the time he is introduced to the reader. Conceive any one in possession of his senses, even if he had *not* made a special study of human frailty, being deluded for one moment by a man who resorts to the old trick of "consulting him for a friend." Well might his old partner tell Mr. Millington "he had gone stale" when that gentleman failed to solve some equally simple riddle, and on no single occasion does he manage to see through a stone wall till a large peephole has been cut. The story is framed after the manner of Wilkie Collins, and has all the elements necessary to melodrama. There is the confidential maid engaged to the detective's son (always a handy combination), the oppressed young lady, the good and poor lover (who is the most odious prig that ever wrote letters from New Zealand), the bad and rich lover, the tyrannical father, and the lady of no character who plays the part of Providence to the deserving—we have them all, the old familiar faces. The style in which the adventures of these worthies are recorded is awkward and clumsy. Of course, as long as the detective and the maid are speaking, much may be overlooked, but unluckily even the "educated" people are no better. It is hardly too much to say that from first to last in the three volumes the word "begin" is never used. Everything always "commences," from the author and the editor down to the working carpenter, and that fact alone tells a tale as to the literary merits of the production. It is also rather amusing to find that Mr. Farjeon's ideas of a translation differ widely from those generally accepted. We have been accustomed to think that translations were good in proportion as they concealed the fact that they were originally written in another language; but Mrs. Kennedy's translation of the nurse's long deposition preserves every French turn of phrase as far as possible. One word also as to the printing of the book, which contains many mistakes. In vol. ii. p. 27, loudly is printed "louldly," in vol. iii. p. 54, carriage is printed "carraige," Gabrielle is twice turned into a man's name, "Gabriel," and Redmond is printed for "Redwood."

Lovers of hunting will find endless descriptions of "runs" in the last place that they would be likely to look for them—a novel called *Trust-Money*. The hero and heroine spend all their spare time in their youthful days on horseback, and even the villain likes a day now and then when the riding is not too stiff. Mr. Westall has made a mistake in casting Edward Prince for that

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* *Helen Treveryan.* By John Roy. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
The Medicine Lady. By L. T. Meade. 3 vols. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.
The March of Fate. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London. F. V. White. 1892.
Trust-Money. By William Westall. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.
Nurse Elisia. By G. Manville Fenn. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

part. He is not the stuff of which villains are made. He would not have been at all averse to a little sharp practice in the course of his profession, in the way of high interest on doubtful security, but he would never have sailed away and left his brother Charlie to drown. Or, if he did, he would have undergone a severe struggle first, and the provocation would have been greater than it actually was, for his love for Olive Lincoln was a very mild sensation. This defect is in reality the defect of Mr. Westall's whole novel. It is too tame; he deals with matters that might be interesting enough in themselves, but he fails to put any life into them, while too much stress is laid on trifles. Even in the year 1857 communication with Trinidad was frequent and regular, yet the whole Prince family make as much fuss about the elder Prince going out there for three months on business as if he was going to explore the Antarctic Ocean. "Everybody says that the risk of a voyage to Trinidad is well-nigh infinitesimal," remarks one of the sons, to reassure his mother. "They say the Royal Mail steamers arrive almost as punctually as they depart," observes somebody else; while grave doubts are expressed as to the healthiness of the island. Of course after all this we feel Mr. Prince *must* die; and he does, and the insurance office refuses to pay up the 15,000*l.* intended to replace the trust-money, and a dozen vulgar expressions will occur to the mind of the reader to explain the situation. As we have already hinted, Mr. Westall's book is by no means bad; but it is wanting in "go," and for lack of this quality even its excellences are unheeded.

The characters of the novel with the unpronounceable name—is it Nurse Elisha, or Nurse Elli-sia, or Nurse E-lish-ia?—are vulgar and disagreeable beyond the wont of their fellows. Nurse Elisia, so she spells her pseudonym, is really one Lady Cicely, a duke's daughter who has taken to nursing to still the beatings of her wounded heart. She is ideally patient and beautiful and resigned, and we are not surprised to find her addressed as "My child" by the elderly physician at the hospital, and also by the irascible old gentleman she has come to nurse. She is meekness herself, and of course soon gains over her patient's daughter, to whom she observes, in the moment of their reconciliation, that "the little heart is sore because of tender passages with one now crossing the sea," and that "the heart is pained because it is yielding to circumstances, and trying to forget the absent one, who will not be forgotten." Nurse Elisia is great upon hearts, and, a few pages later, she remarks to the old gentleman who has inquired if she has loved in the past, "Ask me no more, Mr. Elthorne. I gave my trusting girlish heart to one I believed good and noble, but I was rudely awakened from my dream; and, after a long illness, I devoted myself to the task of trying to help those in sore need of a woman's hand to nurse them back to life; sometimes—all too often—to close their eyes in death. Ask me no more." It seems hardly probable that a man like the rejected suitor, Sir Cheltnam Burwood, should have imposed on the trusting hearts of Lady Cicely's trustees, but there is no accounting for human imbecility. Enough has been said and quoted to show the sort of book Mr. Manville Fenn has written.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS.*

WHATEVER may be the merits of the literature of the eighteenth century, it does not give evidence of the general existence at that time of strong imaginative faculties. It is distinguished rather by a certain regularity of form, evidently produced by a strict conformity to models then considered classic. Its aim appears to be to restore the best period of Greek and Latin letters, rather than to develop individual imagination by any peculiarity of expression. Yet it was in the eighteenth century that the first attempts were made to reproduce, with some of their original luxuriancy, Oriental stories full of the most exuberant fancy and at variance with all Western canons of construction. Moreover, these stories enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and have been frequently translated into all European languages. Of these collections, the next in importance to the *Mille et un Nuits*, introduced by Galland, is the *Mille et un Jours*, translated by François Pétis de la Croix. It is true that the incidents of a large number of these and similar tales were already well known from the use made of them by mediæval writers. But in the middle ages they were treated in exactly the same way as stories derived from Greek or Latin sources—that is to say, artistically, in a peculiarly mediæval manner, with no regard to chronology. The eighteenth-century Orientalists, on the contrary, imitated as closely as they could the Arabic, Indian, or Chinese characteristics of the originals. A similar though not synchronous movement can be observed in painting. Once, the characters of Christian or of earlier Greek or Latin history or legend were represented by Italian senators, or Flemish burghers, or German knights. Later schools of painting have insisted on minute historical accuracy. Even the theory of heredity claimed recognition in pictorial art sooner than we usually imagine. It obliged painters of religious subjects to undertake journeys to remote provinces in order to study the inhabitants of unascertained sites as models for their supposititious ancestors.

It is, therefore, a question how the popularity of these highly imaginative Oriental tales in an unimaginative age can be explained. It may be that what imagination there was, unsatisfied by the dignity of Racine and the splendid dulness of Richardson, found relief in the unrestrained fancy of these stories. Or it may be that they represent the first appearance of the spirit of history in fiction. If this is so, the eighteenth century can boast the quintessence of Rationalism, Imagination itself turned antiquarian. But if the great collections of Oriental tales were only the antiquarian recreation of an age of rationalists, the version of the *Mille et un Jours* by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy presents them in their proper light as purely artistic romances. The translator has written an admirable uninstructive story-book in very fair English. It would, indeed, have been better if he had noticed in his modest preface that he had only included in his collection about two-thirds of the tales. But he has made his selection judiciously, and fills up with great skill the unavoidable rifts which he causes in the original. Shakspearian enthusiasts should be pleased with at least one of the tales. They will be able to trace the origin of *Romeo and Juliet* further than Giulietta, or Mariotto and Giannozza, or even than Anthia, back to its Eastern form in the story of the Princess Zelica. But we are sorry to miss the story of Avicena, even if it is not altogether to the credit of eminent physicians. It would have been interesting also to have compared the instances related of Indian transfusion of souls in the story of Prince Fadlallah with more recently and directly revealed doctrines on the subject. The information would come with authority, for the Sheikh Mocles, the Persian collector of the stories, was held in the deepest veneration for his knowledge of the occult sciences.

Mr. McCarthy, as a Persian scholar, wisely resists the temptation to exhibit scholarship, and avoids annotation. The principal notes of Pétis he skilfully incorporates in the text; the rest he omits, and improves his stories by doing so. But he would add to their interest if he had followed Pétis closely in giving certain important names. Pétis tells us, but Mr. McCarthy omits, that "the greatest of Chinese painters" is Many. This is no other than Manes, the founder of the Manichæans, perhaps the only founder of a religion who was himself a pictorial artist. When we think of the extraordinary veneration paid to the newly-painted Madonna of Cimabue, we can imagine the influence exercised by Manes's mysterious production, in propagating his doctrines. Again, the Chinese exclamation, "By the great prophet Jacmouny!" should have been left in its entirety, even if it had been necessary to interpolate an explanation that the word "Jacmouny" is the phonetic form of Sakia Mouni, the Great Buddha, called officially, in China, Fo. Once more, local Persian colour is lost when "By Aly!" is represented by "By Allah!" for Aly, the son-in-law of the Prophet, is the special patron of the Schyite sect of Mahometans. "By Allah!" is an oath common, of course, to both sects. But it may be that these omissions are due to Garnier's edition of the original French, from which the present English version was made, and not to the English translator. At any rate the slight inaccuracies of such graceful entertainment should not be carped at, lest Mr. McCarthy, put on his mettle as an Orientalist, should translate and annotate discourses of some earnest Persian prophet, and so fill up with instruction the few half-holidays which our own Fictional Moralists still allow us. The clear type and attractive appearance of the present edition remind us, by contrast, that there exists a shabby Bombay edition published in 1848, complete indeed, but destructive of the eyesight, and inaccessible. Pictorial illustration is especially superfluous when applied to Oriental tales, which are themselves sufficiently vivid. The two pictures which accompany Mr. McCarthy's book do not justify their superfluity.

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* *The Thousand and One Days—Persian Tales.* Edited by Justin Huntly McCarthy. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

AFRICAN BOOKS AND MAPS.*

THE third and last volume of Dr. Junker's *African Travels*, translated as before with unusual skill by Mr. A. H. Keane, has something more than the adventitious interest of appearing after the author's death, though not, so far as the German original is concerned, without his final revision. In many ways these four last years of the explorer's sojourn in the southern outskirts of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and his journey Europe-wards, by way of Unyoro and Uganda, when the northern way home was closed by the Mahdist revolt, exceed in interest the other records of his voyaging. During the earlier months he got nearer to the accomplishment of what may be regarded as the main problem of his long expatriation—the exploration and identifying of the upper waters of the Welle—than before. Southwards, he got within sixty miles of Mr. Stanley's northernmost, and with a little more luck and a little more boldness—for Dr. Junker seems to us to have carried to an extreme the *Chi va piano va sano* maxim—he might have reached the upper waters of the Ituri or Aruwimi, and bridged as no one had bridged before the narrow gap between the watersheds of the Congo and the Nile. Westwards he crept down the Welle Makua to within a very short distance of the point which Captain Van Gèle, of the Congo Free State, reached but the other day, in the reverse direction, by following the Ubangi upward. One cannot, in reading this book, but feel sometimes a little surprised that Dr. Junker did not make up his mind to ship himself in a canoe on one of the great rivers between which, as the Arthurian romances have it, he "hove" so long, and descend as wild adventure might lead him. But that evidently was not his line. He had no force with him, and never abused the advantages he possessed as a *protégé* of the Egyptian rulers of the district, much of which has been since thoughtlessly made over to the rather nondescript Belgian Government, which started as an "International Association," and seems now to have reached the status of a pretty close guild for something less than a nation. He went from Egyptian post to Egyptian post, from this native prince's zariba to that; harmless, beneficent, scientific, musical-box-playing. But he did not venture the great game. When the Nile was shut he abode in the Hat-el-Estiva (equatorial province) with Emin, of whom he gives rather an *aigre-doux* account, for some time; and then, while recommendations from that quarter had still not lost their force, journeyed by the Albert Nyanza, Unyoro, Uganda, and the present, but not then, German sphere to Zanzibar. He was an indefatigable surveyor, collector, observer of native ways. He never seems to have had to resort to the strong hand once during all his years of sojourning in the very wildest places of the earth. He withstood privation and disease—the disease which afterwards carried him off—with heroic fortitude. His book, besides containing abundant geographical and zoological information and much useful knowledge of divers kinds, is otherwise important. He shows both the premature extension and the insecure foundation of the Egyptian rule, but he shows also the prizes which await a really intelligent civilized Government in these regions and the absolute madness of abandoning them to the first comer. We cannot, considering certain more recent events, but be glad to meet a traveller who never seems to have forgotten that traveller is not the same word as crusader, still less as "free companion," and that the mere fact of being in somebody else's country does not give a man a right to bully and murder the owners.

This volume has, moreover, become of especial importance since it was published, owing to the Uganda discussion and the news that Belgian expeditions have certainly reached the Mambattu and Zandeh territories, in which Dr. Junker sojourned so long, while they may possibly have bridged the distance between the upper waters of the Welle and Aruwimi and those of the Nile itself. It is impossible for any one who, with some slight knowledge of military matters, reads Dr. Junker's book not to see how perfectly easy even this latter feat must or might have been. Shortly after Junker's departure Mr. Grenfell, M. Roget, and Captain Van Gèle were to show the ease with which the Ubangi-Welle could be followed up. It has always seemed to some careful readers of the history of Mr. Stanley's expedition, that the Aruwimi-Ituri might have been utilized much more than it was in a similar way. But the most important of the "lights" furnished by this book concerns not the access to the Nyam-Nyam-Mambattu-Momfu country, but the chances of an expedition when it has reached the district itself. And it is impossible not to see that these were unusually good. Instead of the *selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte* through which the Stanley expedition had to struggle, with no human presence except that of a few almost invisible enemies, with little game, no flocks or herds, and hardly anything eatable in the vegetation, Dr. Junker describes a comparatively open country, with forests only here and there, inhabited with pretty fair thickness, though not by tribes of any very great individual extent or warlike power, who are cultivators as well as herdsmen, live comfortably enough, and have plenty to spare. At the right season there could be no difficulty for any man, with a fair force at his back and a good store of presents in his hand, in making his way, partly by strength and partly by address, right through to the Nile. Whether Captain Van Kerckhoven did this or not, there seems, at any rate, very little doubt that he succeeded in establishing himself in not a few of the places where Junker wandered, and which long since ought to have been reunited in an English or Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. And, whether he did it or not, it is certain that what he did from the Belgian side of the Ubangi could be equally well done in very easily conceivable cases from the French side.

If not the least written about, the Royal Niger Company is the least puffed and "book-made" of the three great chartered bodies which have recently undertaken the commission to "Briticize" great portions of Africa. It has recently been the subject of brisk newspaper and Parliamentary skirmishing in connexion with the statements of that rather too typical Gaul, Lieutenant Mizon, who seems to have constructed his ideas of the duties of host to guest (when he is guest) rather on the pattern of Victor Hugo's celebrated story of the Bishop in *Les Misérables*. It is also from time to time pelted with complaints, of similar or dissimilar kinds, which wicked persons who know the world are wont to set down to trade jealousy. But still it is, on the whole, rather "carent of its sacred vate." Whether this has anything to do with the fact that it pays a solid dividend of six per cent. is a matter to which we would only allude in the most distant and delicate way in the world. Here, however, at last is a book, and a very good book, about its sphere, or a great part of it. Captain Mockler-Ferryman was private secretary and (he had actually to assume the part now and then) vizier to Major (now Sir) Claude Macdonald, the present Commissioner of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, when the Major was sent out in 1889. He was commissioned to see whether the burgomasters and great oneyers of the Niger and Benue had anything to say against the Company, and also, *de par le marché*, to try to patch up a peace between two tribes in Yorubaland. These tribes had, in a leisurely Homeric fashion, been carrying on war for several years at the back of Lagos, not apparently to their own great amusement, and very much to the disadvantage of that much-tried colony, which has since ceased to trouble itself about Ilorins and Ibadans, in order to trouble itself very much about Egbas and Jebus.

Major Macdonald and Captain Mockler-Ferryman (who is an enthusiastic entomologist) traversed most of the water system of the Lower Niger, the Benue, and part of the Quorra. They went up the Benue as far as, and, indeed, further than, Yola, the *residenz* of that European-hating Emir of Adamawa, who was as uncivil to them as to everybody until (according to M. Mizon) he discovered that all he had been waiting for was a Frenchman to love. They did their peace-making at Ilorin "after a sort," but most loyally and properly. They escaped not scathless, but only slightly scathed from the devilish climate of the delta—indeed, it was the healthiest time of the year. And they found, as any one with a little skill in interpreting books will see, not merely in the lines, but between them, that the Royal Niger Company was doing a very good work, and, so far from doing it in a robustious manner, was respecting all the new-fangled doctrines as to the negro's rights and property, the wickedness of selling him gin and cartridges, and the rest of it, in even a rather *plusquam*-scrupulous manner. When we remember that this purely trading Company has to undertake and pay for the police of a huge district, that it has also to pay great subsidies to distant Sultans who have rather nominal authority and less than nominal rights, that it has, in fact, to do for itself what it is generally supposed that either the trader's home government or the local government of the nation he trades with does for him—we really admire its success. And we stand astonished at its moderation in not merely suffering, but helping and treating kindly interlopers of the Mizon kind who would be "eaten up" in a moment but for it, and whose sole reason for coming at all is to poach and privateer in its waters. But let us not be understood as meaning that Captain Mockler-Ferryman takes a side in such matters. His book in this respect contrasts most pleasantly with the writings of M. Mizon himself,

* *Travels in Africa*, 1882–1886. By William Junker. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

Up the Niger. By Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman. London: Philip & Son. 1892.

The History of Africa. By R. Brown. Vol. I. London: Cassell. 1892.

Map of Africa South of the Equator. By G. Cawston. London: Stanford.

of Captain Binger, and of other Frenchmen who have dealt with the district, and, except an historic note of four lines referring to the place where M. Mizon's own folly got him into hot water, there is not a reference to "politics" or to French designs throughout the volume. It is a capital book of its kind, and though there is a rather despairing epilogue about Niger prospects, the substance of it belies this, and we think the author must have been a little jaundiced by the touch of fever which, after immunity for some time, he finally got.

Mr. Robert Brown's *History of Africa* may be dismissed, if anybody likes, as a compilation, and a popular compilation. It is, indeed, intended, as its shape and its illustrations show, not so much for the student's library as for the popular reading-room and book-table. It is, however, a compilation of much more than ordinary merit, and there will be very few students, not specialists, who will not find things in it which they did not know before. It does not deal, except very briefly, with the ancient or mediæval periods, or even with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, beginning practically about the middle of the eighteenth, when trade—especially the slave trade—began to foster exploration. The present volume is, for chronological and geographical reasons, both entirely occupied with the north-western side of the continent, and its two main subjects are the search for Timbuctoo (that singularly disappointing El Dorado which, such as it is, has come at last into the possession of the European country that had least to do with its finding), and the delta and banks of the Niger. The story is well told, there are abundant references to original authorities, and if Mr. Brown keeps up his method with equal success, the completed book will be of considerable value.

A very handy and effectively arranged wall-map, glazed, backed, and strung for hanging, of Africa South of the Equator has been drawn by Mr. George Cawston, and published by Mr. Stanford. It is probably intended chiefly to show the territory and "sphere" of the Cape Colonies and the British South-Africa Company; and a corner map, inset on the same scale, contrasts the extent of this great region forcibly with England and Wales. The various treaty delimitations are boldly given, with the principal natural features, and with a fair amount of minor details. The map runs up a little beyond the Equator, and might be very well supplemented by another on the same scale, but of a different shape, for Central Africa; the whole continent, in consequence of its tightening in at the waist, being difficult to get into a single map without a great space lost on water. South of the Equator, however, delimitation is pretty well done with, and all that is left (till war comes) is to make the best of what has been got. The southern half of Northern Africa is in a condition much more "grabbable," and attention to it is specially desirable that it be not grabbed by other nations than England.

MRS. BLIGH.*

WHATEVER may be the faults and shortcomings—and they are not few—of Miss Broughton's books, it is seldom indeed that she fails to make us langh, and in this dreary and solemn age that fact alone should obtain plenary absolution for worse sins than hers. Out of the ten novels that she has written, it is only the *Widower Indeed* which leaves the reader as gloomy as it found him. In each of the others—however severe our moral criticisms may be—there are passages that will move the most confirmed misanthrope to mirth, and often even to the tears which, in a sense not that of the poet, lie close to the root of the tree of laughter.

Mrs. Bligh in this respect resembles its predecessors. It has no story to tell, and its hero and heroine are unattractive as well as vulgar, but it is extremely amusing. *Mrs. Bligh* places her widowed affections on a middle-aged sculptor, who presses her hand and addresses her in notes as "Dear friend." It is not very clear why Sir Robert Coke (for that is his name) bestows so much trouble and time on this very rebarbative lady; it certainly is not for her undisguised admiration of him, as his own fascinations as well as his position enable him to command as much admiration as he cares for, and, besides, he seems to find it embarrassing; and it is not for the sake of her personal beauty, for she has none. Indeed, without ever giving the slightest hint as to her appearance, Miss Broughton somehow manages to leave on the mind of the reader the impression that Mrs. Bligh is of the red-nosed, hard-featured type. She is only too well aware of her failure as "a creature bright and good," and becomes furiously (and what is much worse) obviously jealous of her worshipper, Pamela Capel-Smith, a young lady strong in the qualities which are lacking in Mrs. Bligh. Pamela is very well drawn and very charming—when she ceases to worship Mrs. Bligh. It is an old story that very young girls are given to take sudden and violent infatuations for their elders, which nearly always prove oppressive and inconvenient for the victims, and the rise and fall of this attachment is depicted by Miss Broughton as humorously as truthfully. The "crowning glory," however, of the many clever bits of delineation, is her sketch of "Czar," the terrible "Czar," who produces outside of his adoring family the same feeling of impotent helplessness and despairing rage, that Barry Lyndon and Harold Skimpole must have produced on those who saw through them. The very *sobriquet* bestowed by himself betrays the character of the man better than many pages of description would have done. Most authors would have reversed the process, and made Czar's family writhe under the hourly sacrifices to his shrine demanded of them, and let the public be taken in, but Miss Broughton knows better than that. A few kind words and flowery references to good intentions impossible to be carried out under existing circumstances, bind wife, son, and daughters his slaves for life, and it is only left to their guests to marvel at their blindness.

It is to this household, located near Beaumaris, that Mrs. Bligh and Pamela come to spend a few weeks one spring, and on their arrival have the satisfaction of finding that Sir Robert Coke is likewise expected by some neighbours. Czar's (second) wife, Mrs. Mulholland, is an old schoolfellow of Mrs. Bligh's, and this unfortunate woman is made to feel, the moment she steps into the house, that "it's such a very serious thing to be a funny man." The reputation of her "deceased waggeries"—the school witticisms of former days—has preceded her, and her flow of conversation, never very great, is checked at every turn by an exclamation from her hostess:—"Ah! that is the kind of thing you used to say"; or, "Now you are beginning." It would be unkind to dwell upon the mere little thread of story that runs through the book—a story, too, with a very uncertain ending. Miss Broughton has never taken us captive by her plots or by her style. But her brightness and originality and her capacity for putting things quaintly are as strong as ever, and November fogs look less dreary than before after reading *Mrs. Bligh*.

* *Mrs. Bligh.* By Rhoda Broughton. London: Bentley & Son.

THE PURITANS.*

IF Mr. Campbell had put a reasonable limit on his reproductions of what other historians have written, and had been less prodigal of words, he might have said all that is worth attention in this book in one volume of no great size. He tells us that his principal design has been to show "the nature of the influences which shaped the character of the people of Holland and England when the early settlers of America left their homes," though this design appears to have been subsidiary to his desire to prove that the people of the United States owe far more to Holland than they do to England, that they ought not to be regarded as of English race, and that their institutions are of Dutch origin. The exaggeration that characterizes his theory, and the lack of form that is not less characteristic of his book, are both probably due to the fact that he started with the plan of writing a history of New York, and that after he "concluded to finish" it, he began an introduction which "gradually swelled" to these two volumes. He does not recognize that though the inhabitants of New York, and, indeed, of Pennsylvania and Delaware, were largely of non-English blood at the time of the rebellion, the American colonists were as a whole English in all the most important factors that make up the character of a people. Nor, though he acknowledges it, does he sufficiently bear in mind the close kinship between the English and the Dutch, the common origin of many of their institutions, and their community of sentiment. At the same time we are willing to admit that Mr. Campbell has exhibited, though in an exaggerated light, the undoubtedly strong influence that, directly and indirectly, Holland has had upon the United States. He points out the Dutch origin of the State of New York, and tells us that there at least exist traces of institutions and ideas clearly derived from Holland. This will scarcely strike our readers as a new discovery, though he believes that our national vanity has led us to regard the Americans as a purely English race. He insists justly enough on the effect that communication and sympathy with Holland had upon the Puritan movement in England—believing, though here he is mistaken, that this is a point not generally recognized by English historians—and consequently upon the Puritan colonists, and notes several analogies between the insti-

* *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America: an Introduction to American History.* By Douglas Campbell, A.M., LL.B., Member of the American Historical Association. 2 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

tutions of the old Dutch Republic and the United States of America. Unfortunately he goes much further than this, and even maintains—so at least we understand him, though it is not always easy to find out exactly what he is trying to prove—that the men who framed the Federal Constitution built chiefly on precedents derived from Holland, and did not, at any rate to any large extent, draw upon their knowledge of the English Constitution. Here he is wrong. The Constitution of 1789 is full of proofs of the influence exercised by the English Constitution on the minds of the delegates at Philadelphia, though we are, of course, far from denying that they owed much to other influences, and specially to their experience of the State constitutions, which were themselves in great measure derived from the English system. If before sending these volumes to press Mr. Campbell had carefully studied Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, we cannot but think that he would have modified some of his theories. His book is too contentious in tone for an historical work; it is padded out with a monstrous amount of matter taken at second hand, and it contains proof that the writer did not always understand what he was talking about.

Mr. Campbell corrects the *Saturday Review* for pointing out that Calvinism and Republicanism in America bore fruit in intolerance, cruelty, and treachery. While he does not deny the sins of his fathers, he maintains that they committed them, not because they were Puritans—we spoke of a certain sort of Puritans—but because they were Englishmen; for we must, it seems, be held responsible for the sins of the Americans, while the Dutch are credited with their virtues. To take one only of the offences referred to here, for our space is limited, we do not see that Mr. Campbell brings forward any parallel in England in the last years of the seventeenth century to the wholesale murders of the witchcraft panic. According to him, however, the New Englanders should at that time have been bright examples to their kinsfolk over here; for he declares that the Puritan settlers were in religion and civilization far in advance of those whom they left in England. It is because there are people both here and in America that talk thus foolishly that we sometimes speak of the evil deeds of these settlers, and note the obvious fact that American Puritanism, remote from the more liberal influences of the civilization of the Old World, found expression in a system of religious despotism, not less cruel in operation than unlovely in character. We should scarcely have noticed Mr. Campbell's complaint against us were it not that he alleges that the *Saturday Review* is "always unfriendly to everything American." Here, again, he is mistaken. All things good that come before us from America receive an ungrudging welcome here. Of all things bad and foolish, whether in America or anywhere else, we shall, as hitherto, speak plainly, and without fear or favour. We do not believe that any American whose judgment is unwarped by morbid sensitiveness will echo Mr. Campbell's silly accusation.

The larger part of this book is taken up with comments on the history of England and of the Netherlands, and with narratives of events in both countries during the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuart kings, written in order to show "the two main streams of civilization which affected the early settlers in America." Mr. Campbell's history is mainly drawn from other modern authors, and may be read more pleasantly in their books. His acquaintance with original authorities may be estimated by his quotation of a document in the *Fœdera* through the medium of a translation in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and by the fact that he knows Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* only as "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." His first argument is founded on a comparison between England and the United States, out of which England comes so badly that it is no wonder that he decides that the origin of American institutions must be sought elsewhere. Here he finds a "Church which exacts a tax from every one, and which is the chief bulwark of the aristocracy," a "so-called Constitution," an Upper House with no power "except that of obstruction," an area of cultivation limited by the "luxury and ostentation of the rich," and a condition of local government "incredible to an American," and above all, no doubt, to a New Yorker, when he remembers the glories of the Tweed Ring, or watches the proceedings of ward-workers. The next long section of the book, which deals with the Revolt of the Netherlands to 1585, need scarcely be read by any one possessing Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Mr. Campbell implies that he would not have written it if he could have assumed that his readers "would be fresh from the study of Motley's works." If any one needs to refresh his memory as to what a scholarly historian has written, he would do more wisely to refer to that historian's books than to read his story retold by a less competent writer with some help from other modern works. We may observe, too, that though accounts of the splendour of Flemish towns fairly belong to Motley's plan, they are out of place in a book dealing with the influence of Holland. However, Motley writes of Antwerp, which we assure Mr. Campbell was never included in Holland, "The sovereign as Marquis of Antwerp was solemnly sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws," and tells us of its "stately Exchange, where five thousand merchants daily congregated," and Mr. Campbell pads out his book by copying him thus:—"The sovereign was simply Marquis of Antwerp"—this is ludicrous, for the Marquisate of Antwerp pertained to the Duchy of Brabant, and the Duke of Brabant, at the time of which Mr. Campbell, or, rather, Motley, is writing, had more titles than we have space for here, beginning with that of Emperor of the Romans—"and was sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws." And again, "in its superb Exchange five thousand merchants were daily congregated," and so on, without any indication of the clumsy conveyance. By the help of pilfering of this sort, Mr. Campbell is enabled to darken by contrast the picture that he draws of the mediæval history of England. Before the Norman Conquest we are "in a very dark valley," and the Conquest rises before us "a lofty brilliant mountain." What this has to do with the Puritans, or, indeed, what it means, we cannot say; it is probably a piece of original composition. From the Conquest to the date of the Great Charter we are told that the English have little connexion with English history; which is a strange saying, though equalled by the description of the Charter as "an enumeration of rights and privileges claimed by Norman retainers under Norman dukes." At last we get to the reign of Elizabeth and to the Puritans, about whom Mr. Campbell does not appear to have anything new to say. Here, however, he occasionally refers to Strype's works. He is severe on Elizabeth and on Archbishop Parker, tells us that the Queen's policy must not be judged by its success, and shows that he understands it very imperfectly. We have chapters on the Reformation in Scotland, the English in the Netherlands, and the Armada, chiefly made up out of the histories of Motley and Mr. Froude, though neither of them is responsible for the ignorant sneer that Elizabeth's speech to the troops at Tilbury was "a humorous incident," being made, so Mr. Campbell asserts, when the Queen knew that all danger was past.

After a sketch of the development of Puritanism in England, and of the rise of the Separatists, Mr. Campbell notes that Holland gave shelter to many of the religious refugees from England, and points out the influence that the Dutch Anabaptists had upon the rise of the Baptist and Quaker sects. He has some original information, supplied by the Hon. S. Thayer, with reference to earlier English settlers in Holland, who went thither for purposes of trade. From one of the refugee congregations in Holland came the "Pilgrim Fathers," who were, we are told, "not typical Englishmen," but "picked men," intellectually and morally, which was the reason why "their experiment of self-government succeeded, while it failed so disastrously at home." The circumstances of the Republicans in England were surely somewhat different from those of the American settlers. Mr. Campbell continues the history of Holland down to the close of the war with Spain, drawing largely on Motley's *John of Barneveld*, though he has read and uses some criticisms upon it. He devotes a chapter to the institutions that have, in his opinion, been borrowed by the Americans from the Dutch, having been brought over to America partly by the Dutch colonists of New York and partly by the Puritan settlers in Massachusetts and other New England colonies. Among these he reckons the United States Senate, which, he believes, received its special character from the Dutch Republic by way of Pennsylvania, the restrictions on the power of the executive, the "basal fact," as he calls it, of a written Constitution, the ballot, and the system of criminal procedure. His last chapter deals with the important element introduced into the population of the United States by the immigration of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. He ends his book with an anticipation of the time when the influence of the Dutch Republic shall have had its perfect work, when, having already inspired the Puritans of England, and the people of the United States, it shall have won its final victory in the establishment of a republic in England fashioned after the American model. Then "the complete history of English civilization will probably be written," and will "be supplemented by a complete history of the United States." The threat of monumental works, to be constructed on the lines of Mr. Campbell's two volumes, adds a fresh terror to the thought of a Republican millennium.

THE FAUNA OF ARGYLL.*

ONCE more we have to welcome an instalment of that unique zoological geography of Scotland which Mr. David Douglas is publishing for the satisfaction of all sportsmen and other good men. This series of books sustains to the full the prestige of its earlier volumes, and will certainly take its place as the most complete topographical natural history which has been produced in illustration of any country in the world. It will, perhaps, be remembered that the ordinary sequence of the volumes was disturbed, in 1890, by the publication of the late Mr. H. D. Graham's *The Birds of Iona and Mull.* This was a compendium of the notes of a lifetime, drawn up with so much freshness and humour, and by so accurate an observer, that it would have been a thousand pities to have lost it. At the time, however, we felt some anxiety as to the disturbance that volume might cause in the regular sequence of the series. The present volume, which deals with the whole district of which Iona and Mull are a part, is that in which such disturbance would naturally be felt. As a fact, we confess that it is somewhat felt. Charming as the present work is, it is a fragment, and its completeness is marred by the existence of Mr. Graham's book.

But if Mull and Iona are practically excluded from the present publication, in order not to clash with Mr. Graham, we still are unable to account for the perfunctory treatment of the mainland or continent of Argyll. The geographical portion of the book is devoted almost entirely to the islands, and that to the exclusion of the most important, Islay, Jura, Mull, and the entire group in Loch Linnhé. Of the outlying inner Hebrides, from Canna to Oronsay, it is an exhaustive monograph, far more complete, as well as more picturesque, than any which has before been published. This is doubtless that portion of the county which is least accessible and least known, and for an account of these remote islands we are very grateful. This fragment, however, is not Argyll, and we hope that the present volume does not exhaust what our authors have to say. They have told us very little about Coll and Colonsay. Will they not return to these islands in another volume which shall include Islay and Jura?

Perhaps the most interesting, because certainly the most novel, pages in this book are those in which is described the isolated rock of Hysgeir. This islet, which lies between Rum and Barra, but at a great distance from each, can be best approached from Canna, of which it is a dependency. It is an irregular crescent of basalt, "glaciated off at the summits into rounded lumps, yet leaving the upper surfaces of the columns like a section of honeycomb, every pentagonal column distinctly seen or only partially concealed by a hoary growth of lichen." This rock is cut into by deep voës or sounds, with land-locked pools at the heads of them, the largest forming a splendid harbour of shelter for lobster-smacks. It was, in fact, an unfortunate day for zoology when the fishermen discovered these almost invisible roadways up into still water; for these pools had hitherto been the undisturbed breeding-place of the great grey seal (*Halichærus gryphus*), one of the noblest and rarest of British quadrupeds, entirely oceanic and insular in its habits, and rapidly becoming extinct in our waters. Nine feet is by no means an extraordinary length for this noble animal to reach. We are very glad that Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley have resisted the temptation to give close particulars regarding the distribution of the great grey seal, their notes being, as they grimly indicate, not put down for the benefit of "yachts' crews and general depredators."

The chapter which deals with Rum is particularly rich and exhaustive. This island, perhaps the most beautiful on the coast of Scotland, where exquisite rock-scenery is so prevalent, is often seen, but rarely visited. All those who voyage to Skye and to the Outer Hebrides, by means of the steamer from Oban, know the majestic cone of purple which rises between them and the sunset as the ship passes into the Sound of Sleat. But there is no inducement for the tourist to land on this insular deer-forest, on which, or we are greatly mistaken, his presence is sternly deprecated. Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley have explored Rum to their heart's content, and they speak with great discretion, in memory, doubtless, of the hospitality which they received. But we can read between the lines when they speak of it as "one of the most desirable properties in Scotland," if in the hands of a landlord anxious and willing to improve it without impoverishing the people. People, in the strict sense of the word, there are none. The crofters were, to a man, ejected by an earlier holder of the property, and now this magnificent island is inhabited by exactly forty-seven persons, all of them servants of the estate. Two episodes of unusual interest may be pointed out in our authors' chapter on Rum, their account of Lord Salisbury's unsuccessful attempt in 1847 to concentrate all the water of the island in the Kilmory Glen, and Mr. Harvie-Brown's attempt to explore the inland nesting-rocks of the shearwater in 1881. This interesting bird, the Manx shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*), breeds on ledges upon the face of vast terraced cliffs, usually over the sea, but in Rum it haunts the interior of the island, nesting at inaccessible altitudes, two thousand feet above the sea. It appears to be a mistake that either of the other shearwaters now occurs on the Scottish coast, where *anglorum* itself is becoming rare.

The great headquarters of this beautiful bird in Scotland still are, however, Eigg, where we are exceedingly glad to hear that in 1891 the Fachachs, as the natives call the shearwaters, were "every bit as plentiful as ever," in spite of cruel persecutions in 1886 and at other times. The natural conformation of Eigg is singularly favourable to them, for here they have five or six miles of cliff-face practically inaccessible. This nesting-place is not on the startlingly picturesque Scuir of Eigg, the huge mass of igneous rock lifted upon porphyry columns, which strikes the eye as a portent out to sea, when we sail round the promontory of Airdnamurchan, but on the northern peninsula of the island, the whole arc of stubborn coast from Cleadale to Rudla nan Tri. Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley's description of the view from the summit of the Scuir is a marvellously vivid one. It is amusing to learn that there are no "vermin" left in Eigg, for the peregrine falcons, like St. Patrick, have put an end to them all. Here are some sensible remarks about the preservation of *raptores*, to which the acknowledged authority of our author gives special value:—

> 'We are not of those who sympathize with all the abuse hurled at some of our birds of prey, but we think there is a good deal of *invertebrate twaddle* talked about indiscriminate preservation of them on the one hand, and equally indiscriminate slaughter on the other. But, again, there is a great deal of truth spoken also, and arguments used which cannot be refuted by either side. . . . We consider it [the peregrine] quite too common a species to allow us to tremble for its future; and we consider it to be, also, a species well able to look out for itself.'

But while it is all very well to speak in this way of the peregrine falcon, we could wish that Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley could have brought themselves to show more zeal for certain other still more noble species. The osprey is almost extinct in Scotland, the Greenland falcon has not been seen for a quarter of a century, the kite has absolutely disappeared, and the sea-eagles return no more to the cliffs of Skye and Rum, where they were once abundant. Everywhere the rage of the keepers has destroyed these grand birds, impoverishing our fauna with pitiless completeness. Even the golden eagles, which used to be carefully preserved in Rum, Jura, and other islands, have now been ruthlessly destroyed. Probably, when it is altogether too late to call back any of these splendid forms, a wiser and broader policy will prevail. Already the owner of Rum is desirous most carefully to protect the eagles; but alas! there are no longer any eagles to protect.

Our authors do not appear to have visited the Skerryvore, but they have an unusually full account of the interesting island of Tiree, the one of all the inhabited islands of Argyllshire which projects furthest west into the Atlantic. The illustrations form so admirable and attractive a part of these books that we cannot help wishing, this time, that they were more abundant. The best is the capital plate of the sea-otter, opposite p. 16, and another of great interest is that of the nesting-place of the Arctic terns off Hysgeir. "An Incident in the Brander Pass," where a seal is chasing a salmon, is not very successfully reproduced. The maps, as usual, are excellent, and add very greatly to the practical value of the volume. Those of Rum, of Eigg, and of Tiree could not be improved. We have but one criticism to make. Either Messrs. Harvie-Brown and Buckley should use the Gaelic spelling in their text or they should add the ordinary or English spelling to the Gaelic names in their maps. At present, it is sometimes difficult to make the map illustrate the text. For instance, in the account of Tiree we read again and again of Kennevara Head, but we search for that name in vain upon the map, until it dawns upon us that Beinn Ceann-a-bharra must be the promontory in question.

* *A Vertebrate Fauna of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides.* By J. A. Harvie-Brown and T. E. Buckley. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

SKAT.*

IT is one of the necessities of the age that no sooner does a game of skill come into vogue than there springs up a crop of literature on the subject, which has to be mastered by

* *The Game of Skat.* By A. Hertefeld. Translated and Edited by Professor Hoffmann. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1893.

those who wish to excel in its most recondite methods. Had this been the case formerly, our shelves might now be enriched with treatises on "The Royal Game of Goose," on ombre, and other pastimes which delighted our forefathers; and it is still open to the editors of the Badminton Series to issue a volume on cup and ball, marbles, and the like. The latest addition to this class of literature is a translation by Professor Hoffmann of a book on the German game of skat, written by A. Hertefeld, the "Games editor" of the newspaper *Ueber Land und Meer*. It appears that Altenburg has another claim to distinction besides being the scene of the famous Prinzenraub; it was for years the depository of the secrets of the game of skat. The origin of this game is believed to be Italian, and its name to have been derived from the word *scarto*, "I discard" —two discards being an important feature of the game. From Altenburg it was introduced into Leipzig early in this century, and speedily became the rage among the students of that University; during the last twenty-five years it has spread over the whole of Germany, and has everywhere obtained popularity. Among the merits of skat may be mentioned the fact that it is specially designed for three players; for card games, worthy of the name, of this description are still very rare. Another advantage is that, as will be presently described, there are many varieties of the game to be chosen at the discretion of the player, and so unlimited scope for judgment and strategy is afforded. A hand which is hopeless from one point of view may be a very good one from another, and by a judicious selection of the particular "game" to be declared, the player may alter all the conditions of the fight.

We have not space for a minute description of skat, which, indeed, is somewhat complicated, but will indicate some of its peculiar features, leaving those of our readers who have not hitherto played the game to determine whether they will pursue their studies further. In skat one, who is called "the Player," contends against the other two, who are called "opponents" or "partners." The cards used are those of the piquet pack, consisting of thirty-two cards, the six and those below it being rejected. The four knaves, or "matadors," are regarded as trumps in all games where trumps are used, and rank first, the order of the remaining cards being ace, ten, king, queen, nine, eight, seven. The knave of clubs is the paramount trump, and the other knaves follow in the order of spades, hearts, and diamonds, and this order is always maintained whatever may be declared the trump suit. The games have an established order of precedence, and the person who bids for or "provokes" the highest game is called "the Player"; he then uses his best endeavours to win the game he has declared, while the other two competitors unite their forces to prevent his doing so. For practical purposes the order of the games, beginning with the lowest, is as follows: Tourné, solo in diamonds, solo in hearts, solo in spades, solo in clubs, grando, grando ouvert, nullo, nullo ouvert, revolution. The dealer, who is not necessarily the Player, deals ten cards to each, two being left over. These two cards are known as the skat, and in tourné games they are taken into the hand of the Player, who discards two of his own in their place. Before taking in the skat cards the Player turns up one of them, and the card so turned up decides the trump suit for that round. The second card is taken into the hand without being shown.

Skat is a game of points not of tricks, that is to say, the reckoning is based not on the number of tricks made, but on the points the tricks contain. An ace counts eleven, a ten ten, king four, queen three, and knave two; the total amount in the four suits thus being 120. The Player is bound to make in each round more than half the total, or 61 points, or else he loses to each opponent the value of the game he is playing; should he succeed, he receives the full value from each. Further penalties are also inflicted if either of the players is declared Schneider or Schwartz, which is analogous to the little and great Schlemm of German whist. The method of scoring is exceedingly complicated, and marks the game as essentially German. An Englishman likes to play for something tangible, and to be able to calculate the amount he has won or lost as easily and quickly as possible. A German likes to burden his score with a vast number of contingencies and additions with the object of multiplying the points, and of magnifying the apparent amount of his winnings or losings. As, however, the value of the points is frequently put at a pfennig, or a hundredth part of a shilling, much harm cannot be done. At whist, for instance, by the German method of computation the number of points is almost infinite, but the amount won or lost is rarely so much as at ordinary English points. In skat each game has its own special value, rising in order of precedence. This is called "the basis-number," but it has to be multiplied by another determined by the unit representing the value of the game, plus the matadors with or without which it is played, and what may be called the contingencies of the game. We have not space to enter into further technicalities, but we think that if skat is to become popular in England, some simpler method of scoring will have to be devised. The author of the book has done his work well, and the theory of the game is plainly and lucidly set forth. The book will probably long remain the recognized authority for the students of skat.

THE SECRET OF NARCISSE.*

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Edmund Gosse was writing a romance, we believe there was a considerable fluttering in three-volume dovecots. Mr. Gosse, along with other critics, has hurled at different times certain pebbles at some of the novelists, who, on learning that the enemy was building a little glass-house all to himself, rejoiced exceedingly. We fear, however, that *The Secret of Narcisse* will prove to them a very bitter disappointment. Its author is still as far removed from the general crowd of everyday novelists as he has ever been. What is to them a source of pain is to us a pleasure. Mr. Gosse has chosen the better part, and has not sought for popularity, but the appreciation of those who care for literature for its own sake, knowing little of the literary commodities esteemed by Mrs. Oliphant as the "*daily bread*" of a reading public. And he will assuredly find that appreciation. The admirers of M. Huysmans have assured a sceptical people that the quality they look for in the master's work is not one of construction, or even characterization, but merely a criticism of life, men, literature, and things. Now, this quality is the great distinction of Mr. Gosse's romance, enhanced, in our opinion, by two very subtle studies of character. Then it has "background" and "atmosphere," which the pious decadent alone can value at their true worth. In this stern, almost iron, age of realism and naturalism there are critics who tell us, with some show of reason, that a great contemporary literature should always handle contemporary life. All Shakspeare's characters are essentially Elizabethan, just as Dante's poetry is essentially mediæval and the novels of Fielding so characteristic of life in the eighteenth century; while works such as *La Terre*, *Hedda Gabler*, and *The Kreutzer Sonata* are so very modern as to belong to the end of next century rather than to the end of this. They have fallen a little on the other side. Yet no rule (supposing this to be a rule) was ever so thoroughly proved by the splendour of exceptions. In French we have only to take the *Notre Dame de Paris* of Hugo and the *Salammbô* of Flaubert, and, in English, *Esmond*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or *Marius the Epicurean*, as examples—there are not many more, but there may be a few more. Such stories as these—all masterpieces in their way—placed against a background of which none of us can speak from experience, are above the pedantry of scholarship and the blustering of the archæologist. They each possess their illusion or atmosphere. This effect may have been obtained either by scholarship, by archæology, or pilfering from Erasmus, or by instinct and genius only. It is of no importance how it be obtained, so long as it is there. Now it is in his background—Bar-le-Duc in the sixteenth century—that Mr. Gosse is so particularly successful, where he might so easily have failed. There is no history and no archæology. There may or may not be any anachronisms. Let us hope there are; they would be a merit rather than a defect. The book resembles some delicately-finished, clear-coloured picture of the late Flemish painters with the perspective awry, which leaves the traces of the renaissance and decadence that set in almost simultaneously in Northern Europe. It would be difficult to find a work in Teutonic literature for the purposes of comparison. But the plot is certainly Hoffmannesque, and the treatment is such as we expect from Mr. Walter Pater in his *Imaginary Portraits*. The resemblance of Narcisse to Denys L'Auxerrois will occur to any one familiar with that exotic and delightful character. This is probably accidental, for Mr. Gosse has no model, and follows no school but his own. There is a humour, too, entirely foreign to Mr. Walter Pater; and he has little sympathy for the period of which he writes. His is the critical, almost cold, attitude favoured by Prosper Mérimée. In places where Gautier would revel Mr. Gosse hurries by; the scenes over which Mr. Pater would linger, opportunities for "splendid sins and exquisite amusements," Mr. Gosse tramples on impatiently. The plot, as we have hinted, is quite slight, and is only intended, we take it, as scaffolding.

Narcisse Gerbillard, or Gerbillon (for some reason or other he is called both indifferently), is a pupil of Richier, the sculptor of

* *The Secret of Narcisse.* By Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1892.

the famous skeleton tomb (famous for its ingenuity rather than its artistic worth). He has been left behind at Bar-le-Duc by his master, and being a stranger is looked on with some suspicion and even dislike by the Barrois. He has become betrothed, however, to Rosalie, the daughter of a gunsmith for whom he works. His enthusiasm is divided between his love for her and his "great" invention—the White Maiden—a monstrous musical toy, such as great artists have often wasted their ingenuity in contriving. In an idle fit of jealousy, Rosalie accuses her lover of "walking with the devil." The report is spread by her family, and the angry populace break into his house, where a sight of the music-making skeleton only confirms their suspicions. Narcisse is condemned to be strangled and burnt. Finally, accused by his betrothed and found guilty of witchcraft—a crime then more terrible than heresy—the wretched Narcisse learns that his masterpiece is destroyed. The conception of a man who has spent some years making an absurd toy, hoping to rival his master, having no originality, but a clever knack of imitation, is very pathetic. To the present generation the charge of sorcery is always wanting in plausibility. We cannot get rid of its ludicrous side; but Mr. Gosse, with consummate art, elicits our sympathy, and has convinced us of the tremendous tragedy by the *method* of the accusation rather than by the accusation itself. Narcisse is a perfect type of the sixteenth century, when even quite second-rate men were always achieving the impossible, both in science mechanics and religious dialectics. In the heroine, Rosalie, Mr. Gosse has shown complete restraint. She is the pretty, stupid, typical girl whom we should expect to find in the sixteenth no less than in the nineteenth century. In the end she half believes the calumny she has originated. We are thus persuaded of her charm far more than had she been presented as the conventional heroine, an Hypatia of education who alone understood *l'homme incompris*.

NEW PRINTS.

FROM Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., of the Goupil Gallery, we have received five examples of the art of reproducing paintings, which show the remarkable advance that has been made since the introduction of photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co. Simple photogravure, though the least mechanical of the reproductive processes, as the more successful of the specimens first published clearly proved, could not be applied to all descriptions of painting with any certainty of a happy rendering. Certain schemes of colour proved unfriendly. Now and again there would be false or exaggerated accents to be corrected, or a loss of quality in the interpretation to be redeemed. These matters of correction or compensation have engaged the hand of the artist—the mezzotinter, for example, in certain instances—and the reproductive art, conveniently described as Goupil-gravure, has passed through various phases of development to the stage of efficiency it has now attained. The five specimens before us are certainly interesting and adequate renderings of paintings that vary as greatly in technical character as in subject. Three of these are "reductions." The other two are Th. Weber's "On the Quay at Dordrecht," and "The Harbour at Gravelines," both of which are notable for the spirit and fidelity with which the admirable originals are translated. Mr. Phil R. Morris's "Friends or Foes?" a popular Academy picture of two little primrose-gatherers startled by a herd of inquisitive fallow-deer, is an entirely successful reproduction, and, in our opinion, more pleasing than the original work. Mr. Hemy's vigorous and dramatic painting of the rescue of the crew and passengers of a wrecked vessel by the lifeboat—"Women and Children First"—appears to us less completely rendered, owing to a certain lack of force in the tumultuous water about the lifeboat. In Cecil Lawson's "Marsh Lands," however, we have a most admirable reproduction of a beautiful work that has previously engaged the engraver's skill. No other landscape of this gifted artist—not even the National Gallery example, nor "The Minister's Garden"—is so expressive of his genius and accomplishment. In this graceful composition, with its elegant arrangement of curving tree-stems and dim, misty vistas of plashy meads with browsing cattle, there is a suggestion of Constable's "Salisbury," where the ethereal Cathedral, and soaring, sunny spire in the blue and fleecy sky are similarly set in a frame of arching elm-boughs.

From the same publishers we have a selection from their "Estampe-Miniature" series, which comprises a variety of reproductions of modern painters, reduced to "album" size, and printed in warm browns or pale blues with excellent finish. The series embraces work of almost every conceivable style in modern art. There are examples of Delaroche, Dupré, Jean Béraud, Grolleron, V. Gilbert, Marchetti, Mr. T. M. Hemy, with a capital representation of the admirable studies of French sporting dogs by O. de Penne.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

MR. DE WINDT'S *Siberia* comes as a counterblast to the remarkably interesting volumes of Mr. Kennan which we lately reviewed. Mr. Kennan, in what struck us as a singularly straightforward narrative, painted from minute personal observation the horrors of the Russian convict system and the sufferings of the political exiles. The fact that *Siberia* is prefaced by an introduction by Mme. de Novikoff sufficiently indicates the point of view from which it is written. Mme. de Novikoff has notoriously the courage of her patriotism. She declares that philanthropy is a conspicuous feature of the Russian administration, and even permeates the prisons. She contrasts the Russian judicial system with the English, decidedly to the advantage of the former, and apologizes for the leniency of Russian juries. Jurors will rather let many criminals escape than doom a single innocent man. Possibly that may partly explain why the Czar and the Minister of the Interior have been recently violating the constitutional concessions guaranteed to Finland by suppressing trial by jury in that country. Be that as it may, perhaps we may fairly assume that Mr. De Windt was indebted to Mme. de Novikoff's influence for his excellent reception by the Russian police, and the recommendations and general visiting orders with which they provided him. We may say at once that we do not for a moment impeach his honesty, and we take his story as he truthfully tells it. But we must remember that, while Mr. Kennan devoted months or years to an exhaustive inspection of the prisons, forwarding stations, transport barges, and convict settlements, from the Urals eastward, Mr. De Windt only visited two of the prisons and a single convict barge. As to both these prisons, the head of the department in St. Petersburg assured him that their state was unsatisfactory, and that they left a good deal to desire. Mr. De Windt, who took the local officials by surprise, anticipating the proposed date of his visits, was on the whole agreeably surprised. Where Mr. Kennan came on overcrowding and intolerable stenches, Mr. De Windt found fresh air and sufficient elbow-room. He rather represents the eastward progress of a chain-gang as a sensational pleasure party, where the roughness and the leg-irons give a sort of barbarous zest to a popular picnic of semi-barbarians. Political offenders may suffer more, yet even they have carriages, such as they are, at their command, and often find themselves in clover, if they can resign themselves to the loss of liberty. One gentleman, for example, is sketched as smartly attired in a frock-coat, seated in a bright cell looking out on a shrubbery, with books and writing materials on the table, flowers in the window, and a coffee-tray on a chair. Others who were supplied with money had comfortable meals sent in from without, and had developed a passion for perpetual cigarette-smoking. The officials seemed to treat them all with civility and consideration, as the soldiers in general were friendly and good-humoured in the supervision they exercised over the rougher convicts. On all which, it may be remarked that it has always been admitted that much depends on the disposition of particular officials, for one of the worst features of the system is the despotic power of the individual. Also that, as Mme. de Novikoff observes, the Russian peasant is naturally of a cheerful disposition, and has been so accustomed to hardships from his cradle upwards, that his spirits rise with a sufficiency of gratuitous food. Mr. Kennan also was surprised by the merriment in overcrowded barges, where the prisoners for the time were tolerably comfortable. But what Mr. Kennan asserts of the system cannot be denied; the indisputable facts, and their inevitable consequences, speak for themselves; and his darkest and strongest statements are confirmed by quotations from official letters and reports. We can only hope, and indeed we believe, that in the few years that have elapsed between the two visits matters have been changing considerably for the better.

The book itself deserves great praise as an interesting story of adventurous travel. Mr. De Windt had already shown his courage and his enterprise when he made his way through the droughts and the dangers of the Gobi Desert in crossing two continents from "Pekin to Calais." There was nothing so formidable as the dismal Gobi in his present expedition, yet he met with

* *Siberia as It Is.* By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

Palms and Pearls; or, Scenes in Ceylon. By Alan Walters. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

exciting adventures enough; to say nothing of eccentric characters. Communications beyond Ekaterinburg had been interrupted by heavy rains, and he had to run a race against time and his numerous fellow-passengers to catch the steamer at Tiumen, under penalty of being delayed for a week. Having failed to hire a tarantass, he was reduced to buying one, and though the bargain sounded cheap, it proved a bad one. Rotten fragments of wood were clinging to a skeleton framework, and the state of the axles caused him well-founded anxiety. Drawn by meagre little horses "as hard as nails and flying like the wind" through the ruts and quagmires that marked the track, of course it ultimately broke down. Then he hunted in the dark for another vehicle to replace it, through an apparently deserted village. He saved his distance, as he says, by a second or two; but his bones were aching for many a day afterwards, and he carried away "myriads of uninvited fellow-travellers" from the filthy straw on which he had reclined. At Tobolsk he had an opportunity of remarking the humanity of the officer directing the shipment of convicts; but he was sadly impressed by the wild and wailing lament which is the famous "Charity Song" of the forlorn exiles. He has little to say in favour of the Siberian millionaires who have made their money by mining or otherwise. They are arrogant, vulgar, and ostentatious, and barbarous even in their hospitality. They drink or gamble, but are unsusceptible to the tender passion. He travelled on the steamer with an enormously wealthy family, who lived like misers and fed like pigs. He went to a ball at Tomsk, where the women were worse dressed than the men, who wore evening coats with high-buttoned waistcoats and shepherd's plaid trousers. As for the son of the house, he figured in jack-boots and a flannel shirt. There was a sumptuous supper, with champagne and liqueurs to indiscretion, and towards morning the noise and heat became unendurable. But such banquets of Sardanapalus are exceptional. Even the millionaire fares coarsely, if not scantily, and the traveller is too often on the verge of starvation, though he may have learned to be content with black bread and vodka. As for the inns, the hotel at Tiumen was a trifle worse than that at Tomsk, though there was little to choose between them. The bedroom was tumbling to pieces; he could see into the apartment above; the flooring was rotten, and, of course, carpetless; and absolutely the only article of furniture was a truckle bed with a ragged mattress. The scanty bedding swarmed with white bugs, a variety which seems peculiar to Siberia, and carries poison in the bite; and the room was infested by large grey rats. There was nothing of any kind in the larder; and the common lavatory was a filthy puddle in the yard. Mr. De Windt tempts tourists with the promise of excellent sport in some of the more remote districts; but we should say that in the meantime all travellers in Siberia should unite the iron philosophy of the Stoic to the stern frugality of the Spartan.

Mr. Walters has scarcely done himself justice in his title; for *Palms and Pearls* suggests the idea of superficial sketches of a sensational globe-trotter. In reality he has written the best "all-round" volume on Ceylon since Tennant. He is a scholar and a linguist; he knows the country thoroughly; he is a close observer and something of a humourist, and he writes in a lively and attractive style. He deals at length and in minute knowledge with religion and history; he describes the traces still discernible of a magnificent past; the changes that have been introduced under European occupation; the various industrial and agricultural speculations which have brought wealth to a few and ruin to many, and the countless blessings which nature has lavished on what ought to be a paradise for the native Cinghalese. As for strangers from colder climes, they take diametrically opposite views, according to their constitutions, habits, and experiences. Some have praised Ceylon as their ideal of Heaven, while others have cursed it as a veritable Pandemonium. Mr. Walters, as we might expect, holds to a middle opinion. The climate is trying to Europeans, and in the low-lying districts it is often deadly. But with care it is possible to keep the health, and there are many compensations in the fragrant air and the voluptuous beauty of the surroundings. Hardly even in Java is vegetation more luxuriant or more beneficent. The island is a virtual hothouse, with endless varieties of the rarest flowers and the most luscious fruits. The presence of the cocoa-palm alone almost dispenses with the necessity for cash or labour. Its uses are said to be as many as the days of the year, and "it supplies the people with food, clothing, drink, sugar, oil, wine, domestic utensils, building and thatching materials, carpets, candles, coffins, cradles," &c. For those of less simple tastes or more speculative dispositions there are pearls in the ocean and gems on the land. During many years hundreds of English immigrants counted with good reason on making their fortunes by coffee. The coffee failed; they turned their attention to chinchona, cinnamon, &c., doing well with everything; and now they have fallen back upon the tea, which is driving the produce of China gardens out of the English markets. In fact, Ceylon was always famous for its various wealth, even in almost prehistoric days, under native princes. Under the early dynasties silver and gold seem to have been as little accounted of, as in the Palestine of Solomon. There is a most interesting account of an expedition to the site of the mountain metropolis of Auradhapoora, which contained a million souls, was fifty-two miles in circumference, and there ninety kings reigned in succession in their stupendous palace of brass. Near it were cave-temples of immemorial antiquity, and the sacred bo-tree—a sort of fig—"famous as being beyond doubt the oldest known tree in the world." We are not told how the date is vouched for, but it is said to have been planted B.C. 288. Then, by way of variety, we have the account of the perilous ascent of Adam's Peak, many interesting chapters on the fauna and flora of Ceylon, and lively sketches of native life and character, of the digging for gems, and the diving for pearls.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AUS dem Kaukasus (1) is the holiday record of a German professor at the Gymnasium of Tiflis, prefaced by a couple of introductory chapters—historical, geographical, and ethnological. Herr Hahn is chiefly concerned with the present social aspect of the various races—indigenous, Indo-European, Semitic, and Mongol—that people the Caucasus; but he has some valuable notes on its flora and fauna, its mineral produce, and the varying atmospheric conditions of its towering Alps and fertile valleys. Of the religions, traditions, and superstitions of the Ossetes, Mingrelians, and the Jews of the Mountain, he has much that is new and interesting to say. St. George is the favourite hero of Ossetian legend, wherein he appears as a fine archaic type of primæval border-ruffian. Mingrelian folk-lore is in the minor key; the folk-lore of the Jews of the Mountain is curiously woven of Hebrew tradition and local paganism. Thus we have in the wise spirit, Ileh-Novi, a blending of the prophet Elias with the god of riches. Equal to him in power are Num-Negir, protector of travellers; Orhdehoe-Mar, the seven-headed invisible serpent, god of the household; Ser-Ovi, the snow-white water-virgin, who steals the entrails of women in childbed and slays new-born children; Shehadu, the leader of unclean spirits, that enter into people to make them mad; Idor, god of agriculture, and other gods of the elements and seasons; whence it will be seen that this strange offshoot of Israel reconciles a belief in more than one being of divine origin with its ostensible monotheism. The "Jews of the Mountain" claim their descent from those Jews who were led away from Palestine by Assyrian and Babylonian kings, before the destruction of the first Temple, and boast that they have had no hand in the Crucifixion. Of the Armenians, who out-number the Semitic population, Herr Hahn has much less to say, for the excellent reason that so much has been, is, and will be said of them by preceding and succeeding travellers.

Dramaturgische Bausteine (2), ten essays in dramatic criticism, by the late Feodor Wehl, are edited by Dr. Eugen Kilian. Most of them have already appeared in newspapers and reviews, but the three on Franz Moor, Othello, and Fiesco, are here printed from the manuscript for the first time. In their present form the *Dramaturgische Bausteine* form a desirable sequel to the well-known "*Didaskalien*" which attracted so much attention in the sixties. Here, as in the earlier work, Wehl's studies are directed to the staging and management of classical dramas, and to the conception and representation of great parts, rather from the actor's and stage-manager's standpoint than from the poet's. In a word, if we except the wonderful fourth essay (Ophelia and Hamlet), so remarkable for psychologic insight, happy imagery, and power of expression, he is more of a dramatic than a literary critic. Hence his salutary and widely-felt influence on German acting during the past thirty years.

In fiction we have a socialistic novel (3) by Herr Ernst Wichert, from which we chiefly gather that the carpenter, whose two brothers happened to be, respectively, a Geheimerath and a Major, had a bad time of it with his sisters-in-law. The father of the Geheimerath, the Major, and the carpenter had died before the latter's education could be completed, hence the divergence

(1) *Aus dem Kaukasus, Reisen und Studien: Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Landes.* Von C. Hahn. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot; London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Dramaturgische Bausteine: Gesammelte Aufsätze von Feodor Wehl.* Aus dem Nachlasse Wehls herausgegeben von Eugen Kilian. Leipzig: Schulzesche Hof-Buchhandlung (A. Schwarz).

(3) *Der jüngste Bruder.* Sozialer Roman von Ernst Wichert. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Reiszner.

of their occupations. When drunk or out of work Arnold Berken, the youngest brother, was a Socialist-Democrat, when sober he was less reasonable and coherent. But this is forestalling events. Fleeing from Hamburg, under ban of the law, he arrived, in a starving and ragged condition, at the respectable little capital of which his relations were such respectable citizens. The Geheimerath and the Geheimeräthin housed, clothed, tended him, and restored him to health and decorum. The Major's father-in-law, a wealthy banker, set him up in business as a builder, with a certain Herr von Kranich, a *protégé* of his own, as bookkeeper. The Geheimeräthin, perceiving Arnold's admiration for Rieke, her maid-of-all-work, promptly affianced him to Fräulein Ulrike, a poor relation of her own. Henceforward the ne'er-do-weel's prosperity might be said to be assured. But he was bored to the verge of tears in the society of his refined but *passée* betrothed, persecuted by the Socialists who were his former associates, and cheated by the aristocratic bookkeeper. He signed his name to bills for money which Herr v. Kranich asserted to be employed in the business, but with which the latter bolted; he drank sturdily, philosophized weakly, and allowed himself to be coerced into giving shelter to a ruffian, who was "wanted" and found by the police on his premises. Thus the banker lost money and the Geheimerath credit in the attempt to befriend him. Fräulein Ulrike also lost her unwilling lover, the maid-of-all-work her place, and Arnold his liberty. In prison he fell ill, and was succoured by Rieke, who meanwhile had become housekeeper to a philanthropic manufacturer. While he served his time, he repented of his sins, which, with the author, we assume to have consisted in a misguided toleration of the too-much-zeal of the Majorin and the Geheimeräthin, and in resisting the bent of a heart that beat for the maid-of-all-work. He eventually rose to be manager of the philanthropist's factory, married Rieke, was cut by his relations, and lived happily ever after.

Das siegende Kreuz (4), a romance of early Christian times, is one of those neo-archaic productions for which Herr Felix Dahn and Professor Ebers should be held responsible. We marvel that in a country sometimes described by the outer barbarian as over-legislated, there should be no preventive laws against the epidemic of the historic and the prehistoric novel, a disease more imminent and in its actual form not less deadly than the cholera. This particular case bristles with complex horrors; we know not whether most to cower before the crimes and the penance of Senaca, the uncomfortable relations of the Early Christians with persons of any other persuasion, or the suburban manners of a pious Ephesian princess. But it all ends very agreeably for the lady and for Marcus—the converted son of the great Consul, in a garden at Posilippo—which we hope was some consolation to the altruistic manes of other early Christians who were unavoidably prevented from being of the party.

Frau v. Brackel gives us a sixth edition of her *Tochter des Kunstreiters* (5), written in the Berliner-Deutsch which includes a French before which that of Stratford-atte-Bowe must pale. It is this dialect that lends an involuntary humour to the pathos of Baron Dahnow's disinterested and unrequited affection for the accomplished daughter of the circus-rider. *Es stockte sein flux de bouche* when he thought of her.

The *Malergeschichten* (6), presented to us by Frau Ida Boy-Ed as "Psychologic Studies," are, if not especially remarkable for psychologic insight, fairly readable stories of artist life. But the author is weighed down by her sub-title; there is an absolute lack of "mirthfulness of conception" in these excursions of her painter-heroes into social and sentimental regions.

(4) *Das siegende Kreuz.* Roman aus der Zeit des Urchristenthums. Leipzig: Carl Reiszner.

(5) *Die Tochter des Kunstreiters.* Roman von Ferdinande Freiin von Brackel. Köln: J. P. Bachem.

(6) *Malergeschichten.* Von Ida Boy-Ed. Leipzig: Carl Reiszner.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GASTON PARIS'S reprint of some articles of his in the *Journal des Savants* (1), which has been printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, is, we believe, commercially obtainable of M. Bouillon, and is very well worth the attention of all who are interested in early French literature, as—we may add without exception or reservation—everything that M. Gaston Paris writes is. It is devoted to a review of a book of M. Jeanroy's, published about three years ago on the same subject, of which M. Paris speaks very highly, and which he seems to think rather neglected by critics—a charge the justice of which we cannot discuss till we know how widely the book itself was put before critical judgment. This book, with certain others of the same origin—that of doctoral theses—M. Paris thinks will revolutionize the history of the period, and there is no better judge. It was, indeed, impossible till very lately that anything but "shots" and *à peu près* could be attempted on the subject, for the documents were not accessible. We note with interest that M. Paris speaks of M. Jeanroy's opinion that the early folk-songs of France show a trochaic as opposed to the iambic rhythm of the *chansons de geste* as "new and fertile." And we seem to remember with a little amusement that M. Paris greeted a not dissimilar remark of a foreign critic a good many years before M. Jeanroy wrote with, indeed, that invariable courtesy which distinguishes him from so many specialists, but also with some surprise and not entire acquiescence. M. Jeanroy's further discoveries, as put by this lenient and, in the particular division, all-accomplished judge, with abundant supplements from his own matchless knowledge, seem to consist in a very careful and valuable analysis of the subjects and prosody of the early French song in the first place, and, in the second, of some theories as to its origin and its connexion with the lyrics of other countries, which we should call more patriotic than certain. There is always this division to be made between the sober work and the enthusiastic speculation of scholars; and the wise, if cold-blooded, critic avails himself of the former with gratitude, and puts the latter on the shelf to see whether it will last or not.

There are those (nor are we prepared to enter the lists with them) who make great case of M. Henri Allais (2). The French military novelist has become a numerous kind of late, but the kind has not produced anything very attractive. "Théo-Critt," a festive creature in his Saumur days, went off into dry places later; M. Richard O'Monroy, now unviscounted, sings or says with less and less actuality of Châlons and its brother camps; the author of *Sous-Offs* and his like are merely naturalists of the lower kind, trying to drag the French army through the same dreary muck-heaps through which their fellows have dragged other institutions. M. Allais, we own, is different. His former work has shown a considerable comic talent; and in *Adieu Jean* he has tried pathos with success. We may say this with all the more weight in that we must confess an initial dislike for the book, and a final consciousness of grave defects in it. Jean Bervic, educated by *les pères*, a gentleman by birth, and a man of means, a very sound *croyant*, who holds the comfortable doctrine that sound belief will carry you through all errors in practice, joins his garrison in Savoy with a cynical viscount for mentor, and with a fixed creed that it is a very fine thing to be a soldier, and that the finest flower in the soldier's cap is making successful love to his colonel's wife. At the opening the book may not seem in the best taste. It is written for a good many pages in that curious contemporary French euphuism, which is a compound of extreme preciousness and the lowest slang, and the characters are not sympathetic. Jean is half a simpleton and a very little of a "raff"; his viscount might be better mannered, and the engineer-captain, who plays to the viscount much the part that the viscount does to Jean, and who is devoted to Mr. Herbert Spencer, his umbrella, and civilian clothes, is less attractive still. The colonel's wife is a mere "baggage," without head or heart. But things improve. Jean is ordered up to a remote fort of the French-Italian frontier above Modane, his two friends volunteer for Tonquin, and accident and the lover's imprudence bring about an *esclandre*. The colonel's wife throws herself on Jean, and actually forces him to desert. After a time he returns, takes his trial, is acquitted (rather *more Romano*, as revealed in the *plaidoyers* of one Kikero, than on the merits), and then under an alias joins the foreign legion in Tonquin itself, to meet a fate which may be guessed. The book is one of unquestionable power; it grows on the reader at every hundred pages, and it leaves off, as Mr. Jobling would say, "quite grown up."

The fine atlas which MM. Hachette have for a long time been publishing, at first under the direction of M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, and now under that of M. Schroder, proceeds in a rather erratic fashion as to the order of maps, and not very fast; but it proceeds. We have just received Plate 33, the first of the map of Central Europe, an excellent example of French map-making, which, as we have more than once pointed out, keeps the mean between the excessive fulness of German detail and the somewhat flat and meagre expanses of English cartography.

(1) *Les origines de la poésie lyrique en France au moyen âge.* Par Gaston Paris. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, Librairie Bouillon-Vieweg.

(2) *Adieu Jean.* Par Henri Allais. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AT the passing of Mr. Forster's scheme of elementary education in 1870, there were plenty of good, easy-going people who regarded that measure as the solution of a problem, little foreseeing that the hand once set to the plough was not to be

relaxed. It was as if they believed there could be finality in the beginning; whereas the educational plough has been propelled on its long and deep career ever since, and the end is scarcely in sight even now. The extent and magnitude of the prospect are very thoroughly outlined in Mr. Charles Henry Wyatt's *Manual of Continuation Schools and Technical Instruction* (Heywood), a volume intended for the guidance and information of teachers and the authorities constituted to deal with secondary and advanced education. Mr. Wyatt treats of the whole course of educational progress in an exhaustive manner and with minute particularity. The elementary Board School is the starting-point. From this we pass to evening or "recreative" classes, and continuation schools, in all their ramifications, and on to higher grade schools, manual instruction and technical institutions, with their full development of lecture-courses, workshops, laboratories, theatres of demonstration in science and art, and so forth. Altogether, Mr. Wyatt's book supplies a clear prospectus of what "educationalists" now mean by elementary, secondary, and higher education for the people. As we study, for example, Mr. Wyatt's plans for a "higher-grade school," with its three lecture-theatres, its gymnasium, its chemical laboratory, its library, its rooms for model and other drawing, and the rest, we are constrained to admit that the outlook is magnificent. And since it would be impossible to pass Board School pupils to such schools at one bound, the necessity for "continuation" evening schools is, of course, self-evident. Naturally, with regard to continuations Mr. Wyatt's views are not less generous. We find, by the way, an instructive observation on the necessity for continuation evening schools in a Report (1887) of one of Her Majesty's Inspectors:—"If children leave school, as they do, at 12 or 13, they are sure to find out, by the time they are 16 or 18, that a large portion of what they once knew needs reviving." Probably we ought to add that much of what is remembered needs "revising and correcting." Thus it is discovered that owing to the "imperfect state of their elementary attainments" they are unable to profit by the secondary and higher instruction which is provided by certain institutes. In the same Report it is said there was only one elementary evening school—"so far as I know"—in a certain large Lancashire town. Oddly enough, there was an average attendance at the old evening schools in 1870–71 of 83,457, of which total the Church of England schools contributed no less than 59,536, which is higher than the return for 1890–91 of the evening schools under the new order of things. Mr. Wyatt refers to that return as a "beggarly 52,000." Ten years after the institution of Board Schools the average attendance at these evening schools had fallen to a trifle over 24,000. Instruction in the old evening schools was restricted to the "three R's," from the "trammels" of which, as Mr. Wyatt remarks, the evening schools are now delivered by the New Code. Under the new educational "Minute," dated May 1892, the evening scholar may revive his failing elements, and take up in addition such special subjects as navigation, horticulture, mensuration, the Welsh language, and "common subjects," during the space of seven years, according to the new schedule. Since the Board School children begin their continuations at the age of 13, those who take the whole evening course would be 20 by the time they are ripe for the higher-grade school and advanced Technical Institute. At the lowest estimate, five years more must elapse before the finished educational product is turned out to prove his superiority, as a master of his art or craft, over the old-fashioned 'prentice of 18. Mr. Wyatt's very suggestive volume is fully illustrated by diagrams, statistics, estimates of cost, and the like.

Mr. James Ward's useful *Elementary Principles of Ornament*, originally composed of a series of class lectures, appears as a new edition under the title *The Principles of Ornament* (Chapman & Hall), revised and edited by Professor Aitchison, whose "Introduction" comprises some excellent observations on the traditions and the value of "precedent" examples of applied ornament in architecture.

Mr. Lewis Day's text-book, *Nature in Ornament* (Batsford), deals with the whole subject of ornamental design in its relations to natural forms, as applied in the fine arts and the industrial arts, after a method that is excellently lucid. In a kind of historical retrospect Mr. Day treats of the modifications that natural forms have been subjected to by the conventions of artists in ornament among the chief artistic nations of the world, and shows how the original forms of fruit, flowers, and foliage are still discernible even when the scheme of ornament, as among the Persians, appears to be most remote from nature. It is only by slavish or inexpert repetition, as Mr. Day rightly insists, that ornament becomes degraded and all trace of natural origins becomes lost. Perhaps, however, at the present time the young artist in ornament is inclined rather to what Mr. Day calls "rusticity" than a spiritless or denaturalized artificiality. Or he is apt to become a copyist of Renaissance work, which is to fall into error only less pernicious than a literal and unselective adaptation of natural forms. Mr. Day's admirable treatise is very fully illustrated by numerous beautiful drawings after designs by ancient and modern masters.

Mr. Morley Roberts has proved his title to distinction as a designer of fiction in short measures, and his collection of short stories, *The Reputation of George Saxon* (Cassell & Co.), comprises examples of the art as clever and individual as anything in his first volume.

A Little Norsk, by Henry Garland (Fisher Unwin), is a simple and pretty story, set forth with the artless kind of grace that the subject requires. Two rough, inexperienced young settlers on the Dakota prairies undertake the rearing of a helpless Norwegian child whom a terrible blizzard has caused to be left to their protection. Their gradual awakening to responsibility, and their awkward attempts to fulfil the duties of guardians towards the young girl, are described with considerable truth and unforced pathos.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins in *The Incomplete Adventurer* (Ward & Downey) has constructed a decidedly amusing variation on the old theme of the elixir of life, or panacea for fleshly ills, the secret of which falls into the hands of an impecunious enthusiast of artistic temperament, whose endeavours to exploit the matter in the City are fruitful of diverting issues. But Mr. Hopkins ought not, in describing a beautiful girl, to observe "Her eyes are sanguine," after having referred to the curve of her chin, the "rich copper tint" of her hair, and so forth. A second tale in the volume, "The Boom in Belltopps," is also a City and Stock Exchange story, and a good one of its kind.

Among recent translations from the Russian we note a capital selection from Pushkin by Mrs. Sutherland Edwards—*The Queen of Spades* (Chapman & Hall)—with illustrations by Mr. Paul Hardy; and a version of Nikolai Gogol's comedy, *Revizór*, with a memoir of the author, by Mr. Arthur Sykes, entitled *The Inspector-General* (Walter Scott).

Possibly it was not the intention of Mr. Lawrence Bliss, in composing *A Modern Romance* (Methuen & Co.), to demonstrate that marriage may be one of those things they order better in France. Two young people, mere boy and girl, are secretly married and part at the church-door. She goes to the Continent with her parents for a year or so, and he takes up his work in the literary line. Then, on the decision of a doctor that he is suffering from heart disease, he determines to abandon his bride altogether, and to persuade her that he is dead. He finds a friend capable of carrying into effect this cowardly design. She marries another—how it is managed we are not told—and he, under an assumed name, dies at length—justified, if we understand our author, and invested with a glory of sentimentality.

A melancholy interest attaches to the new edition of the late Mr. H. N. Moseley's *Notes of a Naturalist on the Voyage of the Challenger* (John Murray), by reason of the portrait of the author and the memorial notice of his life and work prefixed to it.

Among other new editions we note Mr. James Sully's *Outlines of Psychology* (Longmans & Co.); *Lombard Street*, by Walter Bagehot, revised and edited by E. Johnstone (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Library*, by Andrew Lang, second edition (Macmillan & Co.); *In an Enchanted Island*, by W. H. Mallock (Bentley & Son); *In the Roar of the Sea*, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, one volume (Methuen & Co.); *A Voyage of Discovery*, by Hamilton Aïdé, one volume (Osgood & Co.); *The New Spirit*, by Havelock Ellis, third edition (Scott); *Somnia Medici*, by J. A. Goodchild, second edition, three volumes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *A Money Market Primer*, by George Clare, revised edition (Effingham Wilson); and the sixpenny copyright edition of *The Surgeon's Daughter* with *Castle Dangerous* (A. & C. Black).

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Every Candidate is required to apply to the REGISTRAR (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) for a Form of Entry *not less than five weeks* before the commencement of the Examination.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. EXCEPT that a Cabinet Council had been held the day before, at which Ministers doubtless congratulated themselves on the excellent progress of the Eviction Commission, there was little strictly Home political news other than Irish this day week.

Mr. BALFOUR spoke again hopefully at Haddington on Saturday, and dwelt on the determination of Scottish youth to the Tory side. In London, on the same day, four meetings, none of them ostensibly political, but all directly or indirectly touching political questions, were addressed by the Bishop of LONDON (recommending temperate conduct of Temperance agitation), by Bishop SMYTHIES (on African Missions in general and Uganda in particular), by Lord WEMYSS (on the present tendency to throw everything on Government, central or municipal, a silly tendency enough, no doubt, but after the equally silly exaggeration of *laissez faire*, which the middle of the century saw, likely to prevail for a time), and by the CHIEF RABBI (very sagely dissuading unemployed Jews from taking to Nihilism and Anarchism).

There was some bulk, if nothing of the very first individual importance, in the political news of Tuesday morning. There were the COLSTON speeches of the night before—things not so momentous as they once were, but often interesting—at which on the present occasion Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN did his best to defend the Eviction Commission. Lord ASHBOURNE and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH were the chief speakers on the other side. There had been important resolutions at Leeds and Manchester in favour of the retention of Uganda, and an angry letter against it from Sir WILFRID LAWSON, which is very satisfactory. Mr. TOM MANN before the Labour Commission talked some of that Socialist-Trade-Unionist matter which is either curiously impudent or pitiably foolish, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. A good instance of this skimble-skamble stuff was given on Wednesday, when Mr. MANN, being pressed by Mr. GERALD BALFOUR as to the way in which short hours and reduced outputs are to increase wages, replied that "the bringing together of energies will "create value and increase produce"—as ingenious an Act of Faith in the great goddess Nonsense as has recently been made.

Mr. ASQUITH, on Tuesday, had (perhaps properly) to refuse the application of the Tweedside authorities for a gunboat to stop salmon-poaching. Captain LUGARD addressed the Royal Scottish Geographical Society on the subject of Uganda, which also was the theme on the same day of a rather amusing meeting of the City "Liberal" Association. We call it amusing because there were evidently three parties present—good patriots who wanted retention without making it a party question; scuttlers of the old rock, like Mr. MORTON, M.P., whose only object is scuttle; and a sort of pious Gladstonians, whose only object is not to embarrass the Government. The last carried it, and a resolution was passed declaring (almost *totidem verbis*) that the Government, being angels, would, of course, behave angelically both in Uganda and elsewhere.

On Thursday morning a brief but excellent speech of Lord ROSEBERY'S, on the unveiling of Sir JOHN MACDONALD'S bust in St. Paul's, was reported. There appeared in the *Times* a second letter from Lord GREY on the subject, not merely of Uganda, but of Zanzibar and Madagascar.

It was reported yesterday, having been hinted the day before, that our present Inquire-Within-Upon-Everything-But-Make-Up-Your-Minds-Beforehand-If-Possible Government is about to issue another Commission—on Old-Age Pensions.

Ireland. Some very interesting additions to the literature of that very interesting institution, the Eviction Commission, were added last Saturday. The Commission itself had done a solid half-hour's work the day before, the President managing to interpose a characteristic suggestion, "Suppose the "landlord comes and burns the house?" Mr. MURPHY had written a very proper letter, declining to give his reasons for resigning, but calling on Sir JAMES MATHEW to give them. Mr. CARSON, also with much propriety, had explained his own conduct, and Lord CLANRICARDE had stigmatized Sir JAMES'S description of his action as "untrue." We entertain not the slightest affection for Lord CLANRICARDE, who has contrived, by faults in feeling and manner, to put himself wrong where he was thoroughly right, and has probably done more

harm than ten Land Leagues could have done to the landlords of Ireland; but we are obliged to confess that in this case his language is rather improper than inexact.——Mr. TENER did not appear on Monday, though he made excuse, before the Commission, the time of which hard-to-employ body was chiefly occupied by a laboured and awkward explanation (with illustrative letters) by the President of the reasons of Mr. MURPHY'S retirement. This turned out to be as expected. Sir JAMES himself was much more guarded than last week, and was almost directly apologetic, but he did not touch at all on the awkward incident of the permission of cross-examination before luncheon and the refusal of it afterwards.——On Tuesday an Irish National Federation Convention met and gloried in Dublin. On that day the Eviction Commission took Canon KELLER'S evidence (or rather his opinions) on the subject of the PONSONBY estate. For it is one of the numerous oddities of this odd body that it does not get tenants or landlords to state what each has actually done or suffered, but invites or permits professed agitators, clerical or lay, as the case may be, to give their already well-known versions of matters affecting other people. But it is fair to say that the Commission did get a tenant, if not two, before it on Wednesday, on which day a letter was read from Mr. SMITH BARRY, declining to appear. It was asserted that Mr. MORLEY had sent back for reconsideration the recent proposals of the Board of Education in reference to the Christian Brothers which have created such a stir.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It was reported on this day week that the Viceroy of INDIA had visited the Maharajah of MYSORE, and that there was danger of a collision between Chinese troops and the handful of Russian intruders left by Colonel YANOFF on the Pamirs. The French Prime Minister had been present at the funeral of the victims of the dynamite explosion. Mr. STURGE had given the British East Africa Company a clean bill of health, or something like it, on the subject of slavery, and a meeting had been held on the Swaziland question.

Some papers relating to the Newfoundland Fisheries question were issued on Saturday. On Monday morning there was fair news of the salvage operations on the *Howe*, and good hope that the missing *Calypso* had turned up, which hope was subsequently fulfilled. It might be worth mentioning here, by the way, that an interesting letter in the *Times* of that day disposed by exact statistics of the notion that losses of men-of-war are more frequent than they used to be. The fact, of course, is that everything of the kind is now at once and prominently reported. In India the MAHARAJAH had inspected the Mysore contingent of Imperial service cavalry. The French Chamber had voted a Bill for withdrawing the privilege, in matter of prosecution by private persons, of Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honour—a measure said to be a hit at M. DE LESSEPS *in re* Panama. The rumours about a direct alliance between France and Russia were repeated, and those about the progress of the French Embassy in Morocco were still somewhat conflicting. Dr. WEKERLE was said to have succeeded Count SZAPARY as Hungarian Prime Minister. The probable majority for Mr. CLEVELAND, though still very large, was said to have been somewhat diminished by Ohio and California going Republican.

The foreign news of Tuesday morning was slight, and there was little in it more important than the hospitality which the Royal Family of Portugal has been receiving at Madrid. English Gladstonians, indeed, hugged themselves on the exchange of compliments between Lord ROSEBERY and M. RIBOT, the former apologizing for the action of the Captain of the *Redbreast* (who had overhauled a dhow in the waters of Madagascar), and receiving in return an assurance that what Count D'AUBIGNY is doing in Morocco is for the general joy of all Europe. That the French take slavers under their special protection is a very old story, and what it means may be read in the amusing and outspoken pages of M. DE MANDAT-GRANCEY. But we do not think that Lord ROSEBERY, like his maladroit panegyrists, called the waters of Madagascar "French "waters," and perhaps M. RIBOT'S good turn is a little diminished by the fact that, according to some accounts, Count D'AUBIGNY has not got any concessions at all, except a few likely to produce "pots-of-wine" for French speculators.

Tuesday morning brought the somewhat interesting news that the French Government had at last made up its mind (the way being cleared, as above stated) to prosecute the Panama directors. Ministry-wreckers were in great force; for it was thought that, whether this resolve was or was not carried out, it would weaken M. LOUBET. News from Dahomey was vague; but it was said that Captain MONTEIL, who was sent Tchad-wards to make treaties two years ago, had turned up. If the Captain has respected the Anglo-French agreement, well and good; but some hints about Sokoto and Bornu will need attention. The German Government had slightly modified the Damaraland Concession to conciliate German Chauvinists. St. Petersburg was suffering from cholera, and Vienna from the unemployed.

The beginning of a debate in the French Chamber on the new Anti-Anarchist Bill was the chief item in Thursday's news.

This debate and the Panama prosecution continued to interest Paris next day, the debate taking very wide ranges, and being practically an omnibus want of confidence debate. Anxiety appeared to be felt about Dahomey, and the Government were said to have taken the odd step of consulting an Austrian traveller on General DODDS'S prospects. But the French, "under "the ægis of the Republic," are so nervous just now that anything may be expected of them.

Election Petitions. The hearing of the petitions resulting from the late General Election was begun at Manchester and Walsall on Tuesday. At the former place lurid pictures were drawn of the way in which "a pickle-maker" (quite an Aristophanesque character), a "barber," and "a thick-set man" had done unholy work for Mr. BALFOUR, with some details of a drink called a "smiler," which, being composed of beer and lemonade, aroused the superfine disgust of Mr. MURPHY, Q.C. But the right kind of beer and the right kind of lemonade make very good shandygaff, and shandygaff is both innocent and refreshing in a busy July. On Thursday the judges—Mr. Justice CAVE and Mr. Justice VAUGHAN WILLIAMS—dismissed the petition, with costs, except in the case of one witness, who will have to bear his own. The remarks of Mr. Justice CAVE, his colleague agreeing, on the conduct of the case were unusually severe. "Not right," "reckless "charges," "not a particle of evidence," "inadmissible," "negotiations not reflecting credit on anybody con-"cerned," were some of the phrases used; and, after them, Mr. MUNRO'S friends seem a little unwise in complaining that he has been "heavily fined."

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the oysters whose nationality had been in question were declared to be aliens, and saleable in close time; there was a further hearing of the case of RAVACHOL'S alleged accomplice at Bow Street, and the death of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was pronounced in formal inquest to be due to natural causes.——It is improbable that the tolerably severe lesson administered to the *Daily Chronicle*, which had allowed itself to be made the tool of the Purity gang in the cases of AKKERSDYK and FEMENIA *v.* LLOYD this day week, will produce any effect on the fanatics more remotely concerned. But the remarks of the LORD

CHIEF JUSTICE on the defence adopted may serve others as an instructive illustration of the methods which such fanatics pursue.——NEILL was duly hanged on Tuesday morning. The trial of COOPER for killing his wife in the Isle of Man has been proceeding there, and a further trial of the same nature is impending, as a result of the conduct of a youth named WILLIAMS near Tavistock, who seems to have shot a girl and another youth out of jealousy, and then to have failed to shoot himself.——The alleged Anarchist FRANÇOIS was committed for extradition on Wednesday, but declared his intention to appeal.——At another murder trial (that for what is called the Althorp murder) an odd incident occurred on Thursday, one of the jurors escaping the shepherding of the luncheon-bailiff and going to his own home for half an hour. This unprecedented conduct so disturbed the mind of Mr. Justice KENNEDY that he took till yesterday morning to think over it.——The man who was kept by the dog to go to prison when the dog took umbrellas was acquitted on Thursday.

Labour. The first regular Trafalgar Square meeting of large dimensions under the new rules took place on Sunday, and was orderly enough in behaviour, though the celebrated Mr. QUELCH and other persons of the same kind talked the usual more or less guarded incitement to riot and rebellion. It appears that the thing, being translated from English into fustian, was "a celebration of the recovery by the "people of their historic forum." For the attraction for one kind of fools of a certain semi-pedantic jargon seems as perennial as that of the confidence trick for another kind.

Racing. A great deal of racing, both flat and other, has taken place since the Houghton Meeting, but it has not seemed necessary to take note here of anything till the Liverpool Autumn Cup on Friday week. This was contested by a field of fifteen horses. The result was curiously true to the betting, for the order of the latter was Windgall, Ermak, Lauriscope, Lady Rosebery, and Friar John, and the order at the finish was the same, except that Lauriscope and Lady Rosebery changed places. It was also a very good race, Windgall winning only by a head from Ermak, who was no more in front of Lady Rosebery. Ermak, Lady Rosebery, and Lauriscope reappeared in the Derby Cup last Wednesday, a valuable prize, for which a large field, including Warlaby, The Lover, Curio, Jodel, and others, also ran. Ermak was made rather a strong favourite, on the strength of the Liverpool running, but was again unable to do more than run second, Warlaby winning.

Correspondence. Let us note with particular pleasure the just fashion in which a correspondent of the *Times*, who modestly signed himself "TUG," rebuked some days ago the ridiculous habit of talking of Eton "students" instead of boys, and the somewhat less offensive, but equally mistaken, substitution of "the College quadrangle" for the "school-yard." It is satisfactory to know that there is still some one who is content *Romana simplicitate loqui*. But alas! what can be expected in days when the Bursar actually abolishes "bever," and when authentic Etonians sometimes talk of "term"?

Miscellaneous. Dr. NANSEN was present at a meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday, and gave an account of his intended Polar explorations. The thing is gallant, but we fear slightly foolish. It is good to make yourself extremely uncomfortable for any adequate end; but for any end, adequate or inadequate, here obtainable Dr. NANSEN might just as well put on a hair shirt and a chain girdle, and get into a cage, *à la* Cardinal BALUE.——On Tuesday the Liberation Society exalted its horn in the usual way. A meeting of the Imperial Federation League, with special reference to Canada, was held under the presidency of Mr. ALBAN GIBBS.——A meeting in support of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was held at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, and addressed by some persons of importance, including the HOME SECRETARY. The excellence of the objects of the Society cannot be exaggerated. If Mr. ASQUITH knew a little more of its methods, he would hardly have extolled the "judgment" of the "director," Mr. BENJAMIN WAUGH, as he did.——Some details of the wreck of the *Bokhara* were published yesterday.

Obituary. The Bishop of GUIANA, the jubilee of whose uninterrupted tenure of his see was recently celebrated, died last week full of years and universally honoured.——We observe that the authorship of *Rattlin the Reefer* is now claimed *sans phrase* for Captain HOWARD, who also figured in the list. The book, an odd and very unequal one, has always appeared as MARRYAT'S; but the difference of style was easily perceptible, and it had been generally understood that Captain HOWARD, who was for some time the greater writer's secretary and "devil," was responsible for most of it.——Mr. T. A. TROLLOPE, who also died last week, was under the slight disadvantage of having a younger brother much cleverer than himself and of pursuing no very different lines. Yet had he done good work, especially on Italian subjects, with which fifty years' residence and much reading had made him familiar. His novels were not bad, and his historical work far from contemptible; but, to our thinking, his forte lay on the dividing line of these two subjects, and was shown in the short stories of famous Italian crimes and tragedies which he originally contributed, if we mistake not, to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*.——General DE FAILLY, who has died this week, was full of years; latterly he could hardly be said to be full of honours. In middle life he saw and did some good service; but the bad taste of his despatches when he was sent to put down the Garibaldian filibusters created a prejudice against him, and he incurred, justly or not, the gravest suspicions of incompetence, or worse, in the "Débâcle" itself. On two occasions, which were among the most important of the war, he was, to say the least, extraordinarily unfortunate; for on August 6 he failed, though summoned, to come to the rescue of MACMAHON; and, three weeks later, he let himself be surprised and routed by VON DER TANN.——Dr. PETERSEN, the Burgomaster of Hamburg, was, in more than an official sense, perhaps the foremost citizen of that famous city.

Books, &c. Some books of considerable literary and biographical interest have appeared this week. In verse we have Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN'S *Fortunatus the Pessimist* and Mr. WILLIAM WATSON'S *Lachrymæ Musarum*, both published by Messrs. MACMILLAN; Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON has published, not verse, but a volume of most agreeable prose, *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes* (CHATTO & WINDUS); Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE'S *History of Early English Literature, from its Beginnings to the Accession of King Ælfred* ("ALFRED," the wise him call), which is issued by Messrs. MACMILLAN, must propitiate the fiercest stickler for this division of our literature by its scale. This, if adjusted to the rest of the story, would require, we should say, about two hundred volumes. The *Autobiographical Notes* of the late Mr. W. B. SCOTT (OSGOOD, M'ILVAINE, & Co.) and the *Reminiscences* of the living Dr. HAKE (BENTLEY) come together in giving much information about the P.R.B., and (in the case of the second-named) about many other interesting things and people. Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT'S *Life of William Cowper* (UNWIN) puts, in exhaustiveness and careful arrangement, all former lives of the poet in the shade.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

TO that once prevailing, but now dwindled and discredited, section of the Gladstonian party which saw all things in hatred and dread of "Jingoism," Lord ROSEBERY's short but admirable speech in the crypt of St. Paul's on Wednesday must have been terribly bitter reading. Some of them, indeed, have preserved a sacred silence about it. By so much the more as it displeases these persons must it be grateful to (we cannot say all good Great Britons, which is not only burlesque, but itself inadequate, so we trust that all sensible Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Manxmen, Orcadians, and Channel Islanders will forgive us if we say) all good Englishmen. And by that word we mean nothing provincial and nothing exclusive, using it as the only possible single term for all those in whose hearts there beats the echo of Lord TENNYSON's line—"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of "England blew."

For that and nothing else was the keynote of Lord ROSEBERY's speech. The occasion was fitting, for the bust he was unveiling was that of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, a great Colonial Englishman, who swore to live and die a British subject. Lord ROSEBERY used no bluster; but there was never a sentence in his speech which did not sear as with a hot iron one or other of the sprouts of "anti-Jingo" fancy which once grew so luxuriantly in the Gladstonian garden. He said that WELLINGTON and NELSON were not aristocratic scourges and plunderers (the "aristocracy" of poor NELSON was modest, and of the *paulo post futurum* kind chiefly, but no matter), but "Lords of war who preserved the Empire." He told his hearers "that Empire is the greatest secular agency "for good now known to mankind," by which we hope Lord ROSEBERY meant that every Briton is bound to think it so, not that he has a right to force this belief on foreigners. And he urged that the flag of England is the sign and symbol of the Empire itself. "ELIZA-"BETH and her heroes"—he went on to say, taking the image from a well-known practice, German, but not, we think, confined to Germany—"first drove "their nails in, and so onward through the expansive "century when our flag flashed everywhere down to "our own times, *when we have not quailed or shrunk.*" We do not know whether Lord ROSEBERY meant the slight ambiguity of that "when." But the little speech may be said to pledge him once for all to abstain from shrinking and quailing.

We must leave it to Gladstonians to cavil and growl if they choose at this speech. For our parts, we welcome it with no double meaning. Nothing has done so much to substitute an angry quasi-Continental hatred for the good old English feeling which used to prevail between parties as the introduction, first into the Liberal and then into the Gladstonian party, of the "anti-Jingo" poison. A man may hand over the government of his country to an opponent with a good-humoured "Mine "yesterday; yours to-day; mine to-morrow," if he knows that the interests of the country at large are likely to be respected by his successor as by himself; hardly so if he fears that the interval will be used to wreck and damage them irretrievably. Therefore we have steadily throughout this Uganda matter deprecated the introduction of hot language and partisan recrimination. There are cases in which "Let bygones be bygones" is very convenient to the thief and very hard on the honest man; there are others in which it is the sanest, the most honourable, and the safest motto for all concerned. And, therefore, we venture to think that even Lord GREY, in the otherwise excellent letter which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday, was a little ill advised to go back upon the vexed questions of Zanzibar and Madagascar. Not that we are not disposed to agree with him, to no small extent, that mistakes were committed on both these matters. But for the present what has been done has been done, and it is no use crying over it. We are under certain agreements with two other Great Powers on the two subjects, and we ought not to endeavour to back out of or evade them. Some day, perhaps, opportunities will come, in this way or that, of repairing the mistakes made, and recovering the chances lost. At present we see none such; and, while we would have Great Britain to be always a Power that takes, and never one that gives up, we would also never have her one that gives and then repines, that grutches over the giving, and attempts to get discounts and allowances out of what she has given. There is no doubt that under the influence, direct or indirect, of the evil spirit of "quailing and shrinking," very bad mistakes have been committed in the past fifteen years. But during the same time much good has been done, and some great steps taken forward with the flag. If we can, when the time comes, reopen the avenues which our backsliding closed to us, so much the better. But the word for the present is "Let the flag never go back, and when-"ever possible go forward, in the paths and places "where it at present flies."

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

FRANCE has again vindicated its right to be considered the most interesting country in Europe. Italy, Austria, and Germany may be concerned about greater matters—for the immediate question in France is really not much more than this:—Whether a very insignificant politician is to remain Prime Minister or to be succeeded by another Deputy of the same calibre? But the incidents are striking, so many of them happen together, and the Deputies have such an unrivalled faculty for making the least of them a plausible excuse for discourses on first principles or for eloquent denunciation of the tendencies of all policies with which they do not agree, that a French crisis always supplies far better reading than the most serious conflicts elsewhere. Neither is the attractive element of absurdity wanting. It is supplied among other things by M. PELLETAN's argument against the Press Law. M. PELLETAN has quoted VICTOR HUGO's line—

Tu peux tuer cet homme avec tranquillité—

and has made the observation that it was an incitement to the murder of NAPOLEON III. If the law had been strictly interpreted, it would have been applicable to the great poet; and therefore, says this truly French logician, you must not pass a Bill which will give the Courts power to order the seizure of newspapers containing incitements to crime. In almost any other country a man who could reason like this would cover himself with ridicule; but M. PELLETAN's deserved reputation for cleverness does not appear to have suffered in France.

The crisis of this week, which was expected to upset M. LOUBET, is the culmination of several weeks of discontent and "nerves." Some Deputies have made him responsible for the weakness shown in dealing with the strikers at Carmaux, and for the dynamite explosion in Paris. If M. LOUBET, say these Deputies, had been energetic, the miners would never have dared to go so far, and the Anarchists would have been too frightened to construct their bomb. Other Deputies have been offended because he did not take the side of the miners emphatically enough. Both have decided to make a scapegoat of M. LOUBET. The accusations are in either case only partially just. If M. LOUBET had taken a firm line with the Carmaux miners, it is certain that he would

have been upset by the Deputies, who were then in a humour to conciliate the working class. It is true that a politician of character who estimated the mischievous disturbance at Carmaux correctly would have faced all risks of defeat in the Chamber rather than encourage outrage. But M. LOUBET was made Prime Minister exactly because he was a man of no standing or authority of his own, who might be trusted to do nothing which would offend the Radicals. He has behaved as might have been expected, and in holding him responsible for the late activity of the "Social "Revolution" the Deputies are, in fact, punishing him for the very qualities for which he was notoriously made Premier. If the Deputies wish for energetic government, they should not make energy of character an absolute disqualification for the post of Prime Minister. The ideal holder of the place, in the opinion of the Deputies, would seem to be a politician who is too weak to control them, but is strong enough to save them from the consequences of their own acts. To eat their cake and to have it too, that is their ambition.

The debate on the Press Bill is one of those assaults of eloquence dear to the French which are apt when read to appear inexpressibly hollow and tedious. The Bill itself is a very simple matter. It proposes to give the Courts the power to treat newspaper articles containing incitements to crime as they can bombs or burglars' tools—namely, impound them pending the trial of the writer or publisher. At present, and by an exception designed to secure the "liberty of the press," this is not possible. As the French criminal procedure allows of many delays and appeals, it is possible for a writer accused of incitement to crime, or of obscenity, to continue repeating his offence with impunity for months. The futility of prosecution in these circumstances, combined with fear of the Radicals, who have taken pornographic as well as criminal publications under their wing, has secured absolute license for the most perniciously foul and bloodthirsty scribbling. The Ministry has asked for power to deal effectually with the pest in the shape of a Bill which will enable the Courts to sequester incriminating publications pending the trial of the accused. This is the very modest measure which has been the pretext for the crisis. It is unpopular with two classes of Deputies. The Conservatives would like it well enough if, as M. DE MUN frankly said, they could be sure that it would not be used against them to please the Radicals. These, while not openly excusing the trash against which the measure is directed, are opposed to the Bill because they fear that it would be used against them by a possible combination of Conservatives and Moderate Republicans. The result has been the spectacle so frequently seen in the French Chamber—a union between two parties which hate one another to deprive the Government of a weapon which each would be ready enough to confer if it could be sure of controlling its use. But the Bill has been little, if at all, discussed in the debate, which has been full of sonorous, but more or less empty, harangues on first principles. M. PAUL DESCHANEL—an agreeable writer, and a conspicuous member of a small but very earnest class of Frenchmen who are endeavouring to extract the morals and emotion from Christianity in order to construct a modern religion with them—delivered a thoughtful and well-filed address on contemporary social tendencies. The most effective speech of the debate was made by M. DE MUN, who has accepted Christianity as understood by Roman Catholics without deductions. This was, indeed, a very characteristic speech. M. DE MUN declared that reforms are of no avail which do not begin with the heart of man—a doctrine which has the support of the soundest moralists of all times and countries, from BUDDHA to Mr. CARLYLE. The practical deduction made by M. DE MUN was that he and his friends would support M. LOUBET if the Government would give up its attempts to "dechristianise" France. Of course, M. LOUBET replied that he was engaged in no such undertaking, but was only maintaining that attitude of impartiality which becomes the State in the presence of conflicting creeds. M. DE MUN, who represents a minority, asked the Government to commit the happy despatch by making a Clerical alliance. M. LOUBET replied with a hollow phrase which barely conceals the fact that the party to which he belongs has used the authority of the State to depress the Church of which M. DE MUN is an enthusiastic member. On the second day of the debate the PREMIER not only made a much better speech in defence of the Republican party at large than had been expected of him, but he actually contrived to bring the Chamber to attend to the Bill it was supposed to be discussing. The result is not known when we go to press, but it seems less likely than it did that M. LOUBET will be defeated.

The interest of the Ministerial crisis may partly explain the comparatively small attention aroused in France by the reported intention of the Government to prosecute the Directors of the Panama Company. It is difficult to estimate the wisdom of the decision until we know the grounds on which the judicial investigators of the Company's affairs have recommended the prosecution. Very possibly they have had no choice in the matter. All who watched the final struggles of that disastrous venture must have suspected long ago that many things had been done by the Board of Directors which might not bear investigation. Sentiment is naturally shocked at the prospect of seeing a very old man, of whom France, in its present want of great characters, is pardonably proud, standing in the dock on a charge of fraud. It is not equally clear that sentiment should alone be consulted in this case. M. DE LESSEPS must have been, at the best, careless of facts and obstinately impervious to teaching. He has certainly been the means of persuading his countrymen to put money into a concern which, if he had examined the evidence before him with moderate insight and care, he must have seen could not succeed. Age, the exaltation produced by his previous success, and the reluctance of success to admit itself defeated are the only excuses which can be made for him. They do not apply to his colleagues. If there has been actual criminal misconduct, it would assuredly be a gross miscarriage of justice to let all the offenders off because one of them has in his time carried through an enterprise which it was erroneously hoped would forward the interests of France, and, we may add, injure those of England. It would be ungracious at the present moment to insist on certain features in the history of the making of the Suez Canal which may not improperly harden the heart of the sentimentalist, yet these things cannot be wholly forgotten. The delay in deciding to prosecute M. DE LESSEPS may appear to make the final resolution harsh; but it has been due partly to French methods of procedure, and partly to obstacles placed in the way of investigation by the incriminated parties. If the Government is acting without grounds, it has committed a great blunder. We cannot think this likely, and the action of the Chamber of Deputies in abolishing the privileges of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour seems to prove that there will be no Parliamentary opposition to the trial. The degree of unpopularity it is likely to incur in the country is, we think, overrated. Ingratitude to those who have served them, and can serve no longer, is a common, though ugly, feature of the French character.

TAILOR-MADE JUDGES.

SIR JAMES MATHEW seems bent on recalling the doctrine in which an eminent countryman (by place of birth) of his own anticipated the clothes philosophy of Herr TEUFELSDRÖCKH. The author of *The Tale of a Tub* came upon a set of ancient philosophers who worshipped the tailor as the origin of all things and regarded human beings as simply so many animated suits of clothes. A red gown and a gold chain, with other adjuncts, made a Lord Mayor; a combination of lawn and black silk constituted a bishop; while an arrangement of ermine and fur furnished forth a judge. Sir JAMES MATHEW'S conduct in Ireland lends itself to this doctrine. He has left his wig and gown behind him in England, and with them he has apparently left the judge. Whether the wig and gown properly draped upon a lay figure would be able to discharge judicial functions without Sir JAMES MATHEW is a question which there has been no opportunity as yet of deciding experimentally. Probably the figure might be made to "concur" and to exercise some of the more formal duties of the office without being found out. On the other hand, it is quite clear that Sir JAMES MATHEW cannot discharge what at least are quasi-judicial functions without his wig and gown. The proof that the wisdom and dignity of the office lie in those garments is conclusive. It rests upon the method known to logicians as that of agreement and difference. With wig and gown Sir JAMES MATHEW is a respectable—something more than a respectable—judge. Without them he is a vehement partisan. The inference is obvious. Without going the extreme length of SWIFT'S theory, it may yet be held that costume, if it does not make, has something to do with the formation of, character. It reminds a man of the qualities which he ought to aim at, and of the demeanour which he should exhibit. It is difficult to believe that Sir JAMES MATHEW could have played the fantastic tricks which he has been going through in Dublin in his wig and gown. He would be under some sort of constraint to act up to those garments. He would feel that he had a part to play. The old servant in MOLIÈRE who, being alternately addressed as coachman and butler, found it necessary to assume the appropriate livery before he could answer in either capacity, is an illustration of the close identification of office and of dress.

Sir JAMES MATHEW denies, with some emphasis, that he is exercising judicial functions in his post of President of the Evicted Tenants Commission. He is perfectly right; but a man is not bound to be fair-minded to avoid prejudging a case, and to pay regard to the ordinary laws of evidence and the decencies of controversy merely because he is a judge. He is appointed a judge because it is believed that he is impressed with these obligations and will exhibit these qualities. Mr. Justice MATHEW seems to have cast aside reverence for them with his official robes. To take public rumour as trustworthy evidence of truth, to rely upon second-hand and hearsay statements, and to connive at their publication broadcast among persons whom they are sure to inflame and exasperate—perhaps into outrage; to take no steps, and, in fact, to prohibit the taking of any steps, by which a falsehood may be exposed or an erroneous impression removed on the spot and at the time when either is propagated; these things are a violation, not merely of the rules of judicial behaviour, but of elementary equity. As a Commissioner, Sir JAMES MATHEW may not be bound, and is not bound, by the technical rules of procedure which have been found convenient in courts of justice; but he is bound to observe the principles which lie at the basis of those rules, and the more stringently bound because he happens to be released from the mechanical pressure of the regulations which prevent any wide departure from fairness on the part of a judge sitting in a court of justice. He is released, also, from the influence which the presence of grave colleagues at his side and a formidable Bar before him exercises upon the most self-willed and peremptory of judges. Sir JAMES MATHEW, it is true, had, and we presume still has, colleagues; but he has managed to get rid already of two of them. One of them has precipitately retreated into a permanent post; another has resigned from a natural unwillingness to associate himself with the methods and temper of Sir JAMES MATHEW. From the first, however, he has treated his colleagues as if they were mere supernumeraries, lay figures, part of the furniture of the Court. Sir JAMES MATHEW has, indeed, a singular dispersing and dissolving power. He has got rid not only of two of his colleagues, but also the counsel who on the first day appeared before him, and of the witnesses who were to prove the case which he was sent to Ireland to make out. If matters go on in the future as they have done in the past, he will presently be sitting all alone. The sooner he returns to Westminster, and to his wig and gown, the better.

COLSTON'S DAY.

IT may be true enough, as we have lately been reminded, that since our public men have taken to bestowing their oratorical favours so liberally on all the more (and some of the less) important provincial towns, the glory of Colston's Day at Bristol has, to some extent, departed. This week's celebration of the anniversary, however, hardly supplies a typical example of the results of the decline. We can certainly recall more than one recent occasion when both the goodly companies of the Dolphin and of the Anchor banquet have had to put up with political stars of lesser magnitude than those which shone upon them respectively the other night in the persons of Lord ASHBOURNE, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. Not only, too, were the performers more notable than they sometimes are, but the performance itself was better. It not infrequently happens, in this usually dead season of the political year, that orators on both sides are something "gravelled for lack of matter"; whereas on this occasion, thanks to Mr. MORLEY and his "small Commission"—his small-by-degrees-and-beautifully-less Commission—it was almost embarrassing in its abundance. Lord ASHBOURNE found enough to say—and that without, in our opinion, saying a word too much—on the proceedings of that attenuated body and fevered head to occupy the greater part of a speech of considerable length; while Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, though he too did not stint himself of words, was far from exhausting that richly suggestive subject—the contrast between Gladstonians in and out of office. The trouble in dealing with it is, indeed, of a twofold nature; it includes the difficulty of knowing where to begin, and the impossibility of coming, otherwise than by an enforced interruption of the story, to an end.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH hit the mark in predicting that the conversation at the Anchor, as led by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, would not turn much upon Home Rule; but he was not so lucky in his anticipation that the Gladstonian orator would "ride off on his favourite "and ancient hobby-horse, Parliamentary Reform." That hobby-horse was forgot the other night; and no wonder; for Sir GEORGE could think of nothing but the Evicted Tenants Commission and the shameful behaviour of those Unionist critics who, after being distinctly told by Sir JAMES MATHEW that his object was to "bring about peace and reconciliation between "Irish landlords and their tenants, on just grounds so

"far as possible," maliciously feign inability to perceive that his adopted course of procedure is calculated to attain that end. Into Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S defence of that procedure we see not the slightest reason to enter. It differs only from those which have already been put forth by members of his party in that it is even more halting and half-hearted than the generality of them, and that it even more studiously ignores every material point of the case. His lame apology is only another proof of the confusion and discomfiture which the disastrous miscarriage of Mr. MORLEY'S policy has spread throughout the Gladstonian ranks. Of this Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, than whom no man better understands the situation in Ireland, is, we doubt not, only too painfully conscious. He must, and he does, know that the one and only object of appointing a Judge of the High Court to preside over the Commission was to give a judicial air to the inquiry; and that if the Government had supposed for a moment that they would find themselves with their backs to the wall and desperately defending the impartiality of the Commission at the very first stage of the proceedings, they would never have gone to the needless expense of paying Sir JAMES MATHEW'S railway fare from London to Dublin. His work, as Lord ASHBOURNE with equal truth and humour observed, could have been done as well or better by "hundreds of warm-hearted "patriots in Ireland unembarrassed by having ever "filled anywhere any judicial position." Indeed, the work could have been better done, because done with less scandal, with Mr. O'BRIEN or Father HUMPHREYS in the chair; for that, at least, might have been held to indicate a sort of cynical good faith on the part of the Government, whereas their unsuccessful attempts to give a colour of legality and equity to their policy reveal the fact that they are just as conscious of its essential lawlessness and injustice as are the men themselves against whom it is directed.

A CONVENTION OF ALL THE TALENTS.

WAS it really only "a National Convention of "delegates from the branches of the Irish Na-"tional Federation" that assembled the other day at Dublin? Or was "the Ancient Concert Rooms" mentioned by the reporters a misprint for "College Green," and was the meeting a Home Rule Parliament entirely? If not, it must certainly have been a well-concerted attempt to give the English public a taste of the Irish Parliamentary quality; for we never remember to have seen such an array of Nationalist notabilities marshalled for demonstrational purposes on any previous occasion. All the Talents were there without exception. Not one of the stars that decorate the breast of Erin was lacking. To use a familiar but expressive phrase, she had "got them all on." There was Mr. MCCARTHY (but he was taken "suddenly unwell," and left early), and Mr. DILLON, and Mr. HEALY, and Mr. SEXTON, and Mr. O'BRIEN, and Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR—M.P.'s all. And, what is more, they all spoke, every Talent of them; and the Chairman-Substitute, Mr. SEXTON, *vice* Mr. MCCARTHY, twice. There was, indeed, nothing to mar the illusion that one was assisting at a sitting of the Irish Parliament, unless it were the fact that Mr. REDMOND and his followers were at the same time holding an opposition meeting of the National League. This, it is true, suggests a passing speculation as to how this party would have disposed of themselves, and what precise position they would be occupying in the aforesaid Irish Parliament, if it were actually in session on College Green. But perhaps they would be outside it altogether and engaged in preventing their more impulsive adherents from blowing it up.

The speaking was not particularly powerful, considering the oratorical strength of the assembly; but it may fairly be described as iligant, and there was no lack of enthusiasm in the welcome of the audience. Mr. SEXTON took the chair on Mr. MCCARTHY'S retirement from it "amid cheers"; Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR was "very cordially received"; Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT and Mr. O'BRIEN were "loudly applauded"; Mr. HEALY was "received with cheering"; and Mr. DILLON was "greeted very warmly." To the last-named speaker, however, is due the credit of having made the most striking contribution to the oratory of the day. "Let "the delegates," he said, "go back to every part of "Ireland, and tell the people that they had an organiza-"tion and a Constitution; they could now give orga-"nization free play, because policemen and coercive "Courts could no longer cripple it." An organization unchecked by the police is, indeed, an inspiring ideal; and if at first sight it seems incompatible with that of the next speaker, who complained that "the programme of "the Redmondites was mischief and disorder," the inconsistency is, we dare say, more apparent than real. "Disorder" with Mr. O'BRIEN no doubt only means breaking the heads of the wrong men; although at the same time it may be suggested that head-breaking, whether the heads be well or ill selected, is not easily preventible except with the assistance of those policemen of whom Mr. DILLON speaks so disparagingly, but to whom Mr. HEALY owes so much. Mr. O'BRIEN'S subsequent "plea for toleration," and his support of "the appeal which had been made for a policy of "generous forbearance and allowance for the acts "of men who had committed mistakes in Irish "politics," have reference, we imagine, to the imprisoned dynamiters only, and not to the police. It will, no doubt, receive due consideration from Mr. MORLEY and Mr. ASQUITH, the former of whom must be greatly cheered and encouraged by the tone of the Convention. It must be pleasant, indeed, for that patron of the "legalities" to observe the calm confidence with which all the speakers in turn assumed that the Government are now on the side of the law-breakers and against the law. And with an unmade, and in all probability unmakable, Home Rule Bill in prospect, it must be still more agreeable to hear Mr. HEALY boasting that the questions of "the police, the "land, and the judiciary, of which they had heard so "much in Committee Room No. 15, had now vanished "because they had been conceded," and that nothing remained but the "novel question of the veto." That novel question, even if it stood alone, might give the Government some little trouble; but when Mr. MORLEY thinks of the "conceded points," and recalls further that other little difficulty over the Irish representation, he must surely feel disposed to ask Mr. HEALY, in the mildest way in the world, whether he has quite forgotten that the Ministerial majority is only thirty-eight?

THE DEFEAT OF MR. MUNRO.

THE decision reached by Mr. Justice CAVE and Mr. Justice WILLIAMS is, we perceive, described in Gladstonian circles as the "escape of Mr. BALFOUR." It is, at least, straining the word to talk of the escape of any one who has never been in any danger. The nature of the statements made in the Manchester Assize Court must soon have persuaded the reader who had the vaguest conception of the meaning of the word evidence, that Mr. BALFOUR was at no time in any serious peril. The consolation which the unsuccessful party can find in picking their words may cheerfully be left to them, since all the satisfaction and all the fun of the conflict have fallen to our side. Though it was absurd to suppose that there had been any deliberate irregularity on the part of Mr. BALFOUR,

and hardly credible that there had been any carelessness in him or in his immediate agents, there is always a possibility that some subordinate has been foolish. We imagine that it was their knowledge of this that supported Mr. MUNRO and his advisers in their arduous task of making evidence out of loose unsupported assertions and cock-and-bull stories. Something might turn up; nothing did, and so the petitioner went off with the shame, all the hits, and a substantial bill of costs—the Judges taking time to consider whether these were to be fixed on the higher scale or not.

But, if there never was appearance of danger enough to make the decision a relief, the quality of the fun is beyond question. It is really interesting to see what credulity can be shown in accepting loose assertions by men who hope that they may serve to damage an opponent. With one exception, the witnesses brought forward by Mr. MUNRO were all of the stamp of Mr. JAMES RUSSELL, who saw persons drinking beer for nothing, or at less than the market price. This witness set the side which produced him an example of sagacity; for he thought nothing of the matter, and did not mention it to the solicitor until the Saturday before the hearing began. Mr. Justice CAVE said "that this was "exactly the view which the Court took." It was also to be noted that very much of the so-called evidence produced by the petitioner was only heard of on the Saturday before the hearing began. The exception to all this vain talk was remarkable enough to atone for the curious character of the rest of Mr. MUNRO'S case. Tickets and a burglary are not words which will become as familiar as our old friends the Cock and the Bull; but that is only because the ground is sufficiently occupied. A more complete example of the kind of yarn which immediately occurs to the mind when the above formula is used has never been heard in or out of a Court of law. Certain persons, not even alleged to be agents of the Unionist candidate—so the romance runs—told one GREEN, a barber, that by acting in a proper way he might make a little money. He was to pay money to persons who presented tickets on the day of polling. Funds were supplied to GREEN, and instructions. In due course this barber from the *Arabian Nights* parted with the money for the tickets; which, strange to say, turned out to be very compromising to Mr. BALFOUR'S agents. Of course the tempters who had corrupted the virtue of GREEN were anxious to obtain possession of the proofs of their guilt. But anything may be expected to happen in the Manchester *Arabian Nights*. There was a dispute about 2*l.*, and GREEN refused to part with the tickets. No doubt they would have been produced for the inspection of Mr. Justice CAVE and Mr. Justice WILLIAMS but for a most extraordinary accident. One of the forty thieves —or perhaps it was the identical ruffian who assailed SHELLEY on a famous and mysterious occasion—broke into the barber's house, and the tickets disappeared. This was the wondrous tale which the petitioner's solicitor thought worth producing for the inspection of two judges.

There is one detail of it which we have passed over, and shall now repeat in the measured words of Mr. Justice CAVE:—"There was a negotiation which did "not reflect credit on any party to it, as a result of "which it was arranged with GREEN that he was to "have 200*l.* for his evidence—an arrangement which "certainly did not tend to the production of truth, and "might have had some influence on GREEN'S mind in "the case." We shall, as is but proper, copy the judicious reserve of the judge. The 200*l.* might have had some influence on the mind of GREEN. We do not say it had. We will not make rash assertions about the mind of GREEN; but the inquiry is one which might possibly repay investigation if properly conducted. As it stands in Mr. Justice CAVE'S summing-up and in the evidence, the story is not one which we should like to hear told of any Unionist petitioner. Mr. MUNRO has some interest in clearing it up. We are afraid that he will never succeed in showing that he can take defeat kindly, bear himself towards an opponent fittingly, or that he understands the nature of evidence. But he and his confidential advisers can at least prove that they had no connexion with a transaction which a judge has described as reflecting no credit on any party to it.

KING LEAR AT THE LYCEUM.

IT was not only fitting, but even inevitable, that our greatest Tragedian and Comedian should, sooner or later, attack the most tragical, and possibly the most difficult, part that was ever written by Shakspeare. He has chosen the right moment, the full ripeness of his power. King Lear is a part that makes immense demands both on the intellectual and the physical resources of the actor. It is certainly not too much to say that Mr. Irving has achieved a triumph. He has faced the difficulty, and has conquered it. Thus much we say, because even Mr. Irving's greatest admirers felt some diffidence as to whether he would be equal to the physical strain of King Lear. That diffidence was needless. The actor has conquered all doubt, not only by intellect but by force. There is no moment of weakness, no moment when the subtle study does not impress its full effect from every conceivable point of view. The part is thought and played. The actor's personality is completely lost in that of the deserted King; he takes the spectator through every stage of the King's waning strength, not only with an intense pathos, but also with what some practised critics thought might be missing—intense power. It is in the first act, perhaps, that he is not at his best, and the first act is an extremely difficult one. Yet in that act Mr. Irving gives, despite some faults of gesture, a keynote to his whole conception of the character. The tremulousness may here be overdone, but it leads the way to what is to follow; and Mr. Irving's idea of the part seems to us undoubtedly the right one—namely, that Lear is throughout an old man who presently goes mad. Indeed, the gradual increase of madness is one of the most remarkable points in Mr. Irving's great rendering of this great part. It comes by single spies, not in battalion, and you see it growing scene by scene, until, amid the admirably managed effect of the storm, there is no room left for doubt that the kingly mind—for it was kingly, in spite of the foolishness of dividing the kingdom—is completely unhinged. In this scene Mr. Irving more than equals any past achievement of his on the stage; the vastness of it is given without one hint of rant, and with an insight and command that compel surprise. Here, as all through, the actor never loses sight of the fact that Lear, king as he was and is, is oppressed with age. Later on, Mr. Irving, when he comes to the celebrated phrase, "Ay, every inch a king!" deliberately avoids the conventional trick of a sudden return to momentary youth: he gives it with the air of an uncrowned king wandering in his wits, to whom the very word "king" suggests, but only for a moment, the memory and glory of a former kingdom. He says it as one in a dream, and all through this scene he plays as one in a dream, with a perfect mixture of passion and humour. Take, for instance, the speech to Gloster beginning with, "What, art mad?"

As to the next scene, there is nought to say, except that Mr. Irving gives unknown tears and fire to the words which we all know by heart, and that when he comes to "I think this lady to be my child Cordelia" he touches one's very heartstrings. For the last act, in one sense the last is the best. Here the tragedy grows and grows, and here the actor's thought and execution grow with it. No art could surpass the pathos and the terror of Lear's last scene with Cordelia, nor could anything be better than the change from the melting mood to the remembrance of the day of the good biting falchion. In fine, Mr. Irving's King Lear is a thing of extraordinary conception and extraordinary performance, which may even yet be bettered by his untiring genius. For the rest, is there any need to say that the piece is perfectly staged? But there may be need to say that it is admirably played in every part. Not a single character is falsely or inadequately shown, and to say this is to say very much. That Miss Terry's Cordelia would be a thing of beauty was a foregone conclusion, and the conclusion is justified. Mr. Terriss is even more excellent than

usual, Mr. Cooper is also excellent, Mr. Howe has the perfection of art and long experience in his few lines, and Mr. Haviland's Fool is a fine performance. Further details we reserve for further notice.

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Friday of last week the Stock Exchange was disturbed by a disgraceful hoax, perpetrated, no doubt, by unscrupulous speculators. It was reported that an insurrection had broken out in Chili, and that the Argentine and Peruvian Governments had entered into an alliance to attack the neighbouring Republic. It is strange that such rumours were listened to for a moment; but, as the Chilian Ministry had resigned a few days before, and as, further, there was a fall in the Chilian exchange, as well as large selling of Chilian stocks, the Stock Exchange jumped to the conclusion that there must be some foundation for them. As a matter of fact, there was not the least ground for either story. There is no cause of quarrel between Chili and either Peru or Argentina, and both of the latter States have quite enough to do at home without engaging in foreign adventures, while as for the resignation of the Chilian Ministry, it was due to purely Parliamentary causes. As it is, there is little doubt that the President will pursue the policy he has entered upon—that of in every way developing the resources of the country and restoring order in the finances. Since the close of the Civil War there has been some recovery; but the President recognizes that a real revival can hardly be hoped for while the paper money is so greatly depreciated. Bills, accordingly, have been introduced for gradually resuming specie payments. A couple of weeks ago it will be in the recollection of our readers that Messrs. Rothschild brought out a loan of 1,800,000*l.*, bearing 5 per cent. interest, for the purpose of enabling the Chilian Government to redeem the inconvertible paper-notes which President Balmaceda compelled the banks to lend to him. The loan will put it in the power of the Chilian Government to reduce the paper circulation to what it was before the civil war broke out. But the President recognizes that that is not enough; he wishes to resume specie payments on New Year's Day 1896. The Bills introduced for that purpose propose an additional loan of 1,200,000*l.*, to be raised in monthly instalments, and applied in cancelling a portion of the notes in circulation. And, furthermore, next year it is proposed that 25 per cent. of the Customs duties collected in gold are to be applied for the same purpose, while the year after and the year after that again 50 per cent. are to be applied. The plan is ingenious, and the object aimed at is unquestionably good. But we venture to think that the Chilian Government makes a mistake in deciding to resume in gold instead of in silver. Silver always hitherto has been the standard of value in Chili, and in spite of the depreciation of the metal, we are of opinion that it is a better standard for a country like Chili than gold. Firstly, it is to be borne in mind that Chili is a poor country, that her resources are not developed, that her population is small, and that she is exposed to a very keen competition with other countries in everything she produces for export. If her Government were wise, therefore, it would not handicap the country with an expensive currency and a very high rate of exchange. When gold becomes the standard, it will be difficult to get down wages. Wages are fixed now, no doubt, in paper; but it is to be recollected that the paper is called a dollar, and that, whether the dollar consists of inconvertible paper or of gold, it appears precisely the same thing to the uneducated working-man, and he will not be content to take half a dollar or three-quarters of a dollar instead of the dollar he has been accustomed to receive. It will be a very difficult thing, therefore, to get down wages. But, if they are not got down, then the cost of producing everything in Chili will be raised exactly in proportion as the value of the paper dollar is raised, and the country will be handicapped in competing with other countries. Besides, it is to be recollected that gold is now about 40 per cent. dearer than silver; therefore Chili would be able to buy silver for about 40 per cent. less than she can get gold. That is a very material consideration for so backward a country. Of course it will be said that Chili trades with gold-using countries altogether, and that it is desirable, therefore, to have a gold currency like her principal customers. But, although there is some advantage in it, the advantage is by no means so great as to compensate, firstly, for the great cost of getting gold, and, secondly, for the disturbance of every industry in the country by the rise in wages, rents, and debts, and the struggle that will have to be gone through to get them down again.

The value of money continues to fall. The Stock Exchange settlement, which was completed on Wednesday evening, for the moment caused a better demand for short loans, but the demand has again fallen off. The rate of discount in the open market is only $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. It is to be regretted that the Directors of the Bank of England do not exert themselves to protect their reserve, for there is a strong demand in the open market for gold. There are appearances that a considerable amount before long will be sent to Paris, and at any moment the Russian withdrawals may begin again.

The price of silver fell early in the week to $38\frac{3}{4}d.$ per oz., but recovered on Thursday to $38\frac{7}{8}d.$ per oz. There is exceedingly little demand, and the market is weak. Interested parties are trying to believe that the International Conference will do something to support the price; but that is in the highest degree improbable, and it looks as if another fall would take place before long.

There has been considerable activity during the week in South African land, gold, and diamond shares, and in South American securities. There is no doubt that the South African gold-fields are exceedingly rich, that they will probably prove the largest source of gold now existing, and as prices for several years have been very low, an improvement is justified, not only by the increase in the output, but by the opening up of the country by means of railways. At the same time, we would warn the small investor to be careful how he buys. Gold-mining is proverbially one of the most precarious of all industries, and unless the greatest caution is exercised investors will lose their money. It would be much better for the small investor to leave the development of South Africa to great capitalists, who can afford to lock up their money, and even to incur losses for a while. As for the speculation in South American securities, we can only repeat what we have said so often, that in our opinion it is going too fast. There is, no doubt, a great improvement in the economic condition of Argentina, as is proved by the rapid fall in the gold premium at Buenos Ayres, which is now down to 183 per cent. In other words, whereas at the worst of the crisis one gold dollar was worth more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ paper dollars, one gold dollar now is worth less than 3 paper dollars. That shows a growth of wealth and a revival of confidence. But the improvement is not sufficient as yet to justify eager speculation; and investors should bear in mind that, if the gold premium falls very rapidly, it will check exports. For instance, only a week ago an exporter, who sold wheat or wool in London, received more than 3 paper dollars for every gold dollar he got in London. But if the gold premium goes down to 150 per cent., the gold dollar will be worth only $2\frac{1}{2}$ paper dollars, and it is in paper dollars the farmers and flock-masters pay wages and other expenses. In the United States the Democratic victory has checked business. Capitalists fear that a reduction of the tariff will so increase foreign competition that prices must fall considerably, and with them profits; and they are apprehensive likewise of legislation hostile to the railway Companies. Besides, there is danger of a war of rates between the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the New York Central Company. The former has invaded the New England territory of the latter, and, unless Messrs. Drexel Morgan, who are bankers of both Companies, and therefore largely interested in the two, can enforce peace, the New York Central will retaliate. The danger of a change of Ministry in France early in the week made all the Continental Bourses dull; but there has since been some recovery.

A powerful Syndicate offered to buy the Uruguayan securities held by the liquidators of the Messrs. Baring Brothers; but the offer has been declined, Messrs. Baring Brothers considering those securities much more valuable than the Syndicate does. They may be right; but in City opinion the offer was a very good one.

Little change has taken place regarding the cotton-trade dispute; but it looks as if it would extend. Efforts are being made to induce the cotton-spinners who are not members of the Federation either to close their mills altogether or to work half-time, and the expectation is that the

efforts will succeed. There is no improvement either in the South Wales coal trade, and generally the condition of trade is growing worse, the number of unemployed is increasing, and wages are everywhere falling.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $97\frac{7}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{8}$. India Sterling Three per Cents closed at $97\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$. Cape of Good Hope Three and a Halfs closed at $99\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; but Australian stocks are nearly all lower, the greatest fall being in Queensland Three and a Halfs, which closed at $90\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{3}{4}$. In Home Railway stocks there is likewise a general advance. North-Western closed on Thursday at $172\frac{1}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{8}$; North-Eastern closed at $155\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Great Western closed at $164\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; but Brighton "A" closed at $151\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of 1. The movements in the American market are generally downward. To begin with the speculative shares, which are unsuited to investors, Readings closed on Thursday at $28\frac{3}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Atchison closed at $38\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Erie closed at $27\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$. Passing next to the interest-bearing securities, Reading First Income Bonds closed at $77\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and Reading Fours closed at 89, a fall of 1. Louisville and Nashville closed at $72\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$; Illinois closed at 106, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Lake Shore closed at $136\frac{3}{4}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand the movements in South American securities have been upwards. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed at 81–3, a rise of 1; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 127–9, also a rise of 1. The Argentine Funding Loan closed at 71, and the Five per Cents of 1886 at $72\frac{1}{4}$ after having been at $73\frac{3}{4}$ and $74\frac{1}{4}$ respectively; Uruguayan New Three and a Halfs closed at $39\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of as much as 3. The price for a moment was as high as 40. Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $73\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. Chilian Four and a Halfs closed at 91, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In inter-Bourse securities there are not many changes; but Hungarian closed at $95\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{7}{8}$; while Spanish closed at $62\frac{13}{16}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. South African gold shares are nearly all up. At first the demand was for the better classed dividend securities, but it has extended to the low-priced speculation shares. Chartered of South Africa shares have risen to $1\frac{5}{8}$, Explorings to $5\frac{3}{4}$, Bechuanaland to $1\frac{1}{2}$. The rise in diamond shares has been checked after the recent great improvement.

CASTLE KENNEDY.

TRAVELLERS to Ireland by the accelerated route *viâ* Stranraer, Larne, and Belfast begin to collect their minor movables about the time when the train rattles over the lofty viaduct at Glenluce. At this point the route leaves the moorland, which has been almost continuous for forty miles westward of Castle Douglas, and runs for ten miles across a flat arable tract. The sea, which, at no distant geological period, covered this plain, as may be seen from the ridges of sand and shingle which intersect it at regular intervals, is visible on either hand; Loch Ryan forms the northern, as Luce Bay the southern, horizon.

At the narrowest point of the isthmus between these seas a liberal space has been devoted to landscape-gardening on an heroic scale. On the right of the railway, three or four miles on the hither side of Stranraer, the voyager may view the ample demesne, or (to use the native phrase) the "policy," of Castle Kennedy, and, if he be master of his own time, he will do well to devote a morning to visiting it.

There is no earthly paradise comparable to a well-kept English or, for that matter, Scottish park; if there be a blemish in that kind of scenery, it arises from sameness. But Castle Kennedy differs from any other place with which we are acquainted in the treatment of natural features which, be it said, are in themselves not more than mediocre. Here, on the neck between two seas, lie two sheets of fresh water, and the ridge separating them has been cast into a strange complexity of terraces. The ruins of Castle Kennedy, a good example of seventeenth-century building, stand on a grassy plateau at one end of this ridge. At the other end, the best part of a mile distant, is the modern mansion of Lochinch, a fine specimen of the style which, developed under French influence in the sixteenth century, when architecture ceasing to be purely defensive assumed more hospitable features, architects fondly clepe "Scottish baronial."

The terrace sward is scrupulously kept to the texture of an Axminster carpet, with what amount of patient labour may be estimated when it is mentioned that upwards of seventy acres is continually traversed by mowing-machines. A large part of the grounds is devoted to a pinetum. Too often one sees the giants of the Rockies and the Himalayas pinched and parched by the fashion of setting them out singly on lawns, where their roots search vainly for the moisture essential to liberal development. Here, however, they are treated largely, and, disposed in groups and masses of the different species, afford a chance, unequalled elsewhere, of comparing their relative value to British forestry. Favoured by the mild western climate, the Californian *Pinus insignis* grows into velvety domes of bottle-green, and the plumy Monterèy cypress grows as freely beside it as both do on the hillsides near San Francisco. The Blue Avenue, a double line of *Picea nobilis*, scales the steep towards the old tower, whence, in another direction, runs another double avenue composed entirely of the Chilian *Araucaria*. The "puzzle monkey" is not a favourite for decorative purposes in this country, nor can it be said that, as a rule, it deserves to be so, for the lower branches are prone to turn rusty and die off; but here each of these strange trees is a picture of lusty growth, densely furnished with close symmetrical limbs from base to lofty summit.

One great feature in these grounds is furnished by the profusion of choice rhododendrons. Not only is this so in spring and early summer, when dazzling sheets of blossom clothe the slopes down to the lake-margins on either hand, but at all seasons the foliage is extremely rich. The Sikkim species are specially well clad; the wind playing on their leaves exposes the under-surfaces, some of which are a rich cinnamon, others of a silvery hue. Noble masses of Pampas grass, hardy bamboos, and New Zealand flax (the latter with flower-stems 14 feet in height), flourish in the damper spots.

But how comes it that Castle Kennedy stands within the park of Lochinch? Was it not said by those of olden time, and have not our fathers declared unto us, that

> 'Twixt Wigtown and the town of Ayr,
> Portpatrick and the Cruives o' Cree,
> Nae man need think for to bide there
> Except he ride wi' Kennedy?

Ah! but time brings strange revenges. About ten miles from Castle Kennedy, in the middle of a bleak and boggy moor, stands Carscreuch, now ruinous; a mansion of which Symson, the seventeenth-century chronicler of this district, grimly observed that it "might have been more pleasant if it had been in a more pleasant place." This most ineligible residence, shortly after Symson described it, passed by marriage into the possession of Sir James Dalrymple, first Viscount Stair. Just four hundred years previously, Kennedy had violently despoiled Dalrymple of his paternal lands in Ayrshire. It was now the turn of the Dalrymples, for the Earl of Cassilis, head of the Kennedys, floundered into innumerable scrapes in the Covenanting times. The Dalrymples, generation after generation, were serviceable lawyers. Acre by acre, farm by farm, barony by barony, the wide lands of Kennedy passed into the hands in which they remain to this day.

The first Viscount Stair, who became President of the Court of Session, had a daughter Janet, out of whose vicissitudes Scott created Lucy Ashton, the bride of Lammermoor. John, Earl of Cassilis, who had thus to part with his territory to his hereditary enemy, also became associated with Scottish romance, for the elopement of his wife furnished the theme of the well-known ballad of "Johnnie Faa."

It was John, second Earl of Stair, better known as Field-Marshal Stair, who, in the interval between his diplomatic and military achievements, laid out the terraces and grounds of Castle Kennedy, and embellished his estates with much planting. *Non sibi sed posteris*; alas! for no human undertaking does the decree *sic vos non vobis* lie in wait so inevitably as upon tree-planting. The Marshal's oaks had shed their acorns little more than a hundred autumns ere the ruthless edict of the seventh earl, known and dreaded in the country as Hobblin' Jock, owing to a limp in his gait, laid every stick of them low. Since his death, in 1840, all has been replanted and much more

to boot; the terraces, pride of the shire, have been cleared of the rubbish which had overgrown them, and the landscape lacks only that which is held in store for generations unborn—the grace of aged timber—to fulfil the ideal of a lordly chace. It would be unkind to dwell on these delights if they were only those of a private pleasure ground; but, by a considerate decree, Castle Kennedy is open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

As has been mentioned, the modern house is styled Lochinch, a name handed down from prehistoric times. In this wise:—The larger lake of the two—about 130 acres in extent—is called Loch Inch Crindle, which in the Gaelic (spoken hereabouts as late as the reign of Mary Queen of Scots) signifies the Lake of Crindal's Isle. This isle (in Gaelic *innis*), which gives the name Inch to the whole parish, is an artificial structure—a "crannog," in short—one of those lacustrine habitations which, since the exploration of the Swiss *pfahlbauten*, or pile-dwellings, have kept our antiquaries busy, and have been found to exist in almost every lake in Scotland where there are no natural islets.

Crindal, to judge from the scale of his abode, must have been a chieftain of some importance. The islet, constructed of masses of heather, fern, and brushwood, packed into a massive framework of oak, and secured by innumerable piles driven through the structure, measures thirty yards in length by twenty-two in breadth. It is overgrown with trees; but such exploration as their roots would allow has revealed fireplaces and wooden floorings, with the usual *débris* of bones and kitchen refuse, and a few articles of bronze, ornamental bone, and glass.

Standing one summer evening on the shore of the loch, looking across from Crindal's Isle to where the towers and flashing windows of the great new Castle were mirrored in the placid waters, one was beginning to muse on the vast difference in the comfort and security of the life that now is, compared with what it was when men had to hew with rude tools in the forest timber to build a place of safety for their wives and cattle. But this train of reflection was cut short by the rumble of the Irish express to London, passing only a few fields distant—a reminder that, although we have rid our land of wolves and marauding Picts, we still go in dread of Midlothian campaigns and excruciating music-hall ditties.

I RANTZAU.

AFTER the *première* of *L'Amico Fritz* an opinion was expressed in these columns to the effect that, "if there was much to hope from the composer of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, there was more to expect from the composer of *L'Amico Fritz*." Pietro Mascagni's new work realizes both hopes and expectations.

There is no musical preface to *I Rantzau*; after a short orchestral introduction (31 bars), composed of two themes, the curtain rises on a village square; in the background, facing each other, are the houses of Giacomo and Giovanni Rantzau, the brothers whose mutual hatred forms the pretext for the story. In the foreground is the Town Hall to the right; the house of Fiorenzo, schoolmaster and organist, to the left; to the left also a fountain. A charming chorus greeting the spring opens the action; and soon afterwards both choruses unite in the merry cry, "è tornato allegro il sole, è primavera." Fiorenzo appears with his daughter Giulia, later on Giacomo and his son Giorgio, Gianni and his daughter Luisa, and, last of all, Lebel, an inspector of forests. The men repair to the Town Hall, where an auction is about to take place; some land of Guisi's is put up for sale, and both brothers covet it. A scherzo in $\frac{9}{16}$, full of quaint rhythmical devices, illustrates the scene in the square during the auction. Luisa, left alone with Giulia, complains bitterly of the hatred which divides the house of Rantzau, and pours out the fulness of her heart in a sad romanza. The dialogue between both girls is in measured recitative, during which occurs frequently a phrase, which we will call the love motive. Whilst Giulia is comforting her friend, a great uproar is heard in the Town Hall; the sale is over, and Gianni has been the successful bidder. Giacomo and Giorgio appear, accompanied by a sombre phrase, the hatred motive, and together with their partisans accuse Gianni of fraud, to the perpetration of which Lebel, one of Luisa's suitors, must have lent a willing hand. Gianni has his partisans also, and the animated scene which takes place here is admirably rendered in a finale, remarkable not only for ingeniousness in construction and the beauty of the melodic designs, but especially because of the happy invention of the various themes which illustrate the situation with wonderful plasticity.

The second act opens with a prelude, the twenty-two bars of which present two independent motives. We are in the parlour of Gianni's house; to the left a door leading into the garden, and a large bay window through which a lawn belonging to Giacomo is seen. To the right are an organ in the background and a door on the first *plan*. Luisa sits at the bay window embroidering, and sings the while a ballad suggestive of her own situation; the story of a king who sacrifices his daughter for the sake of his pride. The ballad is quaint enough, but not in Mascagni's best vein; its melody lies in the most trying part of the soprano voice, whilst the undulations and harmonies are *tirés par les cheveux*. Gianni interrupts the musing of his daughter, and sends her off to dress and prepare for the reception of his friends. Here they are, and Fiorenzo, who is the first to arrive, is entrusted with an embassy from Gianni to Luisa; the old man would rather have a stranger to break to his daughter the news of her betrothal to Lebel. Two motives, presented first by wood instruments, and then by a more and more elaborate orchestration, accompany the arrival of the guests, and serve as background for an ensuing conversation. Fiorenzo is asked to play something, and after a feeble resistance sits down to the organ to please the audience with a Kyrie of his own composition. Then comes a quarrel episode. The phrases of the Kyrie alternate with bacchanalian couplets telling the story of "Annella che ha perduta la pianella." This episode is admirably conceived and equally well executed; and the effect obtained does not suffer in the least from want of contrapuntal combinations. The party is spoilt; all adjourn to the garden except Fiorenzo, who remains to deliver his embassy to Luisa. She knows the truth in a moment, and refuses peremptorily to obey her father or to listen to Fiorenzo. Gianni overhears the scene; well does he know the reason of Luisa's attitude; her love for Giorgio, the son of his worst enemy. He will rather see her dead than married thus. This comforting remark closes the act.

We see that the dramatic interest until now is very slender, and the *dénouement* one way or the other would leave us quite unconcerned if we did not expect one of those surprises which it seems the privilege of Mascagni to have always in store. The whole third act is a surprise, and we are not probably far from the truth in supposing that the prospect of handling the situations of this act must have influenced Mascagni in the choice of his libretto. The scene takes place in the same square of the first act; and, after seventeen bars of orchestral introduction in chords presented by wood and harps, we have a short (twenty-six bars) but very beautiful chorus for female voices, accompanied by wood instruments, and suggestive, introduction and chorus, of the rippling of the water—for the women are at the fountain. Giulia comes out of Gianni's house, and is immediately surrounded by the loquacious gathering; news is wanted. This scene is called by Mascagni "Cicaleccio," or "tittle-tattle," and the music written for it is a masterpiece of humour and invention. The chorus, kept in canon form, is divided in three groups, and for over two hundred bars the phrases roll from one group to the other, no sooner left here than caught up there, sent back, now amongst the sopranos, now with the contraltos, now shrill, now soft; whilst the rhythm of polka-mazurka adds yet in piquancy and swing, so to say, to the effect.

But Luisa is ill, very ill indeed; and all this "Cicaleccio," delicious as it is to the hearers, disturbs her sorely; and so an apostrophe of Fiorenzo's sends the girls to their whereabouts, and the square remains free for what has yet to pass. The first to happen is a violent scene between Giacomo and his son Giorgio, who, rather than see Luisa another man's wife, prepares to leave his home and country. "Remain," says old Giacomo; "the other one would be too pleased." And Giorgio will remain, but as a stranger, in his father's house, for the old man will never countenance so guilty a love. The hatred motive occurs frequently in this scene, the recitative is treated freely, and the melodious phrases are short, if impassioned. Giorgio, left alone with Fiorenzo, laments his lot in a melancholy romanza, but has no comfort from his friend even.

The nightfall surprises him musing before the windows of Luisa; the love motive appears *pp* in the same values and

tonality as before, but stops suddenly as Lebel crosses the square. An angry dialogue ensues, and a duel is arranged for the next morning. The square is empty now. The love motive appears *fff*, but is again cut short, this time by the sound of the curfew-bell. The night-watch traverses slowly the scene, accompanied *pp* by an expressive figure for double basses, and a small chorus of picked men's voices enjoins prayer and rest to everybody. There is no rest, however, for Gianni Rantzau; "a sotterrare mi porterete voi, non all' altare," said Luisa to him, and the doctor left no hope whatever. Phrases identified with the feud between the two brothers rise now and then from the orchestra; the old man struggles, but at last the love for the child prevails, and Gianni goes towards Giacomo's house to beg there for peace and forgiveness. Giacomo answers the door, and, recognizing his brother, draws back. A series of consecutive fifths, presented first by bassoons, then by 'cellos, illustrate the harshness of the reception; but the appeal is not made in vain. "*Entra*," says Giacomo, and, as Gianni *avvilito* crosses his brother's threshold, the curtain falls on the most effective scene of the finest act of the work.

An impassioned Intermezzo (in F)—rather rhapsodical in structure, for no less than three independent themes are given in forty-nine bars—prefaces the fourth act. We are again in the parlour of Gianni's house. Fiorenzo is in no small way concerned about the issue of certain conditions agreed to between the two brothers the night before, and which the young folks would have to accept before their marriage. But here comes Luisa, radiant with joy and health—these miracles *will* happen in opera—and answers the affectionate grumblings of Fiorenzo with a charming solo in stornello form. Here is also Giorgio, and now is the first opportunity for them to speak of their love, and for Mascagni to write a fine love duet, in which, however, the tenor voice is better treated than the soprano. But all is not at an end yet—remains the signing of the contract. Giorgio learns that his father has given his consent to the marriage, on condition that Luisa's father would leave the country for ever; he refuses to accept even his happiness at such a price, apostrophizes his father and uncle with all the fervour of a good cause—"Pace, pace, fratelli!"—and the old foes yield at last, falling into each other's arms, whilst Fiorenzo tears up the odious contract. The final episode of Giorgio's apostrophe is a beautiful *arioso*, and the opera closes to the strains of the second theme of the Intermezzo.

AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE IN THE FORTIES.

IT is astonishing how soon old times are forgotten even though they only date back to a poor half-century. Nay, in ten or twenty years the ancient aspect of a street in which there have been "improvements" is forgotten utterly. Somebody has what he is pleased to describe as an "old print" of it, and we look on it with a certain wonder to think our street ever looked like that. And yet streets and buildings are in their nature permanent, relatively permanent, that is; and a row of houses if they are not too modern may be safely counted upon to outlive several hundred fashions. And while a large proportion of those fashions will, from the shortness of their stay with us, miss the immortality bestowed by the old print, some memorial of the houses, or at least of others resembling them in every particular, is pretty sure to survive. Phases of existence, in fact, are the most evanescent of all phenomena. Unless they mark an epoch, they hardly find a place in a book, and if they are so important, their very importance makes the writer subordinate detail to the main object, and we get only a vague outline, huge indeed, but misty and somehow unreal. This is especially so with regard to the Universities. In the haste to add "school to school" and professor to professor, we forget how far we have gone, and, without pausing to look back and congratulate ourselves that things really are better in our own day and might profitably be left so, we go on with all the old eagerness in search of fresh subjects to add to our curriculum and fresh chairs in those subjects. Meantime, the reactionary complains bitterly of this perpetual rearrangement and improvement of his beloved University, and, in his anxiety to have it left alone, now forgets, or perhaps does not know, from what a slough it has emerged. Much of its so-called progress might have been spared. At present we have too much examination and too little learning. But a good deal has been done which it is difficult to regret, even from the sentimental point of view.

To illustrate this, we wish to give a perfectly candid and straightforward picture of the life of an Oxford undergraduate in a small and select college not many miles from Christ Church, in the forties, for by him we can judge of the well-being of a considerable section of the University. We are not going to choose any extreme instance of a fast or a "rowdy" man, who can hardly be ranked as anything but a sort of excrescence on a great University, but merely an ordinary undergraduate of moderate means in a "good" set. Let us see the manner of his life, and how he was ruled. In the first place, the college itself would be a very different place from its modern equivalent in the economy of the University. Big colleges are a late innovation in Oxford, and this one would contain about thirty men, scholars, gentlemen commoners, and commoners. The college was ruled on two great principles. The first was attendance at chapel. Six chapels a week and two on Sundays was a rule which it was dangerous to break. Each day there was morning and evening chapel, and a man might keep both if he pleased. Those were the days of dining at five, it must be remembered, and afternoon chapel, therefore, was at half-past four. But, as morning chapel was too early to rise for, and afternoon too early to come in for, our undergraduate kept an average of two a week, sent in a couple of "ægers," and counted the remaining four in that way. Ill-health in fact, real or assumed, appears to have played an important part in the discipline of the college, and "ægers" were purely a matter of form. They had to be "taken out," as it was called, but they were never refused or inquired into. Sunday chapels were even more obligatory than week-day, and were rendered more arduous by several strange regulations. These were the days of compulsory attendance at Sacrament. A man either went to Communion or went down. There was no *via media*. Sacrament Sundays, therefore, were, to the thoughtless youth, days of penance. Breakfast for men "In College" took place *before* the service and was not allowed after. The scouts had orders to clear away all breakfasts during service, and nothing could be got afterwards. Moreover, the scouts obeyed those orders. The result, with the young men of fashion, might have been foreseen. Though the present huge system of "Out College" residence was unknown then, there was generally one wealthy man who had rooms out of college, and he gave a big breakfast party to all his fellows every Sacrament Sunday, beginning at about eleven and lasting on till about two, the consequences of which it would be easy to prophesy. These were not the days of universal tea and coffee for breakfast, and men drank a great deal of liquor at these parties. Any good impression that might conceivably have been left on the minds of the men by the service they had compulsorily attended was soon dissipated in revel and the looser kind of jest. So much for Sunday morning. Sunday evening was nearly as bad. On Sundays the theory was that no wine parties should be continued in college after service. The scouts cleared away everything while the men were in chapel. So the gilded youth set to work in the brief interval between hall and chapel to fuddle himself with heavy port, and make the most of the brief period allowed him by the authorities before Service-time. By the time he turned into chapel he was three-parts drunk, and can hardly have got much improvement from Divine Service. These were the days of hard drinking, whose effects we are said to feel yet by inheritance in our feeble constitutions and shaky nerves. The interval of time between the breakfast orgie and the dinner one was filled by a stroll in irreproachable costume up to Headington. In theory the programme was rendered impossible by compulsory attendance at University Sermon. In practice this impossible was, in Napoleonic fashion, found not to exist. Every one had to show up "sermon notes" to the Dean, in proof of his attendance; but this was got over by a hasty study of the notes of some more scrupulous undergraduate, which a dozen others served up in their several styles in a sort of *réchauffée*. The Sabbath day, therefore, though admirably arranged in theory, was not a day of low living and high thinking in practice.

The second great principle of college discipline was compulsory attendance at Lecture. It may be said that this still remains. But this is not quite the case. Nowadays a

laborious Board of Studies and a quasi-intelligent tutor between them settle your lectures for you. The tutor is supposed to know your special needs, and he picks out from the long list of "Combined Lectures" those which he considers will minister to your wants, and which therefore he would fain compel you to attend. The tutor may be often wrong, but he at least endeavours to find something adapted to your requirements. But fifty years ago there were no Combined Lectures. Teaching was purely an In-College affair. The undergraduate could not fare forth to get the lectures he required. Every man had to go to the same lectures as every other man of his standing; the man who aimed no higher than a pass and the aspirant to the Ireland. His lectures were provided for him in his own college, like his dinner and his chapels, and he was bound to go to them. The college catered absolutely for all his needs—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—and under no circumstances could he patronize another establishment. At this college there were some four sets of lectures, one in Holy Scripture—a tall name for a cursory running through of one of the Gospels in the original Greek—one in mathematics—trigonometry or conic sections, for the Head had been a Double First, and was great on mathematics—and one in either classical tongue—translating, that is, some Latin or Greek book. To these three or four lectures *per diem* every undergraduate—be he scholar or commoner, classic or mathematician, candidate for a University prize or only for a pass degree—had to go. To the undergraduate of this generation, accustomed to have his needs catered for only too carefully by his tutor, and every form of lecture peculiarly adapted to his particular deficiencies thrust down his throat, this will sound absurd. For by means of the "Combined Lecture" system any one can go to a lecture anywhere on any subject, and there are so many lecturers that there is one for every possible "book" and every stage in that book. But fifty years ago this system did not exist, and every one had to go to the lectures in his own college for the men of his year, and to all the lectures. The classical scholar went to classical lectures with the passman of his standing, and sat drearily listening to him stumbling through a passage in Virgil which he, the scholar, had done at the age of twelve at school. Nay, more, the same scholar, though he had no knowledge of mathematics beyond arithmetic, had to attend the college mathematical lectures in the realms of Conic Sections or the Tenth Book of Euclid, and feign an interest though he had it not. It need scarcely be added that such a system did not tend to produce scholars, and that the college we are speaking of, though famous for its Fellows, did not for ten successive years secure a single First among its undergraduates. The scholars sat and listened to dull passmen struggling with a verse of Greek Testament or a few lines of Virgil, until the scholarship was purged out of them.

Meantime, the life they led was not calculated to promote study. Dinner being at five o'clock, the long evening was consumed in a series of wine parties in and out of college. Three a night seems to have literally been the average, with *Vingt-et-un* till two in the morning. We have attempted in this article to give a careful picture of the life actually led by the undergraduates of at least one college, under a famous Head, taking no extreme instance, and exaggerating no detail. But, it may be asked, How were such stringent regulations enforced with regard to attendance at chapel, lecture, sacrament, and University sermon? We have seen that University sermon was evaded by adapting somebody else's "sermon notes," and showing up a garbled version of them to the Dean; that chapels were avoided by a system of "ægers"—to put it plainly, by announcing yourself as "ill" two days a week, and by that means counting four chapels as kept. The same means had to be resorted to to arrange your lectures. You might take out unlimited "ægers," and they might be palpably unfounded, but no exception would be taken to them. "Leave" off a lecture was practically never granted. If you were playing in the college cricket match, and had to be on the ground by twelve, at which time it chanced you also had a lecture, you could not get leave to be absent. It would be refused. But you could take out an "æger" for the day, and play triumphantly in your cricket match, and nobody said anything. And this amazing state of things was kept up by most stringent regulations. "Cutting" a lecture was the most serious offence you could possibly commit, whether you "cut" it for a cricket match, or merely to lie in bed, and the authorities were quite ready to send you down for it. It thus ranked as a grave moral offence as far as punishment went, and while the University sent you down for grievous misconduct in the town, the college did the like for cutting a lecture, instead of sending in an "æger." Like the system of "shirking" at Eton, it was a matter of form, but a form to be disregarded at your peril, and one which hardly tended to foster straightforwardness between tutor and pupil. Really in some ways it is quite a ghastly picture of stupidity and misrule in a College whose senior common-room was a body unequalled for brilliancy and learning in the University, and whose long line of Fellows are supposed to be the brightest feature in a rather dreary aspect of the history of Oxford. The truth was, these Fellows were men elected largely from other colleges, and took no interest in the one to which they were imported, at least as far as its undergraduates were concerned, and the result was the fall of the college from intellectual high places.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

At the Hanover Gallery, New Bond Street, there are on view two pictures by M. Henri de Groux, the young painter who has been variously acclaimed as a new Delacroix and the true head of the artistic brotherhood known as the *Instinctifs*. M. de Groux's claim to the mantle of Delacroix has been contested. Certainly, it is entirely unsupported by the immense and grotesque picture "Le Christ aux outrages," which holds the place of honour at the Hanover Gallery. Possibly we should never have heard of the claim were it not that Delacroix, like some other great artists, was so "possessed" by his imaginative ideas that in the passionate shaping of them he was careless of the technical "letter," so long as the expressive "spirit" held unfettered sway. Thus his drawing of the human figure, as in the wonderful designs for *Faust*, is sometimes far from impeccable, and especially is this so when violent action is indicated. In M. Henri de Groux's picture the surging crowd of gesticulating figures is a confused mass of paralytic faces and monstrously contorted limbs, as if the inmates of the accident ward of some hospital were impelled by a frenzied impulse to break forth in riot. Anything less like realism there could not be. There is nothing in the forms, texture, and modelling of the figures suggestive of flesh. Then, as we recall Delacroix's supremacy as a colourist, M. de Groux's colour, as exemplified by this picture, is suggestive of the experiments of a boy with his first colour-box. But if an *Instinctif* be nothing less than a painter who, disdainful of such technical mastery as he may possess, paints pictures that are appalling in drawing and colour, and yet is successful in expressing his artistic ideas, M. de Groux is indisputably an *Instinctif*. He paints as a realist who had been converted from the excessive brutality of the Belgian school, and would be more idealist than the idealists. Despite its defects, the picture is curiously impressive, as a dream may be impressive. And this effect of phantasmagoria is the more inexplicable since M. de Groux's paintings are as disenchanting, when studied, as is a Radcliffian mystery unveiled. In the same gallery there are on view some interesting examples of Courbet—one of which is a very characteristic sea-piece (40)—Rousseau, Corot, Monticelli, Sisley, Jules Lefebvre—the "Pandora"—and several other artists of repute.

Mr. McLean's winter exhibition, in the Haymarket, is composed of both English and foreign paintings, in about equal numbers, and is of a diversified character. Mr. Clausen's "Crow-Starving" (3) and Mr. John Swan's study of a reclining lioness—"In the Desert" (14)—are the most notable works in the English section, and in artistic quality unsurpassed by anything in the gallery. Two landscapes with cattle by Mr. L. B. Hurt, "By the Loch" (11) and "Glencoe" (17), are capital examples of the artist's skill as a painter of animals and of his observation of nature in landscape. Neither Mr. H. W. B. Davis—"Fording the Wye" (25)—nor Mr. T. S. Cooper, in "Changing Pastures" (158), is favourably represented. But M. Dieterle's "Brittany Pastures" (19) is an excellent study of cattle, set in a landscape of water-meadows and willows that is in pleasing accord. For the rest, we must note two vigorous sketches by Mr. Edwin Ellis (23 and 38), and "Danby Moors" (30), an effective landscape study by Mr. Wimperis. "The Fair Embroideress" (16), by M. de Munkacsy, is clever and showy, yet uninteresting, and "La

Marquise de Pompadour" is decidedly a pretentious label to affix to M. Jacquet's by no means distinguished study (8). Herr Kiesel's gaily-attired brunette "At the Masked Ball" (13) is painted with characteristic bravura, and it is the lady's costume rather than the masquer herself that claims our regard. Lastly, Julius Züber's Roumanian pictures command attention by the energy and vivacity of the figures in "The Keeper's Cottage" (28) and "The Pedlar" (37), and by studies of character effectively contrasted.

THE THEATRES.

MR. W. C. COURTNEY'S one-act drama, *Kit Marlowe*, which precedes *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the St. James's Theatre, is a work of considerable promise. The plot is neatly developed, although the climax—a tragic one—is reached too abruptly. It is a dangerous experiment to bring upon the stage personages of such towering intellect as Shakspeare and the poets who surrounded him, and who were only inferior to him as the lesser peaks of the Alps are to Mont Blanc. If the stage Shakspeare, Marlowe, Massinger, Ford, and Jonson do not speak as we imagine they ought to, they are soon voted bores or prigs. Mr. Courtney's Marlowe is no exception to this rule. His boisterousness seems artificial, and his pseudo-Elizabethan English the quintessence of affectation. He makes love to Nan, the housekeeper of an inn at Deptford, and is so suddenly killed off by a rival that we have had no time to feel particular sympathy either for him or his charmer. The rival is the veriest sketch. One moment we see Kit dressing up a companion in a table-cloth as a priest, and bidding him "perform the marriage ceremony"; the next we behold him stretched on his back dying to slow music, and declaring himself not an Atheist, but one who really does not know what to believe or disbelieve. In these undefined religious opinions Kit dies, and the curtain falls. The principal fault to be found with this tragic trifle is with the dialogue. It is too full of "Marry come ups," and "S'death, knaves!" to be in the least interesting. We now know perfectly well that this sort of talk was invented by the historical novelists and playwrights of the first quarter of the present century, and, providentially for them, quite unknown to Kit Marlowe and his friends. Mr. Alexander acts the hero gracefully, and Miss Marion Terry does her best with the slight part of Nan. The rest play conventionally, intoning their "Beshrews!" "Marry go to's!" and "Come ups!" in the singsong fashion which some players evidently imagine to be appropriate to the days of good Queen Bess.

THE UNEMPLOYED EMPLOYERS.

HE was one of the unemployed, and his age was six,
And his name was Isaac Fort;
And his visible means of subsistence were hard to fix,
So they brought him up at the Court;
And a constable charged him with plying the mendicant's tricks
In a place of public resort.

No stockings had he to his feet, nor shoes to be blacked;
He was clothed in a suit of dirt;
And a hat was an item of human attire that he lacked;
And whether he wore a shirt
Is a question on which the reports are dumb; and the fact
I will not undertake to assert.

Alas! for the state forlorn, for the pitiful plight,
Of that wretched neglected lad;
Ah! even the bloated heart of a capitalist might
Have been touched by a sight so sad—
Had there not in the grimed little fist been found clenched tight
Three pennies the urchin had.

"Oh, what are these pennies, my boy?" the magistrate said,
"And tell me by whom supplied?"
"The gentlemen guv 'em me, sir, wot walked at the 'ed
Of the blokes as is unemplyed."
An answer, of course, which to further questionings led,
For it had its suspicious side.

And it then turned out that his rags and his woebegone air
(When the matter was traced to its roots)
Had been lent to the lad by his father's deliberate care,
With a view to their possible fruits;
While the reason was this, it seemed, of his feet being bare,
That his father had burnt his boots.

In short, it appeared that the great "Unemployed," so styled,
Had engaged at threepence a day—
Such sum as is doled to his slaves by the sweater reviled—
This poor little waif and stray,
To enact the part of the typical starving child
At this curious Benefit Play.

REVIEWS.

DANTE'S *DE VULGARI ELOQUIO*.*

EVERYBODY who has paid the slightest attention to matters affecting Dante knows something of the puzzles and the interest attaching to the little treatise which used to be more commonly called *De vulgari Eloquio*, but which of late it has been fashionable to call *De vulgari Eloquentia*. There is, indeed, something in these puzzles which would suffice to confer a certain sort of interest on work much less intrinsically interesting. We know from Dante's own words in the *Convito* that he intended to write it; we know from the testimony of Boccaccio and Villani that he did write it; but for two centuries after his death nobody seems to have known anything about it. When in 1529 it got printed by Trissino (best known as the author of the first of many *Sophonisbas*), it was not the Latin original that appeared, but a very careful Italian translation of Trissino's own which has been sometimes asserted to be the original, and to have been cunningly forged by Trissino himself. About half a century later the Latin was first printed by Jacopo Corbinelli at Paris in 1577. Only later, in the present century, indeed, were three MSS. discovered, one in the Vatican, another at Milan in the Trivulzio collection, and a third in the public library of Grenoble. The Vatican is generally believed to be a late copy of the other two, or of the original of the other two, which are very much alike, if not identical. Each seems to have been the source of an *editio princeps*, Trissino having used (and annotated) the Milan codex for his translation, while Corbinelli in the same way used and annotated that of Grenoble, which is here facsimiled and edited by MM. Maignien and Prompt in very handsome form, with about sixty pages of preface and commentary.

This statement, however, does not exhaust the bibliographical interest of the matter. It has been a traditional criticism that Trissino altered the Latin, and this seems to have been repeated by those who took Corbinelli's text as the standard of that Latin. Now MM. Maignien and Prompt certainly seem to have shown, both by comparison of the two and by calling attention to the marginal notes apparently, if not certainly, Corbinelli's on the Grenoble copy, that Trissino's version does indeed differ from the manuscript Latin, but that Corbinelli, with his predecessor's version before him, always strove to accommodate his own MS. text to the Italian version. The importance, then, of the Grenoble text, whether it be, as the present editors think, the original of the Milan form itself, or whether it be merely an independent descendant of some lost original, is clear; for it is tolerably certain that it is not itself a copy of the Milan text. Of some other rather confident speculations of MM. Maignien and Prompt we cannot speak quite so affirmatively. They are absolutely certain that the "Letter to Can Grande" is not Dante's, but this is a large *obiter dictum* and out of the present story. More relevant and more curious is an extremely ingenious speculation of theirs on the well-known jargon of Nimrod in the *Inferno*:—

Rafel mai, amech zabi almi.

It is their object to prove that what Dante means in this present treatise by the "language of *si*," as opposed to those of *oc* and *oil*, is not merely Italian, but Spanish also, if not, indeed, the whole range of the Romance tongues (for to this length their argument must go), and it is rather a fatal one. And how do they prove this? Marry, thus:—"Rafel mai" is "Ré fello mai," "A felon king never," in very choice Italian. "Amech" is the French "aymoit," "loved." And now what are "zabi almi"? Why nearly pure Spanish for "sabias almas," "wise souls." And

* *Dante Allighieri—Traité de l'Eloquence Vulgaire.* Manuscrit de Grenoble, publié par Maignien, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque de Grenoble, et le Dr. Prompt. Venise: Olschki.

does not Dante continually call poets "wise"? Therefore what Nimrod says to Virgil and Dante is "A felon king [that's me] never loved wise poets [like you]." But whether that mighty hunter was like to call himself a felon king, why, bless us all, that is quite another thing.

Not often, to do them justice, do the present editors indulge so far in commentatorial enterprise as this. On the contrary they give much curious information; such as on Trissino's typographical and Hellenistical fancy of printing Italian with Greek omegas and epsilons to mark the quantity. Their indications of the way in which Corbinelli worked up his text so as to adjust it to Trissino's translation are acute and rarely strained. And some of the comparatively few remarks of miscellaneous criticism in which they indulge are good. Such is the note how frequently Dante, though he was not acquainted with Homer and did idolize Virgil, hits for imitation on the special passages in which Virgil has in his turn imitated the Greek. Their notes on the prosody which plays so large a part in the *De Vulgari Eloquio* are also instructive. It may be observed, however, that the Can Grande letter is not MM. Maignien and Prompt's only occasion of private judgment. So far from holding Dante to be a faithful Thomist, they declare that he gets away from Aquinas wherever he can. Nor are we sure that they are right in taking Dante's *curia* to be the court, in the royal, but *not* in the legal, sense. There is much speciousness in some of their arguments, but the whole tenor of the passage in which Dante describes the meaning he attaches to "curial" seems to be against their view that "curia" and "aula" are merely distinguished as we ourselves distinguish "court" and "palace." And when they say that Dante must have known something of Spanish because he shows a sense of assonance, we are rather aghast. "Les Français sont sourds à l'assonance." Why, so far as we know, they invented it!

Some, however, who do not know the *De Vulgari Eloquio* may ask, Why all this fuss about it? The answer is very simple:—that the book—if it indeed be Dante's, of which there seems to be very little reasonable doubt—is almost unique. It is as if we had a tractate of Homer's defending the employment of Greek as against Phœnician or Egyptian; it is very much more than as if Shakspeare had undertaken the defence of English which Ascham and others actually did undertake in the generation before him. For in Shakspeare's time, and even in the time of the lesser and earlier worthies just referred to, critical discussion of the vulgar tongue was no novelty, and the vulgar tongue itself had a more than respectable literary history. In Dante's, his vulgar tongue, high as was the perfection which it had reached, had not been a literary tongue very long, had not even conceived the idea of treating itself and its faculties elaborately and systematically. Of course Dante had the classical and some of the mediæval critics more or less before him; he did not invent his method entirely. But still, striking out as he does an entirely new path, dealing with subject-matter of, at least in appearance, infinitely inferior regularity and form to Latin, it is, perhaps, even more surprising that he should have handled it in so workmanlike a fashion than that he should have chosen it for handling at all. In the opening distinction between the vernacular and what he calls "grammar," which has been rather sweepingly asserted to be identical with "Latin," the philosophical grasp which is hardly less characteristic of Dante than his poetical gift is noticeable at once. For this "grammar," which, as he says, "others possess, but not all"—we quote, for convenience of readers, from the excellent English version of Mr. Ferrers Howell—may be Latin, and was Latin in the particular case, but need not have been, and need not be. Thus literary English has been "grammar" to Scotchmen for two centuries, if not more; and in Norway, Greece, and other countries there is a "grammar" of the same kind. And the same undercurrent of strictly scientific treatment appears in the apparently much less scientific chapter on the speech of angels and of animals which follows. Even the delightfully scholastic argument—"Inasmuch as we are treating of those things which are necessary for well-being, we ought to pass over the fallen angels"—is not a mere quibble; there is an excellent basis of sound argument in it.

In these respects, however, the *De Vulgari Eloquio* shares its interest with much, if not most, mediæval work. It is when it comes strictly to business that the combination of knowledge and, in the best sense, scientific spirit in Dante becomes most surprising. The easy and direct recognition of the three great families of European speech—Teutonic, Slavonic (Dante does not call it Slavonic, but indicates it clearly enough), and Romance—is rather astonishing in a thirteenth-century pen, and the surprise does not cease when the subdivisions of the third class—the languages of *oc*, *oil*, and *si*—come to be handled; while, as might be expected, the same faculty of recognizing generalities with a much more precise knowledge of details is displayed in the still later classification of the dialects of Italian itself. We are quite accustomed now to (and many of us are rather sick of) magisterial generalizations in philology. But Dante's contemporaries were not accustomed to them at all; while it is scarcely too much to say that the modern philologue is wont to fall short of Dante as much in brains and judgment as he may exceed him in accidental erudition. There is a curious masterliness in the way in which, after the various dialects have been discussed, and most of them, even that of Bologna, which comes off best, dismissed with not unflealess ear, the characteristics of the "Illustrious, Cardinal, Courtly, and Curial" tongue which "belongs to all the towns in Italy, but does not appear to belong to any one of them," are disengaged and set in order. But of the many curious things to be found in this small tractate, perhaps the most curious is the doctrine very positively laid down and pretty freely exemplified that the "Illustrious" vulgar tongue is not to be used for all subjects. Since Wordsworth this has been a sort of heresy among us, though, of course, as a matter of fact, it has like other heresies retained plenty of influence in private chapels, if not in public churches.

MM. Maignien and Prompt inform us that a regular critical edition of the *De Vulgari Eloquio*, with commentaries based on many years' study, is in course of preparation by an Italian scholar, Professor Rajna. It will be welcome; for their own, of course, is but a facsimile of one MS., not a critical text, and is accompanied rather by a few observations than by an exhaustive comment. And they seem to adduce evidence sufficient to prove that the existing editions are decidedly faulty. There is a good deal in the treatise, short as it is (it only fills forty-nine smallish pages of MS. in Latin, and eighty-five somewhat smaller ones of print in English), which deserves annotation, besides that apparent contradiction between it and the *Convito* as to the relative dignity of Latin and the vernacular, and that other between it and the *Paradiso* as to the language Adam spoke, which have made some good folks certain that Dante could not possibly have written it.

NOVELS.*

THE sensational incident of the murder with which *God's Fool* opens and closes has just about as much to say to the complete novel as introduced figures have to do with a landscape. The work is essentially one of *genre*; and the minute touches of character and the literary style are its excellences. Dutch art seems to have a *cachet* of its own which is manifested variously, but with one common end, in all modes of artistic expression—painting, literature, and the stage; there is a leisureliness about everything which is a part of the national life, and which no stranger entering the country can fail to notice. The work of Mr. Maarten Maartens is a minute and thoughtful study of a number of characters who in the course of the story come to be understanded of the reader. The main—or rather the nominal—purpose of the story is to account for the perpetration of a certain mysterious murder which has taken place in Chapter i., and of which we hear nothing further till the very end of Chapter xlviii.—there being in all fifty-two chapters in the three volumes. This method of constructing a work of fiction is distinctly an inferior one, and the fault of it is soon apparent, for the reader is kept in utter ignorance of even who it was that has been murdered. Indeed, one naturally surmises during the early chapters that it has been the same Hendrik Lossell whose son Elias gives the name to the story. Between Chapters i. and ii. there is a gap of some thirty-five years; but it is an inverted gap—if such an image be allowable—for the reader, although he only finds it out by degrees, has to go back this length of time. The skeleton of the story is as follows. Hendrik Lossell, a hard and clever but penniless man, marries the only daughter of Elias Volderdoes, a merchant prince of Koopstad. By this wife he has one son, Elias, on whom the grandfather settles almost the whole of his vast fortune, tying it up in such a way that so long as he lives he must be head of the house, his father taking merely a small percentage of profits. On his wife's death Lossell marries again, and has twins, Hendrik and Hubert, the latter of whom in extreme youth drops from a window, in play, a flower-pot on the head of Elias, thus bringing on a brain-disease which, whilst leaving him vigorous in body, makes him deaf and blind and with an arrested intelligence. When the twins are some twenty years of age their father dies,

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* *God's Fool: a Koopstad Story.* By Maarten Maartens. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

Mona Maclean, Medical Student. By Graham Travers. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

Rosni Harvey. By Hannah Lynch. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall

Ridge and Furrow. By Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

and Hendrik, the more energetic and masterful of the two, assumes the command of the business in Koopstad; whilst his brother, the more warm-hearted and honourable, goes to China to look after the business of the firm. Hendrik has an absorbing desire to become in reality the head of the business, and, being thwarted in his saving powers by the extravagance of a wife whom he has been trapped into marrying, thinking she has a fortune, takes to wild speculations. These proving unfortunate, he recoups himself by making, by the aid of his brother-in-law, fraudulent use of his power of dealing with the great fortune of "the Fool." In the midst of his trouble Hubert returns from China, and, finding out by accident the real state of things, proceeds vigorously to protect the helpless man. Hubert is described throughout as a peculiarly amiable and honourable man; so that it comes with a shock to the reader at the end of the book that he has followed his honourable protection of his half-brother so vigorously that he it is who has murdered his own brother to accomplish his end. This solution of the mystery is distinctly not good. It is a direct violation of the character of the man as laid down all through the three volumes, and it comes at a time when the story is all over and the reader does not really care much by whose hand the fatal blow was struck. Otherwise the different characters are admirably drawn, and show thought and care of no common kind. For instance, the keen distinctions which hold in the mind of Hendrik Lossell the younger with regard to honesty toward his half-brother; how through a long term of years he is scrupulously accurate in his dealing with him as the present head of the house of which he hopes ultimately to be master, and whose commercial honour is a religion with him. We can commend also the bold and strong character-painting of Hendrik's wife Cornelia; the episode of the struggle for mastery between these two, in which the woman triumphs, is a strong and subtle piece of literary work. The style of the writing is excellent, and throughout there is an epigrammatic force which would make palatable a less interesting story of human lives or one less deftly told.

Mona Maclean is a very pleasantly written novel, and shows throughout considerable culture and thought in the writer. As a name "Graham Travers" may be of either gender; but, despite the formidable array of medical and surgical terms used throughout the book, we should be surprised to hear that the author is of other than the gentle sex. A "mission" is a decided tax on the narrative worth of a book, and this one has a mission, inasmuch as it preaches, in season and out, the needs and advantages of woman doctors. The attitude of the author to the question—that unconscious pleading which appears through the veil of the characters' words—proclaims her sex. What male writer, for instance, would make a female character say, "Do you really think any other man has put his arm around me since you put yours that night in the dog-cart?" or would make a male character, especially an Anglo-Indian of the dominant and peppery type, announce himself, "It makes me mad to think how a woman can allow herself to be pulled about by a man"? Mona Maclean is, in the mind and intention of the author of her literary being, a person of peculiarly fine and fascinating qualities; but the said author conveys the idea rather by descriptions and by inference than by more dramatic methods. This is probably due to lack of skill; and we shall doubtless see in the other works of the author a superior literary method. The heroine is a young lady of decent birth and fortune who decides to become a doctor, and who, although with seemingly a brain stuffed full of knowledge of subjects so abstruse as to puzzle an unprofessional reader, manages to get "spun" twice for her degree. Her medical and surgical terminology is as vast as her general accomplishments, and yet she is a proficient in music, in painting, in knowledge of Continental languages, in *belles lettres*. Indeed, it is hard to fancy that any person so gifted morally, mentally, and physically could escape getting not only any degree she wished for, but any other prize in life which could be won by brains and labour. Like most heroes and heroines of fiction of a certain class, this female Admirable Crichton and her no less admirable lover, Ralph Dudley, make for themselves much trouble in the way of misunderstandings which would never dim the vision of commonplace love. In fact, both exhibit here and there a certain morbidness which may follow or accompany unspoken love, but which helps to make a story which would be better in one volume spin out into three. Moreover, the love-morbidness of man's nature has in real life a different expression from that of woman's. Though a woman might have acted towards a man as Dr. Dudley is represented as acting towards Mona in Chapter liv., a man would most certainly not act so towards a woman whom he loved even a little. It needs, perhaps, an older woman, or one of more experience than the author, to recognize and realize the "hunter" quality and persistence of man, and to know how lightly he takes obstacles which seem formidable in the eyes of a woman. There is, in one aspect, something peculiarly fresh about this book—the little world of student life is entered into with a completeness not often obtained. The persons of the story in touch with this phase of existence find sufficient to satisfy them in the ambitions of the lecture-room and the examination-hall; they can eat, drink, and sleep, the subjects of their study, and the jargon of their destined calling has a first place in their speech. In the chapter headed "The Dissecting-Room" the following passages occur:—"The dissecting-room was deserted by all save a few enthusiastic students who had not yet wholly exhausted the mysteries of Meckel's ganglion, the branches of the internal iliæ, or the plantar arch." "'I was dissecting the popliteal space the other day, and she asked me if it was Scarpa's triangle!' A murmur of incredulity greeted this statement." Well, indeed, it might! What could one think of the powers of a student who could thus confound the popliteal space with Scarpa's triangle?

There are some eight hundred pages in the three volumes of *Rosni Harvey*, but there is hardly an incident for each hundred pages. Only once is there anything out of the common, where Ulysses Parthenopoulis saves a child from drowning—and then the author does not make the occasion one of even passing interest. The lesson afforded by a good "penny-a-liner" in dealing with any such episode would be of distinct importance to Miss Lynch in undertaking her next novel. Rosni Harvey is distinctly a product of that dissatisfaction with everything in general which Taine calls *le mal de siècle*. Bred in a lonely country spot, with all the beauties of nature around her, *facile princeps* at everything—from quieting a fractious child to daring horsemanship, and still more daring seamanship—she is discontented with everything, and studies German metaphysics till she loses her faith in all things and refuses to go to Mass. She refused long before to go to Confession. The Catholic Bishop of the diocese in which Swanton is situated should have had a word to say to her spiritual adviser, Father Power, had the matter come before his notice. Rosni's father is an easy-going Irish squire of large fortune—at least, we are told so several times in the course of the story, but there is no evidence whatever of wealth manifested in the surroundings of the various personages. Her mother is quite an impossible character. This lady is violent, not only in her language but with her fists, and she "screams" out nearly every word recorded in the history. She, however, is finished off in the first volume, together with her son; and as the Squire is got rid of early in Volume ii., Miss Rosni is compelled to find or manufacture her troubles for herself. She is, all told, a very exasperating person, and the reader's sympathies are not a little inclined to go with the mother and others who are in any way opposed to her. She is one of those young women whose inclinations are their convictions, and who consider their own wishes a law to themselves. Possibly the fault lies with her imperfectly digested study of heavy books, but she argues with everybody all throughout the book in the most stilted and long-winded way, generally using arguments which would convince no one except the author. The story drags out in Ireland, on shipboard in Greece, and in Ireland again. Rosni begins by falling in love with the tutor of her little brother. He proving unfaithful in absence, made necessary by the wishes of Rosni's parents, and his brother having had an unsuccessful try for her affections, she meets a handsome and lethargic Greek—there is no mistaking the Greek in fiction, by their names ye know them—one Ulysses Parthenopoulis. This gentlemen is in love with his cousin Sappho, although the same has been for two years the wife of the recalcitrant tutor, Randal Lismore. Sappho, who, like Byron's Dudu, is "large, languishing, and lazy," despite the fact that she is passionately devoted to the ex-tutor, keeps the amorous Ulysses "in tow," or "on a string," as American slang has it. All this, if not creditable, is quite credible. But mark what follows. Ulysses falls in love with Rosni, and these two, with a judicious mingling of the sentimental parts of *Werter* and *Elective Affinities*, begin to make sentimental troubles for themselves. Ulysses slobbers over Sappho, whom he "renounces," whilst Rosni and the ex-tutor try, almost in vain, to dig up some living microbes of sentiment out of the grave of their dead love. They write long letters to each other. They go away, or rather "tear themselves" from each other, to try to find in time and change anodynes to the pain of their tortured hearts. Surely—if slowly—however, Rosni is fulfilling her destiny in falling in love with *somebody*, and Ulysses is the fortunate being. Rosni returns home to take her place in local society, and abandons all idea of being a female doctor—which method of female distinction seems at present to be getting a vogue amongst female novelists. In the absence of Ulysses, Rosni finds out that she

has really become attached to him, and when he comes to pay a visit at the house, and she finds that his health has been impaired by a winter's residence in England, nothing more is required to complete her happiness except that he should, in a gallant effort to save a drowning child, be himself brought to death's door. This novel is too long, and the fault is probably due to the three-volume system, which tempts writers to extend the matter of the story unduly. Young writers are beginning to discover that it is more difficult to compress narrative than to expand it, and the public have already found that a pattern length is not altogether desirable. Miss Lynch has written her book thoughtfully and carefully. There is nothing slipshod about her work, and she has a fine sense of the picturesque which she never fails to use well; her fault is in the importance which she gives to second-rate philosophy and false sentiment, or rather perhaps to a weak sentimentality, which has in truth little place amongst those whose thoughts and actions are, even in fiction, worthy of record.

Ridge and Furrow opens with the words "What a curiosity some men's lives are"; we feel inclined to alter the idea—without altering the grammar—to "what a curiosity some men's novels are." The story is this:—the Earl of Broadlands marries at the age of fifty Edith Leyton, the beautiful daughter of the Rev. Anthony Leyton, "a fine specimen of the English clergyman." The Earl and his wife love each other devotedly; but they have one great and common sorrow, they are childless. In order to keep her husband's love, which she fears to lose from not having presented him with an heir, Lady Broadlands, whilst the Earl is at the Crimea, palms off as her own child the son of her waiting-maid Phebe (surely the author means Phœbe), who has married the stud-groom. This groom is one Henessey, an Irishman, whose conversation consists of invocations to all holy personages, including St. Patrick and the Holy Virgin. "We know those Irishmen!" The villain—for what novel of this class is complete without a full-grown villain?—is here the private Secretary to the Earl. He bears all the genuine hall-marks of villany—the cruel face that women call handsome, the lofty forehead white as Parian marble, with the black clustering locks, Grecian nose, small hard eyes, massive jaw and receding chin. The author tells us that the upper part of the face is angelic and the lower part devilish. In spite, however, of all this promise of villany in its blackest hue, we confess to a feeling of disappointment that it is not more fully revealed. There might be some useful hints to any one trying a little amateur villany on his own account. The Secretary loves the Countess to distraction, showing it by "a restless, nervous twitching of those bony hands and burning flash of the eye"; but, after declaring his passion, he quits the house without leaving any address, and does not turn up again until after the supposed birth of the heir at a little village in France. He passes by the name of Ernest Barton; but his real name is Dallas, and the reader is not quite sure as to why, on the death of his father, he did not drop the alias and take possession of his fine property, instead of dying twenty years after in squalor and misery in a wretched lodging in Bermondsey, leaving documents which prove that Lord Chordleigh is not the Earl's lawful son. In the meantime the Countess has a daughter, and Phebe has also a daughter at the same time, and, in the words of Buttercup, Phebe "mixes the babies up," with the result that the Countess's daughter is brought up as the child of Phebe and the stud-groom. However, at the end, by means of the documents left by Dallas, *alias* Barton, matters are arranged. One cannot help sympathizing with Henessey, the useful stud-groom, when on matters being made clear to him, he asks the old soldier servant of the Earl, "Where in the mischief is Phebe? She hasn't turned out to be a duchess, or—or somebody else's wife, has she, James?" The style of writing is slipshod, and seems to show lack of experience; for instance, "*not pas si bete*," "between you and I," "*Revènge* pour 1870 et 1871"! and many shortcomings of the same kind. The book is well padded with descriptions of hunting scenes and race meetings of a laboured kind, and never convincing. A certain "Helen" colt also occupies many pages, and does not assist the story. We are constantly told *à propos* of conversations or acts that we shall learn the motive "presently," "events which it is not necessary to state here, which the future will explain." "We shall be anticipating our story by relating the conversation between Phebe and the Countess"; "asking the reader's permission," "we will leave the trio for a short time while we glance backwards," and much of the same kind.

NÖLDEKE'S SKETCHES FROM EASTERN HISTORY.*

THIS book deserves a different and a more ambitious title. These reprints of articles that have appeared in German periodicals, and in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, are not "sketches." They should be described as studies on divers Semitic and Oriental subjects, involving no inconsiderable research and generally free from pedantry and conceit. Here and there we discern some traces of the Professor. The range of inquiry is large, extending from Muhammad and the Koran-i-Sharif to Syrian saints, with their dirt, maceration, and fasting; and to King Theodore of Abyssinia. The original work has been carefully translated and has had the advantage of revision by the author. The translation, on the whole, is neither stiff nor formal.

The first sketch or study in this series is very properly devoted to the characteristics, social and religious, of the Semitic race. That climate, soil, and situation have a decided influence on the formation of national character; that the Semitic religion is simple, not "favourable to a complicated mythology," and at the same time violent, exclusive, and fanatical; that Persians fulfil two of the well-known maxims of one of their teachers and utterly neglect the third; and that the most autocratic of Oriental Sovereigns have to submit to some few checks on caprice and passion, are *dicta* to which little or no exception can be taken. Military experts would probably think that men of the Semitic race, contrary to the author's opinion, can make very good soldiers, under proper tuition, and we read with surprise a remark that Muhammad "cannot in strictness be called a great man." The Prophet of Islam may have found to his hand an Oriental world ready to welcome Monotheism as a relief from fire-worship and idolatry and the baser forms of superstition. Most great reformers do appear just when they are wanted, and, grasping the skirts of happy chance, originate a social policy, create an empire, or reform a world. This is not the place to discuss how far Muhammad was a fanatical dreamer of vain dreams. But, looking to his career, to the firm hold which his doctrines have obtained over fifty millions in India and probably a hundred millions elsewhere, and to the intrinsic merits of Islam compared with the Hindu Puranas, we can have no hesitation in placing him on the roll of men who have made history resplendent by flashes of genius, or changed it by force of character. We prefer the estimate of Gibbon or Disraeli to that of the Professor at Strasburg or "the University of Göttingen."

A disquisition on the Koran is a natural outcome of a discussion on its author and on the Semitic character and race. This remarkable book was originally put together, if not at the dictation of the Prophet, very soon after his death. It was inscribed on scraps of parchment, palm-leaves, stones, pieces of leather, bones of animals, and other loose and disjointed materials. Some portions, which are prosaic or legal, are followed by a burst of glowing and poetic thoughts. Good Muhammadans, it is well known, consider their Koran to be the perfection of style. The author thinks very differently, and remarks on its rapid transitions, its loose construction, its careless syntax, the admission of foreign terms, the introduction of parts of the Old Testament narrative with unwarrantable amplifications, and its suitability to the inhabitants of an arid soil. It can be studied with advantage by statesmen, historians, and students. In estimating the authenticity and accuracy of divers *Suras* or chapters of the Koran it should be remembered that, however given to extravagance of thought and language may be the Oriental intellect, the Oriental memory can be, on occasion, most retentive and accurate. And Biblical critics of our own day may derive, at their will, either warning or encouragement from the fact on which Professor Nöldeke lays stress—that Mullas and Maulavis have experienced some difficulty in determining which chapters of the Koran were devised and delivered at Mecca and which at Medina. At least two manuscripts of the Koran are to be seen in the Library of the India Office. They may not be what they pretend to be, written by the Caliph Othman or by Ali. But they are undoubtedly of high antiquity. One is written in the ancient Cufic character, and came into our possession, with the Koh-i-nur and other valuable relics, at the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. What sort of interest Ranjit Sing or his successors could have had in its retention it is impossible to say. But when found uninjured in the Toshakhana or treasury at Lahore, it was promptly sent to England to the Court of Directors by Lord Dalhousie; to console them, possibly, for the loss of the historical diamond which was presented to the Queen.

From the Koran and Muhammad to Islam is another very natural and a short step. The author is quite justified in his

* *Sketches from Eastern History.* By Theodor Nöldeke, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Strassburg. Translated by John Sutherland Black, M.A., and Revised by the Author. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

estimate of the complete and accurate knowledge which we possess of its origin and main tenets. Learned Orientalists may dispute about the chronological arrangement of Suras and the meaning of particular texts. Still, we know exactly what Muhammad enjoined. Islam, as our author expresses it, is a thoroughly practical religion so far as it goes. The true believer is to be quite fair and honourable. He is to give alms, to practise circumcision, and to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. He may eat the flesh of various animals, save the pig and the dog, after he has made them *hallāl*, or lawful, by letting a few drops of blood fall from the throat. He is to drink no wine—a precept ruthlessly disregarded by kings, poets, artisans, and peasants—and to get to Bihisht by the slaughter of infidels. But most virtues are to be exercised exclusively towards men of his own creed. Professor Nöldeke, unlike some of our divines and professors, remarks pointedly that a large number of Muhammadans think of infidels as allowed to exist under a kind of truce. It is not so long ago that an inquiry set on foot amongst Indian Mussalmans, in which the late Sir Henry Maine was much interested, led some loyal natives to the conclusion that, though infidel countries were properly considered to be *Dar-Al-Harb*, or the "Gate of War," India, under the tolerant British Government, might be termed *Dar-As-Salam*, or the "Gate of Peace." Only an imperfect acquaintance with the events of the Indian Mutiny could have led the author to the conclusion that "its best strength lay with the Moslems." It would be quite correct to say that the ancient capital of Delhi and the decrepit and pensioned Padishah were rallying points of disaffection, and that there was a vague hope that a Muhammadan Sovereign might again reign on the Jumna. A certain Maulavi, too, of religious fervour and warlike propensities, gave a good deal of trouble to our avenging forces in the Doab and in Rohilcund. But, to say nothing of the Nana, Koer Sing, the Rani of Jhansi, and the ubiquitous and alert Tantia Topi (the weaver who had become an artilleryman) were all Hindus; and Man Sing and the Oudh Talookdars who played a waiting game were of the same persuasion.

A very good chapter is that on the Caliph Mansur. There was abundance of intrigue and assassination before the Caliph could establish himself at Bagdad. But the account of his magnificence, his mosques, aqueducts, canals, and fortifications, his strict and, in one sense, economical administration, his abstinence from wine, song, and excesses, and his cruelty, combined with kindly treatment of his relations and dependents, make up a not unpleasing picture of the vigorous, severe, and intelligent despot.

What is termed the Servile War is a curious episode not generally known. A certain inhabitant of a village near Teheran gave himself out as an Arab, and a descendant of the Prophet. Numbers of Sayyids in the East do the same. This man stirred up to revolt the lowest of the population and some black slaves, who had been imported from the East coast of Africa, in order to dig up strata of saltpetre. He claimed inspiration for himself, became, in fact, a regular Spartacus, and occupied some marshes near Basra in the Delta of the Tigris. The accounts of native historians are imperfect, and all the pains taken by the author to reconcile contradictions and give consistency to the narrative still leave a good space for conjecture. After divers vicissitudes, advances, retreats, captures and recaptures of towns, massacres in which the victims were characteristically counted by hundreds of thousands, the Imperialists prevailed, and the rebel chief either poisoned himself or was slain in flight. The story is instructive as showing what can be done by one determined chief who selects his opportunity, his instruments, and his field of action.

The story of Yakub, the coppersmith or craftsman, who made a kingdom for himself in the hot and unpleasant region of Seistan, is similarly instructive from the same point of view. It reminds us of another Yakub, termed the Khusbegi or the Atalik Ghazi, who, in our own time, has arisen, has carved out a principality in Yarkand, and has disappeared after a rule of some twelve years. It is the stiff, just, impartial, and imperious British administration that makes these sorts of episodes impossible in India, and, we believe, also renders our rule distasteful to many an adventurous spirit. The son of a humble village attorney may become a member of the Vice-Regal Council or a Judge of the High Court. But there is no chance for the Naïk or corporal, who longs to command troops of Irregulars and rule *more suo* a large tract; *si unquam regnandam acceperit Albam.*

We must leave Syrian saints as well as Barhebræus, or Bar Evraja, whose Christian name was John, and who was also known by the Arabic name of "Abulfaraj." Amongst the saints, Simon Stylites is conspicuous, and his extremely repulsive and unpleasant habits fill fifteen pages of print. Most readers may be content to remember this individual by one of the early pieces of the great poet we have just lost, who makes the holy man speak of himself as

> From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
> Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
> For troops of devils,

and who yet could

> Bow down one thousand and two hundred times
> To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints.

King Theodore of Abyssinia, his embarrassments, his haughty treatment of his clergy, his adventures and character, that remind the author at one time of King David and at another of Saul, and the Magdala—or, as the author will have it, the Makdala—Campaign make up the closing chapter. When we are told that Lord Napier's "arrangements for the expedition were not at first particularly skilful," we venture to ask Professor Nöldeke if he remembers the story of the Greek pedant, a certain Phormio, who gave a lecture before Hannibal on the art of making war.

AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY.*

AMERICAN archæology is necessarily a very large, and accidentally a very difficult subject. The Spaniards destroyed as much of the ancient remains as they could, on the same principles as animated the Scotch Reformers. The antiques of Mexico and Peru were idolatrous. The time in which Mexican picture-writing and Maya hieroglyphs could have been interpreted was allowed to go by unimproved. In the North, the English settlers were seldom antiquarians; they were generally satisfied with seeking a Jewish origin for the natives. In later times American antiquarianism has often been merely curious. Excavators have not known how to dig or how to describe what they found. Moreover there have been numerous impostures. As the Northmen were believed to have discovered New England, traces of them were looked for. "They had just got to be there." So forgeries—now of runes, now of Hebrew or Phœnician inscriptions—were made. Quite lately it was averred that Egyptian figurines had been found in one of the celebrated Mounds. Diversions of this kind are seldom attempted by skilled hands, and can easily be detected; still the citizens at large have so often been bitten by newspaper hoaxes that now they are laudably shy. Now, too, serious and scientific explorations have been made in the mounds of Ohio; they are chronicled in Mr. Moorehead's *Primitive Man in Ohio.* He and his companions have been excavating for years, and the result of their researches is briefly and simply told, and adequately illustrated. Truth to say, they found very little. Mr. Moorehead has ascertained that the mound builders were rather below the lower barbarism. Their tools were of stone. Of the metals they only used beaten copper, chiefly for ornaments. One extraordinary headpiece was found on a skeleton—wooden antlers, sheathed in copper. What the skeleton had done, why he wore what "was a crest ere thou wert born" we can only conjecture. Probably the crown was really one of honour, not of dishonour. To a skeleton we might say, with M. Armand Silvestre, "vous n'avez plus le droit de vous targuer de ce nom," the name of "le dernier de M. Paul de Kock." But this is not archæology. The mound builders made very rude pottery, occasionally decorated with curved intertwisted lines. Some specimens of their pipe carving might have been given; in M. de Nadaillac's *Prehistoric America* there are examples proving that art was the strong point of the mound builder. There were brachycephalic and dolicocephalic mound builders; we cannot say that the shape of the skull is really a matter of very great interest. They were all of "the American race," and Mr. Moorehead does not seem to recognize any Asiatic strain or influence. They travelled far, for mica, copper, lead, and shells; they lived and fought; they built earthworks and graves, and therein lie their skeletons. They bequeathed nothing worth mentioning to the world and the ages, but no doubt they enjoyed themselves as much as other people. Mr. Moorehead has not an exalted opinion of his clients, but he has settled their claims to semi-civilization.

The late Sir Daniel Wilson did not live to see his last book published, *The Lost Atlantis*, with other ethnographic studies. Miss Wilson gives a touching account of his anxiety that she should write the preface, and see that his book had an index. It scarcely represents the author at his best, being somewhat prolix, though in places very readable. "The Lost Atlantis," the first essay, tells that old story of Solon once more;

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* *Primitive Man in Ohio.* By Warren K. Moorehead. London: Putnam's Sons. 1892.

The Lost Atlantis. By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1892.

it is almost a pity to mix with it allusions to a Peruvio-Hittite hypothesis. The Hittites have nothing *à faire dans cette galère.* Sir Daniel Wilson would not have been surprised to hear of a genuine Phœnician inscription, or Assyrian deposit, in Mexico or Central America. Nothing in the world could astonish us more. As to the Icelandic discovery of Vinland the Good, Sir Daniel follows Mr. Reeves, in his edition of the sagas connected with that event. He discards a so-called inscription, in which only credulity could believe. Vinland, he thinks, may have been in Nova Scotia. The Skraelings, he thinks, is a general term applied by the Northmen to savages—answering, we may say, to our "niggers." They may have been Eskimo, they may have been Red Indians. The romance of the saga wins our own confidence, and we mean to go on believing in Leif Ericson. The most interesting essay deals with "The Æsthetic Faculty in Aboriginal Races," especially with the beginnings of writing. Sir Daniel cites a plaque of ivory, found at the Gorge d'Enfer in France, which bears every appearance of being a record of some sort, not in pictures, but in horizontal and oblique lines and dots, "as well defined as many a runic or ogham inscription." Unluckily, he does not say where it is published. The door pillars of Haidah Indians are heraldic records, family trees. Innuit drawings are also records capable of interpretation. Designs on the Nepigon rocks, near the Saskatchewan river, tell their own story of the route of previous passers-by. Sir Daniel does not touch on the Australian "Message Sticks" or "Talking Sticks," in which there are no pictures. The lines are interpreted by the receiver in the sense intended by the sender. A brief account of them is given in Mr. Brough Smyth's account of the *Aborigines of Victoria,* but no adequate study of the topic has yet, to our knowledge, been made. All these things point to the truth of what Volkmann says, in arguing against Wolf, that the initial steps towards writing are made very early in human progress. Another interesting essay, confirmed by Mr. Moorehead's book, deals with "Commerce in the Stone Age." There are regular routes, and prized objects of barter are brought from far, witness, apparently, the jade in the Swiss Lake dwellings. There are some curious facts and statistics in the final essay on the relative size of the brain and relative mental capacity in various races. The skulls of the ingenious Peruvians were singularly small. We regret to hear that Robert Bruce's head was analogous to the heads of carnivorous animals, and showed "rather a reversion to the Canstadt type of the primitive European savage." But, on the whole, perhaps this only proves that there is not much in craniology.

CULTURE IN EARLY SCOTLAND.*

ON opening this volume our eye lighted on the heading of a page entitled "The Light Bearing Dawn of History," and another setting forth "The Post-Mortem Reputation of Ninian." With some curiosity we turned to the title-page, and found a satisfactory explanation for these and certain other peculiarities in the volume, on noticing that among Mr. Mackinnon's other works is one entitled *Ninian und sein Einfluss.* But, however German Mr. Mackinnon may be in his proclivities, he has not forgotten the susceptibilities of his native country, for he opens his second chapter with these words:—"We may, without being guilty of calumniating the dead, pronounce our ancestors of the Stone Age savages." Mr. Mackinnon has the courage of his opinions, but he writes as though he feared the descendants of the Stone Age savages might cleave open his head in revenge for the injurious imputation cast upon their ancestors.

This volume is divided into three books—"Prehistoric Culture," "Roman Culture," and "Celtic Christian Culture." In this last book the ordinary reader will find most to interest him. It is naturally more full of individual life, and deals with those greatest of early missionaries—Columba, Cuthbert, and Aidan. Mr. Mackinnon, while recording many of the mystic incidents which gather round the lives of these sainted men, is a little too painstaking in his anxiety to give a material interpretation to each of the miraculous events which he narrates. Cuthbert, while wandering across the Lammermoors, is overtaken by night, and seeks refuge in a frail shepherd's hut. He resigns himself to passing a supperless night, when his horse, browsing on the wretched thatch which covers the roof, pulls down a piece of bread and meat wrapped in a white cloth. We can all interpret these stories according to the bent of our own minds; but it is a shock to be told while we are living with the mystic and the miraculous that this bread and meat was a forgotten "shepherd's luncheon." This work, whose industry and ability we freely admit, will compete with that of any German author in the length of its paragraphs and the involved structural arrangement of its sentences; but it is full of interesting matter, and, on the whole, the subject is not treated in a manner which adds to its natural aridity.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Mackinnon addresses his countrymen as "Scotsmen," and does not fall into the foreign practice of speaking of them as "Scotchmen."

* *Culture in Early Scotland.* By James Mackinnon, M.A., Ph.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

THE LIFE OF MICHELANGELO.*

SO many biographies of the greatest of Italian sculptors have already been published by writers of various nations from the time of his pupils Vasari and Condivi downwards, that it may, at first sight, appear doubtful whether there could be room for yet another one. A study, however, of Mr. J. A. Symonds's new work soon puts an end to such a doubt. It is not only that Mr. Symonds has adorned a well-worn subject with that grace of diction and vivid picturesqueness of style with which all students of Italian art are so familiar in his previous writings, but he has also, by the help of long and laborious work among unpublished and, in some cases, hitherto inaccessible documents, done much to add to our knowledge of Michelangelo's life, and to clear up important points concerning the artist and his productions which had previously been enveloped in doubt or mystery.

In his preface Mr. Symonds gives an interesting description of the principal sources on which he has drawn while working at the compilation of this new biography; but a great deal of the value of the work is derived from the author's critical power and the judicious good taste with which he has studied the internal evidence afforded by the existing statues and paintings of the Master. The most important literary source is the large collection of manuscripts preserved in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, consisting largely of contracts, letters, poems, and memoranda in Michelangelo's own handwriting. This priceless collection of documents was bequeathed in 1858 to the city of Florence by the Commendatore Cosimo Buonarroti; but the bequest was hampered with such restrictions as to the use which might be made of the papers, that they have hitherto been of but little use to students or biographers. It is true that a large portion of the letters and poems of Michelangelo, which are contained in this collection, have been already published by Milanesi, Guasti, and Gotti, but not in such a manner as to make revision and consultation of the original manuscripts unnecessary. Mr. Symonds fortunately obtained the very exceptional privilege of being allowed to examine and copy the documents; what the value of this privilege was he explains in the preface:—"Without disputing the accuracy of Milanesi, Guasti, and Gotti, and without impugning their good faith, I am bound to say that a personal inspection of the manuscripts led me to conclusions upon some points very different from those which they have drawn."

The second important source of information is one which has been made full use of by previous biographers—namely, the contemporary Lives of Michelangelo by his friends and disciples Ascanio Condivi and Giorgio Vasari. The earliest of these was a short biography which Vasari included in his first and smaller edition of his *Lives of Italian Artists,* printed in Florence in 1550 without the woodcut portraits, which were added to the second edition of 1568. It was partly with the view of correcting various inaccuracies in Vasari's account of the yet living Master that, as Mr. Symonds tells us, "Condivi, at that time an inmate of Buonarroti's house, felt impelled to produce a more exact and truthful portrait of his revered master. This work he executed while enjoying the privilege of daily converse with Michelangelo; and the little book, pregnant with valuable information, saw the light in 1553, while its subject was still living." This fact about Condivi's biography is not generally known, though it very much adds to the interest of the work, and gives it almost the authority of an autobiography. The second, enlarged, and corrected edition of Vasari's *Life of Michelangelo,* printed in 1568, four years after the Master's death, owes a great part of its value to the biography of Condivi, though Vasari was very unwilling to admit this indebtedness. Vasari's wide fame has rather pushed Condivi's work into the background; but, as Mr. Symonds points out, it really deserves to take the first rank among contemporary writings on the subject.

The third important source of information described by Mr. Symonds is contained in a large mass of contemporary letters and

* *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti.* By John Addington Symonds. 2 vols. London: J. C. Nimmo.

other documents, which throw a great deal of side-light on Michelangelo's works, character, and habits. Many of these letters were written by personal friends and pupils, and are full of interesting details both about the Master's work and about his technical methods. The letters of the Venetian painter Sebastiano del Piombo rank high among these contemporary records. Sebastiano had the most enthusiastic admiration for Michelangelo, and owed him a personal debt of gratitude of a very exceptional kind. Of this we have a striking example in the English National Gallery, in the great picture of the "Raising of Lazarus" (No. 1 in the Gallery), which Sebastiano was commissioned to paint for a French cathedral as the pendant to the famous "Transfiguration" of Raphael. Much of the fine composition and of the powerful drawing of the figures in the "Raising of Lazarus" is due to Michelangelo's assistance, in that he supplied his disciple Sebastiano with careful studies in pencil or chalk for several of the chief figures in the central group, including that of Lazarus himself and the graceful figure of Mary kneeling in awe at his feet.

Last of all, Mr. Symonds classifies the great mass of more recent literature, from copious biographies down to brief magazine or dictionary articles, which have been published during the last hundred years. Among these we are glad to find that Mr. Symonds speaks with much appreciation of the value of Mr. Heath Wilson's *Life of Michelangelo*, a work which to a large extent is of quite a unique kind, and has certainly not received the recognition which it really deserves. Mr. Heath Wilson, having obtained permission to erect scaffolding close up to the vault of the Sistine Chapel, was able to examine Michelangelo's technical methods of fresco-work, how much he painted in each day, to what extent he used the labour of assistants, and many other interesting points, which Mr. Heath Wilson freely spent both time and money to investigate in the most careful manner possible. The internal evidence which was thus arrived at did much to correct many loose and incorrect statements made by Vasari and other writers with regard to the time and method of execution of this colossal series of frescoes.

It would be impossible in the narrow limits of a single article to give even a sketch in outline of Mr. Symonds's most interesting and copious biography. Michelangelo's working life was one of such abnormal length, and every year of it was so crowded with events, that to deal with it fully requires a far larger space than that which has to be devoted to most men's biographies. Moreover, Michelangelo was so intimately connected with most of the stirring political events of his time that to write his life really involves giving a large amount of the contemporary history both of Florence and of Papal Italy. Michelangelo's life, which extended from 1475 to 1564, outlasted no less than thirteen Popes, and comprised one of the most changeful periods of the world's history. He was born, and even began to work, in the mediæval period, while mediæval influence still, to a great extent, dominated the fine arts, and while much still survived of the old simple faith in religion. When Michelangelo died, Italy had practically become pagan in religion and in philosophy; while as regards the arts, a decadence of the most fatal and rapidly-growing kind had fully set in. All this is most eloquently and carefully set forth in Mr. Symonds's admirable biography, which in point of interest, of laborious execution, and merit of all kinds may be said to rank first among the many valuable works on Italian art and literature which the author has previously given us. In spite of the great mass of literature which already existed, Mr. Symonds has succeeded in producing an essentially new Life of Michelangelo, full of valuable artistic criticism and painstaking correction of erroneous notions.

The author's remarks on Michelangelo as a poet are of special value; and his own translations of Michelangelo's poems previously published are real masterpieces of faithful and yet highly spirited rendering. As an example of this we may quote Mr. Symonds's translation of one of Michelangelo's most beautiful and pathetic sonnets, "Rime," Sonnet LXVI., which he reprints in the second volume of his biography, at p. 309:—

Now hath my life across a stormy sea,
  Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where all
  Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall
  Of good and evil for Eternity.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
  Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
  Of earthly art is vain; how criminal
  Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed
  What are they when the double death is nigh?
  The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
  My soul, that turns to His great love on high,
  Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

Mr. Symonds's two handsome volumes are copiously and, on the whole, successfully illustrated with examples of Michelangelo's sketches and finished works, mostly reproduced by a good photographic process, so that the book is as attractive on a rapid inspection as it is of real solid value to the careful reader.

FIVE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

We fear the romantic title of *Far Cathay* may do the author some injustice. We expect the superficial jottings of a globe-trotter who makes flying sketches of a country of which he is profoundly ignorant. In reality General MacMahon has given us an almost exhaustive monograph on what is now become British Burmah, and on the independent or semi-independent tribes occupying the debatable land between undefined frontiers. Yet the title has its significance. For the use of the mediæval name of Cathay in place of the modern China implies that the work is historical as well as ethnographical. In fact, General MacMahon, although with a due sense of proportion, carries Chinese and Burmese history back to days that are prehistoric and to legends that are semi-mythical. The treatment of the subject naturally leads him to discuss the growth, and in some cases the degradation, of the most venerable religions of the East. As to the present political situation and the possibilities of Burmese development no man ought to be better informed. General MacMahon was formerly Political Agent at the Court of Ava. Being now apparently relieved from official restraints, he does not hesitate to speak his mind very freely. He thinks that Lord Dalhousie made a mistake when, very contrary to his usual habit, he made two bites of the annexation, and he tantalizes us by the suggestion that there were secret reasons which cannot be disclosed till the time comes for the publication of his Lordship's papers. We should have thought the simple explanation was strong pressure from home; but it is certain the delay gave the French an opportunity of which statesmen of genius would probably have availed themselves. The barbaric kingdom of Ava was inevitably doomed when brought in contact with the rivalries of European commerce. We believed that the conquest would be a military promenade; so it proved. We thought that the subsequent settlement of the country would be comparatively easy, but there we were mistaken. The fact that we had greatly underrated our difficulties may explain why we have gone slowly and unsystematically to work. The Burmese as a nation are peaceable, although quick-tempered and excitable; but we failed to realize the extent to which Dacoity had become a popular institution. The sage policy of King Theebaw's father and predecessor had anticipated the moral progress of his corrupt aristocracy. He cut down the salaries of his Ministers and forbade public functionaries to take bribes. Consequently Ministers and officials went into sleeping partnership with dashing robber leaders, and became the scourge of the country they were supposed to protect. The British occupation recruited the ranks of the dacoits with ruined men who were more or less patriotic. Pacification is only a question of time and of road-making; but the native Burmese make indifferent police and still worse material for soldiers, while Dacoity suits them to a marvel. The General says they are plucky and fond of excitement; admirable troopers for a foray or a flying expedition into the jungle. But as soon as the novelty wears off their martial spirit evaporates. They are both indolent and naturally filthy. The monotony of drill is intolerable, and they are revolted by the absurdity of soap and pipeclay. We wish we could follow General MacMahon into the amusing description of the very eccentric manners and primitive customs of the more savage border tribes. He seems rather to approve of the moral polity of some of the races inhabiting the impracticable hill country between Burmah and Hindustan. They permit the young men and maidens unlimited license, but encourage or rather compel early marriages. After marriage the moral law is draconic, and any tampering with marital rights is summarily punished with death. General MacMahon takes a very encouraging view of the commercial prospects in Burmah; and, indeed, the recent statistics from

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* *Far Cathay and Farther India.* By Major-General Ruxton MacMahon. Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

The Danube from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. By F. D. Millet. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

In Savage Isles and Settled Lands—Malaysia, Australasia, and Polynesia. By B. F. S. Baden-Powell, Lieut. Scots Guards. Bentley & Son. 1892.

Artistic Travel—A Thousand Miles towards the Sun. By Henry Blackburn. Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Five Years' Hunting Adventures in South Africa. By Ronaleyn Gordon Cumming. New edition. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

which he argues show gratifying progress in the development of revenue.

Three adventurous gentlemen, taking shipping near its shallow sources, navigated the Danube from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. Two of the trio were American, and the third was apparently an Englishman. One of the party was as clever with the pen and the pencil as with the paddle, and the result is a charming volume, delightfully illustrated. We happen to know the Danube pretty well, and fear we must say that many of the graceful village maidens are idealized; though sometimes a sense of the humorous gets the better of love of the æsthetic, and we have a group of girls with masculine swagger and stride, and showing anything but the Andalusian poetry of motion. There are innumerable sketches of the romantic scenery; of historical strongholds frowning over the stream; of poverty-stricken hamlets less picturesque than their surroundings; of church spires soaring above embosoming trees; of herds of sleek cattle; of gatherings of Servian swine; of the soldiers picqueted in the sedges along the swampy banks, and of the many-fashioned craft that enliven the rapid river. For doing the Danube in canoes was no joke, although the frail skiffs had been devised by one of the most able builders in the States, with an admirable combination of lightness and strength. Of course they were made buoyant by watertight compartments, otherwise the canoemen would never have reached their destination, for more than once they were "spilled in the drink." Even so high as Donauwerth, though the stream is wide and shallow, it is extremely swift; at Passau and other places above Vienna, where it is pent between narrowing banks, the wild rushes are already formidable; and shooting the famous Iron Gates and the more dangerous rapids above them is so risky that we should fancy any prudent Life Assurance Office would have hesitated to guarantee the adventurers upon any terms. They cut down the stores as much as possible; they camped on the banks, dispensing with tents, and making the canoes their couches, which must have been ominously suggestive of coffins. In the cities and larger towns they always had a warm welcome from the local rowing clubs, and everywhere, down to the Hungarian border, while they were among civilized folk, hospitality was almost embarrassingly pressed upon them. We hear of semi-aquatic picnics and dances by moonlight to wild gipsy music, with running accompaniments of popping champagne corks. It was somewhat different when they got down to the lake-like expanse of the Lower Danube, with its shoals and reedy islands where the river divides Roumania from Bulgaria. There either shore was guarded by soldiers against smuggling; and, considering the ragged and weatherbeaten aspect of the mysterious strangers who babbled and stammered in an unknown tongue, we cannot wonder that the pickets were mistrustful. Bold as they were, we can imagine the travellers felt some sense of relief when their canoes were dragged up on the wharf of Sulina; and such exciting passages as shooting the whirlpools in the Gorge of Kasan must surely have been more agreeable in the retrospect than the reality.

Mr. Baden-Powell cannot boast the literary gifts of his relative Sir George, who twenty years ago gave one of the most picturesque accounts of Australian life in his *New Homes for the Old Country*. But, all the same, he writes agreeably, and his volume is redeemed from the reproach of mere globe-trotting by his fighting experiences in New Guinea and his intimate acquaintance with Queensland. Till he takes us to Brisbane we do not know that he tells us much that is new; but undoubtedly he gives us a deal of valuable information as to the capabilities and prospects of Queensland. Investors, or rather speculative gamblers, will be interested by his descriptions of the mines of Mount Morgan and Charters Towers, which have lately been boomed in the markets. It is not often you can literally quarry the precious metals as is the case at Mount Morgan; and we realize the difficulties of businesslike prospecting for gold when we are told there are fair profits to be made if the value of a single sovereign can be extracted from a ton of quartz. A little venture of Mr. Powell's own illustrates the range of fluctuations. He bought some shares for five shillings, and thought he had done tolerably well when he sold them at an advance of 20 per cent. Shortly afterwards they had gone up to 9*l.*, and very possibly since they may have fallen to zero. The excitement of his travelling culminated in the trip to New Guinea. He took passage in a small schooner, where he had to find his own food, and was supposed to do his own cooking. He was becalmed for several days in Torres Straits beneath a blazing sun, and when he made the land at last, and was hospitably entertained by the British Resident, he found that in the scarcity of local supplies the European settlers who could indulge in such luxuries had to fall back upon tinned meats. In fact, his confirmation of previous reports makes us think Papua a most undesirable country for emigrants. Not only does the naval expedition in which he was engaged show that the natives are still troublesome, but the more fertile districts are terribly unhealthy. Mr. Baden-Powell takes it as a matter of course that he carried away a fever by way of souvenir; and he adds that these fevers always stick for months, and very often cling to the victim for years. He gives an amusing account of the easy manners of the Dutch in Java, where he was somewhat scandalized by the light and classical morning costumes of gentlemen and ladies, though that was before he had paid his visits to the genial natives of the isles in the Pacific, with their still more primitive dress and customs.

In Mr. Blackburn's *Artistic Travel* he seems to draw on recollections of repeated visits to the countries described, from the blustering coast-line of Brittany to the sunny sands and oases of Algiers. When we say that his companions in these artistic wanderings were Gustave Doré, Randolph Caldecott, and Sydney Hall, we need add nothing as to the picturesque charm of the illustrations. They range from the stately Norman churches of Rouen and Caen, from the quaint old buildings of Dinan and Lannion, with Breton and Norman peasants in the mediæval costumes which, unfortunately, are fast disappearing, to castles and gloomy gorges in the Pyrenees, and the Moorish glories of the cities of Southern Spain. We hear much of the favourite resorts of our countrypeople who used to exile themselves to more genial climes in search of economical luxuries. But we learn that the golden age is going by, like the fanciful dresses that brightened foreign market-places, since civilization is being driven forward at high pressure by steam, and railways have been decentralizing remote agricultural districts.

A new and popular edition of Gordon Cumming's sporting adventures in Southern Africa is very welcome. We suspect the mighty hunter, who was more familiar with the rifle than the pen, had his rough material shaped and polished by his accomplished sisters, and so much the better for us. For this portly volume is delightful reading, though it seems a moss-grown milestone to mark the lapse of time, since the Transvaal Republic and the territory of the South Africa Company were the happy hunting grounds of wild beasts and the wilder Matabele.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

AMONG the writers who contribute stories for boys and girls and children this season we note scarce any omissions from the roll of names we have long been accustomed to look for, and but few that are new. The old and expert hands are still to the fore, and it must be owned that they merit, by their present ventures, the repute they have gained. In the more stimulating department of books for boys, Mr. Ballantyne and Mr. Henty are veterans of such assured practice and position, it would only be of their own doing that their continuance in headship were imperilled. Both these experienced writers show their powers of invention and lively narration to be as remarkable as ever. Mr. Henty has devised an historical setting for a moving story of adventure with his usual felicity in *Beric the Briton* (Blackie & Son), the scene of which is laid in Britain and Italy, during the decline of the Roman authority in Britain. The wrath of Boadicea, which proved to be the direful spring of Roman woes, is the leading *motif* of Mr. Henty's admirable story of the stirring struggle between the Britons and their invaders, when

> Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodune.

From his native land Beric, a young chieftain, passes with his foes to Rome, is trained in a gladiatorial school, performs prodigies of valour, witnesses the burning of the city, and having bearded Nero in his banquet-hall, flies with others of his country to Calabria, where he carries on a very spirited guerrilla contest with his old enemies. He is a hero of the most attractive kind, and the record of his trials and his valour is one of the most spirited and well-imagined stories Mr. Henty has written. Other times and other peoples are dealt with in Mr. Henty's tale of the Greek War of Independence, *In Greek Waters* (Blackie & Son), the historical basis of which is drawn from Finlay. A rich English gentleman and his son fit out an armed vessel when the war breaks out, both being strongly sympathetic with the Greek cause. But their object is philanthropic rather than Byronic, as is more congenial to a writer for boys in these humanitarian days, and their active interference takes the form of impartial benevolence towards both Greeks and Turks, especially the women and children, when sore pressed and afflicted. The story, however, teems with incidents of an exciting nature, and will hold boys enthralled from the

opening to the end. We note, by the way, that Mr. Henty writes of the "Dumnonii" as inhabitants of South-west Britain, in *Beric*, instead of "Damnonii," and employs the uncommon form of spelling "Camalodunum."

In *The Hot Swamp* (Nisbet & Co.) Mr. Ballantyne shows what is, in a romancer, a proper disregard of history and probability, and is content to be a spirited and resourceful story-teller. His version of the old legend of Bladud, the British prince who turned swineherd and discovered the value of the mineral springs of Bath, is uncommonly moving and picturesque. English boys who know *Pickwick* will delight in this elaborate and ingenious treatment of the old story, and will hardly be troubled because Mr. Ballantyne writes of "old Albion" instead of ancient Britain, and styles the inhabitants "old Albionites." Probably the crew of the Greek ship which sails with Prince Bladud on a voyage to Britain would have met with some of their colonized countrymen when the vessel is wrecked on the Mediterranean shores of Gaul. And turkeys, perhaps, were unlikely fowl to be found wild in the Gallic woods. Mr. Ballantyne's story is a romance, and is rightly compacted of far wilder and stranger matters than these. *The Paradise of the North*, by D. Lawson Johnstone (W. & R. Chambers), is a story of Arctic discovery, designed somewhat after the manner of Jules Verne, and marked by a Verne-like fertility of fancy. A rich Englishman leaves at his death the sum of one hundred thousand pounds to his daughter for the purposes of an expedition to the North Pole, with very precise stipulations as to the objects and hopes he had in view. Fortunately she possesses not the funds only, but something of the resolution of Dr. Nansen. The expedition sets forth, and is favoured by a succession of curious and quite unparalleled adventures and discoveries. The "Paradise," for example, is but one item in the list. Mr. Johnstone's story is cleverly planned, and deftly combines pleasurable romance with not impossible and persuasive science. If there still are boys who yearn for a life on the ocean wave, to the distress of fond parents, Mr. W. G. Metcalfe's *Steady your Helm!* (Nisbet & Co.) might serve as a corrective. Such, at least, seems to be the intent of the author. The two runaway schoolboys of whose experience at sea the story tells are repeatedly checked in their attempts to get aboard ship. Everybody warns them concerning the extreme folly of their desire. And when they do sail, as involuntary stowaways, drugged by a wicked Jew slopseller, they have a fearful time of it. Mr. Metcalfe's book may, therefore, be described as medicinal; though whether it would effect a cure in boys of any spirit we are very doubtful.

In *The Captured Cruiser* (Blackie & Son) Mr. C. J. Hyne shows uncommon skill in evolving a succession of startling incidents in a natural fashion. His story is told in an exceedingly animated style, and though it starts at a brisk rate, the pace is more than sustained to the dramatic catastrophe at the end. The subject of this exciting narrative of adventure is the fortunes that befall the crew of a blockade-runner during the war between Chili and Peru, and wonderfully varied their fortunes prove. Disabled by Whitehead torpedoes, they capitulate, and are clapped into a hulk in Valparaiso harbour. Thence they break out, and by a bold scheme, carried out with extreme dash, they seize on a cruiser and put out to sea, a short-handed crew of twelve resolute Englishmen. Events of the most thrilling description make up the record of their cruise until the vessel is lost near Cape Horn. It is altogether a capital story, and cleverly illustrated by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. Mr. Edgar Pickering's story of the expedition of certain Devonian worthies to Mexico and the Indies—*An Old-Time Yarn* (Blackie & Son)—in the days of Hawkins and Drake, deals with matters of imperishable interest to all boys who delight in deeds of daring and peril and the strife of Spaniards and English in America. Both Hawkins and Drake figure in Mr. Pickering's story—the former as the captain of a slaver—and young Anthony Ingram, who spins the old-time yarn, appears as a good observer of his leaders and a vivacious chronicler of his own remarkable adventures among the Spaniards. The new edition of Dr. Paton's autobiography is especially edited for young people by the Rev. James Paton, under the title *The Story of J. G. Paton* (Hodder & Stoughton), and is well illustrated by Mr. James Finnemore. In its new form, this interesting history of missionary enterprise in the New Hebrides will doubtless find many youthful readers. We have also received new editions of Mr. Manville Fenn's *Mother Carey's Chickens* (Blackie & Son); of Mr. Harry Collingwood's excellent sea story, *The Missing Merchantman* (Blackie & Son), and of Mr. J. C. Hutcheson's *Wreck of the Nancy Bell* and *The White Squall*, both published by Messrs. Blackie.

Refreshing as flowers and clear water in the waste are the writings of the late Mrs. Ewing, and the selection now before us from this delightful writer takes undisputed precedence of those various books for children, reprints and new, that call for notice here. It comprises *Jackanapes*, and *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*, and *Lob Lie-by-the-Fire*, in one volume, with Randolph Caldecott's inimitable drawings, and is published by the S.P.C.K. Very good reading for young people is Miss Ingelow's volume of *Stories Told to a Child* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) These stories are marked by brevity, point, and a pleasant vein of fancy that is never overwrought. *Soap Bubble Stories*, by Fanny Barry (Skeffington & Son), show excellent invention, and are told with the persuasive art which is so necessary when children are addressed. Animals and children, trolls and other elemental creatures, figure in these lively and interesting stories of many lands. It is altogether a capital book for children, and cleverly illustrated by Irving Montagu, Palmer Cox, and other ingenious artists. In fairy-lore there is something new for children in Theo. Gift's *Fairy Tales from the Far East* (Lawrence & Bullen), a charming volume adapted from the "Birth Stories" of Buddha, as Englished by Professor Rhys Davies, with admirable drawings by Otto von Glehn. The stories have been simplified with judgment, and are certain to become very popular with children. Brownies, goblins, witches, dryads, and fairies play very pleasing parts in *The Queen of the Goblins*, by Wilhelmina Pickering (Wells Gardner & Co.), an attractive volume, well illustrated by Olive Cockerell, which treats of the wonders of "Goblindom" and the strange sights of "Witchland." '93; *or, the Revolution among the Flowers*, by Florence Byng (Fisher Unwin), is a story somewhat in the style of an apologue, which would prove, we fear, tedious to most children. It may be a useful moral lesson to show that even flowers are subject to "natural laws," and without order there would be anarchy; but the introduction of politics in little Miriam's garden is a dull business, and the "facts" of natural history, so rigorously insisted upon in footnotes, are tedious and ineffective. After all, is it a "fact" that a snail is "superior" to a bee or a butterfly *because* it has a nervous system, or nerves? We have received several annuals that appear as every Christmas recurs, such as the new volume of that excellent magazine *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.), with numerous pretty pictures; the new volume of that old-established favourite *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.); *The Dawn of Day* (S.P.C.K.), an illustrated serial for Sunday school and parish uses; *Darton's Leading Strings* (Wells Gardner & Co.), a volume of simple tales and capital pictures for very young children; and *The Rosebud Annual* for 1893 (Clarke & Co.), a book well stored with pleasant stories and music and illustrations.

LETTERS OF GERALDINE ENDSOR JEWSBURY.*

CARLYLE once expressed himself quite unable to understand why Geraldine should wish to be printed, and it appears that the lady did honestly forgive him for this, as for some other harsh-sounding judgments. We are, therefore, inclined to believe that, if Miss Jewsbury had now any voice in the matter, she would also forgive us for saying that we do not see why this selection from her letters to Mrs. Carlyle was printed. Mrs. Ireland was no doubt sincerely anxious to serve the memory of her friend, and has done her editorial work as discreetly as was possible in such a case. Indeed, her very laudable wish not even to seem to abuse the confidence placed in her is recorded on her pages in the form of blanks, which may be considered as the outward signs of Mrs. Ireland's inward desire not to gratify the corrupt taste of mankind for gossip by publishing proper names. This is right, and we at least make no complaint that her care is sometimes carried over the verge of pedantry. Thus we read in an "undated fragment" of 1843 these words:—"If —— leaves you a desultory 'widow' whilst he goes into Wales, can you not come down here?—*i.e.* if you like to leave London at all." Of course blank can only be Carlyle; and, besides, we know all about that visit to Mr. Redwood at Llandough from Mr. Froude. Other examples of superfluous discretion are to be found here and there in the volume; but they are errors on the right side. Miss Jewsbury would probably have approved of even greater reserve. She repeatedly records her fear of what she calls inquests, and once expressly states that she burnt Mrs. Carlyle's letters as she received them, in order that they might not fall into other hands. She kept one series; but took every precaution to provide for its immediate return to Mrs. Carlyle in case of her own death. Miss Jewsbury survived her friend; but she burnt those reserved letters one by one when she was herself dying. It would seem, therefore,

* *Selections from the Letters of Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

that her theory and practice were against such a publication as this volume. Mrs. Ireland has, we take it for granted, authority to publish the letters, but whether it ought to have been used is a question of taste.

From the point of view of literature a sufficient degree of interest in the letters would be justification enough. We cannot say that it is forthcoming. The blanks might stand even thicker than they do—and there are often whole flights of them together—if only their sayings or doings, and Miss Jewsbury's comments upon them, were of interest; but unluckily they are not. The lady deserved, we are convinced, all the rather gushing things Mrs. Ireland says about her. She would not have been the friend of Mrs. Carlyle for so many years if she had not been both clever and trustworthy. Indeed, her cleverness is visible enough on every page of the book, but it is not of the kind which produces good letters. "I wish," says Miss Jewsbury very early in the correspondence, "there were some photographic process by which one's mind could be struck off and transferred to that of the friend we wish to know it, without the medium of this confounded letter-writing." This is a very natural wish; but, then, the good letter-writer is just the man or woman who can "strike off their minds." Mrs. Carlyle herself could do it, but her friend could not. Miss Jewsbury, who, during the years in which these letters were written, was living very quietly near Manchester, had little to write about except her own feelings and the small affairs of daily life. If she had been a Dorothy Osborne, this would have been enough—but then she was not. Then, too, she had that discretion which is the virtue of a confidant, but is as near as may be fatal to the permanent interest of letters. Whenever Miss Jewsbury had to speak of matters which were really important to herself or her friend, she immediately fell back on general terms, leaving the exact words to be used at their next meeting. As a rule of conduct, nothing could be more judicious; but when such letters come to be generally read years later, they are inevitably somewhat colourless. Mrs. Carlyle may have destroyed, and Mrs. Ireland may have suppressed, passages of another character. If so, they were probably well advised, and Mrs. Carlyle had every right to do it. But the fact that they both behaved like sensible women does not preserve what remains of Miss Jewsbury's letters from being too vague and wordy to inspire much interest.

The picture which they, after a sort, do convey to us of the lady herself must differ considerably from that which exists in the mind of her admirer, Mrs. Ireland, otherwise this volume could hardly have come into existence. That Miss Jewsbury was clever and courageous, a sure friend, and not a rancorous enemy, we see; but we also see why Mr. Carlyle thought it advisable to put bounds to Mrs. Carlyle's connexion with her friend, and still more with her friend's friends. The misfortune of Miss Jewsbury was the want of the husband and twelve children for whom she candidly longed. A sensible man, and a nursery to look after would have given her just what she wanted. Their place was poorly supplied by a succession of "friends" in black coats, who behaved in the most unaccountable way, running from ardour to neglect, then plumping down on their knees and swearing everlasting devotion when it was too late, or writing letters from Cairo which left Miss Jewsbury wondering whether she had ever really grasped the facts of existence. One of these tragi-comedies ended in his confession that he ought to have married her, and her philosophical remark that things were very well as they were. They were smoking together by the fire, and she went on hemming, and never even pricked her fingers, reflecting composedly, "What fools we are to make ourselves miserable about anything, when we may be quite sure we shall get to care nothing about them in a very little while." We will not apply her own severe standard to her unhappy relations with male "friends," and say that it is a wholesome instinct which causes us to consider that constantly unlucky people are to blame for their misfortunes. It is more humane to say simply that hers was manifestly an unhappy life. When we deduct much vague reporting of the doings of nameless people, what remains is the picture of a woman who loved literature—for she could appreciate *John Buncle*, and she enjoyed Rabelais—but who did not love it quite well enough to find it a consolation and a support, who had the religious temperament without belief, and who in all ways was consumed with longings which were never satisfied. Her letters are what she strangely, but intelligibly, thought Carlyle's *Sterling* to be—a depressing book.

OBEDIENTIARIES' ROLLS.*

IN these two books, edited the one by the Dean of Winchester for the Hampshire Record Society, and the other by Mr. Kirk for the Camden Society, we have the most complete picture ever yet put before us of the domestic economy of our larger Benedictine monasteries. The Obedientiaries of a monastery were its monastic officers, so called because they were subject to the rule of their order; for the name was not, as Mr. Kirk observes, applied to any non-religious servants. Each of these officers had a distinct function; and to the office of each pertained separate sources of income and separate expenses. They were wholly independent of one another, and were responsible to the whole community. The rolls before us are, in the Dean's volume, the accounts kept by certain of the Obedientiaries of St. Swithun's, Winchester, and in Mr. Kirk's those of officers of the same class in the monastery of St. Mary's, Abingdon. That both these volumes should have appeared this year almost together is curious; for no collection of rolls of this kind had heretofore been printed, though some few rolls of Burcester, or Bicester, priory are, as Mr. Kirk notes, given in the elder Dunkin's *History of Bullingdon*, &c. A fine collection of Obedientiaries' rolls is, the Dean tells us, preserved at Norwich, and we hope that it will some day be edited as well as those that we have here; for both the present editors have done their work with care, and Dr. Kitchin has given us much more than a mere commentary on his text. His Introduction presents us with an eminently readable account, based on the Rolls of St. Swithun's, of the organization of a great Benedictine house. In referring to the establishment of the Benedictine rule at Winchester by St. Æthelwold, he accepts, perhaps too unreservedly, the common theory that "the Benedictines had been ejected by the canons." However, the character of early English monachism is a difficult subject, and we have not space to enter on it here. In addition to the many historic associations that gather round the memory of St. Swithun's, there were two facts of some interest that affected the economy of the convent; it took an active part in the famous fair held on St. Giles's Hill, and it afforded shelter to a constant stream of pilgrims coming from the South and West to worship at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. After noticing these matters, Dr. Kitchin describes the daily life of the monks in the later part of the middle ages. His description is picturesque, and we think generally faithful. While, however, he points out that some of the brethren were diligent, and that for clever men the monastery provided an active career, he speaks so strongly about the idleness of those whom he calls "average" monks that the reader will be apt to carry away a somewhat exaggerated idea of the torpor of monastic life. At St. Swithun's, as in the larger monasteries generally, the monks were men of good moral character; but they had, it cannot be denied, departed from the life prescribed in the constitutions of the order. They did little for education, merely supporting two of their younger brethren at Oxford, and teaching in the monastic school a very few boys, probably those only employed in the services of the church. Little, too, was done for the sick outside the convent, or the poor; the charity of the house apparently being confined to supporting the "Sustern Spital," to receiving pilgrims and other strangers, and to distributing bread half a dozen times in the year. According to Dr. Kitchin the greater part of the monks spent a harmless torpid existence; their table was well furnished; they had pocket-money, and some at least bought pets, bears, apes, and other beasts, which were under the care of the cellarer.

While the charge of idleness cannot wholly be denied, it must not be made too sweepingly. Dr. Kitchin tells his readers something about the library and scriptorium of a large Benedictine house, and when people talk of the slothfulness of the monks allowance should be made for the time given to reading and transcription. The subject was not long ago discussed by the Rev. F. A. Gasquet in a bright and scholarly paper contributed to the *Downside Review*, and reprinted in an independent form. The number of books belonging to St. Swithun's is not known, but there is no doubt that, as the Dean says, the library was "large and interesting." Some of the Winchester books, written at earlier dates than the time of which we are speaking, are still extant, and are magnificent specimens of writing and illumination. At Christ Church, Canterbury, there were, as Mr. Gasquet says, 3,000 works, though some of them no doubt consisted only of a few folios; at Glastonbury there were 400 volumes, and

* *Hampshire Record Society—Compotus Rolls of the Obedientiaries of St. Swithun's Priory, Winchester, from the Winchester Cathedral Archives.* Translated and edited, with an Introduction on the Organization of a Convent, by G. W. Kitchin, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. London: Simpkin & Co., Limited. Winchester: Warren & Son. 1892.

Accounts of the Obedientiars of Abingdon Abbey. Edited by R. E. G. Kirk. Printed for the Camden Society. 1892.

at Peterborough 268. These libraries were mainly furnished by the labour of the monks, and Dr. Kitchin allows that at St. Swithun's "the scriptorium was probably never altogether idle." Nor must we forget that the books in a monastic library were read by the monks, and were lent to other houses, and sometimes even to non-religious persons. Dr. Kitchin, misled by the custom that each monk should take a volume out from the library on a stated day, and should keep it until that day year, has fallen into the common error of believing that a monk had only one book to read during the whole year. This, as Mr. Gasquet points out, and as any one acquainted with monastic writings must know, was certainly not the case. Again, though the monks no longer, as in older times, engaged in manual labour, no small number of them in every Benedictine house were busy about the affairs of the convent. Dr. Kitchin gives a list of the monks of St. Swithun's in 1325; then they were as many as sixty-four, but this, he says, was "high-water mark," and we gather from other numbers that he gives, that during the fifteenth century the convent did not reach a higher average than thirty-five. Now of this number he reckons, besides the prior and his vicegerents, —the prior and sub-prior in such a house were, as a rule, men of affairs—seventeen principal Obedientiary officers, and of these, ten at least must have had quite enough to do to fill up most of the time not occupied by Divine Service.

The work of these officers is illustrated by the rolls in Dr. Kitchin's and Mr. Kirk's volumes. Dr. Kitchin has printed over sixty of them comprising account-rolls of the Anniversarian, Custos Operum, Receiver, Hordarian, Chamberlain, Cellarer, and Almoner, of St. Swithun's Monastery, a Sacristan's roll having been printed in an earlier volume of the same series of publications. The rolls are unequally distributed between the different offices, two only of the rolls of the Custos Operum being now known to exist, while we have fifteen of the Hordarian's office and thirty-two of the Almoner's. On the other hand, Mr. Kirk has been able to print accounts of as many as fourteen of the Obedientiaries of Abingdon, though the whole number of the rolls in his volume is only twenty-six. Along with these he has given us some abstracts of manorial accounts. The Winchester Chapter possesses not fewer than 840 Court rolls; but the Dean, whose care for and labour on the Chapter Records cannot be acknowledged too warmly, rightly decided not to include any of them save one in his present volume, since they belong to a different class from the Obedientiaries' rolls. His single exception concerns a manor from which the Almoner's office at St. Swithun's was wholly supported, and the roll is given here along with a Compotus roll of the same manor, in order that his readers may have a complete view of the system of administration of one of the Obedientiary offices. As the main object of his Introduction is to illustrate the domestic organization of a great Benedictine house, he adds to it some appendixes containing notices of corrodies found in the documents of St. Swithun's, a transcript of Ælfric's abridgment of the *Concordia Regularis*, made by Miss Bateson, of Cambridge, and some other matters. His glossary is full and valuable, while that compiled by Mr. Kirk for the Camden Society's volume is thoroughly sufficient. Mr. Kirk's transcript, too, appears to be made not less carefully than the Dean's. His Introduction is perhaps less readable, and is more strictly confined to the accounts printed in the text. With reference to the curious term the "O" of the Abbot or other of the principal officers, he seems scarcely to have felt himself on sure ground, and his note on it is less satisfactory than the Dean's explanation. However, his work gives little cause for any adverse criticism. We observe that he considers that the Abingdon monks were not less slothful, and did no more for education, or, apparently, for the poor, than the monks of St. Swithun's, as described by the Dean of Winchester.

BOOK-BUILDING.*

"POINT de culte sans mystère," says the adage; and there is generally supposed to be more than the average amount of mystery in the cultus of the Art Typographic. But Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, the accomplished and energetic manager of the time-honoured Chiswick Press—an institution which dates from the first decade of the century—seems to have determined that this shall no longer be the case. To the useful volumes which he has already compiled on Printing (and his *Printers' Vocabulary* is one of those unpretentious little handbooks which should be at the elbow of every penman who desires, like Théophile Gautier, to call things by their proper names), Mr. Jacobi has now added an enlarged and extended reissue of the treatise he put forth some time since *On the Making and Issuing of Books*. In the present form of this, which bears the title of *Some Notes on Books and Printing*, he brings together a number of valuable hints with regard to the production of the printed volume. The preparation of manuscript; the making of indices; the correction of proof; the sorts and conditions of type; the secrets of "leading"; the orthodox limits of margin; the nice distinctions between "untrimmed," "uncut," and "unopened"; the fashions of binding and illustrating—on all of these and cognate themes he contrives, in a very compact and straightforward manner, to afford a great deal of interesting information. It may safely be said that there is very little connected with what Goldsmith was wont to term "Book-building" upon which he fails to touch discreetly, not omitting the attractive, but too often superfluous, topics of "subscription forms" and "author's profits." As might be anticipated, he has a specially good word to say for printers' readers—a good word which, after nearly a quarter of a century's experience, we are bound to admit is thoroughly well deserved. If ever there was a class of men who "do good by stealth" with comparatively remote opportunities of "blushing to find it fame," it is that faithful band of unobtrusive critics who decorate our proofs with those modest marks, oftener of interrogation than admiration, which almost invariably announce the proximity of a *lapsus calami*. Mr. Jacobi has increased the usefulness of his work by a concise Glossary of typographical terms and a series of specimen pages of types and papers, by the aid of which latter any gentleman about to publish may create, in his mind's eye, without great difficulty, the appearance of the masterpiece he intends. There can be no more trustworthy guide

> For those that think
> In type and ink

than this clearly written and admirably printed handbook.

* *Some Notes on Books and Printing: a Guide for Authors and others.* By Charles T. Jacobi. London: Chiswick Press. 1892.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund have rendered a service to students by reprinting in a separate volume the *Dissertations on the Apostolic Age*, originally appended to the Bishop's editions of the Pauline Epistles. Here are to be found ready to hand the famous essays on "The Brethren of the Lord," "St. Paul and the Three," "The Christian Ministry," "St. Paul and Seneca," and "The Essenes." To the paper on "The Christian Ministry" are added two short appendices, one giving Dr. Lightfoot's final opinion upon the genuineness of the Seven Greek Ignatian Epistles, the other consisting of a collection of extracts from his own writings, drawn up by himself, with a view to guarding against the unfair use that has been made in certain quarters of this particular paper.

Dr. Heurtley's *History of the Earlier Formularies of Faith* contains the substance of a course of lectures based upon the documents printed in the venerable author's well-known text-book, *De Fide et Symbolo*. As the Creeds are here inserted at full length, the present volume will practically supersede the earlier one. Dr. Heurtley makes little or no use of the results of German research. His authorities are the Greek and Latin Fathers and the great Anglican divines, with whom he has a wide and accurate acquaintance. He lays a solid foundation of erudition, which is the best, though not the easiest, way of beginning the difficult study of Symbolic Theology.

* *Dissertations on the Apostolic Age.* Reprinted from editions of St. Paul's Epistles. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

A History of the Earlier Formularies of Faith. By the Rev. C. A. Heurtley, D.D., the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Parker & Co. 1892.

The Church in Relation to Sceptics: a Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. By the Rev. Alex. J. Harrison, B.D., Vicar of Lightcliffe. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

From Abraham to David. By Henry A. Harper. With Illustrations by the Author. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

Modern Science in Bible Lands. By Sir J. William Dawson, F.R.S., &c. With Maps and Illustrations. Popular edition, revised. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892.

Side Lights upon Bible History. By Mrs. Sydney Buxton. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

The Testament of Abraham. By Montague Rhodes James, M.A. With an Appendix by W. E. Barnes, B.D. (Vol. II. No. 2, of "Texts and Studies.") Cambridge: at the University Press.

History of the Christian Church, A.D. 1–600. By the late Dr. Wilhelm Moeller, Professor Ordinarius of Church History in the University of Kiel. Translated from the German by Andrew Rutherfurd, B.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

Christian Ethics. By Newman Smyth, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn. International Theological Library. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892.

Not long ago we noticed an excellent volume, *Problems of Christianity and Scepticism*, in which the Rev. A. J. Harrison summed up some of the results of his twenty years' experience as a lecturer on Christian Evidences. In a new work, *The Church in Relation to Sceptics*, Mr. Harrison finds a great deal more to say upon the same theme. He begins with sound practical advice as to the methods best suited for evidential mission-work; passes on to a clear division of the subject-matter into Secularism, Atheism, doubt, and scientific perplexity, indicating in each case the line of argument which holds out the best hope of success, and concludes with suggestions as to the personal qualities, style, and bearing that a lecturer ought to possess or acquire. It is a thoroughly workmanlike book, written by a man who knows exactly what to do and how to do it. It should be very useful to the parochial clergy, especially in manufacturing towns; for though, on the whole, they possess the knowledge, they very often have not got it in a shape fitted for prompt and effectual action. At the same time Mr. Harrison is so sensible and candid that his book might very well be put into the hands of any person of the middle class troubled with any of the perplexities upon which he touches. Mr. Harrison tells us that the passion for debate on the foundations of Christianity is no longer what it was. "Twenty, fifteen, ten years ago unbelievers were eager for discussion. To-day they attend lectures, even when questions are invited, in greatly diminished numbers. Lectures on Christian Evidences are, perhaps, better attended than ever; but those who go are for the most part of two classes—Christians who seek confirmation of their faith, and doubters who wish to believe." If this means that Atheism has ceased to care about making converts, it is a very remarkable fact indeed. Anyhow it would seem to show that Mr. Harrison and other labourers in the same field have succeeded in demonstrating that Christianity is not so easily demolished as Mr. Bradlaugh thought in his younger days. Twenty years carry us back to the time when *Supernatural Religion* appeared, and was thought to have made a clean sweep of the New Testament. Nowadays the difference on matters of fact between the most advanced critic and the most orthodox believer can hardly be made apparent to the vulgar mind. Mr. Harrison thinks that the present indifference must be followed by a great onward movement. This is hopeful, but uncertain. There are times when the eternal debate assumes a shape capable of a plain yes or no. Then the whole pack opens cry, and proclaims to the universe that it has no religion, and desires none. Hitherto these crises have always been followed by the rise of some great Christian thinker who has stayed the clamour for a time. Such was Aquinas in the thirteenth century, Butler in the last, and probably Lightfoot in this. It is likely enough that we are on the verge of a period of quiet, but whether of stagnation or of fruitfulness, who can tell? The opposition remains, damped down for a time, but not conciliated. Yet that is much. The fewer precious hours are wasted in arguing, the more remain for doing good. And so we may part from Mr. Harrison with the sincere hope that before long he may find that there is really nothing left for him to do.

Mr. Harper's new volume, *From Abraham to David*, is even better than his *Bible and Modern Discoveries*. Readers of the former work will know exactly what to expect in this. The Bible story is told in a simple, unpretentious, and altogether excellent style, and illustrated at almost every point by the author's minute and extensive knowledge of Oriental customs and localities, Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, and the recent discoveries in Palestine. Mr. Harper tells us in the preface that he writes principally for the young, and certainly everything he says is as clear as daylight. But readers of all ages may turn over his pages with pleasure and instruction.

Another good book on a kindred topic, though one which requires much more special knowledge for its thorough enjoyment, is Sir J. William Dawson's *Modern Science in Bible Lands*. The present is a revised and popular edition of the work published four years ago. Sir J. William Dawson studied the geology and anthropology of Egypt and Palestine on the spot, with special reference to the history of the chosen people. His observations are peculiarly interesting at certain crises when the history and the character of the soil are very closely united, as at the passage of the Red Sea, or the sojourn in the Sinaitic peninsula. But the book abounds in striking and well-expressed remarks. The author is of opinion that the Egyptian people were better off in every way in the time of the Pharaohs than they are now.

Mrs. Sydney Buxton's *Side Lights upon Bible History* is another volume in which the attempt is made to illustrate Scripture from Assyrian and Egyptian monuments. The book is agreeable and cultivated, but somehow strikes us as not learned enough for the learned, and too learned for the ignorant.

The new number of *Texts and Studies* contains two recensions of the Greek text of the *Testament of Abraham*, with a critical introduction by Mr. M. R. James, and extracts translated from an Arabic version of the *Testaments of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, by Mr. W. E. Barnes, with notes and explanations by Mr. James. The volume is of interest to students of the pseudepigraphic apocalyptic literature of the early ages of the Church. Mr. James thinks that the groundwork of the *Testament of Abraham* was known to Origen, though the present form of the book cannot be dated much before the ninth or tenth centuries. Also he detects a Christian hand, and certainly there are references to Christian scriptures, in the apocalyptic passages. What will strike the reader probably is that the Greek style is late, and that the matter consists mainly of a strange farrago of not very orthodox Judaism with Egyptian notions about the future life. Viewed in itself, such a blending of heterogeneous ideas might be ancient enough, as we see from the *Poemander*. But the character of the Greek, and the extreme uncertainty of the reference to Origen, make it very difficult to carry back the *Testament of Abraham* to the second century. Nevertheless Mr. James starts many interesting topics, and students in this byway of Christian literature should not neglect his work.

The *History of the Christian Church*, by the late Dr. W. Moeller of Kiel, gives with dry minuteness the facts of the first six centuries, with a copious bibliography. The book is fairly well translated by Mr. Andrew Rutherfurd, and may be found useful for class purposes. It is not an imposing work. The author's method is throughout that of striking a medium between opposing views. Thus he holds the essential unity of the Book of Revelation, yet thinks that "the probability of a revision, or rather combination, of its component parts is not entirely to be denied."

The second volume of the International Theological Library is *Christian Ethics*, by an American divine, Dr. Newman Smyth. The hope that attracts the reader when he takes up a volume with this title is that at last he is going to learn what Christian ethics are, and how they differ from any good volume of sermons, or from ethics that are not Christian. But Dr. Smyth is only another disappointment. Christian ethics start, of course, like all other sciences, from axioms—that is to say, doctrines; and these doctrines, equally of course, are Christian, or else the science built upon them would not be Christian. What, then, are the doctrines? They are the "assumption that God is and man from God." To this assumption Dr. Smyth generously adds, a few pages further on, and then rather as a standard than as a doctrine, "the luminous ethical personality of Jesus Christ." Yet a few pages more, and we find that even this requires correction; for, "whatever postulates Christian Ethics may borrow from Christian theology, it must bring these to its own moral tests and judgments." So here we have a science, and we suppose a deductive science, which judges and practically creates its own first principles. And at last the truth dawns upon the reader that what he has in his hands is a volume of sermons, with all the theology left out, and a few technical phrases slipped in. When he has settled this point he will find that Dr. Smyth gossips about moral and social questions in an agreeable and not wholly uninstructive way. He has much to say about capital and labour, the use of anæsthetics, the lawfulness of lying to a tramp who has got his foot in the door and will not go away, and of deceiving trout with an artificial fly. Indeed, he equips the subscribers to the Theological Library for pretty nearly all the emergencies of life. Those who found Dr. Driver's work a little too learned may, perhaps, have given up the idea of further patronizing the series. If so, we can reassure them. They will find Dr. Smyth neither sourly theological nor pedantically scientific, but a sort of *juste milieu* admirably adapted for popular consumption.

Some time ago we noticed the first volume of *The Prymer or Prayer-book of the Lay People in the Middle Ages*, in which Mr. Littlehales gave the full English text of this ancient and interesting handbook of devotion. In his second volume the author gives a detailed collation of all existing manuscript Prymers, except the bilingual Glasgow MS., which, for special reasons, is left out of sight. The work is one of importance for all students of Liturgiology (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)

Life and Conduct, by Dr. J. Cameron Lees, of Edinburgh (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black), belongs to a series of Guild and Bible Class Text-books, issued by the Christian Life and Work Committee of the Church of Scotland. It is an excellent sixpennyworth, just the thing to put into the hands of an intelligent young fellow of the clerk or artisan class. The list of the hundred best books given at the end is a little puzzling. What, for instance, is the Hitopadion?

In *Horæ Evangelicæ* (London: George Bell & Sons) the late Canon Birks maintains that the Four Gospels were written in the order in which they appear in the Bible, and that each writer was acquainted with the Gospels previously written, and made use of their contents. Most scholars now regard this hypothesis as worn out; but Canon Birks says well what there is to be urged in its favour. The book is carefully edited by the author's son, the Rev. H. A. Birks.

We are glad to observe that the first two volumes of Dr. Eales's *Life and Works of St. Bernard* (London: Burns & Oates, Lim.) have reached a second edition.

There are probably many readers to whom an *Exposition of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans*, by the Rev. R. M. Benson, of Cowley (London: Masters & Co.), will be acceptable. *The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ* (London: Macmillan & Co.) is a popular devotional commentary on St. John xiii. to xvii., by Canon Bernard, of Wells.

In *The Schism between the Oriental and Western Churches* (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.) the Rev. G. B. Howard gives a clear, scholarly, and agreeable history of the *Filioque* dispute. He begins with the testimony of the Fathers, and then traces the growth of the chasm between East and West down to the Council of Florence, and the final refusal of the Greeks to accept the Latin Formula. The remainder of the little volume is taken up with a succinct account of the negotiations—if so they may be called—between Anglicans and the Orthodox Church. These pushings out of tentacles have been not infrequent, though many of them are now little known. They never came to much. The most serious attempt—that of the Nonjurors—was cruelly snubbed by the Greek Patriarchs, who proved quite as stubborn and unsympathetic as Rome could have done. There is some good work in the little book, though the hope of reunion, which dictated it, can hardly be regarded as more than a pious aspiration.

Two new volumes of the Expositor's Bible (London: Hodder & Stoughton) have been issued. One completes the commentary on the *Gospel of St. John*, by Dr. Marcus Dods. It is facile, shallow, and smart. Mr. Findlay's book upon the *Epistle to the Ephesians* is a more satisfactory performance, and contains some solid work. The author has made a real and not unsuccessful attempt to explain to his readers the language and ideas of the Apostle. He is a staunch Wesleyan, but scholarly and, on the whole, tolerant. Yet even Mr. Findlay cannot shake himself entirely free from the tendency to pamphleteering, and labours to show that by the Unity of the Body the Apostle did not mean disciplinary unity. The "union of hearts" may be the best thing we can hope for now, but most assuredly it would not have satisfied St. Paul.

Ecclesiastical history is represented on our list by four volumes of a popular type. *Early Church History to the Death of Constantine* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited) is written by Mr. Edward Backhouse, of Sunderland, edited and enlarged by Mr. Charles Tylor. Mr. Backhouse's idea was to "exhibit the principles and practices of the Churches viewed from a Quaker standpoint." Alas! what we want is Church history from a historical standpoint. Dr. Hodgkin contributes a short biographical sketch of Mr. Backhouse, who was a most estimable man, and the book is adorned with some excellent coloured reproductions of early Christian art. Miss Mary H. Allies writes the *History of the Church in England*, from the beginning of the Christian era to the accession of Henry VIII. (London: Burns & Oates, Limited), from a Roman Catholic point of view. The book is well read and clearly written. An epitome of Anglican *Church History*, by Ellen Webley-Parry (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is sensible, clear, and well arranged, and would make a useful text-book for beginners. *Judaism and Christianity*, by Mr. G. T. Bettany (London: Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.), begins with Moses and ends with the Reformation, and "is a book which believers in Christianity of all shades of opinion may read without finding any dogmatic statement which will shock their feelings."

The most interesting book on our list of Sermons is the Bishop of Gibraltar's *Counsel to English Churchmen Abroad* (London: Macmillan & Co.) Bishop Sandford ploughs the shifting waters of his Mediterranean See with a simple, earnest, large-minded piety never enough to be commended. The sermon on the dedication of the American Church of St. Paul in Rome is particularly good. Nothing that ought to have been said is left out, yet there is not a word that any one could wish to alter. Not quite so good, to our mind, is another sermon preached in the English church outside the Porta del Popolo. In this the Bishop deals with private judgment, which is a duty, no doubt, for those who are capable of discharging it.

We have received also *Pleas and Claims*, by Canon H. Scott Holland (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Penitence and Peace*, addresses on the fifty-first and twenty-third Psalms, by Canon Newbolt (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Sermons and Addresses, delivered in America; Ephphatha, or the Amelioration of the World*, and *Mercy and Judgment*, all by Archdeacon Farrar (London: Macmillan & Co.), and *Christmas Day, and other Sermons*, uniform with the *Lincoln's Inn Sermons* that have been noticed in previous articles (London: Macmillan & Co.)

Other volumes on our list are—*A Book of Prayer*, by Henry Ward Beecher (London: Richard D. Dickinson); *The Creed Explained*, a Roman Catholic Manual, in which the author, the Rev. A. Devine, remarks that "Luther was notorious for his vices" (London: R. Washbourne); *Practical Reflections upon every Verse of the Book of Genesis*, with Preface by the Bishop of Lincoln (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Book of Revelation a Sign of the End*, by T. W. Christie, B.A., second edition (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Lim.); *The Memorabilia of Jesus, commonly called the Gospel of St. John*, by W. W. Peyton, Minister of Free St. Luke's, Broughty Ferry (London: Adam & Charles Black); *The Lord's Day and Holy Eucharist*, a series of papers by Lord Halifax and other authors, edited by the Rev. Dr. Linkl ater (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.), and *How God Inspired the Bible*, a plain and sensible treatise on this vexed question, by J. Paterson Smyth, B.D. (Dublin: Eason & Son, Limited).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A GERMAN paper (with what, we fear, must be admitted to be a not un-German rudeness) is said to have observed when M. Waldteufel (1) wrote a letter to the celebrated Socialist Herr Bebel, and believed himself to have received a diplomatic and polite reply thereto, that Herr Bebel possesses what he called a *carton des fous*, and had put M. Waldteufel's letter in it. We shall not pause to inquire whether any Socialist, and Herr Bebel in particular, might not in such a case find a slight difficulty in determining whether his own letters ought not to go into that portfolio. But we shall admit that a hasty critic might dismiss M. Waldteufel with a friendly tap on the forehead, and the famous "a little M——, you know." He is as methodical as Sir Frederick Milner; but, instead of the diabolical sanity which has in Sir Frederick Milner's case brought so many great ones to grief, he joins with his method other peculiarities which remind the reader more of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, and yet others (for both law and our own conscience forbid us to hint the least want of sanity in Mr. Turnerelli) that would be rather sought for in the former neighbourhood of those celebrated statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness which, it is not generally known, were, &c. In other words, M. Waldteufel is the prey of an *idée fixe*; but his agonies under the talons of that idea are the most learned and gentlemanly agonies that we have ever witnessed. He tries to persuade the German Emperor, using a most genteel abundance of capital letters, as in *Vous*, &c., that it would be much to his interest to sell Alsace-Lorraine back to the French; and he enforces this contention with much statistic as to the present expense of armies, with sage reasoning about a Mongol invasion, and with a vast deal of history (sometimes not bad history) from the dark ages. To speak Gospel truth there is a great deal of madness in M. Waldteufel's method, but there is also some method in his madness.

M. Louis de Soudak is very angry with previous travellers and guide-book writers in the Crimea (2), and has begun a series of journeys to give the *vérité vraie* about that country. His book is in the modern style—a little matter with a great deal of what is meant for art—but not a bad book at all. If he could have compressed and suppressed himself a little, it would have been better; and better still if, while maintaining himself in a state of growth and bloom, he could have introduced a little more precision into his narrative. We never know quite where he is, and, on the whole, it is desirable to know where a traveller is. Still, his book is a pleasing one, though we note in it one astounding sentence. Returning from Balaklava he sees the valley "où furent culbutés et anéantis les dragons d'Eniskillen, toute la cavalerie legère des Anglais et nos chasseurs d'Afrique." "Nos chasseurs d'Afrique" are very well able to speak for themselves, and we shall not attempt to take their valiant part. But it is news to us that the Light Brigade was *culbuté*, though it was

(1) *Mémoire pour la rétrocession de l'Alsace-Lorraine adressé à S.M. l'Empereur et Roi Guillaume II.* Par M. Edouard Waldteufel. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Voyage en Crimée, côté méridional.* Par Louis de Soudak. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

pretty near *anéanti*; and the Lord have mercy on M. Louis de Soudak if he ever hints to any Enniskillener who was there that the Enniskillens were either one or the other!

The angelic wife, the wicked *viveur* husband, the early lover who is respectful, the more than angelic daughter—all these old friends, and more, appear in M. Edouard Delpit's *Bérangère* (3). We ought, however, to be obliged to him for having made his book finish in England. The wicked Baron de Chazeuil having made France too hot to hold him, and buried the angelic wife, flies to our shores customary of such refugees. With a pair of red whiskers, and the habit of drinking "des pots de gin," he becomes English naturally and at once, and adopts the common English name of Pernett. In a fit of drunken rage he sets fire to his house, prevents his daughter from leaving, and stands at the window with a revolver. The craven English public and the clumsy English firemen know not what to do; but a French officer in full uniform happens by grace of Providence to be passing from a drawing-room (French officers in uniform attend drawing-rooms at night in *this* England), gives the proper directions, mounts the ladders, and all is well.

M. Gustave Guiches seldom writes anything that is not clever, and *Un cœur discret* (4) demands this dedication, though it is perhaps not quite so good as either *L'ennemi* or *Philippe Distal*. A young man, the son of old parents and kept tight by them, falls in love with a young and unmarried postmistress, called Claire de Gizols. For in Republican France, it seems, they make postmistresses of young and fair, but decayed aristocrats. He turns out an unmitigated sweep; but Claire is saved by a better than he. Some of the touches are excellent. A few more given to the character of Claire would have made it unusually good. As it is, it may possibly be objected that the story is not brought out enough.

L'histoire d'Angèle Valoy (5) shows better craftsmanship. Angèle Valoy, by nature a perfect woman, finds herself by evil fate placed, and indeed born, in that peculiar demi-monde which, if less grossly scandalous in France than in England, is even more hopeless to get out of, and only death frees her from the toils. It is, we think, the strongest, if not the pleasantest, book M. Tarbé has yet done.

Hélène et Jacques (6) is an agreeable enough *berquinade*, which appears in the *Nouvelle Collection*, and deserves its place there. A sword, alleged to have been given by Francis I. to Bayard, possessed by an old painter of the *buveur d'eau* order, and coveted by a wealthy collector, plays the chief part in the story; and, if it is not talisman enough to "annihilate both time and space," it achieves at least the other part of the poetical wish, and "makes two lovers happy."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE county of Hereford abounds in nooks and corners, as Canon Phillott remarks in his brief preface to *Nooks and Corners of Herefordshire*, by H. Thornhill Timmins (Elliot Stock), and comprises some of the few unspoiled rural districts that yet remain in England. And is it "selfish," Canon Phillott asks, to desire that this unspoiled country shall not be given over to the incursions of trippers? Decidedly not; for behind the trippers there invariably appear the enemies of the beauty and quiet of unoutraged Nature, and the true selfishness lies in sacrificing the few who delight in the things of nature and antiquity to the profane multitude that cares not for them. Sufficiently deplorable are the ravages committed on the fairest portions of the English coast by the ignoble army of "improvers." What was the most beautiful four miles of coast between Penzance and Dover, unique in attraction to geologists, some of whom joined with lovers of nature in unregarded pleas for its preservation, is now defaced beyond redemption by hideous roads and paths ankle-deep in loose "metal." In this wanton and stupid work masses of rock, superb in form and lovely in colour, were blasted away for the sake of a level site for some trumpery seat of the rankest cockney design. Luckily, for the present, there are few "commercial attractions" to be found between Leominster and the Brecknock borders, or between Ledbury and Ross, or the itinerary of Mr. Timmins would not be the charming volume it is. Indeed, if it were not for certain allusions to taking the train, this book deserves to be classed with the old-fashioned studies of topography and antiquity of which the works of Gilpin are early examples. From the city of Hereford, as a centre, Mr. Timmins goes far afield on his pleasant journeying, eastward to the delightful old town of Ledbury, and the country west of the Malvern Hills, and northward to Leominster and the valleys of the Lugg and the Teme. Then westward to Brinsop, with its memories of Wordsworth, whose cedar has grown apace, as Mr. Timmins shows in his illustration; to Weobley, with its quaint school-house, and the Buttas, with its wonderful "pigeon-house," the Rodd, Luntley Manor, and many another fine old manor-house; onward to Hay, and round by the Golden Valley, past Dore and the famous cromlech "Arthur's Seat," to Ross, by way of Kentchurch and Treago, that most interesting example of the fortified mansion. Mr. Timmins has illustrated his book with many admirable drawings, and if he is not also his own engraver, he has certainly enlisted the services of a sympathetic hand. The drawings of domestic architecture and of various objects of archæological interest are excellently in accord with the old-fashioned character of the volume, and there is nothing "niggling" in the style of their rendering. The best of them remind us of the times when our water-colour artists in landscape were all topographers, and it is as if the pencil-sketches of Girtin and his school were the originals of "On Bircher Common" (p. 54) and "Weobley Marsh" (p. 81).

Not a single volume, but a library of many stout volumes, would contain a full account of the careers of all the organizers of armies and Governments who were foremost in preparing the way for British rule in India. Mr. Herbert Compton's interesting compilation, *A Particular Account of the European Military Adventurers of Hindustan* (Fisher Unwin), is unquestionably a bulky book, though it comprises the history of but three individuals, to which is added a series of short biographical notices of many less prominent persons who figured in the military annals of India between the year 1784 and the battle of Assaye. The three remarkable men of whom Mr. Compton's volume treats are Benoit de Boigne, George Thomas, and Perron—all three adventurers of the first rank, whose exploits are but half-remembered or wholly forgotten now, though they have been recorded by historians and biographers. Some of the more important works utilized by Mr. Compton are inaccessible to most readers. Others, we believe, are out of print, notably Prinsep's "Memoirs of a Pathan Soldier of Fortune," from the Persian, one of the most remarkable books of its kind.

Down in the Flats, by Cleveden Kenn (Fisher Unwin), is a "sanitation" novel, dedicated to three clergymen who are styled "champions of sanitary Christianity," and designed, it would seem, to illustrate the evils that spring from a perfunctory discharge of their duties by guardians of the public health. Mr. Kenn's story, however, is not of this present day of local government. It treats of a worse past, when the Sanitary Authority was young and diffident of exercising its powers over jerry-builders, or in advocating good drainage schemes, and the like. The town described in *Down in the Flats* was a manufacturing centre of the North, and "The Flats" an unsavoury district of small ill-built houses, subject to occasional floods. It is through the gallant efforts of a sanitary clergyman that this plague of water is effectually dealt with by the local authorities, long divided into petty factions on this and all other questions. The sufferings of the hapless dwellers in the Flats are vividly set forth, and there is plenty of point and force in the somewhat satirical sketches of the leading citizens of the town.

Quest and Vision, by W. J. Dawson, or W. T. Dawson (Hodder & Stoughton)—for title and preface do not agree as to this matter—is a collection of "Essays in Life and Literature," in part reprinted from a former volume which the author has found entered in second-hand catalogues as "rare" and "scarce." Mr. Dawson was tempted to prevent this "scarcity," especially as his book has recently been "rediscovered in the United States, and has there entered upon a new and fairly prosperous career." There is really no accounting for these things, though we cannot see how a book can be out of print that is rediscovered in America. Mr. Dawson's essays treat of Shelley, of "Wordsworth and his Message," of "Religious Doubt," of Longfellow, George Eliot, Mr. George Meredith, "The New Realism," and "The Poetry of Despair."

The Book Lover, by James Baldwin (Putnam's Sons), is a "Guide to the Best Reading" for the distressful person who knows not what to read. It lays down "schemes for practical study," or "courses of reading"—as the author is pleased to put it, in "A Fore Word"—for all sorts of unhappy folk bewildered by "hundred best books" projects. Chiefly it is made up of book-lists and extracts from all manner of writers.

The new edition of Adelaide Anne Procter's *Legends and Lyrics*, first and second series (Bell & Sons), is a charming reprint in two volumes, tastefully bound, of a melodious and

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(3) *Bérangère*. Par Edouard Delpit. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Un cœur discret*. Par Gustave Guiches. Paris: Plon.

(5) *L'histoire d'Angèle Valoy*. Par Edouard Tarbé. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Hélène et Jacques*. Par Edmond Deschaumes. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

entirely sincere singer, whose songs have long enjoyed the favour of reciters and those who set verse to music. The brief and interesting tribute to the poetess who contributed to *Household Words* some of her best poems which Charles Dickens wrote for the original edition forms an appropriate preface to those pretty books.

Mr. Conan Doyle has set forth a capital romantic narrative in *The Great Shadow* (Arrowsmith)—"Arrowsmith's Annual" for the approaching Christmas—though there is that in the style of the narrator, Jock Calder of West Inch, that is decidedly reminiscent of the peculiar idiom of John Ridd. The story, however, is told with excellent vivacity and skill, and is worthy of the author of *Micah Clark*.

Days in Clover, by "The Amateur Angler" (Sampson Low & Co.), is an agreeable and chatty chronicle of angling days and vacation rambles in South Wales and Hampshire and on the Kentish coast. There are some pleasant stories of fishers and others interspersed in these bright and cheery notes of holiday travel, which should propitiate the most intractable of readers, and must surely delight amiable Waltonian enthusiasts.

The World's Columbian Exposition is described and illustrated in the October number, or "dedication issue," of *The Authentic World's Fair Journal* (Chicago: Campbell), with some interesting particulars of the origin and organization of a great and complicated enterprise. The pictorial pages of the journal supply the curious reader with striking views of the Exhibition buildings, gaily printed in colours, the various "State buildings," the buildings of the European nations represented at the Chicago Exhibition, the enormous hall of manufactures, the Algerian village, and other leading attractions. Then there are portraits and biographical sketches of Dr. Zaremba, "the originator of the World's Columbian Exposition"; of Bishop Fowler, the officiating chaplain; of Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, and of other distinguished officers.

In the "Canterbury Poets" series we have a selection of *Poems of the Hon. Roden Noel* (Scott), with an introduction by Mr. Robert Buchanan, from whom we learn that the poet has made the selection now published, and a very good selection it is. After all, it is not easy to show why a poet should not know what is best representative of his work, nor why one poet should be called in to make a selection from another. And since Mr. Buchanan is certain that an introduction from him must prejudice many readers against Mr. Roden Noel's poems, it is, perhaps, well that he is not also responsible for the selection.

Like most satirists, the anonymous author of *A Nineteenth-Century Satire* (Eden, Remington, & Co.) is intent upon lashing the follies of the age, and he does his lashing in excruciating verse. Here is a sample of his decasyllabic rhymes:—

> An Age in which men prate of vanity,
> About muscular Christianity.

Tagged on to some three hundred pages of such verse there are footnotes of portentous length and dulness.

The third series of the *Cabinet Portrait Gallery* (Cassell & Co.) comprises a varied selection of admirable photographs by Messrs. W. & D. Downey of many persons eminent in art, literature, music, society, and politics.

Historic Houses of the United Kingdom (Cassell & Co.) comprises descriptive accounts of famous houses, such as Welbeck, Warwick Castle, Longleat, Chatsworth, Newstead Abbey, Alnwick Castle, with numerous illustrations of exteriors and interiors.

We have also received a new edition in one volume of Mr. Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.); *Cassell's Latin Dictionary*, revised by J. R. V. Marchant, M.A., and J. F. Charles, M.A.; *An Anglo-Saxon Reading-Book*, by James W. Bright (Sonnenschein & Co.); Vol. II. of *The Critical Review*, edited by Professor Salmon (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); *Taxation and Wealth*, by Edward Atkinson, LL.D. (Putnam's Sons); *The Farmer's Tariff Manual*, by Daniel Strange (Putnam's Sons); Vol. VIII. of *Cassell's New Popular Educator* (Cassell & Co.); and *The London University Guide*, 1892-3 (Clive & Co.)

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STATE VISIT OF THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS,

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. THE Walsall Election petition turned out less fortunately for the Union than that at Manchester. Mr. Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice HAWKINS gave it against Mr. JAMES yesterday week, not on any ground of bribery or treating (the vast mass of charges brought under those heads having turned out not much more solid than those insinuated against Mr. BALFOUR), but on what can only be called the childish freak of Parliament in prohibiting expenditure on "badges." Childish or not childish, however, the law has to be obeyed, and Mr. JAMES has to thank his son and agent, who did not take the trouble to learn his business, for the loss of his seat, and of a good deal of money into the bargain. The Lichfield petition had been wisely withdrawn. It was announced that REUTERS have resigned the privilege of printing the Parliamentary debates.

Mr. T. R. BUCHANAN, the sometime Unionist whom West Edinburgh very properly cast out the other day, has been chosen Gladstonian candidate for Aberdeenshire, in the room of Mr. ESSLEMONT. Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, writing to the chairman of an agricultural depression meeting at Canterbury, advocates, not merely the Protection which he was known to favour, but the adoption of a sliding scale of rents and wages. It would be odd if we were to come back to a modification of the old *métayer* tenure and the equally old system of payment of wages in kind.

On Tuesday a deputation waited upon Lord KIMBERLEY in reference to female education in India. The Hexham Election petition was begun.

It was formally announced on Thursday morning that the Government will at once send out a Commissioner to Uganda to examine and report on the steps to be taken with that country when the East Africa Company retires next March. A deputation had waited on Lord RIPON the day before in reference to Swaziland, and had received a yea-nay kind of answer; with which, however, in the circumstances, there is no fault to be found.——Mr. ASQUITH, at a dinner given by the City Liberal Club on Wednesday, made a "Who's afraid?" speech which seems to have comforted his party a little. But the fact of being comforted argues the previous need of comfort.——Mr. GOSCHEN and Lord HALSBURY spoke stoutly at St. James's Hall on Thursday night.

Scotland. An exceedingly amusing correspondence appeared in Wednesday's *Scotsman* between Mr. BALFOUR and a certain Mr. JAMES REITH, Acting Secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association. Mr. BALFOUR, being taken to task with awful calmness by Mr. REITH for having said that the so-called Scottish Home Rulers "would deprive us of our national rights," replied, of course, that any scheme with Scotch members at Westminster would not work, and any scheme without them would deprive, &c. The Executive of the Scottish Home Rule Association considered this reply, and instructed Mr. REITH to admonish Mr. BALFOUR, which he did at some length, pointing out that "the native talent and superior education of "Scotsmen has no scope in their own country," that the representatives of Scotland are "outnumbered" and "neglected" in the Imperial Parliament, and other notorious facts, winding up with a magnificent intimation that Mr. BALFOUR'S wicked dissimulation of his knowledge "might entitle him to the name of a 'political quack'" (which, we regret to say, Mr. BALFOUR had applied to the Home Rulers), "if my Asso-"ciation did not disdain to use such epithets." *Alma sdegnosa!* as VIRGIL remarks in a celebrated passage, which (the London correspondent of country newspapers is hereby explicitly warned) does *not* occur in VIRGIL'S own Opera, though it may be found in DANTE'S Comedy.——Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN addressed his constituents at Glasgow on Thursday, and said that the feeling in favour of Home Rule was growing.——Lord BUTE was elected Rector of St. Andrews, on Thursday, unopposed—the first unopposed election, it is said, for more than thirty years.

Ireland. The proceedings at an eviction at Kanturk yesterday week—no case of extermination by a brutal foreign landlord, but of endeavour to keep a *bonâ fide* purchaser of the name of O'KEEFE from possession of his purchase—might have been commended to the Unemployed Commission on that subject. But they had more wit than to be there.——At the end of last week Sir JAMES MATHEW had a cold, but the twin brethren who alone remain to him toured at Coolgreany in the company of divers P.Ps. by way of getting an impartial view of things.——The session

of the Commission on Monday was very interesting, because some good fairy seems suddenly to have changed Sir JAMES MATHEW back again from a "Castle" Commissioner into one of HER MAJESTY'S Judges. His reception of the artless tale of the Tipperary business—how the tenants had no quarrel with their own landlord, but resolved to have one, because he played the Good Samaritan to another landlord who had fallen among thieves—was very funny, and most unexceptionable. "Do you think that fair?" said he, when the artless ones pointed out that they wanted revaluation for the purpose of abatement, but not for any other; and when he said, "What you want "is judicial rents, no arrears, no costs, and reinstating—" *anything else*?" we greatly fear that it was laughing at them he was. The proceedings of the Commission next day were also interesting, for a tenant, himself evicted, actually admitted that others had been "evicted "justly," wherein the ordinary Nationalist sees a direct contradiction in terms. On Wednesday Sir JAMES sharply reproved the use of the term "professional house-"breakers," as applied to the sheriff's officers. Archbishop WALSH, before Sir JAMES MATHEW on Thursday, gave evidence, or rather made statements of much psychological interest. There was a Unionist banquet at Belfast on the same day, at which a good spirit prevailed.——On Tuesday Trinity College, Dublin, showed itself not unworthy of the country which claims ERIGENA by a right scholastic trick of logical fence. It presented an address to the VICEROY, in which the chaste ears of that shrinking Excellency were not debauched by any direct expression of loyalty to the Constitution under which he holds his office. *But* T.C.D. recited at much length what it was that it was not expressing, and why it did not express it, together with its firm conviction that it ought to be expressed—thereby giving a great deal more emphasis to the expression than if Lord HOUGHTON'S or Mr. MORLEY'S foolish gag had not been imposed.——The Meath Election petition has, throughout the week, been giving delectable instances of Nationalist electioneering. Some Gladstonians have been much exercised by Lord LANSDOWNE'S declining, through his agent, to put in an appearance before his brother VICEROY'S Commission, and are clamouring for his head—or, perhaps, to speak with greater exactness, his place.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It would seem that the LOUBET Government bears, in poetical language, a charmed life, or more prosaically that the irresolution of the different French parties as to what is to come after has once more saved it. The expected unfavourable division of Friday week went in its favour by 329 to 228, but it was rumoured that this had only been attained by "shedding" a member—M. RICARD, the Minister of Justice. It was said that Count D'AUBIGNY was still pressing the Sultan of MOROCCO for important concessions, and was using the rumour of Sir C. EUAN-SMITH'S recall as a lever. It is to be hoped that this was not one of the results of that ROSEBERY-RIBOT *entente cordiale* on which Gladstonians so did plume themselves last week. Some little friction was said to have risen between the Spanish authorities at Ferrol and the English squadron. This would have been a very great pity, for the Spaniards have behaved very courteously and liberally, and it would have been a strange disregard of Castilian pride to apply, as Admiral FAIRFAX was said to have done, to the Captain-General for leave to survey, ignoring the local chiefs. But the subsequent news to the effect that the whole British staff attended an official function on Saturday shows that there was nothing wrong. Indeed, as we had expected, the original statement turned out to have been much exaggerated.

This day week the LOUBET Ministry received a warning not to presume, in the shape of a division, not ostensibly indicating want of confidence, but against the side they took in a Press Bill amendment, of 277 to 252. It was announced that it was thought better for the Channel Squadron not to visit the Tagus in the present temper of the Lisbon mob—and, we fear we must add, of too large a section of other classes in Portugal. In Italy, Signor CRISPI had made a strong political speech advocating "reconstruction" (including, no doubt, the reconstruction of a CRISPI Ministry). There were reports of trouble in Chitral. A Social Democratic Congress was sitting in Berlin, and a considerable battle between Church and State, on the subject of obligatory civil marriage, was expected in Hungary. If the Hungarian prelates were wise, they would cut the ground from under all but partisan opposition by announcing their readiness to accept something like the English plan.

It was said on Tuesday morning that envoys from the Khan of KANDSHUT (Kunjut, the country northwards from Gilgit) had asked the Russian Governor of Turkestan for protection against those wicked English, and had been told that the CZAR had something else to do. There had been a battle royal in the French Chamber over the Panama interpellations, a full inquiry being at last ordered by a large majority. General DODDS had entered Abomey without fighting; Dr. WEKERLE, the new Hungarian Minister, had announced his programme, including civil marriage; and the International Monetary Conference had opened at Brussels.

On Wednesday morning the Egyptian Budget was reported as showing a surplus of nearly half a million pounds Egyptian, very little of which, however, is, under the unnatural conditions prevailing, at the free disposal of the Government. The charges against M. DE LESSEPS and his brother directors were published. Count D'AUBIGNY had announced to M. RIBOT the success of his Morocco mission, with a somewhat dangerously emphasized assurance that all "economic, "sanitary, and commercial" advantages would belong equally to all Europeans. *Et les autres?* The German Reichstag opened on Tuesday with a Speech from the Throne, dwelling upon the necessity of "strengthening "the defensive capacity of the Empire."

This has been a week of Speeches from the Throne, the Italian Parliament hearing one from King HUMBERT, on Wednesday, which promised no increase of taxation—not very warm comfort to a people which complains of being taxed to the skin already. Count CAPRIVI, in Berlin, defended the new Army Bill. In France, official despatches had been received from General DODDS announcing the occupation of Abomey without fighting. The Panama squabbles continued, and some painful details were given of the mental condition of M. DE LESSEPS. There was more Czech-and-German scuffling in Austria.

It is said that the French flag has been actually hoisted on the islands of Amsterdam and St. Paul, which lie right in the track from the Cape to Australia. We need only say that, if they are let go in time of peace, they will have to be taken back in time of war.

The London County Council. The London County Council was in its element on Tuesday arranging for a Works Department, which is of at least doubtful legality, to judge from the wording of the opinion of two such very pronounced "Progressive" lawyers as Sir HORACE DAVEY and Mr. HALDANE, on which the majority relies. It was still more characteristic of that majority to cut down the proposed salary of the Head, who will have endless temptation and immense opportunity, from 1,000*l.* to 700*l.* a year. We have not been able to express unmitigated or unbroken admiration of Sir THOMAS FARRER as a "municipal," but his opposition to this does him credit. Sir THOMAS, of course, knows, as does every sensible person, that if you put a man in

a position where he is constantly tempted to feather his nest improperly, the most certain way to make him do this is to stint his legitimate feathers. The wiseacres with whom Sir THOMAS too often acts either do not, or choose to disregard their own knowledge.

The Law Courts. Mr. Justice KENNEDY cut the knot of the curious difficulty created by the truant juryman at the Althorp murder trial in a manner trenchant enough. He fined the offender fifty pounds, discharged the jury, and postponed the trial to the next assizes—*nem. con.* except the prisoner, who reasonably enough suggested that it was very hard he should have to bear some months' extra confinement of body and torture of mind for the fault of another. The judge subsequently relented so far as to promise to come back to Northampton after he had finished the business at Warwick and take the case.——A verdict of manslaughter against HOLMES the signalman was found in the Thirsk collision inquest.——The verdict in the singular Borough murder case—one of manslaughter—seems anything but satisfactory. The prisoners were pretty certainly members of that *voyou* class which not so much in London as in Paris, but too frequently in London, combines thievish tendencies with a certain dash of pure murderous devilry. If they did not cause Dr. KIRWAN'S death, they ought to have been acquitted; if they did, it was surely murder. We are aware that the verdict is legally defensible by nice argument on the point whether they were actually engaged in felony. But it is to be feared that it was really an expression of that asinine, but very common, form of reasoning, or *dis*reasoning, "We are not sure that they killed him; so let us "say they manslaughtered him."——A verdict of wilful murder was found by the Coroner's jury in the Petertavy matter; and one of temporary insanity in the strange case of Mrs. MAUDE, who committed suicide at the Great Western Hotel. Her daughter GWYNETH was committed for trial on the charge of defrauding tradesmen some days later.——The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has confirmed the decision of the Canadian Courts regarding the cross appeals of the Crown and the Labrador Company against the division of a certain tract of land between them.——On Monday the trial of COOPER for the murder of his wife in the Isle of Man ended in a verdict of manslaughter and a sentence of ten years. The theory justifying the verdict is not absolutely incompatible with the evidence; but, considering the brutality with which he had certainly behaved to the unhappy girl, COOPER must be regarded as a lucky man. The famous jactitation of marriage suit in THOMPSON *v.* ROURKE ended on Monday by the petition being dismissed; and on the same day an alleged plagiarist of tender years was committed for trial for attempting to defraud by sending in somebody else's article as his own.——On Tuesday Mr. Justice JEUNE had a brush with a sort of "man from "Shropshire," who had to be conducted out of Court by divers ushers.——Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE obtained a verdict (by consent) of forty shillings and costs against the *Era* on Wednesday.

Labour. The evidence before the Labour Commission of Mr. SIDNEY WEBB last week completed or contrasted with that previously given by Mr. MANN, as blatant sciolism contrasts with or completes candid ignorance. There was some rioting on Tower Hill, which seems to have changed its functions. It used too often to see the innocent suffer; it now sees persons not at all innocent vapouring with impunity. At one of these gatherings Dr. AVELING is reported to have said that he "detested the middle "classes," which is extremely interesting and important.——A very important meeting of clergy and laity was held at Lambeth last Monday, to discuss a scheme for providing old age pensions for the poor under the auspices of the Church. In the present state of society, all such schemes must be very difficult, but at least this scheme is in the right hands. Until the wholesale plunder which accompanied the dissolution of the monasteries, it is agreed, by competent historians of all shades, that the Church practically took the problem of pauperism into her own hands, and dealt very well with it.

Correspondence. Some remarkably interesting letters between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, on which we comment more fully elsewhere, were published on Tuesday morning, when also appeared a third letter from Lord GREY on Uganda; a piteous plaint from "OUIDA" to the effect that she had sold somebody something, and the wretch seemed to think he had bought it; and some rather angry letters about School runs at Rugby (a subject which has continued throughout the week) and the quingentenary of Winchester. Next day a short but important letter from Mr. ASHE, the Uganda missionary, who is still at his post, was printed. The Rugby dispute grew so hot that the headmaster, Dr. PERCIVAL, had to intervene on Thursday, and the end is not yet.

Miscellaneous. At the end of last week a steamer charged and upset a lighthouse in Belfast Lough, unfortunately with the loss of two lives; and more details arrived of the loss of the *Bokhara*.——There was a great fire at the Cardiff Merchants' Exchange this day week, by which damage was done to the estimated extent of not much less than a hundred thousand pounds.——Mr. IRVING presided at a meeting of the Actors' Association on Tuesday. An assembly of London Board School managers was held on that day, which was addressed by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and others.——A London Chamber of Arbitration for the settlement of commercial disputes has been started this week with fair prospects.——Mr. WALTER BESANT has retired from the chairmanship of the Society of Authors, his place being taken by Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK.——A second BURNAY port sale has been going on; but on Wednesday the biddings were rather languid, and anybody who wanted a pipe of good wine cheap could have got it. The bidding on Thursday was brisker, and some very high prices were reached.

Obituary. Last week there died, in prison, the ill-deeded and ill-fated Dr. CLUTTERBUCK, who forfeited last year an honourable and lucrative official position, and terminated a respectable career, by swindling his too confiding, not to say too idiotic, friends, on the most transparent pretences, of 16,000*l.*, and gambling it away in bucket-shops.——Dr. ARGLES, latterly Dean, and for nearly half a century a member of the Chapter, of Peterborough, was a very different kind of ecclesiastic. He was enthusiastically attached to his cathedral, and had contributed large sums to the repairs (it would be invidious to call them restorations) which have recently become necessary.——M. GUILLAUME GUIZOT, respecting whom some very offensive remarks have, we are sorry to say, appeared in an English paper, was a man of very considerable ability, of great literary acquirement, and of much social merit, who lacked his father's portentous industry, and perhaps, like a majority of the cleverest Frenchmen, hated the Republic more than he loved any other Government or party. To talk of his being inferior in moral sense to his father is not only indecent, but absurd. Inferior in moral sense to the man who made the marriage of ISABEL Segunda!

Our attention has been called to two statements in last week's Obituary which we are glad to correct. Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES writes to us to point out that it was not VON DER TANN, but the Prussian General VON

SCHÖLER of the IVth Corps who surprised General DE FAILLY. This is no doubt correct, though our original statement was itself due to the correcting of memory by an untrustworthy book of reference, which assigned the feat to the Bavarian commander. Indeed Mr. FORBES, to whom we are obliged for the rectification, admits that the mistake has been perpetually made. When Mr. FORBES also objects to the phrase about FAILLY'S "not coming to the rescue" of MACMAHON, it is but a matter of words. Mr. FORBES prefers the phrase, to which we have no objection, that the culprit was "tardy in coming up to reinforce" the Marshal. In another matter, that of Captain HOWARD and *Rattlin the Reefer*, there seems to have been a confusion of Captain FREDERICK HOWARD, who died the other day, with his father, Mr. EDWARD HOWARD, who should have been more properly spoken of as MARRYAT'S "sub-editor" on the *Metropolitan Magazine*. As to the authorship of *Rattlin the Reefer*, our informants quote MARRYAT'S own advertisement to the original edition, in which he simply claims to be "literary sponsor" of the book, and speaks of another—Mr. HOWARD—as "the author." Perhaps this is not so very different from our own statement, but it may be well to clear the matter up.

THE FRENCH SCANDALS.

THE events of the past week in Paris all point to the revival, probably in an aggravated form, of the agitation which ended in the compulsory retirement of M. GRÉVY. This time the outcry is not directed against the PRESIDENT—M. CARNOT is not concerned personally. It is against the Chamber of Deputies, and, to some extent, the Senate, that the outcry is directed. One Deputy has not scrupled to accuse a hundred and fifty of his colleagues of downright corruption, binding himself as he did so to give their names and produce his evidence if an inquiry is instituted. The charge has not been rejected as monstrous. M. DELAHAYE has not been told that he must give the names and define the charge before he can expect the inquiry to be ordered. On the contrary, the Chamber has treated the accusation as being so far antecedently credible that it has nominated a Commission of thirty-three members, with what are called extensive powers, and has directed it to hold an inquest into what is assuredly a very vague and loosely-worded reference. In the paroxysm of excitement which M. DELAHAYE has provoked the Cabinet has as good as disappeared. M. LOUBET and his colleagues are still in office; but they have ceased to possess even a shadow of authority in the Chamber, which has acted as if there were no such persons. Ministers seem to have resigned themselves to the purely ornamental character of their position. They have at least allowed the Press Bill by which they declared that they would stand or fall to be as good as destroyed in Committee. It was the essential feature of this measure that it conferred on the authorities the power to sequester incitements to violence, and to order the preventive arrest of their authors. The Ministers might fairly maintain that the large majority which supported them at the end of last week had voted for the principle of the Bill. Yet in Committee they have allowed M. JULLIEN to carry an amendment by which the power to order the sequestration and preventive arrest is confined to the Court of Assize. It is notorious that the procedure of the French law will make it impossible to obtain this order without weeks of delay. So M. JULLIEN has, in fact, amended its meaning out of the Act, and has left the evil to be corrected pretty much where it was. Yet Ministers not only did not oppose the amendment, but they allowed their colleague, M. RICARD, to accept it as an improvement. After such an example of weakness and incoherence as this, the Cabinet could not retain a rag of authority.

In the absence of any guidance, or even pretence to guide, on the part of the Cabinet, the Chamber has gone into something like hysterics under the sting of the goad applied by M. DELAHAYE. It must be allowed that the particular form of stimulus applied by him was one which has always proved most effective with French legislative bodies, and there are reasons why it should tell with especial force at the present moment. Whatever may be the truth as to the probity of the Deputies, there is no doubt as to the existence of a very general predisposition to believe that corruption is common among them. These charges are not only made by Boulangists eager to take their revenge, or by gutter journalists on the outlook for scandal, or by speakers like M. DELAHAYE, who has been repeatedly convicted of libel, and is now reckless how he produces a commotion, provided only that it be produced. In the debate on the Press Law M. PAUL DESCHANEL, who is neither Boulangist, gutter journalist, nor libeller, quoted the inexplicable fortune of certain Deputies as among the scandals which had discredited the Republican administration. Such men as M. PAUL DESCHANEL do not make assertions of this character in a merely mischievous spirit. They repeat what they have heard said, and know to be believed. The Chamber also knew very well that M. DESCHANEL was not speaking without book. It is conscious of the atmosphere of suspicion about it, and nervously anxious to clear its character. When, therefore, the charges which have long been floating about were formulated by M. DELAHAYE, discredited though he is, the Chamber could not treat them with self-possession. Given the excitable French character, the utter want of discipline in the Chamber, and the absence of acknowledged leadership, the scene of last Monday was almost a matter of course. The Deputies became frantic. Even M. FLOQUET was exasperated into dropping his duties as President, and intervening in the debate with a vehement defence of himself and a demand for inquiry. The appointment of a Committee followed, as a matter of course. Without the least desire to speak with discourtesy, it may also be said that the decision was taken, and acted upon, much after the fashion of an American crowd engaged in lynching. Several hundred men free from all restraint and acting in a fit of excitement will always be a mob. A legislative body can only be saved from the common rule by a settled habit of leaving its leaders to act in its name. It would be possible to quote cases in point from the recent history of the House of Commons. As there are no leaders in the Chamber of Deputies who are more than chiefs of groups, this check does not exist.

Now that the decision of the Chamber has been taken, and a Committee has been named, it is easy to see the mischief which may, and indeed must, ensue. If M. DELAHAYE was really intent on punishing the Republic for rejecting General BOULANGER, he has unquestionably succeeded. The Committee must at best be superfluous. It can really do no more than double the investigation into the affairs of the Panama Company which is now about to be undertaken by the law Courts. Considerations of a very respectable order may shield M. DE LESSEPS himself from prosecution (though this is not certain, and may, indeed, hardly be possible), but his colleagues will certainly not escape. The pith of the charges against them is that they spent the capital of the Company in buying corrupt support. French law Courts have unrivalled powers of extorting the truth, though their methods are sometimes shocking to the English lawyer. The Chamber might well have waited until the Assize Court gave it more substantial grounds to go on than the sweeping charges of M. DELAHAYE. The Com-

mittee will almost certainly only serve to provoke a great many more charges of the same stamp, backed up by no better evidence. It is described as endowed with wide powers, but in truth it will not be able to compel the attendance of witnesses, to punish those who will not answer, to administer oaths, or to grant an indemnity. Even if these powers are conferred by a special Act which must pass both Chambers, and be signed by the President, thirty-three party politicians would still constitute the worst possible kind of Court. They would listen to any description of charge, and would certainly be controlled by no rules of evidence. Every scandal-monger in Paris, every loose talker who has impudence enough to make him willing to earn notoriety by bringing disgraceful accusations, will make a confidant of the Committee. Even if nothing is proved—which is eminently likely to be the case—public life in France will be discredited. If evidence of corruption is produced, it will still be necessary to have recourse to the law Courts. In the meantime business will be neglected (we are told already that the Budget cannot be passed this Session), and the Committee will have given an immense impulse to the production of gutter journalism.

The question whether there is Parliamentary corruption in France is one which it is very tempting, but also very unprofitable, to discuss. It is, however, both tempting and profitable to point out that it is believed to exist by Frenchmen, and that they justify their belief by reasons which are not without general interest. It is commonly said that only one deduction can be drawn from the facts that many of the Deputies are poor men, and that they contrive to live in Paris in good quarters. This cannot be done on their pay as Deputies, and it follows that they supplement their moderate 350*l.* a year and travelling expenses by other resources. What these other resources are a censorious world has no hesitation in saying. They are bargains with such men as that Baron REINACH whose sudden, and perhaps timely, death has intensified the suspicion of Paris. The Deputy may refuse himself, but his wife has pictures to sell, or, in short, there are all the methods of concealing a bribe in an innocent-looking business transaction which are ancient and of universal application. That nine parts out of ten of all this is mere scandal, or love of figuring in the character of a well-informed person who is not to be taken in—a form of vanity which has been the cause of nearly as much mischievous lying as downright malignity—is very possible. Still there it is with its defiling influence, and it is interesting to note that it is universally found wherever public life brings remuneration with it. When fortunes were to be made in office it was common here. We entertained the same suspicions as the French, and were every whit as credulous in days when, according to the old seventeenth-century jest, a Secretary who wished to go to heaven might make 2,000*l.* a year, a Secretary who was prepared to endure some purgatory might make 5,000*l.*, but that there were no limits to the gains of a Secretary who would risk the greater punishment. The poor man who depends on his twenty-five francs a day, or the moneyed man to whom office brings great fortune, must be prepared to be followed by the suspicion of corruption as by his shadow. One result of the late recrudescence of the feelings which swept M. GRÉVY out of office is rather peculiarly notable. It is said by many observers in Paris that electors will in future show a marked preference for candidates who are known to be men of means, and therefore presumably superior to temptation.

TROUT IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN the angling newspapers one occasionally reads about trout in New Zealand introduced by the Acclimatization Society. These fish, as we gather from Mr. SPACKMAN'S *Trout in New Zealand* (Wellington: DIDSBURY), have become giants in size, with, we fear, some defects in taste and culture. Persons about to visit the colony may be glad to know what to expect, and are warned that a small one-handed rod, such as does very well on the Test, is not up to the demands made on it by the gigantic Antipodeans. There are on the east coast of the Southern island seven large snow-fed streams, five of them retaining their native names. The "rain rivers" are more natural and suitable homes for the trout, to our thinking. But even from the snow rivers 100 lbs. of trout have been taken in a single day, by one angler, with the Devon or phantom minnow, while 30 lbs. may reward the fly-fisher. It is a pity that the fish, the big ones (they run up to 25 lbs.), prefer the minnow; an 8 lb. trout is a large one to take with fly. Perhaps the monsters would rise to a salmon-fly? In twenty-five years has this great improvement been made to the food and sport of the island. The original trout are believed to have been brought from a tributary of the Thames—perhaps Pang or Kennet, where the fish are naturally large. The Wey, the Wyck (?) at Wycombe, and the Itchen are spoken of as probable original homes of the New Zealand fish.

Salmon have not been successful. The smolts do not return from the sea; if they did, judging by the trout, they would rival tarpons in size. The trout are very capricious feeders; they have their hours, and they are largely taken with bait of different kinds—a shameful death. The dry-fly does not seem to be much used; yet they may be educated up to that. But their supply of natural food is very rich, hence their size and persistent refusal to take freely, in which they seem to rival the trout of Loch Tummel. As to conditions, the payment of one pound gives the angler the right to fish all over the colony. We little know Democracy if the citizens will stand this very long; and we doubt not that poisoning, dynamiting, sniggling, and similar devices will soon become very popular. The fishing, apart from the payment spoken of, is practically free, the river-beds belonging to the Crown. A twelve-foot rod is recommended, and the tackle must be strong. It is painful to learn that men dibble with flies and black-beetles, and even with the poetical cicada, so dear to the Muses. The cicada is sunk, the big fish preferring it wet. Creepers—the "scrow" of the Border districts—are also fished with, much in the same way as in the Tweed and Eden. The really monstrous trout are taken by spinning; sixty yards of line are enough, if a man can follow his fish. GEEN'S spiral minnow is recommended, but (as we have observed at home) any novelty in spinning baits does very well at first. The trout seem to become suspicious of a bait with which they are familiar. Natural minnows and bull's heads are inquired for, especially in night-fishing. In the North Island fish are neither so large nor so numerous as in the South.

As for flies, March Browns and Red Quill Gnats, Alders and Blue Uprights, are still welcome in the Antipodes. The rivers are very numerous, the scenery pleasing and sublime, the trout many and big, and camping out in the New Zealand summer is delightful. There are no snakes, or none worth mentioning. Nine fish in one afternoon, weighing thirty-seven pounds, seems to be reckoned a good, but not an astonishing, creelful. Only in preserved Finnish waters do we hear of anything as excellent. But Mr. SPACKMAN'S account leaves a decided impression that the angler may expect a great many blank days, a good deal of disappointment, and plenty of hard work.

Twenty-five-pounders are not ordinary customers. The Otamita seems to be the best river in Otago. Mr. A. N. CAMPBELL, in casual fishing for three months, caught 120 trout. He usually left off when he had twenty pounds in his creel, and the fish averaged over four pounds. This was done with the artificial fly; now men are ruining the water by catching huge baskets with the creeper. There is a depravity in some natures to which bait-fishing makes an irresistible appeal. Perhaps it would be wise to go to New Zealand at once—this is their fishing season. Let us hope that they will not introduce grayling; a twenty-five-pound grayling would be a terrible animal, and would flop about in a disagreeable way. There is still something in the Antipodes that an angler may live for, if it only lasts.

UGANDA AND SWAZILAND.

THE authoritative announcement on Thursday morning that a Commissioner, with a proper escort, is to be sent to Uganda to see what is to be done when the Company leaves in March is, on the whole, as satisfactory as could be expected. It is cautiously worded, no doubt, and perhaps intended to perform towards the advocates of "scuttle" (who have been shown to be but a small minority of Gladstonians and an absurd minority of the nation) that process which is colloquially termed "letting down easy." It will doubtless not be superfluous to relax efforts to keep the thing in the hold of that sleepy and slippery entity, the British public mind. But, at least, nothing fatal has been done; and what has been, or is to be done, will make the doing of anything fatal very difficult. So far, so good.

Lord RIPON—upon whom we have not been in the habit of bestowing effusive laudation, and who has been still less in the habit of deserving it—addressed the deputation which waited upon him on Wednesday about the chief other African matter now pending in a way with which no fault could be found. It would not have been proper for him to announce any definite intentions in a matter which is shortly to be the subject of debate with the South African Republic. Outside rumour, however, has it that the decision is at least likely to be adverse to the retention of direct control over Swaziland by England, and in favour of the abandonment of it (with the usual stipulations for native rights, of course) to the Boers. It would not be surprising if this were the result, and it is well known to well-informed persons that it might very possibly have been so, even if the country had not made what it made of itself last July. The arguments for the abandonment are not devoid of a certain speciousness. The existing arrangement of joint protection has not been a great success. We have no easy access to Swaziland, and no very obvious use for it. The Boers have already obtained, by hook or by crook, practical control of it. They want it very much, and have deserved it by tolerably good behaviour during the Mashonaland business, which was very trying to Boer nerves. The Transvaal itself will be English before very long. Finally, a majority of the colonists of British South Africa want it to be given to the Transvaal, and Mr. CECIL RHODES wants it very much indeed.

It would not, we say, be surprising if these arguments were listened to; but we remain of the opinion that it would be unfortunate. We have before observed, apparently to the annoyance of the persons concerned, that we trouble ourselves very little about the so-called "rights of British subjects" alleged on the other side. When a British subject goes and chaffers for concessions of this and that kind in No Man's Land, he does it very much at his own risk. But we are considerably concerned for the good faith of England towards the Swazis. They have been very good allies of ours in their day, and most people know what comes of abandoning native tribes to the Boers. We do not want even the chance of a fresh item in the ugly list which began in Catalonia, and did not, we fear, end at Khartoum. And we are utterly unconverted by most of the arguments above cited. If Swaziland is so valuable to a Power which wants to get to the sea through it, we do not exactly comprehend how it can be valueless to a Power which can get to it from the sea. And while we doubt the argument about the Cape Colonists (Natal, which is much nearer to Swaziland than the Cape, should have something to say), we altogether dismiss, rule out, and decline the argument about the wishes of Mr. CECIL RHODES. Mr. RHODES is, we know, a very clever man, and we doubt not he is a very honest one. He has—for a very considerable consideration—done the Empire some good turns. But it must be remembered that one of his most notorious public acts was the supplying of the worst enemies that the Empire has had, has, or ever can have, with the sinews of war, and that he is hand-and-glove—or glove at least, if not hand—with the party in South Africa which almost openly aims at separation from England. He has not declared any such aim himself, of course; but somehow we take the liberty of guessing that, if, in circumstances never, we trust, to come into existence, Mr. CECIL RHODES were to have the offer of becoming the first President of the United States of South Africa, he would think several times before refusing that offer. For this and other reasons, therefore, we are unable to regard the *beaux yeux* of Mr. CECIL RHODES as entirely settling the question. And if, as is also said, it really doesn't matter whether the South African Republic has Swaziland, because in two, or ten, or twenty years the English element will have swamped the Boer in the Republic itself, then, on the same principle as that on which we have counter-argued above, why should it matter to the Republic (which will be English) that Swaziland should continue to be English? Let us, at any rate, wait for that blessed consummation, and hand over the Swazis then, and not now.

THE COLONEL AGAIN.

THERE are moments when the relations of Mr. GLADSTONE to the English vocabulary irresistibly evoke the image of a magician who has had an accident with his wand, drowned his book in a fit of inadvertence, and become the helpless sport of his familiar spirits. In the heyday of his successful practice as a rhetorical wizard he was wont to play with words in such a fashion as to confuse and overawe most of those spectators whom he failed to enchant; now words play with him in a manner half-ridiculous and half-tragic. They lure him forth like will-o'-the-wisps upon impossible controversial adventures, and leave him plunged in logical quagmires, where, to complete the tragi-comedy of the situation, he proceeds to dispose himself with an air of perfect contentment with his surroundings. And it must have been the very tricksiest of these tricksy sprites that was engaged in this work of mischief when Mr. GLADSTONE wrote his letter of remonstrance to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, with a view presumably to its publication along with the reply to it in the newspapers.

Properly to appreciate this elf-inspired expedition, to measure the width of its aberration from its goal, and to realize its disastrous issue, one cannot do better than reduce the contention between Mr. GLADSTONE and his critic to the simplest form of dialogue. Thus it would run:—

Mr. G.—England imposed the Union on Ireland with an armed force of 130,000 men.

Mr. G. S.—Not so. Very far from so. The British force in Ireland at the time [see Lord CORNWALLIS] was only 1,800 strong. And, of course, when you talk of the force with which "England imposed the Union "on Ireland," you must mean "British force."

Mr. G.—There is no "of course" about it. As it happens, I did *not* mean British force; and I consider it an "irrational construction" of my words to assume that I did. If you count in the Irish Yeomanry, you can bring up the total of forces [see Lord CASTLEREAGH] to over 130,000.

Mr. G. S.—No doubt you can, if you count in a body of men whose numbers are obviously "the measure, not "of the force required to hold down Ireland, but of Irish "attachment to the connexion with Great Britain." In other words, you can "prove" that Great Britain coerced Ireland into Union by overwhelming military power, if you are allowed to appeal to the fact that Ireland rendered overwhelmingly powerful assistance to the operation.

To which no reply. And then, apparently with the complacent assent of Mr. GLADSTONE, the correspondence goes to the newspapers. It is amazing.

As to Mr. GLADSTONE'S complaint that his critic has reflected on his "veracity" and "impugned his per-"sonal honour," that has been disposed of by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S disclaimer. His responsibility for the impression which his words produced on Mr. GLADSTONE is measured by his responsibility for the erroneous construction which he put on Mr. GLADSTONE'S words, and this, again, is measured by the amount of "irrationality" which that construction displays. Was it only mildly, or was it violently, irrational to infer that when Mr. GLADSTONE talked of England imposing the Union on Ireland by a certain military force, he meant that that military force was English? We are not sure. It might be an only mildly irrational inference from some men's language. But from Mr. GLADSTONE'S? And in view of the well-established canons of interpretation with which he has himself supplied us? Again we say, we are not sure. After all, is it at all a more necessary conclusion that English military coercion implies an English military force than that the gun which threatens the life of a boy, "in the strictest sense of the word," must be a loaded gun? And there was once a Colonel who—but "that is another story."

Nevertheless, it is a story which one cannot help suspecting to have been known to those mischievous sprites who have played this latest and worst of their tricks upon Mr. GLADSTONE. Perhaps there was a wager among them that the cleverest of their number would succeed in entrapping the revered statesman into a position from which he should endeavour to extricate himself by an evolution thus comically analogous to his ever-memorable back-down before the historic Colonel. And if this cleverest of the sprites had even wagered that he would make Mr. GLADSTONE better that famous performance, he would, like Mr. HANNIBAL CHOLLOP, have realized the stakes. For not only was Mr. GLADSTONE'S feat performed this time without the assistance of a lawyer's letter and the threat of an action for libel, but he was his own Professor STUART.

THE THREE CABINET CIRCLES.

IT is the custom to credit Mr. GLADSTONE with a profound purpose in everything that he does. It was said of CANNING that he could not take a cup of tea without a stratagem, and Mr. GLADSTONE is supposed to exhibit the utmost craftiness in doing the simplest and most obvious things. A contemporary critic has discerned a further process in the evolution of our system of Cabinet government in the large number of Ministers whom Mr. GLADSTONE has brought within the sacred inclosure. Never before did a Cabinet start with seventeen members. Feeble Cabinets towards their decline have exhibited this unhealthy dropsical development. A Prime Minister verging to his fall sometimes supposes that he can make himself strong by adding feebleness to feebleness. He seldom does more than make weakness weaker. The multiplication of ciphers can produce nothing beyond zero. It is obvious, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet was not framed on any recognition of the principle that in a multitude of Cabinet Councillors there is wisdom. Certain respectable politicians were admitted simply because they could not comfortably be kept out, and not because any particular advantage was supposed to follow their being let in. There were claims which could not be denied without giving pain to some estimable persons. The old men, members of previous Gladstonian Administrations, had what they deemed a prescriptive title to be in every subsequent Gladstonian Administration. Once a Cabinet Minister always a Cabinet Minister was a convenient rule which they had laid down for themselves. Then, again, there were the new men who must be brought in, in order to relieve Mr. GLADSTONE from the imputation of constituting his Ministry exclusively out of second-hand and worn-out materials. In this way the tale of seventeen was made up, and on the same principle the Cabinet might have been half as large again, or even twice as large. Mr. GLADSTONE is entitled to praise for his moderation.

It has been discovered, however, that there is a profound policy in all this. Mr. BRIGHT, we believe, first popularized the distinction familiar enough to all readers of history and political memoirs between the Inner and the Outer Cabinet. This distinction has since been worked very hard. It has been disclosed, within the last few days, that the Inner Cabinet of four or five is served and attended by the Outer Cabinet of thirteen or twelve. These are supposed to act as its intelligencers—to use the word in its Elizabethan sense—spies of the time, who go about informing themselves of the direction of public opinion, conversing with the man in the street, or taking the opinion of the first seven persons who may come into the club smoking-room. They are believed to bring their reports to the deliberating four or five who are the masters of council. This whimsical theory has very little to recommend it. If Mr. GLADSTONE and his more confidential colleagues and advisers cannot inform themselves of the direction and force of public opinion by the means which are at the disposal of every one, they will not be able to make themselves acquainted with it in any other way. If they depend upon their messengers and interviewers, they are likely to make some very extraordinary mistakes. Mr. GLADSTONE'S own observation, aided by the amateur informers who hang about him for love of the business, is likely to put him in possession of sounder materials for judgment than the whisperings of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL or the CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY. The Cabinet has reached its present dimensions, not because its enlargement makes it a better instrument of business, but because a nominal position in the Cabinet has become a sort of brevet rank in politics, as admission to the Privy Council has long been. It is conceded to pressure like a baronetcy or a peerage. One of the consequences, however, is that the division between the Inner and Outer Cabinet is no longer sufficient. There is now an Outer Cabinet, an Inner Cabinet, an Innermost Cabinet, and a Head Centre. Mr. GLADSTONE is, of course, the Head Centre. The Innermost Cabinet, which immediately surrounds him, consists obviously of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Lord ROSEBERY, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, and possibly, in virtue of his office as Leader in the Lords,

Lord KIMBERLEY. In the intermediate circle the LORD CHANCELLOR, Lord RIPON, Lord SPENCER, Mr. ASQUITH, and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN may be included. The CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, the VICE-PRESIDENT of the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL, the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, the CHIEF COMMISSIONER of WORKS, and the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND—we deem it more considerate to designate them by their offices than by their names—possibly form the outermost ring of the Cabinet, who are allowed to be acquainted with what is going on when everything has been settled without them, and just in advance of its communication to the newspapers, in the event of its not having leaked out before. This distinction is not, indeed, so old as it seems. Lord SHELBURNE, more than a century ago, recognized three gradations of Cabinet rank. First, he said, there were the Cabinet Ministers simply; secondly, Ministers with the circulation; and, thirdly, Ministers with the circulation and the Post Office. Ministers with the circulation were, we presume, Ministers to whom the despatches were regularly sent. They had, as the phrase now runs, the key. Ministers with the circulation and the Post Office had probably the additional privilege of looking at letters which neither the writers nor the recipients desired them to see. Ministers simply, were told just as much as it was good for them to know, and when it was convenient that they should know it. They were thus able to avoid disclosing secrets of which they were not in possession, and at the same time to carry about with them that mysterious air of "I could "an if I would," which is still so impressive in members of the Outermost Cabinet.

CITY LIBERALS AND JUNIOR LORDS.

WE like the ways of the City Liberal Club. They take a modest view of what constitutes success, and a generous view of their obligations towards failure. They have given what, so far as we are aware, is the first complimentary dinner ever got up to celebrate the appointment of a Junior Lord of the Treasury; and, by including in the entertainment a large number of unsuccessful Gladstonian candidates, they have ranked themselves among those few people who, since CATO, have thought it worth while to be civil to the vanquished. It was rather a gloomy ceremony this last, though; and the City Liberals must have been glad when it was over. Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, who had to propose the health of the "Recent Candidates"—as, apparently to avoid ill-omened words, they were described on the toast-list—performed his task with all possible tact. He said "what a' owt to a' said" in remarking that "many, if not most, of them" would rather have been beaten than not, and would never, except under irresistible pressure of their principles, have sought entry into a place of such "arduous "duties" and "dissipated hours" as the House of Commons. But this, after all, is cold comfort; and the function would have been purely depressing, at any rate to read about, had not Mr. MORLEY concluded it by coupling the toast with "the names of Mr. JUDD "and Mr. GRIMWADE." There is a subtle flavour of DICKENS in this which produces a gentle sense of exhilaration in the reader, and may, perhaps, have affected hearers, unless their sense of humour had been blunted by familiarity in the same way.

The guests of the evening, Mr. CAUSTON and Mr. MCARTHUR, the two Junior Lords, acquitted themselves with credit. Mr. MCARTHUR called Mr. CAUSTON his "brilliant colleague," and Mr. CAUSTON proved his brilliancy, if not his discretion, by reminding his hearers, in proof of the successes of the Government, of "what the HOME SECRETARY had done in Trafalgar "Square, and of what Mr. JOHN MORLEY had done in "suspending the Coercion Act and appointing the "Evicted Tenants Commission." The new-made Whip remarked, further, that the Cabinet had in their power to make the lives of himself and his colleagues "very "happy or very miserable"; and that they would be miserable unless the Government brought in "really "robust and Radical measures." Which observation, if it implies that Mr. CAUSTON and his colleague will have happy lives if the Ministerial measures are really "robust and Radical," only shows that the new-made Whip is—well, a new-made Whip. We fear he has yet to discover that the difference between one kind of Ministerial measure and another affects, not the question whether, but merely the question by whom, his life will be made miserable.

Mr. ASQUITH, who, with Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, lent the distinction of a Cabinet Minister's patronage to a gathering otherwise only honoured by the presence of what JEAMES might have called the "hinferior horder" of Ministers, had little, of course, that was not known before to say about the plans of the Government. But, perhaps in his official capacity, and as being Home Secretary that same year, he prophesied—which was interesting, especially as his prophecy was to the highly speculative effect that they (the Government) would not be exposed to the more or less candid and censorious criticism of members of their own household. Not of their own household, perhaps; but we do not know that that was ever feared. It is a gentleman who has had the door shut in his face from whom trouble is expected. Still, Mr. ASQUITH'S counsel is sound, whatever happens. He says that we (the Gladstonians) must "stand shoulder to shoulder," or "our majority will dwindle away." Which, it must have occurred to many of Mr. ASQUITH'S hearers, is "dreadful true." Their majority is emphatically one to which any lowering form of treatment would be quite inapplicable. It might go out, as the saying is, like the snuff of a candle. Indeed, it would obviously stand so little dwindling that the more standing shoulder to shoulder it can do the better. It must be a nervous thing for the army to reflect upon, that if only twenty pairs of shoulders cease to rub the shoulders they are now in contact with, and try rubbing the shoulders over the way, the battle is lost.

MR. GOSCHEN'S SPEECH.

THE most noteworthy phrase in the speeches delivered at the end of the week was spoken by Mr. GOSCHEN at the St. James's Hall. "The alliance," he said, "between the Liberal-Unionists and the Conser-"vatives has lasted through six years of power, "and it will last through the six years that we are "going to exercise." It would not be necessary to go far to find politicians in whose mouths the words would mean very little—nothing more than one of those stock prophecies of speedy return to office which are credited with some influence in keeping up the heart of the party. Sir G. TREVELYAN gave an example of talk of that stamp at Glasgow, a little earlier in the day. At least we can hardly believe that even the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND can have thought there was more than a general exhortation to be hopeful in his description of the late General Election as showing gains for the Liberals which they would not lose. His hearers may properly have concluded that he said what he ought to have said; but that they believed him is what we find some difficulty in taking for granted. Such phrases are very pleasant to hear, but they lose their lustre when compared at leisure with the facts. These gains, such as they are, were obtained by the help of promises which, as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN had to confess on the same day, have no immediate prospect of fulfilment. The speaker,

too, did his best to damp whatever confidence he may have aroused by insisting that these promising gains of the Liberal party, so called, must, under no conditions, be subjected to the test of another General Election.

The assumed cheerfulness of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN serves only to make the essentially dismal state of his outlook more conspicuous. Other speakers on his side are better inspired when they recognize, as Mr. ASQUITH has done, that the Ministry will be opposed by a powerful minority, and make no attempt to disguise the meaning of a truth which cannot, by any ingenuity of phrase, be hidden. It was the good fortune (to use the least boastful form of words) of Mr. GOSCHEN that he could insist upon what Mr. ASQUITH could only note, and could draw all the deductions. It is a fact, and not a mere figure of speech, that a powerful minority does exercise power most effectually, if not in the common and obvious sense of the word. Mr. GOSCHEN might, if it had been his cue, have quoted many proofs of this truth from very recent Parliamentary history. He preferred to take an easily provable proposition for granted, and apply it to the present position. It was easy for him to show that, even during the short period in which it has been in office, and although the time of real difficulty has not come for it yet, the Cabinet has been compelled to regulate its actions quite as much by what it fears from the Opposition as by what it hopes from its own supporters. Mr. GOSCHEN shows no wish to underrate what Lord ROSEBERY has done to prevent the evacuation of Uganda. It would be both unjust and stupid to deny the truth in that case; but a speaker of the Opposition may fairly point out what help, and from whom, Lord ROSEBERY has had. In the presence of a weaker minority Sir W. HARCOURT would hardly have so far sunk his disinterested hatred of the Empire as to consent to submit to the necessity of asking Parliament for funds in order to carry out that very policy in Africa which he endeavoured, not without effect, to obstruct when in Opposition. Again, Mr. GOSCHEN was well entitled to attribute to the strength of the minority some share at least in bringing about the very marked hush which has fallen on the eloquence of the partisans of the evacuation of Egypt. What has become of that notable policy? It has gone swiftly, without a struggle, without a protest, along the road of the evacuation of Uganda. Here, again, the existence of a powerful minority without has given, effectually, support to whatever force within the Cabinet is in favour of continuity of patriotic policy.

The affectation of a hearty confidence is an old device of the politician in Opposition. It is obviously his interest to discover the signs of the flowing tide which is to bear him back to office, and he does point to them, as often as not, prematurely. But there is one sign of the happy change which may be relied upon with tolerable confidence, and that is the manifest want of any belief of the other side in their own final success. The reluctance of Archbishop WALSH to wait till a native Parliament can give him the control of Irish education is one such sign. It is at least capable of the interpretation which Mr. T. W. RUSSELL put on it at Belfast. If Dr. WALSH believed in the speedy establishment—or even, for that matter, in establishment in this generation—of a Parliament at Dublin, why should he be so anxious to obtain from Mr. MORLEY what that legislative body would assuredly give him in much fuller measure? Dr. WALSH could surely afford to spare Mr. MORLEY embarrassment now if abstinence on his part only entailed waiting for the single year which, according to Separatist theory, will be enough for the passing of Mr. GLADSTONE'S measure. That the ARCHBISHOP is pressing the SECRETARY now is, in Mr. RUSSELL'S opinion, and ours too, a pretty clear proof that he and his fellow-bishops do not look forward to the speedy coming of that Parliament. They estimate the force of the minority and its influence very much as Mr. GOSCHEN.

BIG CLAWS AND LITTLE KLAUS.

IT was Christmas Eve, and my dear old friend Santa Klaus appeared the very picture of benevolence. The surroundings of the room were cosy and well in keeping with the master himself, his beaming eye and generally charitable look—his big spectacles well down upon his nose—so far, indeed, that the merest attempt to scowl or frown would have precipitated them to the ground. We had been some time together when the pretty white-aproned little maid, who so often does his kind errands for him, tapped at the door, and, being bidden to enter, said:—

"Oh, if you please, sir, a person wishes to see you."

The Saint seemed disagreeably surprised. "Why," said he, "did I not say that, as all our arrangements were made for the winter, I was not to be disturbed?"

"Please, sir, this person seems so very wretched and . . . oh, dear—he got his foot inside the door, and would not let me shut it"—and here she nearly cried.

"Well, well," said the Saint, "I suppose you must show him in."

"Yes, sir; and, please, here's his name, sir."

The paper—not a very clean piece—was inscribed with the name,

"Mr. D. Moss."

The owner entered with an apologetic air; but it did not take two such very observant men as Santa Klaus and myself to see a subtle expression in Mr. D. Moss's eye, which was the equivalent of the foot thrust inside the door.

The Saint, with all his benevolence, knew a thing or two about human nature; but I fear that his "after-dinner, slippers-and-pipe attitude" was not usually one of iron resolution.

As I was an unimportant person for the rest of the evening, I shall merely relate what passed between the Saint and his visitor.

"Now, my good friend," Klaus began, "in what way can I serve you? But, let me see, where is it? Your name seems familiar to me. I think we must have met before."

"Why yes, your worship; you have been powerful kind to me, I know, gettin' the childer eddicated for nothin', and stoppin' them graspin' Boardians a-takin' we poor people's money for stationery and that; but . . ."

"Oh, come now, pray do not abuse the 'Board,' you know, I am a member of it myself."

"I ask your pardon, sir, you are so kind-hearted like. I had forgotten it; but you see it's this way. Me and my missus was a-sayin', when my wife's cousin was a-stoppin' next door—which his name is Mr. A. Erges, and a very pleasant pusson, and a wonderful fine oraytor—him as was wearin' a apron and carryin' a red flag in the Square o' Sunday—I disremember what was on it, somethin' about 'Labour a-takin' the cake.'"

"Oh, ah! I remember, that tall, dreamy-looking man. The inscription to which you refer was in Latin: 'Labor omnia vincit'; but cannot you get on a little faster, don't you think? You won't mind my asking you to be as quick as possible, as it is so late?"

"Not at all, sir. The sooner we can get a settlement of this here, the better it will suit me. Well, sir, as I was a-sayin', me and my missus and my cousin was a-sayin' as we thought these here schools taught a deal too much, and kep' the little 'uns too long at a sittin'—specially as times is bad, and work irreg'lar."

"Why, what has the work to do with it?" queried the Saint.

"*Food!*" said the other, sententiously.

"Bless my soul, of course," was the reply; "but then think how necessary education is, what a grand thing it is to be—to be—er—"

"Admittin' all you was about to say, sir, as true, yet it don't seem somehow so valuable when they've all on 'em got it; seems to kinder lessen the vally of the article. Now my missus was a-thinkin' as if you was to give each of them por childer a good breakfast and dinner."

"I suppose the value of that would not be decreased by their all having it, eh?"

"There, now you're laughin' at honest poverty," remonstrated the man indignantly.

"Not at all, not at all," interposed the Saint; who, however, looked guiltily uncomfortable. "Go on. Still, I really do not think we can afford to give all the children meals—so very expensive a pleasure, you know; though I must say"—and here his face positively glowed as he thought of the little ones he loved so much—"I should like to see more smiles upon their lips and more roses in their cheeks; but I cannot help thinking it is taking too much responsibility off the fathers' shoulders—yes, decidedly that is where it ought to lie." Then, reflectively, "No; I do not think we can promise you *that*."

"Ah, well, I dare say not. I suppose we had better be getting forward with that procession we was a-thinkin' on; and now the Square's open . . . "

"You surprise me," said the Saint; "I did not know there was any procession intended."

"Well, it's just this way. Me and my mates was a-thinkin' that, if them forty thousand childer—starvin' childer, very nigh naked too—was to come into these here respectable parts, it might astonish some of you rich 'uns."

"Oh, but isn't the procession business slightly overdone?"—this rather diffidently.

"I can't say as how it don't do its work *pretty* well," replied Mr. Moss; "what do *you* think, now?" Then he began to muse. "Ah, a real touchin' sight *I* should call it, a sinnificant illustration of the apathy of the rich and the misery of the por."

Meanwhile the Saint had become fidgety. His pipe was out, though he fancied he was still smoking. He was evidently thinking of holding a parley with the other side.

"Well now, really, I thought that, as you had got all the Educationary, and—ahem—Stationery advantages, you would be content—for a time, at any rate."

"Things goes a bit quicker now, gov—your worship—than they did when you was a young 'un."

"True, true," murmured the other, showing more and more the flag of truce; "I was forgetting that. Shall we say a Free Breakfast, then?"

The flicker of a smile passed over D. Moss's face as he said:—

"You see, sir, we thought—my mates and me—as 'ow breakfasts must come—it being only a matter of time—what I wanted to arst about was as to whether you didn't see your way to giving 'em a sort of snack of something betwixt whiles—just a morsel of meat and puddin' like, nothin' much. We don't care so much for these 'ere ha'penny dinners, and them poor little critters . . . . it's enough to wrack a parent's 'art it is, to see 'em come 'ome with nothin' for to give 'em for dinner, for the workin' man, your worship, 'e can go without 'is bit hisself, but, dang me, if he can bear to see his little 'uns a starvin' before his very eyes."

There was a disingenuous ring about this speech, but the poor Saint, who was showing "nerves," was evidently off his balance.

"Oh dear," said he, "how I wish it was not Christmas time, and that I could have leisure to think about it. Now *couldn't* you wait a bit?"

"I don't know as we *could*; you see Things don't wait nowadays, and I may tell you there was some of 'em as 'eld that the por little 'uns should 'ave a drop o' tea and a bit 'o cake to squench the gnawings of the stummick after an 'ard day's schooling. I don't know as I should let my childer go to school except they was to 'ave somethin' to make it worth the while."

This was a new note, and did not fail to alarm the philanthropic Saint.

"Surely, my man," he protested, "you will not keep your children *away* from school?"

"I aint a-going to say what I might do if I'm drove to it." Again his foot seemed to be figuratively inside the door.

"Well, well," was the complacent answer; "let us say breakfast, dinner, and tea. And now, my good friend, I'll wish you a very good evening and a happy Christmas."

He got up with more alacrity than I had noticed about him for some time, and motioned towards the fireside bell; but his visitor did not offer to move.

"'Appy? Ah!" he caught up the epithet; "you may well say 'appy. Oh! the cynical irony of the rich. 'Ow can a family be 'appy when the ma's a-starvin' and the pa's out o' work, and the wet's a-comin' through the ceilin', and the wild north wind's a-whistlin' down the chimbley and through the lattice. 'Appy? Oh, yes, I see myself 'appy!"

"Well, what do you suggest? You cannot expect us to build you 'free houses.'" This with a slight show of impatience.

The Representative of the People had evidently taken in even this within his wide horizon. Without any sign of surprise, or even a remark upon the query of the Saint, he said:—

"Well, now, when you come to *that*, I don't know as the Times is ready for *that*: but with Progress unfettered, as they say, you can't tell what may happen. My pals and me aint onreasonable; we was a-surmisin' now if you was to build a cosy room or two somewheres nigh the school—somethin' simple 'll do—where the mas might sit a-doin a bit of sewin' and knittin', and 'ave a bit o' talk, just to pass the time o' day. That would be neighbourly like, and a real blessin', and they could see that the little 'uns didn't take 'arm a-goin' 'ome of winter nights. It would be a savin' of money in the long run."

"Well now, I call that most unreasonable," objected Klaus. "Besides, I thought you wanted your wives at home to make tea for you after your day's work."

"I think we could do without 'em that long anyhow," said the Delegate; "but I'm a-comin' to that. We 'usbands, you see, could 'ave a bit of a club, it could all go into the same job. That would be just the place for a sociable gatherin'. We shouldn't want more than a bit of 'baccy ('baccy ain't dear), and a sup of something, and we could go 'ome with the missus and the kids. That wouldn't be making no indwiduous distinctions betwixt man and wife."

"No," roared the Saint, in a tone as near thunder as ever he reached. "No, I positively refuse to concede to that."

"All right, gov'nor," was the calm reply. "What would you say to a procession of fifty thousand parients, bare headed, bare footed, lank, lean, 'ungry spectres, a-'owlin' out 'Justice to Parients.' Are we to die in 'unger when our little 'uns comes 'ome fat and 'appy, and despises the 'ome as 'as reared 'em, in comparison with them palatial schools? I pause for yer answer." Foot inside the door again.

The Delegate looked dreadfully in earnest this time, and the poor Saint was clearly intimidated.

"Oh dear," he said, "oh dear! If it must be, it must, I suppose. Now can you not let me alone at last, now that you have got all you desire. Goodness me, why you'll soon be asking for—"

The other took him in earnest, though his latter remarks were meant to be ironical.

"Well, you see, gov'nor, I don't like arskin' pussonal favours, as I am a Representative of our 'Awakened People,' and it ain't becomin' a Delegate; but, as you was kind enough to ask, I'll just mention as 'ow my son Will'um Moss, as ain't married and ain't got no childer, and is out 'o work. If you wouldn't mind my bringin' 'im now and again when the pangs of 'unger is a carkin' at *'is* stummick."

"Oh yes, bring him by all means; bring your sons, and your pal's sons, and your wife's sons, and . . . but what will my ratepayers say—oh dear! oh dear!"

"I'll *ex*-cuse your sneerin' at the people's Delegate, sir, as I know it is a bit late, but don't you be deterred from charitable hactions by monetary considerations. It ain't enlightened. Besides, governor (with a chuckle), you may leave the ratepayers to us—we'll see them. Now we've got the Square, you may call it (in a manner o' speakin') *all square*," and here the ghost of a smile might have been seen playing at the corners of his mouth; and "Now, sir, I'll wish you a very good night, sir, and a genuine hearty Christmas, 'allowed with the feelin' of 'avin' displayed real consideration for the sufferin' por. An 'appy Christmas, and good evenin'."

"Thank heaven he's gone," said the Saint, as he rang the bell. "But, oh dear, what *have* I done; what *have* I promised?"

But all was not over yet. The door opened again.

"Excuse me, gov'nor, which I 'ave a beautiful little dawg, sir, as 'armless a animal as ever was, and powerful fond o' my son Will'um. Now if you'd let me bring 'im—as wouldn't hurt a babe unborn—and eat a scrap or two o' grissle and such as you mightn't be wantin'. For that bull pup . . . ."

"Oh, d—— the bull pup!"

At least that's what I thought I heard the dear old fellow say; but what with the bang of the parlour door, and a tradesman's double-knock at the front door, and a bit of a laugh-cough in the hall, I really can't be positive.

MONEY MATTERS.

MR. LIDDERDALE frequently assured the public that the guarantors of the Baring estate would suffer no loss. Many sceptical people in the City scoffed at the late Governor of the Bank of England, and declared that he was injuring his reputation by these repeated assurances. But experience has proved that Mr. Lidderdale was right, and his critics wrong; at all events, the prospects of the liquidation have brightened very much of late. It will be in the recollection of our readers that at the meeting of the Bank of England shareholders last September, the present Governor stated that the liabilities of the Baring estate had been reduced to a little over 5 millions, while the assets, at the valuation put upon them by Messrs. Baring Brothers themselves, when applying for help to the Bank of England two years ago, amounted to very nearly 8,400,000*l*. There was thus an apparent surplus of about $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions. Up to the end of August, the liquidation had been carried on very rapidly and very satisfactorily; but the present Governor of the Bank of England warned his hearers in September that it could not be expected to proceed so well in the early future; indeed, he hinted that the remaining assets, or most of them at all events, would have to be nursed, and that probably next year some new arrangement for completing the liquidation would have to be made. The City jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Lidderdale was thus proved out of the mouth of his successor to have been altogether too sanguine, and that the liquidation would turn out as bad as many had always expected. But within a very few weeks a complete change occurred. Among the assets still remaining at the end of August there were Uruguayan securities valued at somewhat over a million and three-quarters, and Argentine securities valued at about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, making together somewhat more than $6\frac{1}{4}$ millions. A powerful syndicate was quietly formed and bought about a million's worth of Argentine railway stock included in the assets. It is understood that Messrs. Baring Brothers' interest in this stock amounted only to about half a million; but even so the purchase reduced the liabilities by about half a million —that is, roughly to $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Since then there has been a very marked improvement in the economic condition of Argentina; especially the premium on gold has fallen from over 210 per cent. to about 180 per cent.—that is to say, there has been a very marked rise in the purchasing power of the paper money, which proves not only a revival of commercial activity, but also a steady growth of confidence. The improvement in the Argentine Republic has now extended to Uruguay. Some time ago the Customs revenue fell off so seriously that it was feared the Uruguayan Government would not be able to pay the next coupon on the debt; but lately the Customs revenue has increased very satisfactorily, and now it is everywhere believed that the interest is secure, while the reports from Monte Video are to the effect that trading business is decidedly recovering also. Last week, therefore, a powerful syndicate was formed quietly, and made a bid at 40 for the whole of the Three and a Half per Cent. Uruguayan bonds held on account of Messrs. Baring Brothers. Messrs. Baring, however, are so persuaded that the recovery in South America has only begun, that they refused the offer; they expect, that is to say, long before the three years have expired to be able to sell at a considerably higher price. We need not stop to inquire now whether they were right or wrong in declining to sell; the important thing is, that a mass of stock which a few weeks ago appeared to be utterly unsaleable can now be disposed of at a price that the other day would have seemed extraordinarily high. In other words, the fears of the present Governor of the Bank of England are already dissipated, and the South American assets of the Baring estate, which were supposed to be unrealizable, are proved to be already marketable. If the improvement in South America continues, and the hopes of Messrs. Baring Brothers are realized, it is by no means improbable that the whole of these assets, Argentine as well as Uruguayan, may be sold before the three years are expired; and then not only will Mr. Lidderdale's prediction turn out true to the letter, but it is possible that a handsome surplus may remain for the partners in the old firm of Baring Brothers—that is to say, that all the liabilities will have been defrayed, and that a considerable surplus will remain. The announcement that the offer had been made for a day or two had a great effect upon the Stock Exchange, and it looked for a while as if unwise speculation would be fostered and mischief done. Happily, however, wiser counsels have prevailed. The market is now less active and less feverish than it was, and we trust that the public will continue to act with prudence. It is much better to allow the South American countries time to recover from the ruinous crisis through which they have passed, and so for the securities to rise in value from natural causes. If they are rushed up by mere combinations, only evil can result.

The money market is in an undecided state. The fear of gold withdrawals continues, especially for Russia and Egypt; but, on the other hand, there are prospects that the metal will be received in large quantities from New York. For the moment, therefore, there is uncertainty.

On Wednesday there was a sudden rise in the price of silver to $39\frac{1}{8}d.$ per oz., but it fell back next day to $39d.$, and will probably go lower. Indeed, we seem to be on the eve of a heavy fall. When passing through London the American delegates to the Brussels Conference did not affect a hope that anything would come of the discussions, and the British delegates feel themselves in a false position, and desire to end the debates as quickly as possible. The probability, therefore, is that the Conference will break up in a week or two—almost certainly before Christmas—and then it is reasonable to expect that the American purchases of the metal will be stopped. When that happens there is sure to be a sharp fall. It may be recovered quickly, for naturally many of the mines will be closed; but at first the stoppage of the American purchases cannot fail to have a very bad effect.

The prosecution of the Directors of the Panama Canal Company, and the vote of the Chamber for an inquiry into all the affairs of the Company, have created a scare in Paris. Few may believe that the allegations made will be legally proved; but even fewer doubt that there is a certain foundation for them, and that, therefore, some scandalous disclosures will be made. If that should prove to be the case, the Republic will be damaged, and political apprehensions will be excited, while further proceedings may be taken against individuals and institutions which took part in the various Panama issues. There has consequently been a good deal of selling of securities on the Paris Bourse, and also in London, on account of Paris operators. All kinds of securities have been disposed of, but the largest selling has been in South American, as was to be expected from the recent rapid recovery here in London in both Argentine and Uruguayan bonds and stocks. Last week, as explained above, a bid was made for the Uruguayan Government bonds held by Messrs. Baring Brothers, and it was understood that the Syndicate was making preparations to put up the price still higher, so as to be in a position to offer better terms. But the selling from Paris has broken the market. If the scare continues, it is quite possible that there may be a serious break upon the Paris Bourse. The great capitalists, in spite of the Baring crisis, the bankruptcy of Portugal, and so many other unfavourable influences, have continued to support the market, and have succeeded beyond all expectation in keeping up prices. But they have done so only because confidence continued in France, and the supply of money was very abundant. If confidence should now give way, and fears of political and other troubles should spread, we may see a crisis; especially a heavy fall in Spanish, Italian, and Russian securities seems probable. Under any circumstances, a fall in Spanish is almost inevitable. The Cortes are to meet on the 5th of next month, when a Bill will be introduced for a great loan of 28 millions sterling nominal, and every effort is to be made to force the Bill through before Christmas. But nobody expects that that can be done; and in any event it is extremely improbable that the loan can be placed. If it fails, the position of the Government and of the Bank of Spain will be critical indeed. Home Railway securities, too, have been neglected, and even the rise in South African shares has been stopped. On the other hand, the gold premium at Buenos Ayres has fallen further to 177 per cent.; in other words, whereas a gold dollar a year or two

since was worth more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ paper dollars, it is worth now little more than $2\frac{3}{4}$ paper dollars. This shows unquestionably a marked economic improvement, and a decided revival of confidence; and it is probable that, were it not for the selling from Paris, Argentine and Uruguayan securities would have risen further. But we would point out to the investor that, though the fall in the gold premium is a favourable sign, it is going on so quickly that it must result in stopping exports, especially of agricultural produce. For the farmers and flock-masters pay all their expenses at home in paper, while they sell their grain and wool for gold, and the fewer paper dollars, therefore, the gold dollar exchanges for the smaller is their profit. It is probable, indeed, that a much further fall in the premium may sweep away all profits, and so for the time being check exports. Of course, trade after a while will adapt itself to the new conditions. Prices and wages—in paper, that is to say—will have to come down. But while the change is taking place, business in Argentina will be disarranged. The investor, therefore, will do well not to be led away by the over-sanguine temper of the Stock Exchange; he will be able to buy on better terms by-and-bye if he is prudent. The American market is weak. In New York the capitalists are almost all Republican. They fear the influence of the South in the new Administration and the new Congress, and they are apprehensive also that the reduction of Customs duties may be too sweeping. There is consequently an unsettled and uneasy feeling, and an indisposition to engage in new risks, while the conviction is gradually growing that the Brussels Conference will come to nothing, that the purchases of silver will have to be stopped, and that that may result in a general crisis. The investor will be wise, therefore, to keep altogether aloof for the present from the market for United States securities.

Trade everywhere is very bad. There is no hope of an early settlement of the Cotton dispute, and other labour troubles are looming, while the agricultural depression is deepening.

The highest class investment securities have been well maintained, and several colonial issues have advanced. New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed on Thursday at 98, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Queensland Three and a Halfs closed at $91\frac{3}{4}$, also a rise of 1; and Victoria Three and a Halfs closed at $92\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the Home Railway market the changes are generally downward—London and North-Western closed at 172, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; Midland at $155\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$; Great Western at $163\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Brighton "A" at $149\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{8}$. In the American market the movements have also been downward. To begin with the non-dividend paying, which are not fit for investors, Union Pacific shares closed on Thursday at $39\frac{7}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Erie shares closed at $25\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{8}$; and Atchison closed at $27\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$. Coming next to the dividend-paying, Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday at 72, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{7}{8}$; Milwaukee closed at $81\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{8}$; and Lake Shore closed at 135, a fall of $1\frac{3}{4}$. South Americans and Internationals, too, are nearly all down. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 80–2, a fall of 1; Central Argentine closed at 71, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 71, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; the Funding Loan closed at $70\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Uruguayan Three and a Halfs closed at $37\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Brazilian Four and a Halfs closed at $72\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$. Egyptian Unified closed at $97\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{8}$; German Threes closed at $84\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Portuguese closed at $23\frac{7}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. All Greek securities have risen about $1\frac{1}{2}$. Hungarian also advanced, the Fours of '81 closing on Thursday at $96\frac{1}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE RATING OF YACHTS.

SEVEN years have now elapsed since a number of representative yachting men formed themselves into the Yacht Racing Association, with the object of assuming authoritative control over their sport, and inducing all yacht clubs to adopt the same code of racing rules, and especially in order that the old system of measurement, which had endured since 1730, might be radically revised. Under this rule, by which breadth was severely taxed, the very objectionable type of hull known as the plank-on-edge had gradually been evolved until seaworthiness seemed likely to be wholly sacrificed in the cause of speed. The new Association, which promptly received the support of all the yacht clubs with but a single exception, after much consideration composed a formula that included only sail-area and length on the water-line, and at the close of the following season their official certificate of rating took the place of tonnage (or displacement) for purposes of handicapping and for classing in matches. A period of seven years was laid down for the trial of the new system, which will in due course terminate next September. Meanwhile the various American yacht clubs have also assimilated their various formulæ of measurement, the one now common to all—known as the Seawanhaka rule from the club that first used it—being very similar to our own, but in the case of large yachts is somewhat more liberal in its proportion of canvas to length.

Until quite recently the Y. R. A. had every reason to be proud of their creation. The old narrow vessels, with their wet decks and miserable interior accommodation, at once gave place to beamy racing-boats possessing the seagoing qualities and the ample cabins of a cruiser. The designers, moreover, were happy; for it was in their power to outbuild, with a fair prospect of success, the champions of a previous season. Owners, too, were less inclined to grumble at the cost of their cracks, inasmuch as they knew that they could find an excellent market for them as comfortable cruisers when their brief lives as first-class racers had ended. As far as the larger fleet is concerned, this pleasant state of things has lasted until the present time, and many owners still profess to doubt that there are breakers ahead. As yet the trouble remains with the small fry, where it originated. During the past seven years, the passion for racing little yachts has attained extraordinary proportions, and many well-known owners have forsaken the larger classes for tiny 1-raters and $\frac{1}{2}$-raters. In the devising of these bantam craft, whose cost is comparatively small, and which are utterly useless for cruising purposes, the designer has been allowed to make fantastic experiments. Seeing that length is measured only on the water-line, he has minimized this with a cocked-hat model of extremely small displacement, while he has appended a prodigious overhang fore and aft, of which "length over all" the yacht obtains the full benefit as soon as she is heeled by the wind. To lessen the displacement, the body of the boat is made as small and light as possible until it resembles a dish, and from this is suspended either a massive centre-plate of gun-metal, or, worse still, a steel fin terminated by a cigar-shaped bulb of lead. As may readily be imagined, a boat of an ordinary wholesome type has no chance whatever against such an ingenious machine. And to-day the burning questions among yachtsmen are whether these devices are possible (and therefore necessary) for large yachts, and, if so, whether their prohibition is desirable. Are, in fact, want of seaworthiness and of accommodation and the worthlessness of an obsolete racer to be allowed to weigh in the scale against undoubted increase of speed, these being precisely the three defects that the present rating rule was constructed to suppress? Or are English yachtsmen to be bound by restrictions that will prevent their competing on equal terms with Americans on the other side of the Atlantic?

The Yacht Racing Association has fully appreciated the difficulty in which it is placed. The existing rule has another year to run, but some decision must be reached forthwith, or no new yachts will be built. A Committee was therefore appointed to probe these questions to the bottom, and its lengthy Report has just been published. It took the individual evidence of all the well-known yacht-designers, after they had conferred and had drawn up on paper certain unanimous decisions recommending that the present system should be changed, and that displacement should again be reckoned—they had hesitated, however, to substitute a revised formula. The Committee were not satisfied that the charge of unseaworthiness was sufficiently proved, and, giving the preference to the fast instead of the "wholesome" type, decided to suggest to the Council of the Y. R. A. that a change should merely be made to the American or Seawanhaka rule, in order to bring us on entirely equal terms with the

present holders of the *America* Cup. This proposition the Council ignored at a recent meeting, and advised adherence to the existing rule of 1887, on the grounds that speed, conjointly with sea-going qualities, must have first consideration, and that no sufficient evidence had been given as to the necessity of imposing restrictions on overhangs, bulb-keels, or centre-plates. It now only remains for the Y.R.A., in full general meeting assembled, to adopt the recommendations of its Council. Meanwhile, however, the designers have again met, and now "respectfully submit" that, in the larger classes at all events, some measures should be taken to curb the modern tendency towards abnormal and unshiplike form. They also add a scheme to show how such a result might be obtained by taxation without actual prohibition. In this protest it is difficult not to sympathize with them, and it is obvious that the designer is as sincere in his belief as he is anxious to gain his point. Very few owners, as he is well aware, will care to adventure their money on a machine which may be no use for racing, and will certainly be useless as a cruiser. The cost of a T-section vessel, with a trough-shaped body, such as he anticipates, of 80- or even 40-rating, would be enormous, owing to the immense strength that would be essential to its frame, in order to resist the leverage of the fin or centre-plate, and the thrashing of its overhanging bow in choppy water. There would scarcely be room on board for its sails, much less for its crew, and it could never go on the ground. The designing of the hull would require but a minimum of skill; it might be best done (as has been suggested) in a lathe. Yet it was the almost unanimous opinion of the designers, to be found in their evidence before the Y.R.A. Committee, that such a monstrosity can be built of sufficient strength, and further that, unless the rule be altered, it undoubtedly will be built, and will defeat all competitors of the existing shape as easily as the similar models do in the small classes. The present champion 40-rater, which is undoubtedly the fastest yacht that has yet been built on this side of the Atlantic, owes her superiority to the fact that in shape she approximates more closely to the latest ½-rater than does any other of her class. At the same time, she remains an excellent sea-boat, and, despite her diminished body, has very fair accommodation. It is difficult to foresee whether the march of deteriorization will be slow, as heretofore, or rapid, as the designers would have us believe. It depends on whether owners remain anxious to get some certain value for their expenditure, or whether some wealthy adventurer can be found prepared to stake a considerable sum of money on the chances of an extreme type. Such a one has to run the further risk of having his abortion, should it prove too successful, summarily boycotted by the Y.R.A., which is able at any time to make an alteration in its rules, provided that a two-thirds majority can be obtained.

THE THEATRES.

A PERCEPTION of the humorous is a rarer quality than is generally supposed. It cannot be possessed to a trustworthy extent, for instance, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, who must have imagined that in *The Old Lady*, which has lately been given at the Criterion Theatre, he had written a funny play; nor can Mrs. John Wood's conclusions on the subject be depended upon, for she must have agreed with Mr. Haddon Chambers, or she would not have acted in the piece. If any responsibility for the production rests on Mr. Charles Wyndham, he must be put in the category with the author and the actress. Mrs. John Wood's judgment was some time since shown to be singularly at fault by her acceptance of an exceptionally stupid work called *Pamela's Prodigy*; and though *The Old Lady* is not quite so foolish as the composition which met with such unmitigated failure at the Court Theatre, it is surely far too feeble to serve any practical purpose in the way of entertaining an audience. This was unmistakably obvious on the night of the production; only one opinion has been expressed by the critics; and yet Mrs. Wood, an actress of long experience, must have had a confident belief in the piece, and this was presumably shared by a manager—Mr. Wyndham—who ought to know when a play is so bad as to be hopeless. There are not many faults possible in a theatrical work which *The Old Lady* does not include. Much of the main story, which deals with the unmasking of a sham French Count and an adventuress, his accomplice, is trite, and the author deals with the theme in a half-hearted sort of way, as if it were not worth the trouble of elaboration; in which respect he is in a great measure correct. The failure chiefly arises, however, from the fact that the old lady on whom dependence for comic effect is principally placed—Miss Lund, who is wheeled about in a Bath chair, and makes disturbances when she wins or when she loses at the Monte Carlo tables—is not in truth comic. Some of the disappointment created by the play is doubtless due to the description of it as a "comedy." The characters of comedy should be recognizable types and the incidents well within the bounds of reason; and this is not the case in *The Old Lady*. A great deal of the piece is preposterous; but it would be waste of time to examine so fatuous a performance in detail. There was nothing in the acting to redeem the writing.

At the Shaftesbury Theatre a considerable change has been made in the end of the drama *David*. The work was originally set forth as containing a careful study of a certain phase of insanity—a not inconvenient idea, as, if it be complained that the fable is weak on the one hand or wild on the other, the reply is pertinent that reason is not to be expected from a madman. If the authors have found it desirable to alter their play, it is obvious that the first "study" was not so true or effective as it should have been, or else that a mistake has been made in amending it. For our own part, we found the piece in its original shape crude and very uninteresting, for the simple reason that the vagaries of a lunatic cannot by any possibility be made to serve satisfactorily as the basis for a drama. We are willing to believe that *David* has been vastly improved without being raised to near the level of a moderately good play.

At the Strand Theatre, on Friday last week, was produced *The County Councillor*, a three-act farce by Mr. H. Graham. This is said to be based upon a previous farce, *Kidnapped*, by the same author, who is to be congratulated upon two things—the invention of a fairly good farcical idea, and a certain faculty, as yet undisciplined, of contriving farcical situation. The real centre of the play is one Lottie Singleton, of the Pagoda Theatre of Varieties, a character made up of easily recognizable materials. Three men—the County Councillor who gives the title to the play, his immediately imminent son-in-law, and a gentleman whom the lady is suing for breach of promise of marriage—all are, or recently have been, in love with her, and the defendant in the action is also the unsuccessful rival to the prospective bridegroom. On the morning of the wedding a preposterous medical student, on a preposterous practical joke intent, offers the bridegroom a flask of hocussed spirits, and portions of this are drunk by an even more preposterous solicitor's clerk, who treats a subpœna as a warrant of arrest, a cabman called upon to remove the clerk's supposed dead body, and the County Councillor himself. Imagination will probably fail to supply the rest, and description would certainly be unequal to the task, within tolerable limits. Mr. Graham must be credited with having avoided some clearly obvious pitfalls; but, on the other hand, he has not succeeded in resisting the temptation to make many cheap and aged jokes, and to revive many "topical" allusions which are "topical" no longer, and were never in particularly good taste. With some perseverance, and greater reticence, not to mention a good deal more neatness, Mr. Graham should presently be capable of writing a good farce. Miss Fanny Brough brought much delicate tact as well as her great entertaining power to bear in the representation of the lady from "the Halls"; Mr. E. W. Garden must be commended in similar terms for his rendering of the County Councillor, and Mr. Yorke Stephens played the bridegroom with the necessary rapidity. A stupid detective was acted with immovably stolid humour by Mr. Ernest Hendrie; but Mr. Lestocq's solicitor's clerk was more noisy than effective. At least half the part is both puerile and unnecessary.

On Friday a *matinée* audience, containing rather more than the usual proportion of actors and actresses, appeared highly amused at the feeblest witticisms, apparently without any regard to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's standard of rational amusement. That gentleman has found a new red rag in the person of a man in a billycock hat who once, in Mr. Jones's presence, interrupted a performance of *Hamlet*. This happened in a provincial theatre, and was considered sufficient to justify Mr. Jones, seeking a text for one of

his periodical and rather irrelevant lectures, in declaring the wearer of the despised hat to be a type of the theatre-going public, of those who go to a theatre as they would go to a circus, a boxing-match, or an exhibition of a two-headed cow. We may perhaps be forgiven for suggesting to Mr. Jones, by way of helping him in his general contention, that a circus is often a far more rational entertainment than some plays we have seen, and that there are greater monstrosities than even a two-headed cow. The lecturer-author-manager is now in the distinctly-superior-person stage of exaltation, and must therefore not be taken too seriously, even by the Playgoers' Club, or it might be worth while to join issue with him in his reckless imputations, and to point out that, when he tries to score one for Shakspeare, he means to score two for himself; and that to him the serious drama is the drama of Mr. Jones, which is not so much serious as dull. Hence his revival of the cant about "art pleasure," and his use of the word amusement as something which implies the antithesis of intellectual enjoyment. What he really should lament is his own inability to put either his didactic essays or a good dramatic story into such shape as will fix the attention of an intelligent public which does not put the drama first and all the other arts nowhere. A great mistake made by him, in common with many others, is to consider the drama and its exponents the be-all and end-all of existence. The theatre has, and always will have, a strong hold upon the affections of the people, though the fact has not always been so boldly advertised as of late. It is lamentably true that frivolous laughter has been frequently raised by frivolous and unworthy things; but Mr. Jones may take it from us that it is mainly because there are but three or four men—if so many—among us who can write good comedy dialogue, and they either sulk or have something better to do. Mr. Pinero says that, as we have no manners, we shall have no comedy; Mr. Grundy finds Haymarket melodrama and Savoy libretto pay him better; and Mr. Gilbert—— Our worst fear is that we may be left to the mercies of the New Humour, and be obliged to take in despair to epigram which may, at the best, be a flippant exhibition of a scrappy half-truth, or paradox which is not paradox, but contradiction. Meanwhile let Mr. Jones and his friends give us a good comedy, or a manager produce some romantic drama to the mounting of which he will not grudge, say, a third of the sum freely lavished on a burlesque written, or rather gagged, round a hundred-pound-a-week variety artist, and he will find that the public will not be indifferent.

That delays are not always so dangerous as they are said to be was sufficiently proved by the completeness of rehearsal and general preparation which made *Ma Mie Rosette* run on well-oiled wheels at the Globe Theatre on Thursday evening last week. This production made a hopeful beginning to a new management, that of Messrs. Lart and Boosey, which promises to give us some revivals from the time when comic opera and opéra bouffe were worth the hearing, and has already done something to justify its existence. *Ma Mie Rosette* is not, however, a comic opera; it is described as a "new romantic comedy opera," and having regard to the class of more or less musical work to which the epithet "comic" has lately been attached, the distinction is not without its value; nor, having regard to the number of sponsors generally considered necessary even to the most ephemeral quasi-operatic trifle, can its one French and one English composer, two French librettists and one English, be considered an extravagant allowance. A more usual arrangement is to add some half-dozen superfluous specialists to write lyrics, arrange dance-music, and introduce waltz-songs, which shall afterwards become the chaste joy of many suburban drawing-rooms—not to mention the music-publishers. That the music neither of M. Paul Lacome nor of Mr. Ivan Caryll is particularly original is by no means a disappointment; our expectations in that direction have long been trained not to outrun probabilities, and that the work of both is throughout bright, melodious, often spirited, and always marked by musicianly spirit, is enough and more than enough. The story, as should be the case in romantic comedy opera, is as simple as it is pleasing. Rosette is the daughter of a retired gardener at the Royal Château of Nerac, and is betrothed to Vincent, her rustic lover. On the eve of their wedding Henri IV. is hunting in the neighbourhood, claims her father's hospitality, recognizes the village maiden between whom and himself some girl and boy love passages have taken place, and is strongly inclined to renew the *amourette* on a less innocent basis. She is half induced to listen to him, and her lover, noticing the change in her manner, elicits from her some indication of the truth; whereupon he determines, in the manner formerly adopted by one Claude Melnotte, to win in honourable warfare a name she might be proud to bear; and to that end offers his services to the King, who is glad enough to present him with the royal sword, and get him out of the way. From this point forward, until a few minutes before the end of the opera, the action takes place in a dream, wherein Rosette finds her lover gone, and is dangerously near a surrender to the King's importunities in his own castle of Nerac, of which he has made her the mistress. At this crisis Vincent, who has once returned with honours and good news, and been treacherously sent away again by the King, returns in good earnest, and she awakes. The girl is so alarmed at the vision-depicted consequences of her own levity that she induces her by no means unwilling swain to remain with her, and reject Henri's proffered sword. No indication that the action is anything but real is given until the change of scene back to the inn, and Rosette's awakening; with the result that, when matters have gone some little way between the King and Rosette, the spectator wonders how the authors will contrive to make possible her return to her lover. The awakening comes not one moment too soon.

The librettist, Mr. George Dance, has done his work well in so far as he has refrained from attempting any of those verbal gymnastics which are frequently allowed to pass for comic dialogue. If his lines are not brilliant, they are as a rule business-like and reasonable, which is something to the good. The representation was in the hands of an unusually capable company. No mere King was ever half so stately as Mr. Eugene Oudin, whose deportment as Henri of Navarre would have turned Mr. Turveydrop himself green with envy. It would be ungracious, however, to dwell upon this, which, after all, only arose from a too serious reading of the part by an artist accustomed to a more pretentious form of opera, and was in its way by no means without grace, in the face of his admirable singing of the many tuneful songs which fall to what is by far the most prominent of the male parts, especially "Ma Mie Rosette," obviously the work of the French composer. It may be here remarked, without any invidious comparison, that the efforts of M. Lacome and Mr. Caryll are easily distinguishable throughout. There was a singular piquancy, irresistible in its way, about Mlle. Nesville's Rosette. As a matter of singing, the use she made of a voice which, if sweet in its bird-like quality, is extremely small, was nothing less than marvellous. Her quaint French accent, instead of being a drawback, gave an additional charm to that rare indefinable influence which we call style, while her acting was not only eminently graceful, but displayed command both of coquettish humour and real pathos. Nothing could have been better of its kind than her indication of the conflict between Rosette's longing to accept the brilliant offers of the King (modified by a recollection of their early love passages), and her desire not to betray her lover. Two parts of a decidedly conventional character are placed in the hands of Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Frank Wyatt. Not to allow these to remain dull would have been something; but the vivacity of Miss Bond and Mr. Wyatt made them highly amusing by means of a succession of songs, quaint dances, and lively chatter. Mr. Courtice Pounds, another importation from the Savoy, was far from fortunately placed as Vincent; but his sweet voice and youthful manner were extremely serviceable and worthy of a better part.

RUGBY "HOUSE-RUNS."

THE melancholy death, some days ago, of a Rugby boy during a "house-run," has given rise to an outpouring of epistolary gabble in the newspapers quite in the good old-fashioned style. We regret to observe that the worst offender was Mr. W. C. Sidgwick, who certainly ought to have known better, and who talked about "dark places" and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in a way he should not. It is to be hoped that he was abashed by the excellent and excellently written letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. Davies, the present head of the

school, and by the headmaster's letter yesterday morning. "Runs" at Rugby are a version of the game generally described as "hare-and-hounds," and appear from the correspondence lately published to have been carried on in very much the same way for the last thirty years. When a "house-run" is to take place, every boy in the house who has not some excuse is obliged to take part in it, and when the run is a "bigside run," any boy in the school may go if he likes; but no one is obliged to. There are, perhaps, a dozen or fifteen runs, mostly named after neighbouring villages or towns in the direction of which they take place, such as the "Hillmorton," the "Bilton," the "Barby," the "Three Counties," the "Market Harborough," and the "Crick." Each has a definite course, chiefly along roads or footpaths, recorded more or less completely in books which are kept for the purpose. Two boys, called "hares," start first, carrying bags of torn paper, which they strew wherever there may be any doubt as to the route to be followed. The distinction between a "run" and a "paper-chase" is that in a paper-chase the hares go where they please, and jump brooks and hedges, leaving paper trail to show where the hounds are to follow. In a "run" any of the hounds who happen to catch the hares pass them, and pursue the appointed course. The longest run is the famous "Crick," the distance of which was variously stated at from eleven to fourteen miles, and was probably in reality about twelve. It used to be run only as a "bigside," and then only once a year, being in substance a long-distance race, and an excellent test of endurance. The shortest was the "Bilton," which cannot have been much over four miles. In a "house-run" the whole body kept together for the greater part of the distance, which was consequently travelled at a pace suited to the capacity of the smallest boys, and for the last mile or so, which was called the "come-in," every one went at the pace that pleased him, which, unless he was tired or lazy, was as fast as he could. A "bigside" run was a race from start to finish, and the time occupied by those who arrived first was noted with a good deal of care for comparison with former achievements. The "Crick" was a thing apart, and one of the most important events of the school year. The fact that Dr. Jex-Blake had, as a boy, won the "Crick" certainly did not hurt his relations with the boys.

The sport of a "house-run," therefore, really consists in a smart country walk, with as much running as is found practicable, concluding with a long-distance race from a given point, in which latter, however, nobody is in any way bound to exert himself. Owing to some disease of the heart, poor Heron died while partaking in this exercise, as he might have died at football, fives, or cricket. To say that no schoolboy can possibly have a weak heart without the circumstance being known to his parents or his masters is hardly more foolish than to condemn "house-runs" as an abominable system of cruelty. They are, in fact, an excellent exercise for schoolboys, tending to keep them in healthy condition, and give them some degree of acquaintance with part of their native country. As to their being compulsory, that is part of the sound system whereby schoolboys are obliged to play at regular games, and occupy a part of their leisure otherwise than in loafing. The unfortunate and accidental death of one boy in an exercise which has been of benefit to many thousands for a long period of years does not really reflect the least discredit upon any one responsible for its maintenance.

WULFF'S CIRCUS AT HENGLER'S.

NO more excellent entertainment of its kind has been seen in London for some years than Herr Wulff's Continental Circus now performing at Hengler's. The stud is said to consist of no fewer than two hundred horses, and the audience is allowed to see a concourse of fifty entire horses in the ring at the same time. The sight of these highly-trained animals, all taking their part in a somewhat complicated evolution, or, to speak literally, revolution, is alone sufficient to justify a visit to the Circus. The most attractive items of the programme are the performances of Emperor, an entire horse, and Herald, described as a thoroughbred "Trackene" horse, the latter a most beautiful and intelligent creature, which not only dances a variety of steps in an eminently graceful manner, but is said to be the only horse ever known to gallop backwards. The galloping backwards does not amount to much; but the earnest endeavour is there, and the dainty elegance of Herald's exit makes full amends—if any were required—for deficiency in that respect. Mlle. Henrietta Janssen, pleasingly attired as a Roman warrior, rides and drives three horses in various positions—a feat afterwards eclipsed by the demon-driving of Little Janssen, who controls in masterly style no fewer than eleven diminutive ponies, all of them in pretty lively condition; and the sisters Janssen combine the graces of the ballet and the ring (that of sawdust, not the prize variety), by dancing a *pas de deux* on horseback. There is also some capital jumping, and some bareback riding by Mlle. Florence and Herr Becker. In the case of the latter, it is perfectly delightful to watch the perfect accord and confidence between man and beast, each of whom is a magnificent specimen of his kind, and a picture of perfect physical training. Many more or less mirthful moments are supplied by a number of clowns, and Miss Kennedy and Herr Lorenz give some diverting thought-reading experiments. We would suggest that this, or any good, circus would at any time prove a wholesome and appropriate amusement for children. More especially is this the case now that purveyors of Christmas pantomime have detected the shallow hypocrisy of the grown-up people who go to that class of entertainment because they "like to hear the children laugh," with the result that what we have aforetime regarded as peculiarly the youngsters' carnival has, for the benefit of their elders, been made an epitome of the year's variety theatre vulgarity, which is, luckily, meaningless to the children, and for which a really good circus should prove an efficient and innocent substitute.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE concerts of the past fortnight have been neither very numerous nor very important. Such well-established favourites with the public as the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, and Mr. Henschel's orchestral performances continue the even tenor of their way; but the players and singers who tempt fortune in such numbers during the summer seem to hibernate during the winter, though it might be thought that they would realize that they stand a better chance of obtaining a hearing at a time of the year when there are not some forty or fifty concerts in London every week. An exception to the general rule was made on the 11th by M. Gorski, a Polish violinist, who gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall before a lamentably scanty audience. Though evidently suffering from extreme nervousness, M. Gorski proved that he is an artist of no mean ability. In Beethoven's Concerto he gave the slow movement with much poetical feeling and good execution; the final Allegro was, however, spoilt by the slow pace at which it was taken. The cadenzas introduced were from the performer's own pen, and proved more clever than interesting or effective. A really fine performance of Bach's "Chaconne" and of a transcription for violin and orchestra of one of Paganini's Capriccios showed M. Gorski's playing to much greater advantage. If he can succeed in conquering his nervousness, and in infusing a little individuality into his style, he should take high rank as a soloist. On the afternoon of the 14th an able viola player, Mr. Grossheim, gave a chamber-concert at the Portman Rooms. The viola is hardly an effective solo instrument, and it was not surprising to find that the concert-giver's solos were of less interest than other numbers in the programme. Chief of these was Mr. Charles Fry's clever recitation of Hood's "Eugene Aram," to the pianoforte accompaniment of Dr. Mackenzie, performed on this occasion for the first time in London. The combination of recitation and music is never very satisfactory, for it is almost impossible for the speaking voice to avoid musical tones, and the consequent production of discords when heard in combination with the instrument. The unobtrusive and artistic accompaniment of Dr. Mackenzie avoided this danger as much as possible; but the experiment, though interesting, is not one to be often repeated. Another feature at this concert was the appearance of Mr. Henschel as a pianist. Mr. Henschel took the pianoforte part in Beethoven's early Quartet in E flat, Op. 16, a work which, though familiar to amateurs, has, oddly enough, only once been heard at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Henschel's performance showed that he is better as an accompanist than in chamber music.

The charming singing of Mrs. Henschel was a welcome feature in a rather long programme.

At M. de Pachmann's second Recital, on the 15th, the clever but eccentric pianist was heard at his best, and also, it must be confessed, at his worst. The Moonlight Sonata, the Finale from Weber's Sonata (Op. 49), Chopin's Nocturne in B flat minor, Study in G flat (Op. 10, No. 5), and Mazurka in C (Op. 24, No. 2), were all played admirably. Parts of Schumann's "Carnival"—with which the concert ended—were also good, but in Chopin's Impromptu in A flat the artist introduced tasteless alterations, which it is hard to excuse. For these he apologized from the platform, on the ground that he was carried away by his feelings; but no apology was offered—though one was much more required—for the wrong notes played in the last number of Schumann's work. M. de Pachmann is an artist *sui generis*; he can play so finely that much may be forgiven him; but it is to be hoped that the crowd of female admirers who flock to his concerts will not be encouraged by his example to imitate his defects.

The second Symphony Concert, which took place on the 17th, was more than usually enjoyable. An Overture by Schubert, which opened the programme, had, we believe, not been previously heard in London. It appears to have been written in 1819, before Schubert was twenty-four, but was unknown until recently published in Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel's fine edition of the composer's works. Though tolerably effective owing to its energetic character, it is by no means a great work, and not likely to maintain a place beside the *Rosamunde* music or the Unfinished Symphony. The Overture was followed by Brahms's Violin Concerto in D, the solo part of which was extremely well played by Herr Hugo Heermann, who was also heard in a charming Adagio of Mozart's, written as the slow movement of a Concerto. Herr Heermann is a player of sterling merit, somewhat academic in style, and wanting in the sacred fire necessary for interpreting Brahms's work; nevertheless, he acquitted himself thoroughly well and was deservedly applauded. An excellent performance of Haydn's delightful Twelfth Symphony—the Adagio of which could not have been better played—showed Mr. Henschel's band at its best; the excerpts from Wagner with which the concert ended were, on the contrary, by no means up to the mark.

The performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, given last Monday at St. James's Hall in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians, does not call for detailed notice. Mr. Santley's superb singing of the part of the Prophet was once more the chief attraction; but the whole performance was quite up to the average, instrumentalists, singers, and conductor all working energetically in aid of the deserving charity for which they gave their services.

At both the Crystal Palace and the Popular Concerts there has been little to notice of late. At the former Mr. Edward German's charming dances from the music to *Henry VIII.* were brought forward on Saturday week, Herr Heermann playing the Brahms Concerto, and the orchestral works being Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony and Beethoven's "Leonora" (No. 3) Overture. Last Saturday, being the sixty-fourth anniversary of the death of Schubert, the programme was entirely devoted to that composer's works. The great Symphony in C was given in admirable style. Schubert's music evidently appeals to Mr. Manns, for his band is never heard to greater advantage than in the Viennese master's compositions. This, however, is no reason why he should perpetrate such an artistic mistake as to play the air and variations from the D minor Quartet by all the strings of the orchestra. This was the only blot on a very fine concert. At St. James's Hall on the same afternoon the Popular Concert programme also consisted entirely of Schubert's work. The quartet party consisted of Lady Hallé, MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; the pianist being Sir Charles Hallé, and the vocalist Fräulein Fillunger. At last Monday's concert a welcome revival of Brahms's beautiful "Liebesliederwalzer," for pianoforte duet with voice parts *ad lib.*, formed the chief attraction. The work was perfectly played by Messrs. Borwick and Bird, the vocalists being Mrs. Henschel, Miss Janson, Messrs. Shakspeare and Henschel. The concert began with a fine performance of Mendelssohn's Quartet in A minor, and ended with Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in E flat, Op. 70, Mr. Borwick's solos being Chopin's Barcarolle, Op. 60, and Scherzo, Op. 39, No. 3, neither of which, though both were extremely well played, is suited to the idiosyncrasy of his style. For an encore Mr. Borwick played one of the same composer's posthumous studies.

We have received the prospectus of the Middlesex Choral Union, a new society proposing to supply the want of choral performances in central London, which has been felt since the demise of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It announces for its opening concert a revival of Handel's *Joshua*, to be followed by the production (early in March) of Dr. Hubert Parry's *Job*. An opportunity of hearing these two works will be most welcome; but it is to be hoped that the proposed performance of Gounod's *Faust* on a concert platform will be abandoned. Such an experiment is quite uncalled for and unnecessary in London.

A CASE FOR THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

TO the halls of Dublin Castle, the authorities of Trinity
Betook themselves, Vice-Chancellor and dons of each degree,
And presented to the Viceroy an address of much concinnity
In honour of their academic Tercentenaree.

They described the celebration of this interesting festival,
What notables from everywhere it brought in what a crowd;
What visitors, of whom from most to least distinguished guest of all,
The oldest University with reason might be proud.

They spoke of tests abolished, and of regulations modified;
No rule, said they, our fellowships with orders now connects;
They enlarged with much complacency on statutes newly codified
Which opened up professorships to all religious sects.

Thence passing on to questions that affected the prosperity
Of more than Alma Mater—of society at large—
They had, they said, restrained themselves with rigorous severity
From touching on the interests that Lord Houghton had in charge.

In obedience to that veto on the airing of political
Opinions which the Lord-Lieutenant recently imposed,
They had put the sternest check upon their inclinations critical,
And on Gladstonian policy their lips were firmly closed.

Yet they trusted that a silence which was thus maintained in deference
To wishes of an officer who represents the Queen
Would not be deemed a wavering in that Unionistic preference
Declared when they some years ago addressed Lord Aberdeen.

Whereto the Viceroy made reply—but here, alas! I'm fain to own
The impotence of poetry when speech thus darkly flows;
To do justice to an answer that his chief would not disdain to own,
I must give it in his Lordship's own inimitable prose:

"*Under the institutions under which we live, free speech is happily open to all, and abstention from its indulgence upon any particular occasion may depend upon considerations which are not considerations of necessity. I have already had occasion publicly to state what, in my judgment, are the limitations which might properly be set to that freedom of speech on the occasion of welcoming Her Majesty's representative to this country; and, on the other hand, I have alluded to what restrictions upon the freedom of speech courtesy towards myself might be expected to suggest. I do not wish to expatiate further on the question at this moment, and I confine myself, therefore, to thanking you very sincerely for the address you have just read.*"

When he ended the bewildered deputation Trinitarian
Stared each upon the others in such flabbergasted wise
That the comrades of "stout Cortez" on the famous "peak in Darien"
Were hardly "in it" with them in the matter of "wild surmise."

And one exclaimed "Prodigious!" and another cried "Astonishing!"
And "Oh!" broke out a gasping third, "my brain in wonder reels,
I'd have sworn that it was—" "So would I—'explaining' and admonishing
Until you can't discriminate between your head and heels."

"Didst note the spark of sense beneath the blanket of verbosities,
Enveloped, smothered, overlain, and finally put out?
Didst mark the meaning wander through the phrase's sinuosities
Like labyrinthine alleys it had missed its way about?

"I could understand those sentences if Some One Else engrafted them
With care upon the homely stock of the Viceregal style,
But no one says that other than the Lord-Lieutenant drafted them,
Or doubts they owe the marks they show to the Viceregal file.

"And yet—those involutions! that masterly obscurity!
That wealth of counsel-darkening words! It fairly beats belief
That any mere disciple could, in such unequalled purity,
Discourse to us the language of his venerated Chief.

"No! give me the address of the Society called Psychical,
For be it but 'thought-transference,' or be it actual 'spooks,'
The marvel I have seen to-day—and ne'er saw I the like—I call
A case without a parallel in any of the books.

"If I live to be a hundred, my belief will be unshakable
(There's nothing that will weaken it, for nothing ever can)
That I've heard a voice from H-w-rd-n, in its accents unmistakable,
Address us here, in Dublin, through the lips of that young man."

REVIEWS.

MR. SANTLEY'S REMINISCENCES.*

MR. SANTLEY'S book is, unlike his art, whether on stage or platform, a curious mixture. His singing was all but flawless in art from the days of his earliest appearances in London, and people who may never have seen him in opera must know with what untiring care he trained his voice and method to their present excellence. To his acting, at first a thing of naught, he devoted intense pains, and he had made himself a good actor before the day when he saw the possibilities of Valentine in Gounod's *Faust*, and insisted on taking the part against Colonel Mapleson's wish. What came of that determination we all know; the part was at once raised to importance, and the fine "Dio Possente" was written in by the Composer for the Artist whose insight had done so much for him.

It would be unfair to expect Mr. Santley to write as well as he can sing and act, and his own modest preface is calculated to disarm criticism of his way with his pen. In this very preface, in reference to Cellini, he uses the only phrase, not altogether kind, which one is inclined to use of Mr. Santley as a recorder of his own career—"His style is not polished, at times uncouth." It is "uncouth," perhaps, to go into details about the inside of one's throat and other such matters, and of this sort of uncouthness there is too much in the early part of the book. "But that's not much." When the author gets to musical and dramatic recollections and opinions, he is full of matter, and there is not too much to seek in the manner. Mr. Santley early in his work writes of Ronconi with deserved admiration, and remembers the occasion when, after Ronconi had been forbidden by the Austrians to sing the words "gridando libertà" (he had to substitute "lealtà") in the *Puritani*, he took his revenge by singing in the *Elisir d'Amore* "perdè la lealtà." Of Giuglini Mr. Santley writes with careful criticism, and perhaps with full appreciation; for when you have said that a singer's phrasing was perfect there is not much more to say, and nobody could call Giuglini an actor. But the "throaty" quality to which Mr. Santley refers was surely not always observable, and certainly not in the exquisite *pp* which the unlucky tenor gave to the phrase "e di pensier" in "La donna è mobile." The thrill that went through the house in those old days of the amber hangings when Giuglini's beautiful voice and method made people, as Mr. Santley says, forget the actor in the singer, is a thing that can scarce be forgotten by those who heard it.

To Marini, the bass, Mr. Santley does not only full justice, but almost the only justice that has been done for years past by a pen of authority. Marini's Marcel, which the author singles out, was a work both of art and of genius. Not even Herr Rokitansky gave so striking a stage picture of the old Huguenot soldier, and the "trumpet-toned voice" in the magnificent last scene (formerly given almost in full) seemed as that of one inspired at once by earthly devotion and heavenly love. When Marini sang the part here the voice had possibly lost something of the *timbre* which Mr. Santley describes. The method, and the grandeur of the acting, were still there; and as the intonation was certainly not more faulty than Ronconi's, it is curious that the singer achieved no greater success among the *virtuosi* of that day.

Singers especially will be greatly interested by Mr. Santley's third chapter, which deals exhaustively, though tersely, with the difficult question of the register of the voice and its management. The author's own experiences were very curious, and in this connexion he reminds us of certain facts, of which, perhaps, the least known is that Mario's "first essay before an audience was in the bass part of the trio from *William Tell*."

On pp. 108-109, to return to another subject, Mr. Santley, going again into questions of physics, gives advice which is thoroughly sound, without laying down hard-and-fast rules, to young singers on the management of the voice, with regard to dress and food. But it is, as has been said, in the actual reminiscences of former professional experiences that Mr. Santley is most interesting. We must not pick all the plums out of his book, which all music-lovers should read for themselves. We may, however, refer to one or two incidents. Colonel Mapleson's story, which read almost like a fairy tale, of a certain performance of *Faust*, is confirmed by Mr. Santley's telling us that Volpini at short notice got through the part of Faust, and that creditably, having picked it up only by ear. Greater singers than Volpini have always learnt their parts with the violin; but there is a difference between that and going on for a first tenor part with what you have "caught up" at rehearsal. On one occasion Mr. Santley was called upon to appear as Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust* at short notice, and regrets that he had not time to "get rid of that abominable red costume." One Goethe had a word to say about that, and the experiment of abolishing the red has been tried sufficiently by M. Maurel, who, when he first played the part in England, went through the Cathedral scene draped *de pied en cap* in black, with a living flame for a feather in his cap. The effect was curious, but hardly impressive. In the critical part of his work Mr. Santley does justice to many singers whose names are but names to the present generation—Delle Sedie, for instance, and Gardoni, a tenor and an actor too little appreciated in his prime, and known chiefly in his later years by his singing of Paladilhe's *Mandolinata*.

For the rest we will stick to leaving readers to find out the many interesting things in this book for themselves, only calling attention to Mr. Santley's very brief account of a performance of *The Huguenots* without a Marcel; saying that the author has been far too modest in referring to his (transposed) *Fra Diavolo*, in which he invented the best effect that has been seen in the last act; and so concluding by wishing him all success.

* *Student and Singer: the Reminiscences of Charles Stantley.* London: Edward Arnold.

NOVELS.*

CAN there be a more shining example of the Fool's Paradise in which every man in some form or other delights to dwell than the prevalent superstition that because a person is familiar

* *A Saint.* By Paul Bourget. Translated by John Gray. London: Osgood, M'Ilvaine, & Co. 1892.
After Twenty Years. By Julian Sturgis. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.
Rachel and Maurice. By the Hon. M. Collier. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.
The Fate of Herbert Wayne. By E. J. Goodman. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.
Archie Carew. By S. Francis. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.
Friends for Life. By Blanche A. L. Garvock. London: Glen & Hall. 1892.

enough with a language to be able to catch the drift of a story, therefore he must be qualified to translate it? It is seldom indeed, to judge by his present performance, that any one has been less fitted for the task which he has set himself than Mr. John Gray when he sits down to render M. Paul Bourget's charming collection of stories into the English tongue. As M. Bourget has a considerable acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon speech, it is probable that he has frequently writhed under the misconceptions of his interpreter. What, for instance, does Mr. Gray mean by calling one of the stories "Childhood Perfidy"? "Childhood's Perfidy" or "Childish Perfidy" would have been intelligible; but "Childhood Perfidy" has no meaning, any more than the phrase on p. 41, "The dream of the childhood heart." Then, "Some creature picked up in Paris who was precisely the mother of Marcel" (p. 13) is nonsense to English ears; neither is it our custom to say that we wish "to flatter our eyes" (p. 218), to talk of "a savage horizon" (p. 117), or to remark that travellers "profited to go by a diligence" (p. 96). His events are full of "romantic allures" (p. 101), and, as a general rule, the translation betrays the most crude and incomplete knowledge of the meanings of words in either language. Besides, the construction is often clumsy to a degree, as will be shown by the following examples, taken from p. 12 and p. 101:—"They are so grateful to them that, by an irreproachable life, they have respected the Ideal they, the disappointed lovers, formed of them." Again:—"The adventure of a young scholar, captivated by a world antique where nothing is but beauty, with a dear girl, a passionate and disinterested artist." How soothing it is to get away from the rasping effects of Mr. Gray's bad English, and turn to M. Bourget's beautiful French, and his own account of the drive to the deserted monastery in the hills where dwelt his "Saint." The story has a stronger touch than is usual with M. Bourget, who has laid aside for the moment both his psychology and his persiflage. He tells his tale simply; but his reader feels that the wordless impression made on the spectator by the unconventional goodness of the "Saint" is transferred from M. Bourget's heart to his own. The only point in which we differ from the author is in the possibility of any man of ordinary sense and sensibility taking an odious being like Philippe Dubois for his companion on such a pilgrimage; surely, M. Dubois would have found himself sprawling on the road before many miles had been traversed, and his position would have had a direct connexion with his detestable impertinences. The sketch of the two laborious Englishwomen is excellent, and not in the least overdrawn. It is thus that we like M. Bourget, and thus that we should wish to read him more frequently than he permits.

Mr. Sturgis is a man of the world and a man of observation, and it is inevitable that, however slight his story, some happy touches must be found in it. "The Philosopher's Baby" is amusing reading enough, though it must be confessed that it is rather surprising to reflect on the trouble expended on the production of such a mere trifle. "An Unimportant Person," "John's Hero," and "A Child of Science" will strike many people as laboured and obscure; but there is real truth and pathos in the "Romance of an Old Don," and in the longest and most elaborate tale of all, "After Twenty Years," there is a strong dramatic interest. The hero, Collier by name, is carefully studied and accurately drawn. We have no difficulty in knowing exactly the manner of man he was; but Mr. Sturgis has hardly made it clear why he did not marry the girl whom he rescued from the fog, as he was willing to give up his life, and even his prospects, to her. Surely, by the way, some other solution could have been found for his difficulty than the one Collier took, and it does not seem probable that a girl who, knowing herself well provided for, went almost mad at the idea of being parted from him for a few months, would in two years have left him and her child for a richer man. It is in simple tragedies like these that Mr. Sturgis really finds congenial subjects, and it is to be regretted that he ever wanders into the regions of the fantastic, which are foreign to his soul.

Miss Collier has not been fortunate in the title she has given to the little book which contains her three clever and original little stories. *Rachel and Maurice* sounds somehow like a child's Sunday book, and will not of itself attract readers. Yet Rachel is an unusual character, and is sketched both with sympathy and power, and the Vicar and his wife are "persons we have met." Maurice is more shadowy and more conventional, and his matrimonial misfortunes, except in so far as they affect Rachel, leave us unmoved. Not so the dismal existence of Luigi Coriolani, the hero of the third tale. Miss Collier has indicated very cleverly the result on the adaptable Italian of his practical adoption into an English middle-class provincial family, and his backsliding when he returns to his own people and his own home in the Abruzzi. In these country pictures Miss Collier has shown great judgment. She knows every detail so well that she gives only what is absolutely essential to frame her story, and does not bore her readers with the "local colour" piled on so freely by those to whom strange lands are new. Altogether these three little tales, unobtrusive though they be, are far better worth studying than many more pretentious books.

There is something so innocent about *The Fate of Herbert Wayne* that it almost disarms criticism. Were it not for the six earlier works and the "etcetera" announced on the title-page, we should suppose it to be the first effort of a very young child. Oscar Ford tells his own story, and begins with the moment of his recovery from a kind of brain-fever, which has lasted for many months. Almost his earliest inquiry is for his friend Herbert Wayne; but his natural curiosity meets with such a discouraging reception from his family that he can learn nothing on that subject. "Never seek to know what has become of him" is their cry, "you will never have a happy moment again," "for your own sake do not ask me," and much more to the same purpose. Of course, the most guileless reader at once discovers that Ford himself has murdered his friend in a fit of delirium, and that the suspected John Gregory, the third member of the reading party living together when the accident happened, is really an angel in disguise. But John Gregory behaves in a manner quite as senseless as that of the rest of the party. He tries to play the part of Providence to Ford, dogs his steps, endeavours to prevent his doing anything he wishes to do, invents amusements for him, finds him acquaintances, and, in general, does his best to irritate him into frenzy. He even introduces Ford to a damsel with whom that young man is obliging enough to fall in love, and when at last the catastrophe is revealed, and the *fiancée* declares that she has been aware of it for weeks, and that no one else shall ever know, and that she means to marry him all the same, it never enters into anybody's head that her parents may object to their young daughter uniting herself to a homicidal lunatic. If anything could be more funny than the want of tact and common sense shown by Ford's relations, it is the way in which five persons are allowed to perjure themselves at the inquest on Wayne's body without any discrepancies being detected in their evidence. It is also strange that, with all his burning desire to discover the mystery of his friend's death, it never once occurs to Ford to visit the place in which he died. The style of the book is on a level with the plot, and is often stilted in language and awkward in expression.

When the reader is told on p. 4 that the heroine has a sensual mouth, he is prepared for the worst, and expects up to the end to have his fears justified. In the case, however, of Mary, nominally the wife of Archie Carew, there is nothing in her conduct to warrant the casting of any stones. It is not to be expected that a young girl should have any doubts as to the legality of her marriage, when her husband in good faith assures her that it is all right; and when she finds out, some time later, that her fears were not groundless, she at once belies her mouth and separates from him. Mary's character is better conceived than Archie's, who is a greater cad than his creator seems to be at all aware. We are told that he was very fond of his wife, who was a fairly well educated farmer's daughter; yet, after three years of life together, he refuses to have the marriage performed over again because he "could not bear to reveal to his mother, his sister-in-law, his friends, and his brother's tenants that he had married a farmer's daughter, and had had lying banns proclaimed in order to keep that marriage secret." So, in answer to her letter telling him that, unless they were properly married, they must part, he writes to say "there was one thing that he could not face, and, as he would not face it, he thinks she was right in putting an end to the life they were leading." It is to be hoped that few rich, independent, and good-hearted young men are accustomed to behave like this to the women they love, and in whom they find no faults. Libertines we can all understand, but not people like Archie Carew.

Friends for Life is really a religious publication, wherein there is much more talk of religion and sacred things than most, even of the best Christians, are wont to indulge in. There is a strong and visible effort on the part of the writer to be impartial and broad-minded, which is so far in her favour; but the characters are unreal, and too much given to talk of their own feelings to be healthy people.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION IN PROSE AND VERSE.*

FOR some time past, as the admirers—not perhaps extremely numerous, but somewhat unusually competent—of Miss Christina Rossetti know, that lady has devoted her singular poetic genius and her deep religious feeling to the composition of works of devotion in mingled verse and prose. We should have feared that at the present day the audience, or *legence*, for such books as *Time Flies* and this present *The Face of the Deep* was somewhat limited, though there must now and always be one, and a fit one. Miss Rossetti's fervent, somewhat mystical, thoroughly orthodox, but thoroughly unsectarian, and—if we may say so—unschool-like religiosity, finding vent in literature that would not disgrace the great names of the seventeenth century, might seem out of our time's way. Hers is a voice which might have seemed familiar to the century which heard John Donne sing and preach in its early days, and even in its later and more frivolous produced young ladies of fashion like Margaret Blagge; it might seem but too likely to be a voice crying in the wilderness in the days of "General" Booth and Archdeacon Farrar. We are all the more pleased to see *The Face of the Deep* brought out by the Tract Committee of the S. P. C. K.—a body which has even been accused by its enemies of having something like an eye to the main chance, and which might be admitted by the fairest judge to have its finger pretty close on the wrist of the book-buying religious public. If a large octavo such as this, and of such quality, is likely to be speedily sold, the end of the nineteenth century is not in such a bad condition as regards taste for spiritual provender.

The Face of the Deep is a commentary, devotional not exegetic, on the Apocalypse. It takes the text of that astonishing book (which some cool-headed judges have ranked with the books of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Isaiah as capable of challenging from the merely literary point of view anything in the literature of the world), and goes through it chapter by chapter, and verse by verse, with meditations in prose or in poetry. The key of the book is now one so little familiar that to an ordinary reader (it will, of course, be mere plain song to any one versed in devotional literature) it may take some little time to find. It might even be said of it as the writer says of her own theme in a fine and very "Jeremy Taylorish" passage:—

> 'Much of this awful Apocalypse opens to my apprehension rather a series of aspects than any one defined and certified object. It summons me to watch and pray and give thanks; it urges me to climb heavenward. Its thread doubtless consists unbroken: but my clue is at the best woven of broken lights and shadows, here a little and there a little. As when years ago I abode some while within sight of a massive sea rock, I used to see it put on different appearances: it seemed to float baseless in air, its summit vanished in cloud, it displayed upon its surface varied markings, it passed from view altogether in a mist, it fronted me distinct and solid far into the luminous northern summer night, still appearing many and various while all the time I knew it to be one and the same,—so now this Apocalypse I know to be one congruous, harmonious whole, yet can I read it only as it were in disjointed portions, some to myself inexplicable, some not unmistakably defined; all nevertheless, please God, profitable to me for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

But the resemblance of the comment to the original is justified. The skilfullest divine without a touch of poetry must blunder over the Apocalypse; and the usual poet without some tincture of divinity, though he can hardly miss its beauties, must be naturally *désorienté* in it. Miss Rossetti holds both keys. And it is perhaps almost more noteworthy in her that, possessing them, she does not stray, as the possessor of both might be thought likely to do, into by-paths of will-worship. On all practical matters (for instance, an excellent passage on Spiritualism, of which we have mislaid the reference) she is as sound as the most prosaic person could be. And ever and anon she gives us charming snatches of verse—verse which Donne might have written when he was least perversely rugged, or Crashaw when the lump in his throat subsided and allowed him to be almost masculine. This is a divine "rondeau" in more senses than one:—

> We are of those who tremble at Thy word;
> Who faltering walk in darkness toward our close
> Of mortal life, by terrors curbed and spurred:
> We are of those.
>
> We journey to that land which no man knows,
> Who any more can make his voice be heard
> Above the clamour of our wants and woes.
>
> Not ours the hearts Thy loftiest love hath stirred,
> Not such as we Thy lily and Thy rose:—
> Yet, Hope of those who hope with hope deferred,
> We are of those.

And this is Cowper at his best, without the touch of platitude and banality which the eighteenth century and Methodism sometimes infused even into Cowper:—

> O Shepherd with the bleeding Feet,
> Good Shepherd with the pleading Voice,
> What seekest Thou from hill to hill?
> Sweet were the valley pastures, sweet
> The sound of flocks that bleat their joys,
> And eat and drink at will.
> Is one worth seeking, when Thou hast of Thine
> Ninety and nine?—
>
> How should I stay My bleeding Feet,
> How should I hush My pleading Voice?
> I Who chose death and clomb a hill
> Accounting gall and wormwood sweet,
> That hundredfold might bud My joys
> For love's sake and good will.
> I seek My one, for all there bide of Mine
> Ninety and nine.

It would be unfair to quote, apart from the text, too many of the poems which set off and adorn that text. We shall merely refer, in passing, to the musical monorhymed jingles at pp. 112 and 173, and to the fine sonnet,

> Whoso hath anguish is not dead in sin,

at p. 180. For the rest the book can hardly miss its fit readers if ever they come upon it, and those for whom it is not fit, or who are not fit for it, have but to let it alone.

"*Qui trop embrasse* quarrels with or disappoints some of them," was the rather startling version of an old saw that we once heard. It is exemplified by Mr. C. J. Abbey's *Religious Thought in Old English Verse*. His book is destitute neither of interest nor of value, but he might have made it more interesting and a great deal more valuable if he had attempted considerably less and had directed his attempts more wisely. That the title is a distinct misnomer is not of the first importance, though we own to a perhaps pedantic preference for books that answer to their titles and titles that describe their books. To call a book "Religious thought in *Old* English verse," when it draws its illustrations uninterruptedly from every available English singer, not merely up to the close of the last century, but up to Wordsworth, who died when the present century was half over, seems to us perfectly preposterous. However, this may have been a mere oversight, or Mr. Abbey may have extended his original scheme and omitted to alter his original title. The form in which he has chosen to cast his book is even less susceptible of excuse, and it certainly has led him into many foolish and hurtful slips. He has not contented himself with the usual anthology form in which the specimens are given by themselves, with whatsoever prose introductions, notes, or what not, the anthologist thinks proper. He has written the book in the form of a prose conspectus of the various writers of verse who have touched on religious subjects—*i.e.* practically the British *Corpus poetarum* for an elegy or an epitaph justifies inclusion in Mr. Abbey's view—and has inserted his specimens as illustrations of this survey. It follows necessarily from this that he has been forced to give in a very small compass summaries, descriptions, criticisms, and what not, of a vast number of writers extending over a period, as he himself says, of 1,100 years. It is difficult even for the specialist in literary history to knock off these short summaries without some positive mistakes, and more delusive statements. The positiveness of the statements to which Mr. Abbey commits himself here about the Arthurian romances, their date, their authorship, and so forth, might make the youthfullest of critics stand aghast. We think it better to leave the description of Walter Map, as "the *able*, witty, and high-minded chaplain of Henry II.," unadorned, or rather unspoilt, by any comment. "John Gower, Chaucer's learned friend," is another unlucky phrase. But it would be rather illiberal, and is quite unnecessary, to go seriatim through the long list of Mr. Abbey's *obiter dicta* on eleven centuries of poets, as he fishes each out, gives a brief label to him, and a short scrap of his sacred verse, and then lets him go again. Almost the sole value of the book must, we fear, be said to lie in the citations, which are extremely numerous, are generally, if not always, taken from the best editions, and though constantly too brief, and often rather wilfully cut about, supply a good deal of

* *The Face of the Deep.* By Christina G. Rossetti. London: S. P. C. K. 1892.

Religious Thought in Old English Verse. By the Rev. C. J. Abbey. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Eucharistic Hymns for the Church's Seasons. By Mildred Beresford Hope. London and New York: Novello, Ewer, & Co. 1892.

Hymns and Chorales for Schools and Colleges. Edited by John Farmer, Organist of Balliol College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

fine confused feeding in the matter of religious or semi-religious verse.

Miss Mildred Beresford Hope's little book of original Eucharistic Hymns (which appears with a dedication to the memory of the late Dr. Liddon) exhibits an excellent comprehension of the peculiar character of this division of hymnody. In the first place, it is desirable that Eucharistic hymns, even more than hymns destined to accompany other services and parts of services, should be adjusted to the different seasons of the ecclesiastical year, so as to give the chief and most unchanging of all offices a special adaptation to varieties of fast and festival. In the second, it is desirable that hymns written with this object should be as little of the jigging and skipping kind as may be. For they are less "congregational" than any others, and the characters which must be present in ordinary processionals, and may well be present in hymns intended to be sung in the intervals of Mattins or Evensong, as preliminary to sermons, during collections, and so forth, would here be less even or not at all in place. Both these requisites, we say, are well heeded in this little collection of a short score of hymns as yet unset to music, and covering the chief holy-days from Advent to St. Michael and All Angels, with others. The best, as it seems to us, is the second hymn for All Saints Day, a hymn specially intended for All Souls and for funeral celebrations. The text of it is that great one from the Book of Wisdom, "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God," or, as members of a certain college at Oxford will recognize it best in the Latin form, not identical with the Vulgate, which is, or used to be, recited as a versicle at every chapel, *Justorum animæ in manu Dei sunt; nec attinget eos cruciatus.* We may give two stanzas of this which have a grave and stately rhythm well suited to the object and subject both:—

O Lord, Thy Death and Resurrection's pow'r
Doth healing give to living and to dead;
This Life and Death we plead here at this hour;
O save Thy Church, the Church of quick and dead.
Requiem eternal, Lord,
Grant Thy Saints, we Thee implore;
Light, refreshment, peace afford
To them, Lord, for evermore.
Jesu, mercy,
We beseech Thee!

O Lord, before Thine Altar kneeling here,
We know Thy Saints are one with Thee and us,
And so we pray for them in holy fear,
As we believe they ever pray for us.
Requiem eternal, Lord,
Grant Thy Saints, we Thee implore;
Light, refreshment, peace afford
To them, Lord, for evermore.
Jesu, mercy,
We beseech Thee!

Among the other hymns, though all are sound in doctrine and seemly in taste, we may note the Advent Hymn, that for Easter (which, as it should be, is livelier in motion than most), and that for Whitsuntide, which is, perhaps, as a whole, the most effective of all.

Mr. Farmer's reputation as an arranger of hymns and songs for schools is special and high, and a selection of Hymns and Chorales from him for school and college use is sure to be welcome. A considerable range of sources is drawn upon, and we are glad to see that Latin hymns have not been neglected; for though *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and the *Dies Iræ* must be great in any language, they never can be so great as in their own. The tunes appear to be very carefully selected, and are not hackneyed; in the hymns themselves all the best old favourites suitable for the purpose appear, with divers new ones, and the book is turned out as the Clarendon Press generally does turn out its books—that is to say, excellently.

DR. HAKE'S MEMOIRS.*

DR. GORDON HAKE is an exceptionally fortunate man. As an octogenarian he preserves the vigour and vitality with much of the freshness of youth. Resigning himself philosophically to the inevitable weakening of his bodily powers, he still retains his interest in all that is passing around him. What is more to the purpose, so far as his readers are concerned, he may congratulate himself on a wonderfully retentive memory. The retrospect of these eventful eighty years is full of piquant variety. He has seen life in very different aspects, and has been familiar with many eminent men. The memoirs are more than usually a self-revelation, for the writer's strong individuality is shown upon every page. He is a remarkably shrewd analyst of character; consequently all of his personal sketches are effective, and some are delightfully satirical. At the same time he is capable of warm, although discriminating, admiration, as when he speaks of his maternal relative, General Gordon of Khartoum; of Lord Ripon, whom he possibly overestimates; and of "that good, great, and noble-minded" man, the late Sir Frederick Pollock, with whose family his own had an hereditary connexion. Most autobiographies consist mainly of reminiscences, more or less enlivened by amusing stories. In these there is no lack of the stories, but the chronicler is likewise the critic and the æsthetic essayist. He has written plays himself—he has likewise written beautiful and suggestive poetry; and he has been the friend of the poets and artists of the pre-Raphaelite *renaissance.* Sometimes he breaks aside into digressions, laying down what he regards as sound canons of criticism, and supporting his views by logical arguments. Readers may skip these passages at pleasure, although if they skip they may have reason to regret it, for Mr. Hake must provoke reflection even in those who widely differ from him. There is never any possibility of mistaking his meaning, and no one can deny him the courage of his convictions. In perhaps an excess of independence of judgment, he propounds a dogma here and there with an assumption of infallibility—as, for example, when he makes the sweeping assertion that the Elgin Marbles and the Cartoons of Raphael outweigh all the art treasures of Europe.

As a mere child he was a student of character. His good aunts and uncles little suspected that their habits and foibles would be handed down to posterity by the little boy they were petting and snubbing and tipping. We are amused to hear of his Aunt Wallinger, who, though her disposition was by no means Satanic, like Satan strove for social supremacy, and was happy in having established herself at the small coast town of Seaford, where she could reign without a rival. Then we are rather cynically introduced to a certain Mr. Gwynne, "a very artful lawyer of imposing demeanour, and who was highly respected by all who did not know him." Hake became a Bluecoat boy; he has many pleasant recollections of the gravelled yards and old cloisters, where he rather lounged and meditated than played; though he could be viciously pugnacious on occasion when his studious temper was provoked. In fact, he is a remarkable example of a youth and a man whose manhood, with all its superabundant energy, tended rather to thought and culture than to action. Many boys at the Bluecoat School, like himself, were eager readers. The literature most in favour was romance of the Mrs. Radcliffe school; for "Walter Scott was winding up the business of romance," and, though Scott complained that he was being hustled by hosts of imitators, Mr. Hake declares that the modern novel was as yet unknown. His remark on the latter-day multiplication of fiction is that nowadays "it is almost a disgrace to write a novel." He laments the decay of decent respect for time-honoured conventionalities; and there is one remark in which we cordially agree with him. "In those days an English clergyman dressed like a gentleman; he now wears a black livery, and looks like a bishop's footman, in mourning with his master for some dead archbishop." We are the less surprised that his book should be so rich in fresh information and original ideas when we come upon a confession which illustrates his indefatigable mental activity. When he felt ignorant he never rested till that ignorance was enlightened. He had a useful, though somewhat unpleasant, habit of cross-examining, and when he came across a man possessed of special experience he questioned him as if he were a criminal counsel getting up materials for a defence. We have already referred to his courage of opinion, and we fancy Sir Frederick Burton will be sorely scandalized by his remarks on some costly purchases of the National Gallery. He blasphemes a so-called Madonna by Raphael as an invalid housemaid on a throne; and brands "a preposterous Rembrandt" as a King Charles mounted on a cart-horse.

The earlier part of the volume is interspersed with lively old social reminiscences. He delighted in the bright scenery of the South Downs, and goes into raptures with very good reason over the picturesque seats of Lord Gage and Lord Hampden. He sings the praises of the old Southdown sheep, and specially of the six-year-old mutton. Now these sound traditions of the table are only preserved, as he believes, in such households as those of Lord Hampden or Lord Chichester. Unfortunately it is the wool that pays the rent, and the best wool-bearers make the worst meat. He remembers John Ellman of Glynde as famous among farmers as Coke of Leicester. Ellman always stuck to the orthodox knee-breeches and top-boots, and his whole soul was in the Cattle-shows. He was a tenant of Lord Hampden, who, as lord of the manor, went punctually to church, but comforted

* *Memoirs of Eighty Years.* By Gordon Hake, Physician. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

himself and his guests through the tedious service with the port decanter that was placed on the table in the commodious family pew.

Dr. Hake was a physician by profession, though a poet by predilection, and, indeed, his places of residence were often regulated by the movements of certain patients he attended. He knew all the distinguished doctors well, either personally or by repute, and he rapidly passes many of them in review—including some contemporary celebrities—in the last chapter. He tells a characteristic story of Abernethy, who was even more rough and ready than Jephson of Leamington, whom we well remember. A young friend of Hake's had gone to consult him. Abernethy asked some supercilious questions, and scribbled a prescription. His visitor duly laid down the fee and then tossed away the prescription; Abernethy, who for once had been met in his own manner, asked the reason, and was answered that he had never gone into the case. Whereupon he had the grace to apologize, on the score of being constantly troubled by *malades imaginaires*, and having given the patient ample attention, he sent him away with carefully-considered advice. At that time Hake paid a visit to Florence, where he made the acquaintance of Landor and Trelawney, and thence he went on to Rome, which suggests another and a pleasant anecdote of Lord Bristol, the munificent, though eccentric, Bishop of the town which gave him his title. Lord Bristol had been invited to a grand dinner by the Cardinals, when he chanced to learn that the banquet-hall was immediately over the debtors' prison. He burst out in fierce indignation. Was it to be supposed that an English prelate could dine in peace, knowing that fellow-creatures were suffering slow tortures below the floor? His hosts explained that "no insult was intended, but the Bishop was not to be pacified." Nor would he break bread till he received a schedule of the prisoners' debts, when, having drawn a cheque for the whole amount, he felt assured that the prison gates would be opened. Dr. Hake gives some remarkable examples of the vanity of human wishes, and of the ways in which the dispositions of testators have ere this been set at naught, or have caused infinite trouble. Not the least striking of them is connected with Fonthill and the burial of Beckford. He mentions, by the way, an odd instance of the *insouciance* of the wealthy squires in the golden ages of agriculture. Sir George Wombwell had sold an estate in Suffolk for 90,000*l.* The purchaser met him in the City to hand over the price. Sir George received it in bank-notes, stuffed them into his hinder coat-pocket, and walked quietly away. And that was a time when the streets swarmed with pickpockets like the pupils of Fagin, who made a tolerable living by filching silk "fogles."

There are reminiscences of the *Times*. We are told how Delane got the better of Lord John Russell in a difference by ceasing to report him at any length. Dr. Hake knew George Borrow well, and he paints apparently to perfection that wonderfully gifted but most crotchety man. Borrow was made up of the strangest contrasts and inconsistencies. He was often a very bear in society; he did not always spare the fair sex, especially when resenting the fancied grievances of friends; and there is an amusing account of a meeting with Thackeray when he gave the satirist a disagreeable hug. Thackeray had been repulsed in his attempts to draw the author of *The Bible in Spain* into conversation. At last he asked abruptly, being evidently embarrassed, "Have you read my 'Snob Papers' in *Punch*?" "In *Punch*?" said Borrow sweetly. "It is a periodical I never look at." There is a very interesting description of Hake's intimate relations with Rossetti, to whom he rendered many kindly services, and who, on his side, was a warm admirer of his friend's poetry. But to these relations we can only refer, because they throw so much light on Rossetti's peculiar genius that the many who appreciate it should read the chapters carefully.

JOHN LINNELL.*

THIS story of the Life of John Linnell is one which will not fail in interest to any Englishman, whether he care about art or not. Linnell was made of such sterling stuff, was so completely self-directed and self-governed from the beginning to the end, so independent of spirit and thorough in all his thoughts and actions, that those who most differ from him must acknowledge that he was a man to be proud of as a fellow-countryman. Of humble origin and of no education in the ordinary sense of the word, he, by dint of sheer talent, perseverance, and principle, built himself not only a fortune but a name, and died at a ripe old age with faculties unimpaired, and surrounded by his acres and his grandchildren like a patriarch of old. The life of Linnell is interesting almost *ab initio*. Though we are spared the usual signs of precocity which spoil the furniture and disfigure the walls of the humble houses of most pictorial geniuses, he soon showed a singular aptitude for art. If he did not scrawl caricatures of his master in his copybooks, it was probably because he did not go to school, and we find him early engaged in much more profitable labours—copying Morland's pictures for sale in his father's shop. His own shrewd eye for business was probably inherited from his father; but both were capable of sacrificing the present to the future, and his father not only gave up this source of income, but, though a poor man, paid 100*l.* to Mr. John Varley for a year's tuition for his son. The sum was wisely expended, for he learnt much from Varley, one of the most capable teachers of his generation; but he learnt as much or more from Mulready, Varley's son-in-law and assistant, who at that time was still living with the wife from whom he was soon to be separated for ever. William Henry Hunt was a fellow-pupil.

In no way is Linnell's healthy mixture of common-sense and imagination better shown than in the deliberate manner in which he for many years controlled his desire for landscape-painting, until he had earned sufficient money by portraits and engraving to enable him safely to indulge his natural bent to the full. He controlled it, but never abandoned it for a moment, painting landscapes continually, and exhibiting them also, though in numbers small in comparison to his portraits. The plan succeeded admirably; for, though the Academy failed till too late to recognize his genius, his reputation as a landscape-painter rose so steadily, if slowly, that by the time he had practically earned his independence, he could employ himself, not only more pleasantly, but more profitably, in painting landscapes than in any other way.

Linnell was one of those few men who look before and after, but yet never pine for what is not, because they know they are on the right road, and he had the additional pleasure of feeling that he was making the road himself. Indeed, there were few things that he could not and would not make, if he chose. At one time he made his own bread, leaving his sitters sometimes while he kneaded the dough; at another he brewed his own beer, which some of his visitors (he said) liked better than his theology. He gave them plenty of both, and both were home-made. In religious matters his views were always peculiar; but, though he joined the Baptists, going through the ceremony of total immersion, and afterwards had a leaning to Quakerism, they were on the whole singularly consistent to the last. The man who took his first wife to Scotland to marry her there, insisted later in life that his own children should be married before the registrar. If his religion was unorthodox, it was sincere even to passion; he would refuse a few flowers to decorate a church, but he would denounce with prophetic force those who were half-hearted in accepting the divinity of Christ. He could tolerate doctors no more than priests, and had little scruple in expressing his opinions. Stern, hard, and narrow in some ways, he was just and truthful and thorough in all.

A man of this kind, however his life may throw him into contact with other people, lives greatly in himself, and Linnell was not a man to court society. Nor was he a great letter-writer, so that we do not get so many glimpses as we might have expected of Linnell's contemporaries. At the same time those we obtain are often interesting in themselves, and they nearly all serve to throw light on his fortunes and character. Of special interest are the letters from Bernard Barton. They are, in the first place, beautiful in style, models of pure English; but besides this they are full of kind consideration, mingled with remarkable insight into Linnell's not quite unselfish motives, and singular tact in laying them bare without offence. They are also very interesting in the light they throw on the attitude of the Quaker mind towards art, Barton himself being a great lover of pictures and a collector, but conscious that his indulgence in this respect would be looked upon with something less than favour by the stricter brethren. It is agreeable to learn that he was a great admirer of the genius of Blake, and that Linnell, while pursuing his own spiritual peace, did not neglect the material interest of his friend. It is also to his credit that, while he sent Barton specimens of Blake's designs, he said nothing about his own, so that Barton was at first ignorant of his artistic talent.

To many persons, indeed, the most interesting point of Mr. Story's book will be that which deals with those relations between Linnell and William Blake, which redound so much to the credit of the younger artist. Mr. Story has done no greater

* *The Life of John Linnell.* By Alfred T. Story. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

service than in correcting some mistakes into which Mr. Gilchrist (no doubt most innocently) fell. We are glad that he is able to cast discredit upon the Adam and Eve story, and has put a stop to any further confusion about the original drawings of the Job series and the replicas which Blake made for Linnell. These, we learn for the first time, were finished on outlines traced by the latter. There are other stories also about John Linnell himself which, so far as they reflect injuriously upon his reputation, may be now set at rest for ever. Of these perhaps the most important are one which relates to Constable, and another which relates to Blake. A rumour which, if not set on foot by Constable, was spread by him, is said to have seriously interfered with John Linnell's chance of election at the Royal Academy. It was to the effect that, in exchanging certain pictures of his with the Rev. Thomas Allies for two pictures by Old Masters, a Gaspar Poussin and an Everdingen, Linnell took advantage of his knowledge of the value of the latter, and practically cheated Mr. Allies. By a statement signed by William Collins and Linnell in the presence of Constable, it is sufficiently established that the accusation was unfounded; but it would have been better if Mr. Story had been content to tell the story without bringing charges against Constable which it is now impossible to prove or disprove. The other rumour is connected with those drawings in illustration of Dante and other works which Blake drew for Linnell in his last years, when he could find employment nowhere else, and would have starved but for the punctual periodical payments with which Linnell fed his exchequer. There have not been wanting suggestions to the effect that Linnell knew very well what he was about, and that if he helped Blake he made a good thing out of it. Such remarks as these, especially about a man who was always just before he was generous, are more easily made than refuted; but no refutation could be more convincing than the note which Linnell wrote to Lord Egremont after Blake's death. It should be added that the Dante drawings were in the possession of Blake at his death, that Linnell did not claim them, and that the book which contained them was sent him by Blake's widow because she regarded him as their rightful owner.

> 'They [the Dante drawings] were done,' writes Linnell, 'in return for moneys advanced to Mr. Blake when he had no other resources. The sum, however, was inconsiderable, compared to the value of the drawings; and Mr. Linnell's object being only to relieve the necessities of his friend as far as he was able, he is now willing to part with the drawings for the benefit of his widow, and if he can obtain a price something more adequate, he will engage to hand over the difference to Mrs. Blake.'

Another point on which there has been some dispute is to how far Samuel Palmer was indebted (as an artist) to Linnell. It has been contended that the debt was slight, and even that it was on the side of Palmer rather than on that of his father-in-law that the balance lay. It is very possible that Linnell may in later years have felt the poetical influence of Palmer's genius. From the first he recognized it when others did not, and their minds were too much attuned in regarding nature poetically (or we might say religiously) for them not to react upon one another. But of the valuable assistance Linnell gave to Palmer in the earlier days of his career there can be no doubt after reading the correspondence between them which is printed in this volume. No father could have taken more pains or given more sound counsel, no son could have sought it more eagerly or prized it more. "Pray," Palmer writes from Pompeii (August 1838), "send me every time any hints which may be profitable to us in our studies. Remarks of yours made months and years ago often revive in my mind as I am at work, to my no small edification." "Endeavour," writes Linnell to Palmer, "by pursuing this path . . . for a few years . . . and you will be a Turner some day without turning."

Finally there is one story, silly and trivial enough, but yet reflecting sufficiently upon Linnell's generosity—and his generosity to his children—to excuse mention here. It is told in the *Life of Richard Redgrave*, on the authority of another Academician, that when his son John asked Linnell for some painting tools, he bid him recollect his mother's first words, "Bye-bye, bye-bye—buy-buy." The specimens of Linnell's humour given in this book are, we regret to say, not much better; but the united testimony of the family is against the probability of the story, as Linnell never grudged them what was necessary for their studies or their welfare. Oddly enough, however, a similar play upon words occurs in one of the best of those pieces of verse which Linnell began to write with more vigour than skill after he removed to Redstone. The allusion in the first line is, probably, to Landseer's celebrated picture of "Man proposes, God disposes," in which polar bears are seen disturbing the relics of the Franklin expedition:—

> I said though polar bears their thousands bring,
> And art mediæval's thought the very thing;
> Yet I will paint the dainty spring,
> The summer and the autumn sky,
> With the fields and hills
> Whose glory fills
> My heart with ecstasy;
> I'll paint the reapers in the harvest field
> At work or rest, for both will yield
> Pictures of happiness and bounteous love,
> Bestowed on just and unjust from above;
> All these I'll paint, at least I'll try,
> But if I do—oh, tell me true!—
> Do you think anyone will buy?
> And echo softly answers, 'By-and-by!'

This was no audacious prophecy at the time, as he had then little difficulty in finding buyers.

Whatever Linnell wrote was so much to the purpose, and so full of thought and character, that it is to be regretted that he did not write his own biography. But, in default of this, we may well be contented with the manner in which the existing records of his career have been presented to the world. Mr. Story has, indeed, published some few stories and jokes which seem rather trivial, but in this he has erred on the right side, from a desire to give a complete picture of his subject; and there is, on the whole, very little indeed in these two volumes which could be spared. Where he has to add to his material, by connecting links of fact or illustrative comment, he is always terse and unobtrusive, and, though occasionally we find a slight want of sequence in arrangement, there is not much fault to find in the construction of the work. The most obvious faults are those which may be partially due to the printer. He calls Northcote North*cott*, Havell Hav*el*, Heaphy Heap*ly*, and Bewick Be*r*wick. A mistake which may be more safely laid to his own door is his description of Richard Wilson as one of Linnell's contemporaries. As Wilson died some ten years after Linnell was born, this is certainly one of the slips which should be rectified when occasion offers.

The book is fairly well illustrated with specimens of Linnell's portraits and landscapes, and it contains three new portraits of Blake, all of them admirable, in one of which he is seen listening to the voluble John Varley. The contrast between the two characters is forcibly given without exaggeration.

TRAVELS OF PIETRO DELLA VALLE.*

We are sorry that the Hakluyt Society has not found it possible to give us the whole of Pietro della Valle. Learned societies, like other people, must cut their coat according to their cloth. They have to regulate their undertakings by their engagements and resources. A complete reprint of *Il Pellegrino* would require six such volumes as the two before us, which is more than could be expected in one year, and the Society has in hand a number of books which we shall be very glad to see. *The Voyages of the Earl of Cumberland, A Reprint of Seventeenth-Century Books on Seamanship, The Voyages of Keymis and Berrie to Guiana*, and best, perhaps, of all, *Dampier's Voyages*; all these are assigned to editors who have them in hand, and are no doubt busy upon them for our future satisfaction. It would be a pity if any of them were delayed; and yet since we were to have Pietro della Valle again, the whole of him would have been more acceptable than a part. To begin with, the whole commonly is better than a part, and it is a defensible proposition that the portion selected by the Society for reproduction is not the most interesting. These two volumes contain the letters from India, to the exclusion of those which were written from Turkey and Persia. India unquestionably touches us very closely. An account of it as it was in the early seventeenth century, when the East India Company had just established its first factories, is a thing which it is well to have in an accessible form. Yet Turkey at the same time was interesting, and Persia in the reign of the great Shah Abbas was well worth looking at. Besides, our own relations with the Sofi were close. It was in alliance with him that the East India Company gave the first promise of what its future history was to be by taking part in the expulsion of the Portuguese from Ormuz. The traveller's accounts of that curious enterprise and remarkable place are not included in this reprint. They are to be found at the end of the letters from Persia.

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* *The Travels of Pietro della Valle in India.* From the Old English Translation of 1664. By G. Havers. 2 vols. Edited, with a Life of the Author and Introduction, by Edward Grey (late Bengal Civil Service). London: printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1892.

The account of India is still well worth having in a more accessible form for those who cannot read Italian than in the old translation. Mr. Grey explains in the Preface that the first suggestion to reprint Pietro della Valle's letters from India was made by Professor E. Rehatsek, of Bombay University, who made a translation of them. On further consideration the Society decided to use the old version of Havers, partly because Professor Rehatsek's seemed to require much revision, and then because "the somewhat archaic form of the language used in it seems to be in keeping with that of the original letters, and to give them a character and flavour which would be wanting in a modern translation." This is the sound universal reason for always using an old translation of an old book when possible. Mr. Grey has annotated the text with care, explaining whatever seems obscure, giving more correct forms of names, and pointing out when the author's explanation of native titles is fantastic. We have noticed only a single instance of a superfluous note, and that is one in which Mr. Grey explains that the word "re-edify" is used in the literal sense of "to build again." Would it not be a peculiarity to use it in any other? You edify the congregation, and not the steeple; but you re-edify the steeple, and not the congregation.

The text itself, as Mr. Grey also very justly says, is to be read, not only for the record it contains of interesting old things seen, but for the sake of the traveller. Pietro della Valle came into India at a critical time. The Mogul Empire was just showing the first signs of its approaching disruption, and the Portuguese were manifestly sinking under the attacks of the Dutch and English. He gathered all the information he could about the conflicts between Shah Jehan and his sons. He visited Goa, and made shrewd remarks on the corruption of the Portuguese. The first letter contains a criticism of them which is very sagacious. Signor Pietro entered India on board an English vessel which he found at Bandar Abbas. On his way to Surat he noted that the observations were taken on board the *Whale*, not only by the captain, but by as many as twenty of the crew—by all the mates and apprentices, in fact—while the lead was cast continually and the results noted. Now this, says the traveller, is the reverse of the Portuguese practice. The pilots of that nation are so jealous that they will not allow any member of the crew to assist in the navigation. Therefore the Portuguese are generally ignorant of navigation, and that is one reason why they suffer so many shipwrecks. Della Valle visited Goa, and speaks kindly of individual Portuguese; but, in judging them as a nation, he was not far from agreeing with the contemptuous verdict of Captain Singleton, that they had nothing to teach except vice and bad seamanship. Wherever Il Pellegrino went he observed sharply and drew his deductions shrewdly. His notes are full of colour—whether he was on board an English or Portuguese ship, or was staying with the Dutch Factor at Surat, or was visiting the Courts of the native princes on the Malabar coast. But the figure of Pietro della Valle is, after all, the most interesting thing in the Indian portion of his travels. There is no better company among travellers. With a love of wandering for its own sake he combined an insatiable curiosity and an extraordinary power both of observing and of recording. He saw everything, and all that he saw was at once set down. The praise which has been given him by competent judges, from Gibbon to Colonel Yule, was amply deserved. It is impossible not to like the man personally; he was so candid, so perfectly courageous without show, so absolutely clean-minded without prudery. Withal, too, Signor Pietro was a perfect gentleman, not only by training, but by virtue of an instinct of courtesy which made him perfectly indifferent to all accidents of manner, colour, or dress, and put him at once at his ease with English skippers, Portuguese ecclesiastics, the Shah of Persia, and the half-naked princes of Malabar. One of these last, after a long interview, declared that Pietro must be a gentleman in his own country, because he made himself pleasant without fuss.

NEW MUSIC.

A TRULY wonderful collection of music is the "Augener Edition," which, for cheapness of price, beauty of type, and care in editing, is not surpassed by any other in Europe. Designed originally to supplement the celebrated "Peterschen Ausgabe" of Leipzig, it has grown in size so as to rival its prototype, and to form one of the largest libraries of ancient and modern music in existence, wherein may be found pianoforte, orchestral, or chamber music, as well as vocal music, whether choral or solo, of all the most celebrated masters of past or present times. A mere glance at the catalogue of this collection, itself a quarto volume of no mean dimensions, will suffice to show the variety and range of the enterprise on which Messrs. Augener & Co. have, during many years, expended so much care and labour to perfect, and a further study will reveal the fact that some of the best editors of the day have undertaken to superintend the production of the various works. Of the classical works sent to us by these publishers, three Sonatas for the organ in C, G, and E minor, by Joh. Seb. Bach, edited by W. T. Best; Haydn's First Symphony, arranged by Max Pauer as a pianoforte duet; and Corelli's twelve Sonatas for violin and piano, edited by Gustav Jensen, are good specimens of careful reproduction; while Schumann's Romances for female voices, Op. 69 and 91, and the "Märchenbilder," for viola and piano, are also excellent examples of musical printing. Among the instrumental works other than for pianoforte, we have three charming "Charakterstücke" for the orchestra, and an arrangement of two Romances by Beethoven for the violin and pianoforte by Gustav Jensen; a grand Trio for violin, viola, and piano by Ignaz Lachner, and a Trio for violin, violoncello, and piano by J. W. Hudson, both works which will amply repay study. Two books of "Morceaux mélodiques," by F. Hermann, for two violins and piano, all of which are effective and not beyond the skill of a moderate performer, which may also be said of "Appassionata," for violin and piano, by Anton Strelezki. A March and a Lullaby for the same instrument by Marie Wurm, as well as "Estera Gavotte," are simple and melodious pieces for beginners; while Moszkowski's "Hungary" and S. Noskowski's "Zingaresca" and "Cracovienne Mélancolique" are brilliant arrangements, suited to a more advanced student. B. Campagnoli's excellent 41 Caprices for viola and Ritter's "Violin School" are too well known to require anything but passing mention; and Gariboldi's "Études faciles et progressives," for the flute, will be found to be one of the best exercise-books for the student of that instrument. Among the pieces for the pianoforte alone, Ernst Pauer's well-known "Études caractéristiques pour la main gauche," a series of twelve studies for the left hand, remind us how much can be done by the skilful performer even with one hand; while the same composer's editorial ability is here represented by the "Library of Pianoforte Music for Study and Amusement," containing studies by Loeschorn, Berger, Pauer, &c., pieces from Carl. Ph. E. Bach to Joseph Joachim Raff and Xaver Scharwenka, with short biographical notices of each composer, and by the junior and senior grade "Studies and Pieces" contained in the syllabus of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music for local centre examinations in music for the year 1892-93, which of itself forms a small library of excellent pianoforte pieces.

Anton Strelezki is here represented by two books containing four novelettes each, which show him to be a composer of considerable versatility and originality, and "Wanderstunden," four sketches of much beauty and artistic power. Two books of "Aquarellen," by C. Gurlitt, are graceful productions, and E. Krause's "Six Little Sketches" are melodious and well suited for children. A series of studies by the well-known Professor Albert Loeschorn, entitled respectively "Rhythmische Probleme" and "Etudes Mélodiques," should be welcome to all who are ambitious of advancing their technique and style of pianoforte playing, especially with regard to rhythm and phrasing. Four pieces by Adolfi Czibulka, called "Dashing Cavalry," "Bird of Paradise," "Viennese Humour," and "Loving Hearts," are very good specimens of the favourite composer's work, and "Spectral Hunt," by Edith Swepstone, is a characteristic piece, effective and energetic. L. Schytte's "Rhapsodie," "Gavotte (en Mi majeure)," and "Nocturne (en La)," display much grace of diction and considerable musical knowledge, and Georges Pfeiffer's "Arlequinade" is a brilliant piece of drawing-room music. Of the songs sent to us by Messrs. Agnew & Co., there is a very pretty setting of Lord Tennyson's words from *The Foresters*, entitled "To Sleep," by Geraldine Fitzgerald, and a charming one with violin or violoncello obbligato, by M. Bergson, called "Parted Lovers," both of which should find many admirers. "Three Lyrics," to words by William Black, by Edith Swepstone, are musicianly compositions, and "Four Songs," by Ferdinand Dunkley, are well above the average. Fritz Deluis, in his "Three Songs by Shelley," has accomplished a somewhat difficult task with considerable success, and C. A. Lidgey has done the same with his "Vier Lieder" to words by Heine, while Charles Wood's four songs, "An Ancient Love Song," "Why so pale and wan?" "How can the tree but waste and wither?" and "Ah Robin" are all characterized by a quaintness quite in keeping with the old-time words. Six two-part songs for female voices called "The Fairies," by J. Acton, are melodious productions, and Seymour Smith's charming little Cantata for female voices, "May Time," will be very welcome to ladies' choirs.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. send us a song by Marguerite Marigold, set to words from W. H. Pollock's *Old and New*, entitled "My will is gone to sleep, dear," which shows much

originality in treatment, is a thoroughly musicianlike piece of work, and a worthy setting for the words.

From Messrs. Forsyth Brothers we have received "Meadowsweet," a Cantata for treble voices, by Arthur Page; and "The Nymphs and Goblins," a fairy tale by the same composer. Both works are likely to become popular during the coming Christmas time, and not being of any great difficulty will prove very effective if carefully rehearsed.

Of the music which reaches us from Messrs. Weekes & Co., "When soldiers pass," a song by the popular composer Joseph C. Roeckel, and "Jack's Letter," by Samuel Weeks, treat of military and naval episodes respectively in that manner which is beloved of a drawing-room audience, and are, indeed, very good songs in themselves. Two songs, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts" and "Such is Fame," by Gerard F. Cobb, are each in their way characteristic of this excellent composer's work, the first being most to our liking, while the second compels attention by its dramatic power. Rosetta O'Leary's "A Clasp of the Hand" is pleasing and melodious, and should become a favourite with those who can appreciate a well-written song; and "My Lady's Face," by Mary Travers, is a charming setting of some very graceful words by Beatrice Washington. There are before us, also, excellent arrangements for the organ of the Beethoven and Chopin Funeral Marches and Mendelssohn's Wedding March by J. Wodehouse, and a series of "Six Diversions," easy duets for two violins, by J. E. Newell, which will be found very useful for beginners on that instrument.

THE TUSCAN REPUBLICS.*

APART from the plan of her volume, for which, as writing in a series, Miss Duffy is perhaps not wholly responsible, her work is generally praiseworthy. It is accurate, and presents evidence of careful study, of some knowledge of places about which she writes, and of interest in her subject. If she had attempted less her success would, no doubt, have been greater. A history of the Republic of Florence could scarcely be written satisfactorily in fewer pages than are here given to Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Lucca, together with Genoa, a somewhat inappropriate appendage to the group of Tuscan Republics; for, though it is true that, in the most brilliant period of the existence of both cities, Pisa and Genoa were in constant rivalry, Genoese history, as a whole, is closely connected with the history of Milan, and, after the thirteenth century, has little to do with the course of events in Tuscany. The attempt to pursue so many threads more or less simultaneously has rather injured Miss Duffy's narrative, which is in parts too full of facts, and sometimes lacks continuity. Her book would have been brighter if she had been content to leave some matters of comparatively minor importance altogether alone, and had treated others at greater length and in much the same way as she does treat the "Insurrection of the Ciompi." Here and there she writes with spirit, and always with good taste. Her opening chapters contain an excellent account of the origin and early days of the Republics. Among other bits of her work which strike us as specially well done is her chapter on the administration of Giano della Bella in Florence, and the subsequent feud between the Bianchi and the Neri. She is strongest on the constitutional changes adopted from time to time by the Florentines, while her description of the commerce and manufactures of the Republics is as adequate as the space at her disposal would allow; but we can scarcely say as much for her treatment of literature and art, which is decidedly jejune. Special care seems to have been devoted to the characters and doings of Cosimo and Lorenzo de' Medici, though we think that it is rather hard on Lorenzo to say that he "had no statesmanlike views." Here, perhaps, Miss Duffy has allowed her attention to be fixed too exclusively on the effects of his domestic policy. Her account of Savonarola is excellent. Speaking of Savonarola's political career, she observes that it was to no small extent forced upon him by the people, who found themselves unable to decide on any system of government. The old constitutional machinery was worn out, and they desired something wholly new. The proposal to form a Grand Council as a means of enabling them "to elect their magistrates and vote their own laws" was strongly opposed, both by the Twenty, who were then in power, and by the secret adherents of the Medici. "Perplexed, restless, and unhappy," the people turned to Savonarola to guide them, and "the same instinct which made him a 'prophet'—his sense, that is, of the likely and the inevitable—helped him to detect also what would be alone acceptable to the multitude, and the easiest therefore to achieve." Miss Duffy's book, which virtually ends with the fall of Siena, is, in spite of some faults in construction, one of the more creditable volumes in this extremely unequal series. It has a map, several illustrations, and a useful chronological table of events.

* *T... ...tory of the Nations—The Tuscan Republics (Florence, Siena, Pisa, and ... with Genoa.* By Bella Duffy. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New ... G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

THE EARTH FIEND.*

THE work of Mr. William Strang has seldom lacked the distinction of personality. From one point of view his etchings are strongly suggestive of certain Teutonic influences, and he is revealed as symbolist and mystic. But in this suggestion there is something more than a tradition merely, and nothing, in short, that may be likened to the conscious reproduction of a bygone style, as when Charles Lamb, by a single freakish touch, transports us to some Burtonian thicket, or the very Garden of Cyrus. Mr. Strang's symbolism, significant and original as it often is, and therefore comparable to some extent with that of the great German masters, is but one, and not the chief, of the interpretative means by which his imaginative ideas find expression. At times both the expression and the ideas are strikingly original. There is something of an elemental force in the designs, as if the artist had by some visionary process resolved his theme into its primal elements. This illustrative power was finely exemplified in some of Mr. Strang's remarkable etchings for Burns. In *The Earth Fiend* this artistic gift is yet more impressively manifested. The ballad possesses in some measure the qualities of the etchings. It has the same largeness of style, the same vigour of handling, the same simplicity of presentment. The subject of the poem is a story of witchcraft, an earth-tragedy of primitive man, suffering the original curse, with its dolorous burden of the ceaseless, thankless tasks of the husbandman at strife with a stubborn soil and the powers of evil. Nothing thrives with the farmer, who falls a victim to the Earth Fiend, notwithstanding that his piety is as exemplary as that of Burns's cotter:—

> And when arrives the hour o' rest
> He takes the books,
> The guid auld Psalms he likes the best,
> Then prays that they and theirs be blest,
> And heavenward looks.

But nothing but blighting follows, and the unrelenting destiny of ill:—

> The grey gull wheels o'er sodden stooks
> When hairst's at hand;
> A' rusty grow the reaping hooks,
> The tearfu' sky maks grumly brooks
> O'er a' the land.

In despair the wretched farmer consults the witch-wife, and here we have to note that, though the artist's work far transcends the poet's, as was inevitable, there is one exception to be recorded. The etching of the incantation, while it presents the situation, with extraordinary power so far as it realizes the horror and prostration of the unhappy farmer and the appalling wraith of the demon, fails somewhat in its characterization of the witch Grey Meg Brock:—

> A beldam hag, wi' eagle beak
> And fiery een.

Uncanny though she be in the etching, she does not dominate the scene as the chief actor should. The stanzas descriptive of the sorcery are gruesome enough. She draws her own blood with a knife, and it flows into the hollowed hand of the farmer, who sees in this red mirror the foul fiend sowing his fields with ruin, blasting all his labours, laming his cattle, souring his hay, and so forth. Then the farmer goes forth in the gloaming, overtakes the demon, wrestles with him, and throws him, and the demon sues for mercy, and vows he will be the farmer's bondsman. The service of the evil spirit is accepted, and for some seasons prosperity reigns and the farmer is lulled to a blissful lassitude. But, of a sudden, at the prime of harvest, the vengeful fiend falls upon him as he sleeps and strangles him.

The etchings to this grim ballad possess an illustrative force which is nothing less than marvellous. There are who hold that art requires no more than this of the artist. Mr. Strang's illustration of the story is much more than pictorial. The deeper significance of the designs—as of some parable of the deceitfulness of riches, or of the unequal yoking of faith and unfaith—is of the kind that must attract the most casual regard. The scene of the wrestling is a magnificent design; and scarcely less imposing, if less heroic in quality, is the etching of the farmer at the plough. And yet more convincing is the artist's imaginative power in the wonderful

* *The Earth Fiend.* A Ballad Made and Etched by William Strang London: Elkin Mathews & Lane. 1892.

picture of the sleeping fiend watched by a group of curious, happy children, and in the noble etching of the farmer and his wife seated by the fire meditating on the "guid auld Psalms." Interspersed with the larger etchings are some of a symbolical character, not directly illustrative of the ballad, which are extremely rich in suggestion. Among these we note, as singularly characteristic of the artist, the design for the title; the figure of a man astride of a globe, into which he has plunged his field-fork; and the beautiful etching of Love with a scythe reaping the harvest.

LETTERS AND PAPERS, HENRY VIII.—VOL. XIII. PART I.

WHILE Mr. Gairdner's work is not less excellent in this than in earlier instalments of his Calendar, the period with which he deals here, the first seven months of 1538, is comparatively unfruitful. The more important subjects referred to in these *Letters and Papers* are discussed in his Introduction, which is, as usual, both pleasant and profitable reading. The terrible vengeance which Henry had exacted for the late rebellion in the North had effectually quieted that part of the kingdom; there scarcely a word seems to have been spoken against him. In other districts, however, there were signs of disaffection. Reports were raised that the King was dead, and the wish was father to the thought. In January Cranmer was busy examining persons in Kent who were accused of spreading the false news, and "had them all in prison." In Leicestershire, too, a clerk was in prison, "who most devilishly spake these words, 'If the King had died seven years agone it had been no hurt.'" In spite of murmurs the "new world," as men called the changes wrought by the King, was rapidly displacing the old order. Henry was anxious to persuade the heads of religious houses that "no general and violent suppression" was contemplated, and that he did not intend "to devise for" the suppression of any convent unless the members of it voluntarily surrendered, or were found to be disloyal. Yet no one, as Mr. Gairdner observes, could set much store by such assurances; it must have been evident that a general suppression was beginning; for in February one wrote to Lord Lisle, the deputy at Calais, "the abbeys go down as fast as they may," adding that he prayed God that Lisle might get one. Among the houses surrendered during the first two months of the year were Muchelney, Coggeshall, and the famous abbey of Abingdon. Throughout this volume we find Legh and Layton busy making visitations, and receiving surrenders of monasteries, while Richard Ingworth, the Bishop suffragan of Dover, and Dr. London were beginning a visitation of the friaries. At the same time, as Mr. Gairdner points out, "the forms of free surrender were well observed." An attack was made on objects of popular superstition. References occur here to the destruction of the Rood of Boxley, in Kent, which had machinery inside it, whereby the eyes and nether lip of the figure could be made to move. The account of the agent who seized the Rood seems to show that the abbot and monks knew nothing of this device, and that, whatever may have been the design with which the machinery had been made, it had not been worked for many years. At Hayles, in Gloucestershire, the abbot, fearing lest he should be accused of renewing the renowned relic of his house "with drake's blood," and hoping, as it seems, to be made one of the King's chaplains, requested Cromwell to appoint a Commission to inquire into the matter. Other relics of lesser fame were condemned in different parts of England, and the great image called Darvell Gadarn, to which Welshmen resorted, believing that it had "power to fetch persons out of hell," was brought up from the diocese of St. Asaph to London, where it was used to roast Friar Forest to death. Latimer wrote to Cromwell, consenting "to play the fool after his customable manner," at the execution, and expressing a hope that he might convert the Friar, though he thought that Forest had been too leniently treated in prison, and would therefore probably be obdurate. Pains were taken at the destruction of relics of note to excite the derision of the populace, and there is some evidence here that this policy caused a general increase of irreverence and much ill feeling among neighbours; some openly expressing their dislike of the new fashions, while others, filled with triumph, loudly proclaimed their contempt for customs and ordinances that their fathers had held sacred. Firmly bent on maintaining his own authority in all things, spiritual as well as temporal, and by no means intending "to lower the standard of orthodoxy," Henry would not allow his subjects to advance a step further in the path of reform than he had himself gone. At Oxford, "certain malefactors, both scholars and townsmen," were apprehended for eating flesh on fast-days. More serious matters were reported from Calais, where the people had taken to image-breaking on their own motion, and with "lewd words" had pulled down the image of "our Lady in the Wall." Many in the town were said to be sacramentaries, the chief among them being a priest lately come out of Germany, named Adam Damplip. In spite of an attempt made by Cranmer's Commissary to convince the Government that these men, who denied transubstantiation, were professors of Christ's doctrine, Cromwell at once took steps to check the spread of a teaching "much at variance with the King's book."

Abroad Henry sought to establish a complete understanding with the German Protestants, and sent an agent to the Diet of Brunswick to urge upon the Princes the necessity of firmness in denying the Pope's right to summon a General Council, and to request them, if they were resolved to send him an ambassador, that "Philip Melancton be one of the legation." Melancthon could not be spared, but ambassadors came from the Duke of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and other princes, and with them some theologians for the purpose of establishing an agreement as to doctrine. References are given here to a series of papers embodying the results of their consultations with English divines. In one quarter Henry had to endure a defeat that greatly annoyed him. No part of his foreign policy seemed to him so important as his design of preventing the conclusion of a peace, which he had good reason to believe was contemplated, between the Emperor and the King of France. In order to accomplish this design, he renewed his proposal to marry the Duchess of Longueville, and the marriage would have specially pleased him, because it would have broken the friendly relations between France and Scotland; for the Duchess was promised to James V. Nevertheless, her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Guise, were quite ready to play James false; for they considered that the English marriage would be more to their daughter's advantage. Francis I., however, would not listen to them, and hastened on the contract with the Scottish King. Henry played a sufficiently undignified part in the affair; he could not forbear pressing the match even when he knew that his suit was hopeless, and finally grumbled sorely over his disappointment to Castillon, who wrote an account of the interview to Francis. "You could easily tell the King of Scotland," Castillon represented him as saying, "that, if the lady were unwilling, you would not compel her; for marriages ought to be free." Disappointed of the elder daughter, Henry sent an envoy to the Duchess of Guise to ask for a portrait of the Duchess of Longueville's younger sister. The same envoy was also sent to Brussels to request the Duchess of Milan to allow the King's servant, "Mr. Haunce," to paint a picture of her. The Duchess gave Holbein a sitting, and Hutton wrote, "Mr. Haunce having but three hours space hath showed himself to be master of that science; for it [the portrait] is very perfect." Henry's efforts were in vain, and he had the mortification of hearing of the meetings of Charles and Francis, first at Nice, and in July at Aigues Mortes, where they exchanged rings "as a promise of peace," and agreed so well "that never princes parted more pleased with one another than they."

For those who enjoy details of the domestic life, and stories illustrative of the thoughts and habits, of a past age, this volume contains a fair amount of interesting matter, and among the many benefits that we have to thank Mr. Gairdner for, we must not forget to commend him for the care with which he records such things. The letters of John Husee to Lord, and even more to Lady, Lisle at Calais are generally delightful. Husee had no small difficulty in finding a waiting-woman for her Ladyship, and, when that affair was settled, wrote that a gentleman or two would have gone over to enter her service, but had been kept back by a report that she was "very sharp and hasty," whereat she was much disturbed. His chief burdens seem to have been shopping for his mistress and managing her young daughters in England, and his letters speak often about "edges of pearl," and the need of new gowns. A bill for the expenses of Mistress Mary Basset, Lady Lisle's daughter by her first husband, Sir John Basset, sent by a French lady with whom she had been residing, shows—"for the making of her black cloth gown 8*s.*, for her velvet coat 10*s.*, for lining the coat 40*s.*, for a paternoster 2*s.*, and for money advanced for play at various times 44*s.* Young James Basset, at the University of Paris, complained that his *maître de chambre* dictated his letters home, and that the Rector of the University, with whom he lodged, made him sleep with his servant and other boys. Lady Lisle had his complaint investigated by John Bekynsaw, who reported that there was no cause for it; James

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. XIII.—Part I. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1892.

"had with him two children of great houses, of his age, clean boys and prettily learned; these three lay in one bed, big enough for four great men." Mistress Anne got into some disgrace with her mother, apparently for giving away her pearls to a friend, and Husee was, he tells Lady Lisle, "meetly plain with her," but she was, he adds, "the best at saving her apparel that I ever saw." The discovery in a churchyard of an image of wax, with two pins thrust into it, was notified to Cromwell, together with the grounds of suspicion against one Pole, a scrivener, who is said to have declared that he could find hidden money, and had found much for the King, and that though "my lord privy seal had taken away his books, he could do many things without them." The curate of Rye also was accused of witchcraft by his parishioners, who affirmed that "he gave Hamper's child drink three times from the chalice for the chyne-cough." The Council of the North wrote to the King that a woman had been hanged at York "that fasted a black fast to an abominable intent against your Highness and the Duke of Norfolk." This was one Mabel Brigge, whose case is reported at some length in an earlier paper. Mabel admitted that she had fasted "St. Trynzan's fast," which appears to have been a fast for the accomplishment of some wish, but maintained that she had been hired to do so by a neighbour in weak health for "a peck of wheat and a half yard cloth," and knew not the intent of the fast. Others, however, swore that the fast was a "black fast," and that Mabel had herself said "that she had never so fasted before but once for a man, and he brake his neck or it were all fasted, and so she trusted that they should do that had made all this business, and that was the King and the false Duke." A later reference to "the woman's prayer that was put to death at York" seems to show that the case excited no small interest in the North.

EDINBURGH VIEWS.*

IN publishing thirteen views of Edinburgh Mr. Blair has tempted Providence with an unlucky number; and assuredly he has paid the penalty for that and for his other sins. The pious pilgrim who crosses the Atlantic that he may climb the steps of the Scott monument, and gaze upon the blood-stained floor of Holyrood, will no doubt admire these specimens of patriotic art. Less prejudiced persons will be glad to put them out of sight as soon as may be. For their style is marred by the characteristic faults of the old-fashioned Scottish School. When Mr. Blair aims at distinction he is only melodramatic, and the mystery wherein his night-pieces are enveloped is of the cheapest sort. He makes a pretence of breadth, but his touch is always small; and though he is prodigal of detail, he never seizes a completely picturesque effect. Again, his composition is generally the result of accident. He seems to have chosen those aspects of Edinburgh which are dearest to the tripper's heart, and so faithfully has he adhered to the subject that, at their very best, his drawings have but the merit of a photograph.

A literal translation is always misleading, and it is, perhaps, because Mr. Blair's views are so accurate that they give an entirely false impression. He has wofully missed the twofold character of the Northern capital. For Edinburgh is, indeed, a city of contrast. On the one hand towers the grim, grey Gothicism of the old town; on the other smiles the classic elegance of the terraces and squares upon which the Adams set their seal of beauty. But Mr. Blair has realized neither the one quality nor the other, so that while you recognize the outlines of the Tolbooth or the Calton Hill, of St. Giles's or the Castle, you are struck most forcibly by the unlikeness of each to the original. In the matter of scale he has failed also, and has even succeeded in dwarfing Arthur's Seat to a hillock, though it is characteristic of that eminence to suggest a grandeur which it does not possess. In short, artistically speaking, the *Edinburgh Views* are of no account, and they have met with better reproduction than they deserve. But they have the true Scottish ring about them; and, no doubt, they are eagerly looked for, along with cairngorms and tartans, in the bazaars of Princes Street.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND CARDS.

II.

HONOR PENTREATH, by Mrs. Henry Clarke, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a tale of Cornish life in the smuggling days. Honor Pentreath and her brother Jim are orphans, who live with their stepmother in London, where the story opens, and have just made up their minds to go back to the old family place in Cornwall and take up their duties there. Honor, being some years older than Jim, has always managed his affairs for him, and continues her management when they go back to Gudrance. She dislikes the Cornish people, and is determined to put a stop to the smuggling. Mrs. Henry Clarke succeeds in interesting her readers in Honor's reserved stern nature, which refuses to make allowances for any shortcomings. Honor sets a duty plainly before her, and that duty, whatever it costs her, must be done, and it is only through terrible sufferings and disappointments that she realizes her mistakes. The Cornish dialect is well produced with all the characteristics of its quaint humour, and, to those who understand, increases the interest of the book.

Gladys' Vow, by Mrs. G. S. Reaney (Clarke & Co.), is an improbable story of a girl who, though she declines to become the adopted daughter of some rich friends, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone, pays them long visits, and eventually gives up everything to fulfil a vow she makes after Mr. Featherstone's death, actuated by a letter he has left for her, asking her never to forsake his wife. "Vow it, Gladys, as in the presence of the dead." She does vow it as in the presence of the dead, and with many struggles and difficulties manages to keep her vow, and the book ends happily. *Gladys' Vow* is inaptly described as "A story of to-day for all readers."

The Cross Roads; or, a Choice in Life, by Charlotte M. Yonge (National Society's Depository), makes us envy Miss Yonge her experience of servants; for she describes a degree of refinement and good feeling in that class which is not easily met with, and which seems overstrained and unnatural. Were there many Emmeline Osbornes and Thomas Tolmans to be had, there would be more untroubled households.

Kate, the Pride of the Parish, by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), has an excellent moral, and the dismal story of the girl who began by being the pride of the parish, and ended with her ruin, yielding, through vanity and weakness, to temptation little by little, is strongly told.

St. Dunstan's Clock, by E. Ward (Seeley & Co.), is a pretty story, dated 1666, with some very good illustrations—amongst others, of two old houses in Fleet Street, of Old St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, the Gateway of Old Chancery Lane, and the Fire of London from the engraving by Hollar. The principal characters in this book are all interesting in their various ways—Michael Widdrington, the watch and clock maker, who, from kindness of heart, is reduced to poverty, his pretty attractive daughter Magdalen, his apprentice Dick, Christopher the selfish lover, Master Nicholas Brayling the money-lender and silk-mercer, with his "splendid" young daughter Marcia, are all well-drawn characters; whilst towards the end of the book the description of the Fire of London adds greatly to its interest.

Miss Marion Andrews has founded an attractive story on the siege of Londonderry—*Cousin Isabel* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.)—and makes her readers interested in both the history and the fiction that appear in her book.

A Soldier's Children, by John Strange Winter (Chatto & Windus), has been given by the author for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital. The story throughout shows such love and sympathy for children, and such complete understanding of their ways, that it ought to succeed in its charitable object. Some of the children's sayings are very funny and original, without being "too good to be true."

Ismay Thorn has given us a very pretty collection of children's stories, published by Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. *Little Sisters of Pity*, which gives the title to the book, is a sad story of an unknown sailor who is drowned and washed up on a beach, and found by two little girls, who are so sorry for the friendless dead man that they collect money for his funeral, and look after his grave, and are finally the means of his mother finding it. She turns out to be a rich lady, and rewards them by leaving them her money. The other stories are "The Dunce of the Village," "Christmas Opportunities," "A Little Knowledge," and a short sketch of an eventful journey, in which a doll plays an important part.

A Nest of Royalists and *A Small Legacy*, both by Esmé Stuart (National Society's Depository), are each thrilling stories in their different ways. In *A Nest of Royalists* the scene is laid at Blois, and history and romance are blended together so cleverly as to make both equally attractive. *A Small Legacy* has a plucky little boy for its hero, who has more adventures in his short life than most people have in their long ones. It is a pathetic story, and one could wish it did not end so sadly.

An Unexpected Hero, by Elizabeth Y. Lysaght, is a story of two orphans who soften the heart of a hard uncle, and finally go and live with him. The unexpected hero is his son, who has got into many scrapes in school life, and is supposed to be utterly

* *Blair's Edinburgh Views.* Edinburgh: Aitken & Doit.

worthless, but who proves himself in the end a hero in pluck and endurance.

A series of four children's books (Edward Arnold) are very attractive—*Deeds of Gold, My Book of Fables, My Story-Book of Animals*, and *Rhymes for You and Me.*

Four on an Island, by L. T. Meade (W. & R. Chambers), is simply an imitation of *The Swiss Family Robinson*—and a good one of its kind.

The Christmas Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* has been made specially attractive this year by a story, "A Wild Proxy," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, cleverly illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. The story is full of originality and go, as Mrs. W. K. Clifford's stories usually are, and with many bold touches also characteristic of her work. The Christmas Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* has also eight "humorous pages," illustrated by J. F. Sullivan, Leslie Wilson, Cyril Hallward, E. A. Mason, Caran d'Ache, F. H. Townsend, and Louis Wain. The coloured plate is "Flora," from the painting by F. Vinea.

Punch Christmas Number and Almanac, 1892.—Christmas without the Christmas Number of *Punch* would be a Christmas without plum pudding, mince pies, turkey, and children's parties. It would not be Christmas at all. This year we are provided, both as regards the letterpress and illustrations, with a fare well up to the usual standard of excellence that we have a right to expect from the first and best of the comic papers. But we do not think that Mr. Linley Sambourne, pre-eminent for symbol and hieroglyph, has ever excelled his series entitled "The Modern Mother Goose." In the first of these a young lady as Miss Muffett is represented as startled at her meal of conventional fiction by two large spiders—M. Zola and Herr Ibsen. Those who remember Mr. Du Maurier's Nightmare Pictures last year will be especially pleased to find a new set no less gruesome and amusing. The "Evolution of a Toy Soul," illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge (one of the best of new workers in black and white), being anonymous, it would be invidious to ascribe to any one. Suffice it to say that it is in *that* author's best and happiest vein.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have as usual got many new and beautiful designs amongst their Christmas cards this year. The "Watteau" Minuet Screen, by Frances Brundage (7475), is as useful as it is quaint and pretty, as it has a calendar at the back. The "Golden Harp" leaflet tied with coloured ribbon (7506), the "Horseshoe" leaflet with "Good Luck" cut out in gold letters (7596), the "Ribbon" leaflet (7593), the "Ideal" folding cards (7525, 7526), the "Gem" leaflet (7521), are all good designs. The "Village Church" (7346) and "The Water Mill" (7347) are frosted mechanical cards. "The Hobby Horse" (7051) will be specially attractive to children, also the dogs and the cats (7125). The "Children's Christmas Letters" (7071) are also very quaint. The "Louis XIV." Folder (7706), the "Transparent" Fan leaflet (7505), the "Stained-glass Church Window" Screen (7380), the hand-coloured (7788) and the three pretty little designs (7122½), are all good in their various forms. Altogether it is a charming collection.

Messrs. De La Rue & Co. have sent their usual good selection of pocket-books, diaries, and calendars. No. 3544, size C, is a very good useful russia leather diary, purse, and card-case combined, rather bulky, perhaps, for a lady's pocket, but quite fitted for a gentleman's; whilst 2100, size B, is a card and stamp case fitted with a diary and pencil, the right size for a lady. No. 2603, size B, is a very attractive russia leather card and stamp case, with small ivory memorandum tablet and diary. Then there is a russia leather diary, just suited to a pocket, which opens with a spring and contains a diary only; there are also some very small diaries, in leather and velvet, which fit into a waistcoat pocket; some pretty calendars; whilst a folding diary, bound in leather, folding up like a pocket-book, with a pencil attached, is useful and well-looking.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a very safe thing to say that no book has been so impatiently expected for years past by those students of Old French who care more for literature than for philology as the completion of the second edition of M. Léon Gautier's *Epopées Françaises* (1). M. Gautier utters in his preface a pleasant *mea culpa* over the delay and over the apparent eccentricity of issuing vols. three and four before vol. two. Also he tells us that the late M. Laboulaye used to smite him friendly on the subject of recasting the book at all. "I," said the author of *Paris en Amérique*, "do my books as conscientiously as I can, and then leave them to their fate." This is noble; and it has its advantages, no doubt. But, as M. Gautier humbly points out, when you have to deal with a subject which is almost entirely new, in which you yourself are almost a pioneer, and in which fresh tracts of country and fresh stores of information are being constantly opened, you cannot say "Mon siège est fait" in this lordly manner. Even now we have but the first part of the connecting volume, and the rest, with an exhaustive bibliography, is only promised next year. Still, here are between four and five hundred pages stocked with that unpretentious and uncontentious but solid erudition in which M. Gautier has no superior, and, perhaps, only one rival in his own field. A good deal of it is consecrated to the *jongleurs*, about whom M. Gautier has managed to find out a great many interesting things, such as the curious *fief de la jonglerie* at Beauvais, which once belonged to the bishop, and the profits whereof were largely derived from two very invidious, not to say scandalous, perquisites, the garments in which every bridegroom was married (or a sum of money in redemption of them), and four *deniers* (or, in default, her hood) from every woman of light character who resided in or visited Beauvais. He has also a chapter on the way in which the *chansons* were performed or recited, an elaborate tracing of the forms in which they made their way into other countries, and so forth. But we must necessarily postpone full criticism on a book which at present ends in the middle of a sentence. We notice it here partly that those who are interested in the subject may be aware of its appearance, and partly out of the respect due to the admirable qualities once more shown in it. Occasionally M. Gautier, indeed, is a little imaginative. But his fondness for what might have been is never allowed to dispense him from the strictest, the most minute, and the most perspicuous exactness in giving what is. And we know no historian of literature whose covers will be so seldom drawn blank by those who are hunting for fact, and not for fashionable critical theory. Add that there is in him a most agreeable absence of the snarling at predecessors and contemporaries which is the curse of much so-called scholarship, and that, though a most excellent Frenchman and, we believe, a faithful son of the Church, he has plenty both of humour and good humour, and enough will have been said to show that the pleasant and the profitable meet in his pages in an exceedingly satisfactory manner.

A transition from one good thing to another is never abrupt, and we pass from M. Gautier to Mme. Gyp (2) with no sense of incongruity. When *Monsieur Fred* appeared, and there were those who laughed, there were other stern censors who rebuked the laughers, and said that Fred was not only a little good-for-nothing, but, for all his 'cuteness, something of a little fool, and, even at times, something of a little cad. It was vain to remonstrate that all this was perfectly true, but did not make him less amusing. The contradiction, if contradiction it be, will once more present itself in his further history, where, by anticipatory grace of his fond mother, he appears full-fledged as "Monsieur le Duc," and magnanimously consents to marry a really "adorable" young person, Arlette de Granton. How he sins his mercies in this respect, like the *vicieux petit insecte* his affectionate but plainspoken aunt, Madame de Fryleuse, declares him to be; how he is too often nearly *canaille*, but always quite amusing, Gyp shall show. She holds the due penalty of his errors over him, probably to be inflicted some day, unless Arlette's patience is uncommonly angelic.

This last volume of M. de Pontmartin's *Samedis* is probably in reality the last (3), for it is provided with a *table générale* of all his critical works—a formidable bulk. The veteran critic was always himself, and there is no falling off here in the rather one-sided acuteness that distinguished him. But the subjects happen to be rarely of those which showed him at his best. Still, there is a good vindication of Paul de Saint-Victor against the lower Naturalist criticism, and some interesting reminiscences, especially in the papers on Leopardi and on Hippolyte Lucas.

The second volume of the *Théâtre* (4) of M. Gondinet contains *Le Panache, Jonathan, Les Grandes Demoiselles, Le Tunnel*, and *Oh! Monsieur.*

We can only briefly refer, at any rate for the present, to two useful volumes of statistics and criticism which are well worthy the attention of students in their respective departments. The one is Captain Molard's *Puissance militaire des états de l'Europe* (Paris: Plon), a very handy conspectus of the forces, the fortifications, and the military geography of Europe. The other is M. Léon Poinsard's *Libre-échange et protection* (Paris: Firmin

(1) *Les épopées françaises.* Par Léon Gautier. Seconde édition, entièrement refondue. Tome II. première partie. Paris: Welter.

(2) *Monsieur le Duc.* Par Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Derniers samedis.* Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Théâtre complet d'Edmond Gondinet.* Tome II. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Didot). It is needless to say that a large part of this business-like and extremely well-printed book is devoted to England; but it also takes all Europe to be its province. We confess that M. Poinsard's conclusion that neither Free-trade nor Protection is in itself preferable, all depending on circumstances (though it will enrage the extremists on both sides, and especially those of Free-trade), seems to us the only wise one.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

OF the prodigality of nature and the services of science Sir John Lubbock discourses in *The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World we Live in* (Macmillan & Co.) The magnitude of the subject and the varied fields of knowledge utilized by the author for illustrative purposes preclude anything more than a general exposition or summary of the more striking results of scientific research. The book, in short, is of a popular character, and is inspired by what may be termed an educational purpose. Sir John Lubbock would arouse the insensibility of the general to the beauty of the world. He would open the eyes of the blind to the wonders that lie about them in the world of animals and of plants, in woods and fields, mountains and lakes, rivers and sea, and in the starry heavens. From earth to heaven Sir John Lubbock ranges in what is truly a cosmical survey, and if his genial and stimulating book should leave the general reader athirst for further enlightenment, it were no undesirable result in the circumstances. It is not desirable merely, but inevitable, that many readers should be impelled by the suggestive exposition of the life-history of bees and ants, or the formation of river-beds and lakes, in the present volume, to consult more specialized volumes on these subjects by the author and others. Still, it must prove tantalizing to many who read Sir John Lubbock's very significant observations on "our extreme ignorance" of the animal world to learn that "the habits and mode of reproduction of the common eel have only just been discovered." When, and by whom, was this ancient mystery solved? No indication is given. Then the chapter devoted to "The Starry Heavens" is even thinner than might be looked for in a popular manual. Jupiter is dealt with in something like a dozen lines, and is said to have "four moons or satellites," which is scarcely in accord with recent research; while, in the single page explanatory of coral atolls, lagoons, and barrier reefs, we fear there will be little light to those who have not read Darwin. These little defects are, perhaps, unavoidable when an extremely discursive, illustrative treatment of the subject is aimed at. The copious extracts from the writings of Kingsley, Richard Jefferies, and Mr. Ruskin, given in Sir John Lubbock's introduction, are doubtless in accord with the popular method adopted by the writer. But we cannot see how they bear upon his thesis that "we are all indebted to Science for our greater power of perceiving, and therefore of enjoying Nature." We are all grateful for the gifts of "our Fairy Godmother," though some of us think that her claims are somewhat overstated by men of science. Surely these scientific days have lessened rather than increased men's leisure (p. 37). What charm is there in Richard Jefferies's writings that is due to science? The perception of the beauties of nature has existed from primitive times in its highest and most exquisite manifestations in non-scientific minds. If, as Sir John Lubbock says, the "light of science has now happily dispelled these frightful nightmares"—giants, ogres, demons, and other terrible haunters of woods and mountains—it has also brought the "dry discolouring hours" of sunlight, and banished fauns, and fays, and dryads, and all

> The fair humanities of old religion.

And Sir John Lubbock admits that because of this the hold of nature upon our feelings is weakened, though he does not credit science with the loss, but attributes it to "the change that has taken place in the character of our religion." There are two kinds of perception, in fact; the one natural, the other cultivated. The multitude might be educated to understand and delight in Sir John Lubbock's description of the structure of the dead-nettle flower and its fertilization by bees; but all the science in the world cannot endow them with the natural gift and the understanding of the poet's position:—

> He will watch from dawn to gloom
> The lake-reflected sun illume
> The yellow bees on the ivy-bloom,
> *Nor heed nor see* what things they be.

The revised edition of Mr. T. Digby Piggott's *London Birds and London Insects* (Porter) comprises some delightful sketches of the habits and haunts of sea-birds—"The Birds of the Outer Farnes," "Bird's-nesting Season in the Shetlands," and "St. Kilda from Without"—which are full of interest to lovers of nature. As a proof of care in revising these papers we observe that the return of the rooks to Kensington Gardens last spring is recorded in "London Birds." In 1878, as Dr. Hamilton notes, there were thirty-one nests. As for our song-birds, there is no doubt that they would greatly increase in numbers and in species were it not for the want of cover. If only an acre or two of thicket were planted and properly preserved and enclosed as a wilderness, as a writer in the *Standard* suggested not long since, Mr. Piggott's solitary nightingale of Kensington Gardens would soon be succeeded by many. Unfortunately, the authorities are just now busy in lessening the scanty protection afforded nesting birds that do not build in trees. The Horatian verse on Mr. Piggott's title reminds us that Nature is being subjected to a good deal of pitch-forking in Kensington Gardens just now. They are engaged in "opening out" and a tame regularity in planting, and in reducing the natural forms of shrubs and trees to that dreary monotony of round-headedness beloved of the Cockney gardener. No wonder is it that Mr. William Robinson lifted up his voice in remonstrance at the barbarous treatment of the fine old thorns and hollies above the Serpentine bridge.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's *Paddles and Politics down the Danube* (Cassell & Co.) is a cheery little book. Canoes, like most things, have changed since the famous voyages of the late Mr. John MacGregor. The little craft Mr. Bigelow paddled or sailed from the Black Forest to the Black Sea was of more elaborate design than the *Rob Roy*. She was fitted with a centre-board, fan-shaped and folding—a device which was only beginning to be used in American waters when the *Rob Roy* was entering on her adventurous career. She had, moreover, a rudder that could be lifted or lowered as paddling or sailing required, and, though of the same length and weight as the older canoe, had somewhat more depth and beam. It was not all paddling or politics with Mr. Bigelow, though of these matters he has much to record. He was vastly taken with Hungarian dancing, and though he protests he cannot tell you what the "tschardasch" is, he describes it effectively enough. And he writes of Turks, and Bulgarians, and Russian spies, and the Jew; and his report of the last, we may note, is very like the Jew that Mr. Pennell drew.

Mr. Wheeler's *Digest-Index to the Spectator* (Routledge) is a curious and, in some ways, interesting piece of bibliography. One thing attempted—"an orderly survey of the *Spectator*"—might, perhaps, have been more completely realized if the matters indexed were more simplified. However, the book is useful as a companion to the special edition to which it refers. For other *Spectators* it supplies but general indications, and not page-and-line references.

The London and Middlesex Note-Book, edited by W. P. W. Phillimore (Elliot Stock), is a new journal devoted to the history and antiquities and archæology of Middlesex. It is a miscellany that offers the most varied aspects of interest to antiquarian students, and comprises among the contributors some well-known names. The notes on local history include much that is valuable, and are likely to prove useful to students.

The charming reprint of Jane Austen's novels, edited by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, is completed by the ninth and tenth volumes, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* (Dent & Co.), two novels originally published in 1818 in four volumes, and since frequently printed together. It is pleasant, in these days when novelists show some disposition to combine and review the reviewers, to read Jane Austen's views on the subject in *Northanger Abbey*. Some of our novelists do indeed appear ready to act upon a portion of her advice, and say, in effect, "Do not let us desert one another; we are an injured body." But for the rest—the dignity and good sense of this young lady's attitude find few practical admirers.

Everybody who has examined the evidence is as "convinst" as Professor Gardiner and Dr. Furnivall are that the work issued by the Browning Society as *Robert Browning's Prose History of Strafford* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) is in the main the work of the poet, and not John Forster's, to whom it has hitherto been ascribed. In a lengthy Introduction to the present volume Mr. C. H. Firth contrasts the history and the drama of the poet, and corrects the curious and somewhat serious errors of the former. Dr. Furnivall's proofs of Browning's handiwork are interesting, and would be almost conclusive, even if he had not heard Browning's own admissions as to the matter.

From Mr. Douglas, of Edinburgh, we have an extremely pretty edition of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Poetical Works* in four volumes, pocket form, in a case. They are admirably printed, and bound in an elegant style. The edition is complete; the poems are printed in chronological order, and are prefaced by a characteristic note by the poet.

Among other reprints of interest we note Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, Vol. I., to which certain additions have been made (Smith, Elder, & Co.); a new and cheaper edition of the late Herbert Lewis's valuable treatise, *The Ancient Laws of Wales*, considered in connexion with English institutions, edited by J. E. Lloyd, M.A. (Elliot Stock); and *The Bible in Spain*, by George Borrow, with illustrations (Nelson & Sons).

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CHRONICLE.

Her Majesty.

YESTERDAY week the QUEEN, at Windsor, decorated Staff Sergeant WILLIAMS, of the Army Medical Staff Corps, for distinguished gallantry in the field at Abu Klea seven years ago.

Uganda.

The appointment of Sir GERALD PORTAL as Commissioner for Uganda is, on the whole, the best that could be made. He is practically on the spot; his official position at Zanzibar will give him opportunities, which no other man could have, of getting escort and carriers together; his Abyssinian record shows him to possess, not merely courage and energy, but excellent judgment and temper; and, in all points of sentiment and opinion, he is an Englishman to the backbone.

Home Politics.

This day week a letter was published from Mr. GLADSTONE to an Anti-Opium fanatic, endeavouring to soothe the said fanatic's fear that Lord KIMBERLEY was unsound on his own craze. A good meeting had been held the day before at Cambridge in favour of the retention of Uganda, and several others have followed during the week. It was announced that Messrs. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE had undertaken the publication of the Parliamentary Debates.

On Tuesday the further prorogation of Parliament to the 31st of January was gazetted; a meeting of the British South Africa Company was held and characteristically addressed by Mr. CECIL RHODES.

The chief purely home political thing in Thursday's papers was a speech of Lord RIPON at the Eighty Club, in which he contrasted the language used by Unionists towards Sir JAMES MATHEW with that used by Gladstonians towards the PARNELL Commission. The direct comparison does no discredit to the well-earned reputation of Lord RIPON's intellect, inasmuch as Gladstonians then indulged in all the covert abuse and insinuation they dared. But the indirect comparison does him greater credit still, for it invites people to compare the conduct of Sir JAMES with the conduct of the other three Judges. And there is not much doubt what the result of that comparison must be.

Election Petitions.

On Tuesday, as was expected, the election judges unseated Mr. CLAYTON for Hexham, deciding that he was personally blameless, and that corrupt practices had not extensively prevailed, but that he was responsible for the injudicious acts of his agent, Mr. BATY. Some remarks on the action of local Associations were added which will (as the American coloured minister said when he was asked why he did not preach against chicken-stealing) "throw a cold "over" those assemblies. For the rest, it is absurd enough, no doubt, that a country which regards everybody, or almost everybody, as possessed of intellectual and moral judgment sufficient to decide the most intricate questions of politics, should at the same time regard everybody as being so weak in the same quality as to be capable of being perverted by a shilling tea for sixpence or a twopenny "smiler" for a penny. But, as the British Constitution takes this view, it might be as well if candidates would employ only agents who have taken the trouble to master, and can be trusted to observe, the ceremonials of the occasion without straying out of the portals beset by the twin-spectres of Illegal Payment and Illegal Practice.——Any gratification, however, that the Gladstonians may have derived from Hexham was more than counterbalanced by the result of the South Meath petition. Mr. Justice O'BRIEN and Mr. Justice ANDREWS unseated Mr. FULLAM (*seu* FULHAM *libentius audit*, for there are both readings) on the ground of clerical intimidation. Mr. Justice ANDREWS, whom Gladstonians themselves accept as perfectly impartial, laid it down that Bishop NULTY'S famous—or notorious—Pastoral was of itself sufficient to void the election. This is nasty in itself for the Government; and when it is remembered that, but for this very same clerical influence exercised in the very same way, though perhaps not everywhere with such unblushing violence, their special allies in Ireland would probably not have carried twenty seats, it is nastier still.

The Indian Commander-ship-in-Chief.

It is no light task to have to follow Lord ROBERTS; but there is good hope that Sir GEORGE WHITE, V.C., who has been chosen, will justify the choice; for he did excellent work as a soldier in Afghanistan, and at least good work as a general in Burmah. Sir GEORGE'S career has been one of rather dramatic contrast. The first twenty-six years of it saw him vegetating up to no higher rank than that of Major; the last thirteen have made him Commander-in-Chief.

Scotland. The names of a new Royal Commission, for the purpose of planting Crofters in Scotland, were published this day week.——A bazaar was held last week at Glasgow to obtain funds for the further endowment of Queen Margaret College, the chief Scotch girls' college. 10,000*l.* was wanted, and nearly 12,000*l.* was obtained, which is rather unusual.——A fresh chapter has been added to the interesting history of the Scottish Regalia, familiar to all readers of LOCKHART'S *Scott*, by the restoration to public custody of the missing sword-belt said to have been given (with the sword already in the Castle of Edinburgh) to JAMES IV. by Pope JULIUS. The donor is the Rev. SAMUEL OGILVY BAKER, representative of the family of OGILVY of Barras, who in 1652 defended Dunnottar against the Cromwellians, and saved the Regalia from them.——It is said that some one in Edinburgh has been carrying on for a long time, and with great success, a manufactory of autographs and documents similar to that which plays so great a part in M. DAUDET'S *L'Immortel*.

Ireland. A melancholy lesson (of that rather hopeless kind which is known already to all who know and will never be learnt by those who don't) was given last week by a petition from Peasant Purchasers of holdings in Kerry to be let off their instalments. When English politicians are clear-sighted enough to see, and honest enough to act on the seeing, that a man who does not pay his rent when he holds as tenant will not pay his instalments when he holds as a purchaser, and would ask to be relieved of his debts to shopkeepers, &c., if he had his holding presented to him gratis, then the Irish question will cease, and Ireland will be prosperous. Till then, we fear not.——Nationalists were chiefly occupied last Sunday in celebrating the "brave men" who murdered a defenceless policeman in the execution of his duty some five-and-twenty years ago. "May all who sympathize with "these righteous die their death!" is a prayer which the sympathizers cannot possibly object to.——At the sitting of the Eviction Commission on Monday a rather curious correspondence was read between that body and its somewhat older and more stable brother the Land Commission, which declined to produce confidential documents except on strict understandings. Archbishop WALSH had become a bimetallist, which may or may not do bimetallism good. At any rate, the whirligig of time has brought about revenge for the *Drapier's Letters* in an odd way.——On Tuesday Mr. CLANCY, M.P., speaking at the National League, said that "government of Ireland by England "was usurpation," that "the LORD-LIEUTENANT and "the CHIEF SECRETARY had no right to be there," and that "the only thing they had a right to do" was not to concoct Commissions, not to hamper bailiffs, not to refuse to receive loyal addresses, but "to get out of it "as quickly as they could." Alas! we fear the gratitude of Mr. CLANCY will leave Lord HOUGHTON and Mr. MORLEY mourning.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The statement that Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN has reached the Nile was repeated at the end of last week and the beginning of this. As we have pointed out, there is nothing in the least impossible, or even improbable, in it; but, unless Lord ROSEBERY suddenly turns his coat, Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN will have to go "bock again."

Some fresh family jars in Chitral (wherein later it was reported that the AMEER had been meddling), a fight near Tokar, in which the Egyptian irregulars again showed themselves excellent well able to cope with dervishes, and the resignation of the Canadian Premier, Sir J. ABBOTT, were the chief items of this day week's foreign and colonial news. The French were still busying themselves over the everlasting Ems incident, as once more handled by Prince BISMARCK and Count CAPRIVI, and "silver men" and "anti-silver "men" were already at loggerheads in the Monetary Conference at Brussels.

With Monday morning came tidings of the opening of the Roumanian Parliament (with pretty language from King CHARLES about the approaching marriage of his heir with Princess MARIE of EDINBURGH), of the probability of an arrangement between England and Venezuela, of the completion of the Ronda-Algeciras railway, which makes unbroken communication between Calais and (practically) Gibraltar. Additional inquisitorial powers to the Panama Inquiry Committee had been refused in the French Chamber, after rather a narrow division (234 to 218), and a long report from General DODDS as to the means by which he proposes to pacify and Gallicise Dahomey was received.

On Monday itself the French Deputies came to bury M. LOUBET under pretence of wishing to *un*bury Baron REINACH. This rather ghoulish device succeeded by 304 to 219, and M. LOUBET resigned. Average of the Third Republic up to date, twenty-six Ministries to twenty-two years, or $1\frac{2}{13}$ Ministry per year. At the Monetary Conference Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD made a proposal that European Powers should buy silver for a term of years. But, putting bimetallism and monometallism out of the question, has the result of Government silver-buying in America been exactly encouraging? Is the object to gut the silver mines of all their contents, and have an end of the bother by knowing exactly where we are? or what? It was reported in more detail that Russia had politely requested Turkey to pay the indemnity. But *cantat vacuus:* a Sultan not less than another.

On Tuesday M. BRISSON, who had been the chief instrument in the overthrow of the LOUBET Government, was commissioned to undertake the not very promising task of being Number Twenty-seven.

On Wednesday the French Panama Commission was in full cry after its game, and the German Army Bill was attacked by Herr RICHTER.

The French Ministerial crisis had not come to a settlement on Thursday night. Movements of the dervishes on the Nubian frontier were reported, tallying with the reappearance of OSMAN DIGNA at Souakim.

Meetings, &c. This day week was a great day for meetings of divers kinds. Mr. ASQUITH'S Monster Variety Entertainment of Nuisances, Trafalgar Square, was in full operation; Mr. GOSCHEN spoke on University Extension; Mr. BRYCE talked to the London School Board teachers on the Teaching of Civic Duty, and envied the French the word civism (patriotism is good enough for *us*, and we venture to think that the less Board or any other school teachers meddle with the teaching of civic duty the better). The PRINCE OF WALES presided at the first annual meeting of the Imperial Institute.——Wednesday, Saint Andrew's Day, was as usual a day of feasting and speech-making. My Lord ROSEBERY was mighty pleasant at the Scottish Corporation, and many lights of science beamed on the Royal Society.

The Law Courts. The curious and rather puzzling contempt of Court action brought against three principal London newspapers in the matter of the Montgomery election petition for publishing letters between Sir PRYCE JONES and Lord SUDELEY was dismissed yesterday week, but without costs, by Mr. Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice WILLS.——At Manchester the Clergy Fees dispute, which has been conducted with so much acrimony, came before the Courts in the shape of a libel action, CHARLEWOOD *v.* FOSTER, which a diocesan registrar brought against the Rev. Mr. FOSTER, the chief promoter of the agitation. The verdict, which was for the plaintiff, with 200*l.* damages, was almost inevitable, for the defendant —one of those pretty numerous people who spoil a

fair case by intemperate and improper handling—had, without a shadow of justification, attacked Mr. CHARLEWOOD'S integrity, had written pseudonymous letters, and so forth. But Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, being invited to do so, went into the merits of the fees dispute itself, and expressed an opinion that not a few of these fees were illegal.——HOLMES, the signalman who is alleged to have caused the Thirsk collision, was committed for trial on Monday, with profuse apologies from the Public Prosecutor that he was only acting "under a sense of absolute obligation." This is nineteenth century with a vengeance. It would be interesting to know whether the Public Prosecutor is frequently guided by anything else, or whether he supposes himself to exist for the purpose of undertaking prosecutions according to his taste and fancy. ——Dr. BARNARDO, in one of the ramifications of that GOSSAGE case which is becoming a fair second to JARNDYCE and JARNDYCE, was fined 25*l.* and costs for contempt of court.——At Bow Street, on Tuesday, a summons was obtained by the Treasury against a paper which had advertised one of the now popular "word "competitions."——On Thursday the Queen's Bench Division (the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice SMITH sitting) refused to interfere with the extradition order made in the case of FRANÇOIS, the alleged accomplice of RAVACHOL. In the Police Courts a curious difficulty arose. The pugilist MITCHELL, who was sentenced some time ago to two months' imprisonment for assault, and appealed, wished to abandon his appeal and take his two months; but Sir JOHN BRIDGE was doubtful whether he could be accommodated.

Wreck Inquiries. The detailed finding of the Hongkong Court of Inquiry on the loss of the *Bokhara* amounts to little more than an expression of opinion, the evidence before the Court, owing to the extent of the disaster, being scanty and not expert. The Court thought there had been an error of judgment on the Captain's part in keeping the ship too close to one side of the Channel, but acquitted both him and the other dead officers of "wrongful act or default." The *Howe* Court-martial began on Tuesday. Most of the evidence was concerned with highly technical details of steering, &c., but inaccuracies in the charts, sufficient to have caused any such disaster, were alleged, and strong testimony given in support. Next day—after not merely Captain HASTINGS and his navigating officer, Commander DICKSON, but also Admiral FAIRFAX (who was not formally under trial), had made their statements, the Captain in particular with excellent judgment and taste—the Court formally and fully acquitted the accused, thus saddling the charts with the blame. But who is to blame for the charts? We have an Admiralty which spends a great many more millions a year than any other Great Power spends on its navy. And then its Hydrographical Department lets the charts of the great naval harbours of the world remain uncorrected for a century, while its Salvage Department modestly contents itself with non-existence, and the delegation of its duties to foreign tradesmen.

Poor Law Guardians. At the beginning of this week it was announced, with seven times seven blasts of trumpet, that Mr. FOWLER, by an order in Council, had reduced the qualification of guardians of the poor from a scale varying from 40*l.* to about 10*l.*, to a uniform 5*l.* Tories and Unionists were invited by the trumpeters to declare Mr. FOWLER guilty of unconstitutional action, to protest, to howl, and so forth. For our part we decline these invitations. If, as we presume, Mr. FOWLER has acted within his legitimate rights, well and good. If he has not, Parliament will soon find it out. To be sure, this kind of extra-Parliamentary ukase does not look as if Gladstonians were very sure of their majority; but that is their business, and no doubt they know it best. As for the result of the proceeding the best informed persons seem to have very little idea. The intention—a fresh transference of government to the unfittest—is of course obvious enough; but whether that intention will meet with success is quite another thing.

Racing. The Manchester November Handicap, which even now is about the last considerable flat race of the year, was run last Saturday by a good field, including Buccaneer, Ragimunde, Lauriscope, and other horses of note. It fell, however, to Sir JOHN THURSBY'S light-weighted Paddy, the favourite, Mr. I'ANSON'S Newcourt coming second.

The London County Council. The London County Council has been very, if not very usefully, busy this week, not with its business, but with assuring itself that it ought to be allowed to tax ground values and to "unify "London." And to throw the small oasis of the well-governed City into the same desert as the ill-governed county is, no doubt, "unification" of a sort.

Miscellaneous. Last Saturday was distinguished by disastrous fires in different parts of the kingdom. The Lincoln Theatre Royal, one of the now rare old country theatres, was burnt down; damage to the extent, it was said, of not much less than a quarter of a million was done at a great draper's shop in Edinburgh; and there was another mighty blaze in the London Docks. The Birmingham Cattle Show opened on the same day.——On Tuesday Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE had before him once more, and treated not without wisdom, that old and not unnatural, but perhaps scarcely modest, request for the "earlier opening of "Kew Gardens," which, being translated into fact, is a request for the supplying of houses in the immediate neighbourhood with a very delightful and comparatively private "square garden" on a very large scale, at the national expense, and to the detriment of the special objects for which the Gardens are kept up.——A Pembrokeshire deputation waited on Sir CHARLES TUPPER to urge the claims of Milford Haven, the Cinderella of English harbours, upon the Canadian Government.——The long-talked-of torchlight procession of the unemployed came off on Thursday night, and was a complete fiasco. Not more than a few hundred persons assembled; the City Police, forbidding their torches, escorted them with extreme politeness to Temple Bar, where the Metropolitan Police received and broke them up, so that as a body they never got to Trafalgar Square at all.

Obituary. Cardinal LAVIGERIE, whose name has been frequent in the papers of late years, died last week. We have no doubt that the Cardinal was perfectly sincere in his anti-slave-trade agitation, and in his recent conversion from Royalism to Republicanism. The latter, however, lent some colour to the scoffers at a certain "transaction" between the Republic and the Church. "The Republic," say they, "persecutes the Church ruthlessly at home, and only "just stops short of propagating atheism; but abroad, "as the missionaries are useful politically, they are "tolerated, and even petted, and forgive their home "persecutors." After all, this is Christian conduct.——Dr. HORT, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was one of the chief authorities on the Text of the New Testament, and M. PIERRE GALLAND, Director of the Gobelins, perhaps *the* first authority in European art as applied to house decoration.

Books, &c. There have appeared this week two notable books of verse—the late Lord LYTTON'S *King Poppy* (LONGMANS), a very pretty volume with a frontispiece and title-page by Mr. BURNE JONES, who has not been common in the front of books, and containing a very original and delightful fantasy piece, half ideal, half satirical; and a translation, also hand-

some (MACMILLAN), by Mr. C. L. SHADWELL, of the greater part of DANTE'S *Purgatory* into the stanza of MARVELL'S "Horatian Ode"—an "experiment," as Mr. SHADWELL himself calls it, and a bold one.

FRANCE.

THE French crisis has developed with rapidity, but on perfectly normal lines. In less than a week it has grown into an open and semi-revolutionary conflict between the Chamber of Deputies and the Law Courts. The Committee appointed to inquire into the truth of M. DELAHAYE'S sweeping charges began at once to endeavour to exercise powers to which it has no right. The Ministry, frightened, apparently, at the eagerness of the Committee to obtain possession of, and to exercise the powers of, a Committee of Public Safety, succeeded in defeating a proposal to confer judicial authority upon it by an Act. At the same time the Cabinet, in the hope perhaps of soothing the Committee, promised that the Procureur-Général should communicate to it the evidence collected by the investigating magistrate, which forms the materials of the State lawyers' brief in the coming trial of the Panama Directors. This compromise has proved displeasing alike to the Chamber and the Parquet. French lawyers are not more pleased by the intrusion of amateurs into their preserves than those of other countries. Nor are their professional pride and their sense of the mischief certain to be caused by "confusion of the two powers" less keen. But before the Parquet, though it has been prompt, could make its protest, the Chamber has shown itself equally ill pleased with the half-measures of the Ministry. The Deputies have persuaded themselves that an attempt was being made to keep the promise of thorough investigation to the ear and break it to the hope. A pretext was soon found for bringing this suspicion to the test. The Committee demanded that the body of M. DE REINACH should be exhumed, and an autopsy held to prove whether he did or did not die by poison. It was resisted by M. RICARD on behalf of the Cabinet, on strictly and, it must be confessed, somewhat pedantically legal grounds. M. BRISSON, the Chairman of the Investigating Committee, whose reappearance is one of the most curious features of the crisis, undoubtedly expressed the sense of the Deputies when he said that the law was being ransacked in search of technical excuses for limiting the inquiry. An overwhelming majority has swept the Ministry away. The Committee, not unnaturally elated by the manifest favour of the Chamber, has begun to act as if it were actually endowed with the powers it desires to possess. It has been immediately met by the opposition of the insulted judicial authorities. There is every prospect of an open conflict between the Chamber, in an almost revolutionary frame of mind, and the Courts of Law, indignant at what they consider unjustifiable interference with their functions, and animated in their defence of sound principles by injured professional feelings.

The situation is one which has often occurred in French history before. The Law Courts are now resisting the Chamber of Deputies much as the Parlement of Paris resisted the King. Under the Monarchy a solution was found by exiling the Parlement to dull provincial towns, by holding a "bed of justice," or, in the last resort, by threatening the formation of new Courts which would take away the business of the privileged College of Justice. In the present case, if M. CARNOT is prepared to act heartily with the Deputies, a solution may be found in the wholesale dismissal of recalcitrant legal officials. A less severe measure would be the passing of an Act to endow the Committee with judicial powers. Either course would have a distinct revolutionary flavour; but for a hundred years past there have been no means of finding an exit from difficult positions in France which did not more or less smack of revolution. It has, ever since the Great Revolution, been impossible for Frenchmen to realize that it is better to tolerate the suppression of a scandal or the escape of a wrong-doer than to take measures which must permanently weaken the authority of the Law Courts and the stability of the Government. This has been the case when it might plausibly be argued that the motives for the revolutionary measure were love of righteousness and hatred of iniquity. It has been still more frequently the case when the motives were love of exercising power and the hope of injuring opponents. All four motives may be traced at present working in such force that they may well dictate violent measures before long. The Chamber has been blamed, with perhaps undue severity, for insisting on an autopsy of Baron DE REINACH. It is an unsavoury demand, no doubt; but the circumstances of his death were in the last degree suspicious, and there are signs that an attempt to suppress the truth may have been made. He was buried with almost unseemly haste, and the official certificate of the cause of death is a document which does not deserve to inspire confidence.

The official doctor who signed it only certifies that he was convinced by information of the family that the cause of death was apoplexy. We are not surprised that the Chamber of Deputies attached no importance to such a certificate. Then M. RICARD took a line which was sure to cause irritation when he informed the Chamber that, as M. DE REINACH died before his name was formally included in the indictment, it was impossible to order the seizure of his papers. M. RICARD may have been animated by a severe regard for that letter of the law which cannot often be disregarded without injury to its spirit; but his language had an unfortunate resemblance to those merely formal and technical excuses which have been used to defeat the ends of justice. M. LOUBET'S rather petulant outcry that government was impossible if Ministers were to be dictated to at every turn by Deputies, was naturally offensive as coming from a man who owed his place to his insignificance. A direct vote of want of confidence would have been richly deserved by the incompetence of the Cabinet. The course taken by the Deputies was to vote against the Government in a way which certainly laid the majority open to the charge of wishing to see their will carried out, whether the measure they recommended was legal or not. They were, in fact, in that frame of mind in which Frenchmen are ready for sweeping and revolutionary measures.

The disappearance of M. LOUBET'S Cabinet will do nothing to soothe the exasperation of the Deputies' nerves. It leaves the Chamber and the Government in a situation in which even a strong man and well-organized party would find it hard to steer a steady course. The conflicting groups of the French Chamber and the small men who lead them may well lose their heads. As the Panama inquiry goes on it is becoming very clear that there was a considerable body of truth at the back of M. DELAHAYE'S sweeping charges. Nothing was obtained from that person; but other witnesses, notably M. PRINET, the investigating magistrate, and M. THIERRÉ, the banker, have quoted what does appear to be evidence, that vast sums of money did pass from the Panama Company to M. DE REINACH for the purpose of "advertisement." Much of it, if not all of it, went in "pots of wine" to persons who were likely to make themselves useful, and of whom some at least were Deputies. The effect of "revelations" of this stamp on the Chamber is, of course, to exaggerate its

existing anger tenfold, and to make it more resolute than ever to get at the truth and punish delinquents. It knows how suspicious France is of its legislators, and how ready it is to allow them to be swept away by any broom which happens to turn up at the right moment. So the Committee is well disposed, if it were only from a terrified desire to clear its character, for a policy of thorough. Animated by the support of the Chamber, it has entered on a conflict with the magistracy which has very properly reminded the politicians that the defence in all forms of trial must be considered to have some rights. There is no prospect that any effective moderating influence will be exercised by its chairman, M. BRISSON, or by the PRESIDENT. M. BRISSON, who has come to the front again after years of obscurity, is an "austere" Radical of the French serious type—that is to say, a man of much real and some pharisaical probity, with a passion for "logical "and consistent solutions." He is understood to believe that a drastic inquiry will damage the reactionary parties, and incidentally injure the influence of certain political ladies, which is offensive to his austerity. The weakness of Frenchmen in "society" and out of it for little speculations, even when they have a flavour of "tripotage," makes it quite probable that some of the persons whom M. BRISSON dislikes have had a finger in the Panama Canal pie. The hope of punishing them will strengthen his zeal, and as M. CARNOT is a man of the same stamp, the influence of both will be thrown on the side of the Committee.

LESSONS FROM SOUTH MEATH.

THERE are many useful and, to Unionists, agreeable lessons to be learnt from the South Meath election. The first and simplest of these, of course, is that the alliance of the Anti-Parnellite Nationalists with the Irish priesthood is a compact of exactly that nature that Unionists have always represented it to be, and operating after precisely that fashion that they had always contended that it would. Gladstonians, whether believing what they said or not—perhaps some of the more foolish of them did—were accustomed by turns to dispute both these propositions. Sometimes they would pooh-pooh the apprehension even of attempts on the part of the priesthood—at least, on any large scale—to intimidate the voter; at other times, and when the solicitude of the clergy for the statutory privileges of the illiterate voter became too conspicuous, they would argue that, though the priest might have all the will to intimidate, he no longer had the power; that the Irish elector, in short, had become much too enlightened and independent a person to allow his ghostly adviser to intimidate him. In the desperation of advocacy the Gladstonian was heard to describe the peasant of Ireland as almost an *esprit fort*—an emancipated person with all the most fashionable doubts about everything. This, of course, was absurd; but many even of those most sensible of its absurdity can hardly have been quite prepared for the real truth of matters as it has been brought out by the election judges at Trim. Whether as proving the lengths to which Catholic bishops and pastors are prepared to go in the way of spiritual coercion, or as showing how far their flocks are capable of being dragged at their heels, the judgment of Mr. Justice O'BRIEN and Mr. Justice ANDREWS, and the evidence on which it was based, form as instructive a study as the careless or ill-informed Englishman could possibly require.

Apart, however, from its illustrations of the character and methods of Mr. GLADSTONE'S clerical allies and their unfortunate victims in Ireland, the contest in South Meath has a didactic value of a broader kind. Its significance resides not only in the reproach which it casts on a cause supported by such adherents, but in its exposure of the fundamental fallacy and folly of the political theory in which that cause is embodied. For the moment this array of shepherds and their harried sheep happens to form a division of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party followers; and the association is quite legitimately employed by his adversaries to discredit him. But if the chances of politics had enlisted this precious contingent of despotism and ignorance on the other side, the refutation of the Home Ruler would be equally complete. For the main strength of the case with the half-educated English elector who is caught by platitudes about "political justice," "political equality," and so forth, reposes upon the assumption that an Irish and an English elector are much the same sort of creature; the one, on the whole, as fit for self-government as the other. How ludicrously false this assumption is even the most superficial of these theorists can now see for himself. To read the evidence in the South Meath case is almost to feel as though one had been ante-dated to another century, or transported to another world. The priest who intimidates from the very confessional, and the unhappy wretch who testifies to the outrage while trembling to relate it, are figures which seem to belong to a different age or a different hemisphere from ours. Yet it is men like these by whom an Irish Home Rule Parliament would have to be elected, and by whom, or rather by the masters among them, with their slaves at heel, that the action of that Parliament would be controlled. If it is said that the logical conclusion from this is that Ireland should be disfranchised altogether, the answer is that, while that no doubt is the logical conclusion, the practical excuse for evading it is that, as a unit in the total representation of the United Kingdom, an electorate of this description can do comparatively little mischief. The responsibility for the degradation of Parliamentary government would lie with those who are for making such an electorate self-governing and supreme.

MR. RHODES'S TELEGRAPH WIRES.

THERE was a very considerable amount of what in a different English colony from that which Mr. CECIL RHODES adorns is called "blowing" in Mr. RHODES'S speech at the British South Africa meeting on Tuesday. The audience at the Cannon Street Hotel were privileged to listen also to the Duke of ABERCORN and to the Duke of FIFE; but these distinguished persons chiefly contented themselves with eulogizing "their colleague, Mr. RHODES," and saying ditto beforehand to everything that their colleague Mr. RHODES had to say. It would have been treason to their confidence in him if Mr. RHODES had not shown equal confidence in himself; and to do him justice there was no taint of such treason in his speech. He gave a glowing account of what he had done; and a more glowing account of what he would do. He would make a telegraph line to Uganda; he would "deal with" the MAHDI (he meant the KHALIFA); over Africa generally would he cast out his shoe. If the Government would help him, well—if not, he would "go and do it himself." *Seul il ferait le bonheur de son peuple.* In this strain, with pleasant tossing about of thousands and millions now and then, with casual remarks as to the extreme insignificance of such questions as Home Rule, with agreeable descriptions of the happiness of LOBENGULA over his hundred sovereigns every month, did he speak. He even told candid anecdotes, interesting to a personal age, of his having personally asked General GORDON whether he really refused the Chinese roomful of gold, and on that officer returning, "Yes. What would

"you have done?" having replied "Taken it; and "three more if I could have got them." With such pleasant things, we say, did Mr. RHODES beguile the time and chequer the dreams of empire with which he fed his faithful flock.

We would not be understood as hinting, by anything in the tone of this summary, distrust or doubt of Mr. RHODES. The taste of his address may leave something to desire; his bluff frankness in admitting the soft impeachment of being "an adventurer" and "a specu-"lator" may call up in some minds memories of the demeanour of Mr. BROUGH, of the firm of BROUGH & HOFF, Turkey merchants, &c., in the City of London. But there are two things about the matter, as distinguished from the form, of Mr. RHODES'S address which take it far out of the range of fantastic dreaming on the one side, and far away from the ingenious patter of the "promoter" on the other. In the first place, Mr. RHODES has actually done almost everything that he says he has done, and a great deal of what he sketches as his entire scheme. In the second place, there is nothing in that scheme itself which is in the slightest degree impossible or chimerical. It is simply the accomplishment, under rather less easy circumstances, and with somewhat maimed possibilities, of a scheme which, if English Governments had had more enterprise and more faith, might have been accomplished ten years ago. That time was when the changes in South Africa consequent on the Zulu wars had thrown the interior open to longing European eyes; when the discoveries of CAMERON and STANLEY, following on those of LIVINGSTONE, had for the first time made Central African geography tolerably plain; when neither Congo Free State nor German sphere was in the way; and when the occupation of Egypt, following on all these things, had given us a standing point and an inducement at the other end of Africa. Mr. RHODES'S Cape Town-Alexandria telegraph and railway, with all that it implies, were then actually urged in slightly altered forms on the Governments of the day by persons who looked a little further ahead than to next quarter-day, or even next general election. But what they dreamt Mr. RHODES has to no small extent done; and he is now, it appears, dreaming the rest of their dream. We wish him as good success with it as in the past. And we wish it for one special reason—that the larger the enterprise or group of enterprises of British colonization in Africa, the less danger there is of the perversion of it by a spurious local and particularist patriotism. So long as the chief initiative rests with and appears to be bound up with the interests of a highly respectable and energetic, but rather peculiarly constituted, community like the Cape Colony there is some such danger. The wider the scheme the less danger of its forces gravitating to a merely local centre. As to the imputations which are made in some quarters on the financial side of the Company's undertaking, that does not appear to us to be a matter of public interest at all. It is of the highest importance to people who wish to invest their money, no doubt, but not of much to any others. Moreover, in the present position of the enterprise, it seems extremely unlikely that, whether the Company establishes itself as a dividend-paying concern or not, its affairs will come to a breakdown at any rate before, by immigration and occupation, such a hold is taken of Zambesian territory that, come what may, the Empire will be unable to let go of it. That is the point of interest; and, being pretty well satisfied on that, we can wish the Company itself good luck, and give it hearty thanks for having done what it has done and is doing.

THE TWO COMMISSIONS.

WE cannot help wondering what is Mr. MORLEY'S present attitude towards that child of his political loins, the Evicted Tenants Commission. Is he proud of it, or disgusted with it? Does he watch its developments with paternal complacency, or is he sorry he ever begot it? The learned President of the Commission is, as we observed last week, going slower, and his evolutions at this moderated pace are undoubtedly of a more staid and judicial character than they were at first. But, on the other hand, if the public displays of this body have ceased to scandalize, their private procedure—if we may so describe their correspondence—is beginning to excite alarm on its own account. In the first place they have contrived to "give them-"selves away" to Lord CLANRICARDE—in itself, and for obvious reasons, a very remarkable feat; and next they have managed to embroil themselves with the Land Purchase Commissioners on a point which, except for purposes the reverse of creditable to themselves and their inquiry, it could not be worth their while to dispute. The rebuke which they courted and received at the hands of Lord CLANRICARDE it was sheer fatuity to provoke. Their extraordinary offer to Mr. TENER, Lord CLANRICARDE'S agent, to make arrangements, if he should desire it, for the reception of his evidence, and that of any witnesses he might call, "without the presence of the reporters," may have been made in good faith, and with a view, as Sir JAMES MATHEW has since stated, to the protection of the "planters." But what about its discretion when it enables the incriminated landlord to reply in these terms?—"At the opening of your proceedings my "agent and counsel attended. My counsel claimed by "cross-examination at once and publicly to test the "value of statements adverse to me. The Commis-"sioners refused permission, but did permit that "evidence to go forth to the public uncontradicted; "and they now suggest that my rebutting evidence "shall be given in private."

The complication with the Land Purchase Commissioners is of a less simple nature, and needs, perhaps, a little more light to be thrown on it before it will be possible to determine what precisely it is that Sir JAMES MATHEW and his (surviving) colleagues are driving at. But thus much, at any rate, is clear, that the Evicted Tenants Commission decline to give the Land Purchase Commissioners those assurances of respect for their confidences which the latter have asked for as a condition of furnishing the former body with confidential copies of "the general reports made by "their valuers, and excerpts from their reports on "individual cases where advances had been made to "purchasers who had become tenants of evicted hold-"ings, together with copies of the contracts in these "cases." The Land Purchase Commissioners, while declaring their willingness to place these documents at the disposal of the Evicted Tenants Commission, stipulate only that "such reports shall not be commu-"nicated to the Press, or published or referred to in "any report or appendix to a report made by the "Commission," and that they shall not be used for the purpose of examination of any witnesses whom the Commission might call. To this stipulation, repeatedly submitted to them, the Commission, partly by silence and partly by evasions, have made it pretty clear that they do not intend to accede. Which of the privileges above specified they particularly cling to does not appear; but, judging from the manner in which they have dealt with the Irish landlords, we should imagine that it was the privilege of communicating to the press day by day such selections from the aforesaid documents as might tend to create the greatest amount of prejudice against those persons whom they were specially commissioned to victimize. That the Land Purchase Commissioners—

who were not appointed to victimize anybody—should object to the use of their archives for this purpose is not only natural but becoming; and the concluding sentence of their last letter conveys a dignified rebuke of Mr. MORLEY'S Board of Inquisitors, which ought to make a certain stickler for "the legalities" feel a little uncomfortable. It had appeared to them, they say, that the Evicted Tenants Commission, with a full statement before them of the particulars of the concluded sales, "would of course assume that the advances made by the "Irish Land Commissioners in the exercise of their "power under the Land Purchase Act had only been "made to *bonâ fide* tenants." So we should have thought ourselves; and we should have further thought that, if the mode of exercising these powers requires investigation at all, it should in common decency be investigated by the legislative body that conferred them. But the original—let us say, eccentricity of putting an English judge to preside over a packed committee of Nationalist partisans might have prepared us well enough, perhaps, for the minor monstrosity of setting on this irresponsible body—a mere breath of the Executive, here to-day and gone tomorrow—to overhaul the acts done by a statutory Commission in the regular exercise of powers deliberately vested in it by the Legislature.

THE L. C. C.

IT is, perhaps, early to conclude that there are signs of an amendment of life in the London County Council. And yet, when Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS rebukes his fellow-Progressists for disregarding the elementary principles of justice, and is rebuked for dividing the party, and when Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD is found looking at the facts in a quite sane and reasonable manner, it is pardonable to hope that the County Council will not for ever follow the example of the Municipal Council of Paris. This body has long refused to vote money for an increase of the police, because it is not allowed what it considers a proper measure of "auto-"nomy." The London County Council has found an equivalent for this obstinate folly in a refusal to take necessary work in hand until it is allowed to raise money in some fashion which it hopes will prove onerous to the landlord, and also escape the observation of the occupier. It has not yet given up this attitude; but, as we have said, some of the members of the majority are beginning to have doubts. They have not yet, as far as we know, begun to question the right of the Council to hang up necessary work, or the wisdom of exercising the right, if it exists. But they have conceived, and have openly expressed doubts as to the meaning of that blessed phrase, "Taxation of ground "values."

Mr. STUART'S amendment, to begin with, was rather touching. It contained such a candid, though manifestly unintentional, confession that the Council is longing to be extricated by Parliament from an unpleasant pass. It has set out to make London a paradise for the Trade-Union working-man, and finds the process a very costly one. Money must be got, but to get it in the one way open at the present moment to the Council—namely, by the imposition of more rates—might have disastrous consequences for the majority. The apathy of the London ratepayer is great, but it is probably not boundless. At least, it is safer to suppose that it is not. Obviously, then, all that remains is "to rob some third person." The powers of the London County Council being limited, it must needs go to Parliament for help. Mr. STUART, M.P., put the tender wishes of the Council with an almost touching candour. "In the opinion of the "Council"—so ran his formula—"the most exqui-"table method of securing this relief" (*e.g.* the relief of the ratepayer from the burden the London County Council dare not lay on him) "is by the taxation of "the ground values of London; and it is urgent and "necessary to take immediate action to that end in "the next Session of Parliament, and, subject to the "ultimate settlement of this question, some imme-"diate relief might be obtained by an interim special "rate on ground values, rent duty, or municipal "death duty." Mr. STUART does not explain how the "interim special rate" is to be imposed, or what is to be considered to be the proper length of an interim. Although Mr. STUART has now been a member of Parliament for some time, he has retained a wonderfully strong confidence in the possibility of getting contentious measures through the House. To be sure, Mr. STUART may think that an interim duty is something like ship-money, an impost which can be levied by prerogative. A little investigation of history will, we think, show even Mr. STUART that this is a mistake.

But it is not to be wondered at that Mr. STUART has not defined his alternative for taxation of ground values, seeing that neither he nor any of his party have defined that quack nostrum itself. By far the most amusing passage of the debate was that in which Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD absolutely made this cruel criticism, and drove it home with severity. His quotation of the case of that house which stands on land belonging to the Duke of WESTMINSTER was little better—all things considered—than perfidious. Here is a house in Belgrave Square standing on a piece of ground which was let by the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S family on a long lease. Much of the lease is yet to run. Till it is exhausted the DUKE only receives 9*l*. a year, which is far below the present market value of the ground. The leaseholder can sell the remains of his lease, if he likes, and reap the whole benefit of the increased value of the ground. Now, in this case, who would pay the tax on ground value? If the DUKE is to pay tax only on what he receives, it will be little enough. The suggestion that he should pay on what is really in the hands of the leaseholder, and therefore on what the tenant benefits by, is one which it would tax the bigotry of Mr. STUART to make to the House of Commons. Of course there is nothing in all this, or in any part of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD'S speech, which is new, or has not been often pointed out. But it is interesting to hear it from him, and in these circumstances. Mr. ARNOLD did not produce much, or indeed any, immediate visible effect. The majority thought him sufficiently answered by Mr. BEN TILLETT'S deliciously pompous declaration that these details were tiresome, and that what was wanted was something large and statesmanlike. Still one may hope that the leaven will work, and that, after a time, it will begin to dawn on the mind of the majority of the County Council that ignorance of the facts and indifference to them may become young democrats on the stump, but are bad qualifications for the production of statesmanlike measures.

LORDS-IN-WAITING.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, who was surprised by a peerage in America, arrives in England to find himself, in addition to being a Lord Temporal of Parliament, a Lord-in-Waiting on the QUEEN. We do not suppose that Sir LYON PLAYFAIR—we are anxious to observe the fitness of time in speaking of him as yet in his condition of a commoner—was made a peer without account being taken of his personal feelings. He was not, so to speak, compulsorily vaccinated. The fate with which CHARLES LAMB threatened GEORGE DYER was not his, though there would be nothing now very extraordinary in GEORGE DYER being made a lord; nor would he have any reason to be alarmed at the prospect. The gracious intention of the QUEEN

was no doubt "cabled" to Sir LYON, and his answer, presumably, was "cabled" back to Downing Street. It is interesting to reflect that Sir LYON PLAYFAIR became Lord PLAYFAIR on American soil. The transformation was effected in the United States, and under the very eyes of its enlightened citizens. Sir LYON went to bed in America a knight and got up a lord; the great Republic entertained a nascent peer of the realm unawares—a great encouragement of the virtue of hospitality. Whether any considerable difference was noticed by observant interviewers between Sir LYON PLAYFAIR and Lord PLAYFAIR, whether a glory encircled the peer which was less conspicuously observable in the knight, we on this side of the water are not yet informed. We wait advices.

Lord PLAYFAIR'S — we have now arrived at the historical moment in which we can give him his title—Lord PLAYFAIR'S appointment to be a Lord-in-Waiting to the QUEEN has excited some little surprise. We do not know why it should do so, after the nomination of Lord ACTON. Lords-in-Waiting are, indeed, looking up. The office will presently confer more distinction on its incumbents than a seat in the Cabinet, if Mr. GLADSTONE continues to make his selections for both on the principles which he has exemplified in forming his present Administration. The Lords-in-Waiting are—supposing the scholarship of Lord ACTON and the scientific attainments of Lord PLAYFAIR distributed equally among their four or five colleagues—an abler and more learned body than the Cabinet. The average Lord-in-Waiting at whom we thus arrive is certainly a better man than the average Cabinet Minister. If composite photographs were taken which should give the typical Lord-in-Waiting on the one side, and the typical Cabinet Minister (Gladstonian Administration No. 4) on the other, the portrait of the Lord-in-Waiting would probably indicate moral and intellectual qualities as much above those of the typical Cabinet Minister as the portrait of HAMLET, King of Denmark, showed over that of CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark. We do not disparage the literary abilities of Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. BRYCE. We admit freely the omnisciolism of Mr. GLADSTONE. But, if there is a Mr. JOHN MORLEY in the Cabinet, there is also a Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY. Side by side with Mr. BRYCE there is Mr. MUNDELLA, who was formerly Minister of Education, much on the principle on which First Lords of the Admiralty are appointed who were never at sea. The learning and capacity of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. BRYCE, and one or two others, distributed over seventeen Cabinet Ministers, would give a much smaller share to each than that with which the learning of Lord ACTON and Lord PLAYFAIR, divided equally among their colleagues, would endow every Lord-in-Waiting.

What the functions of Lords-in-Waiting are is one of those mysteries of the Household which ought not to be proclaimed upon the housetop. We know that they succeed each other in attendance; each lord, with his accompanying groom, being in waiting for a certain term of each year, and then returning to the common light of day, like an ordinary human being. No doubt they are useful as well as dignified. They also serve who only stand and wait. Frequently the appointment is given to young politicians who are on their promotion. A Lord-in-Waiting is often a lord in expectation of something better. Everything comes, as Lord BEACONSFIELD was fond of repeating, to him who can wait—that is to say, who knows how to lie in wait. Two or three and twenty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE devised a plan (Gladstonian Administration No. 1) for utilizing Lords-in-Waiting by attaching them, while out of waiting, to political departments not otherwise represented in the Lords, of which they became the spokesmen in that House. Perhaps Lord PLAYFAIR, who has been Postmaster-General, may be told off to act as a sort of unofficial subordinate to Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY; while Lord ACTON may be deputed to represent Mr. MUNDELLA, or some other superior statesman, as well as his abilities allow.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

IF it would be foolish to take the word of Tower Hill orators and others of their trade for the amount of distress prevailing in London at this moment from the deficiency of the demand for labour, it would, on the other hand, no doubt be unjust to assume that there is no more than the normal number of men standing idle. Should such an assumption become prevalent, it will, of course, be the Tower Hill orators and their like whom the unemployed have to thank for it. The industry of these gentlemen is one of so transparently intelligible a character—indeed, they have now taken to advertising it with so frank a *naïveté*, by describing themselves as "paid organizers"—that people are apt to believe that they imagine the calamity from which they profit. This, however, is not entirely so. The adversity of genuine workmen is, it is true, their opportunity; and, though they no doubt magnify the one in the utilization of the other, they do require some reality to work upon. They remain without employment themselves until some number of the *bonâ fide* workers are unfortunate enough to lose theirs, and, in fact, it is not till then, probably, that they can succeed in collecting an audience. No doubt, when that is once collected, it swells rapidly enough; and to be "unemployed" soon becomes a business of itself. Hence the absolute untrustworthiness of their apparent numbers. We may know, as we said at the outset, by the successful activity of these spouters that distress exists; but how much of it may prevail is rendered progresssively more and more difficult of ascertainment. As soon as idleness becomes an industry, and often a particularly profitable industry, it naturally becomes hard to determine how much of it is voluntary and how much enforced.

Still, there are some authorities on the subject upon whom we may, perhaps, place reliance; and one of these should certainly be Mr. JOHN BURNS, who is assuredly liable to no temptation to understate the case, and who at the same time is possibly restrained by a sense of his responsibility as County Councillor, of which he shows himself fully conscious in his article on the Labour Question in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, from any gross exaggeration of it. Upon Mr. BURNS'S estimate, then, we are glad to see that the distress, though real, is certainly not so severe as in some quarters it has been represented. If it is worse by more than half than it was last year, it has been exceeded in nearly that proportion during the last six years. Thus, according to Mr. BURNS, while the numbers of men out of work in 1892 amounted to a little over 7 per cent. as against a little under 5 per cent. in the previous year, it touched 10 per cent. in 1886; and even in the following year, when a considerable improvement took place, it was still nearly 1 per cent. over that of the present year. In 1889 it was at its minimum of one and a small fraction per cent., and every year since then it has continued to increase till it has reached its present figure of 7. We agree with Mr. BURNS that "this is bad enough, and shows a "progressive decline of prosperity"; but we may ask if it justifies some of the heroic remedies which he proposes in the article in question, and which include the establishment of a completely equipped Labour Bureau "in every district council or vestry "area," the organization of relief works, and the universal and compulsory limitation of the hours of

labour, the "emancipation" of industry, and other little matters of the same kind. Mr. Burns observes that the "gentleman who gets up to look for work *at midday*, "and prays that he may not find it, is undeserving of "pity"; and with praiseworthy candour he admits that he has "seen the most genuine and honest men "at meetings mixed up with the laziest and most "drunken scoundrels." It would surely be desirable to know more than we do at present about the proportion in which these two classes are represented before plunging headlong into Socialistic experiments.

TENNIS, 1892.

THE lovers of tennis have to be thankful for few mercies, and the autumn meeting of professionals at Manchester over, it is good-bye to serious tennis for six months at least. Some might think the winter months not ill designed for a game necessarily played under cover; but the short light is a drawback not easily overcome, and the weeks now upon us are the sole property of the practising amateur. Once and again a solitary belated match may be played, as at Oxford the other day, where Latham, giving fifteen and a bisque, met and vanquished his old comrade of Queen's, Stanley Lambert, the new marker in Merton Street. But the year is over, and it is a year that has seen more than an average amount of good play, which, without venturing upon exhaustive analysis after the fashion of the sporting press, we may endeavour to review in part. Two or three players have done much to raise or strengthen their reputations—to wit, Mr. Ernest Crawley (in particular), Latham, and our Saunders himself. Mr. Lyttelton keeps his place. Cambridge came forth victorious, as usual, from the University contests, and poor Oxford was frowned upon, again as usual, for her deplorable lack of skill in the game. With this for prelude, let us resolve ourselves somewhat into detail.

Queen's Club was the first to open the small series of tournaments. Here is held the only open amateur meeting in England, and a fair number of entries was made. But entries alone will not make a tournament. There is a coyness about the tennis-player not to be equalled, so we truly think, in any other kind of sportsman in the world. First, he will not enter (Oh! because So-and-So can beat him, and So-and-So receives fifteen from such a one, and such a one wouldn't dream of playing); and, secondly, if dragged to the sticking point of paper, he will scratch at the first opportunity. Perhaps two or three names of fair players are entered; one day they come to the club and find a fresh name added, and this they are sure is a greater player than they—and so they all scratch. Then yet a greater than the last adds his name, and then the lesser man scratches; thus there comes a champion with never a match played; while the gentleman who has the honour to scratch last obtains, perhaps, a secondary distinction of the "silver" character, and his name is painted up as a hero of the year. All which goeth to make a mean and bloodless tournament, moral, perhaps, and no doubt informed with some logic and necessity. But Queen's had better luck than this now. If Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Oswald, and Lord Windsor could not play, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Ernest Crawley, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. D. D. Pontifex, Mr. Langley, and Mr. Miles could and did. Mr. Miles, as the youngest player, deserves, perhaps, most credit for entering, and it was unlucky that he drew with Mr. Crawley for the first round. Mr. Miles plays a very hard, fast game; a kind exceedingly apt, under pressure, to go to pieces. He did not do very well against Mr. Crawley, but Mr. Crawley is a difficult player, and Mr. Miles was clearly nervous. For the rest, Mr. Kennedy beat Mr. Langley (a left-handed player, very deft and accomplished), and then fell before Mr. Crawley, who also beat Mr. Dudley Pontifex. Mr. Pontifex is a player to be studied by the beginner. His style is exceedingly good, very precise, and, if a little slow, still correspondingly sure. Mr. Pontifex plays with the air of a man approaching delicate problems and exacting situations. He moves to serve like a billiard-player proceeding to a spot-stroke, or a golfer to a difficult put. He is an exceedingly interesting player to watch, and you are only surprised that one should play so well and yet not reach the last inch of accomplishment. With Mr. Pontifex and Mr. Kennedy disposed of, Mr. Crawley had but the two title-holders to meet, and of these, the second, Lord Windsor, scratched. Accordingly Mr. Crawley's challenge passed to Sir Edward Grey, and the result was one of the toughest battles of the season. So much have "affairs" engrossed the time of Sir Edward Grey of late, that he was expected to be not in his best form, and Mr. Crawley started a tolerably warm favourite. But the event produced a succession of surprises, and the dedans was kept crowded for nearly three hours. Mr. Crawley would always "go away," and Sir Edward would as regularly "get up." Every set was five games all; the first and third being won by Mr. Crawley, and the second by Sir Edward Grey. In the fourth Mr. Crawley lost a chance of winning the match with a record of three sets to one, his score standing once at five games to three, forty to fifteen; but he lost the game, and the set, and it would be difficult to imagine a more exciting five minutes of tennis than while this was being accomplished. Finally, Mr. Crawley won the fifth set, and with it the match and his first championship. It will be seen that the winner gained but one game more than the loser, and analysis gives 181 strokes to one player and 180 to the other! Thus ended the Queen's tournament with a flourish, so to say, of trumpets.

By the time the tournament at Queen's was finished, matches were rife on most Saturdays at Prince's, and occasionally at Queen's, while at Lord's the two o'clock Tuesday matches were beginning. Of these we can of course notice but a few. First, as to Mr. Lyttelton. Receiving first fifteen, and then fifteen for a bisque, he met Saunders twice, and twice was beaten. Twice, too, he met Latham, the first time conceding half fifteen for a bisque, when he was beaten three sets to love, on the second occasion meeting the professional at evens, when Mr. Lyttelton won three sets to one. The second of these matches was a considerable surprise to most of us. Mr. Lyttelton was in no extraordinary form; the court was Peter's favourite east court at Queen's, and himself appeared as fit as at any time. And yet, although beating his opponent with plenty in hand, and receiving but the most trifling odds a few weeks before, he now succeeded in making no headway against the "leading amateur." In other matches Peter succeeded rather easily in giving Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Crawley half fifteen, while against Fennell, on the same terms, he lost at Queen's and won at Lord's. The members' handicap at Prince's may be mentioned, for in it Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Crawley met, and the former wiped off the old score at Queen's by winning at three sets to love; a curious turning of the tables, which most cruelly could not be tempted again at Lord's, as Sir Edward found the duties of the General Election paramount to tennis, and retired before Mr. Crawley's challenge for the silver prize. For this year, as last year, Mr. Crawley won the Members' "All-Comers" Competition at Lord's, and while last year an attack of influenza prevented him meeting Sir Edward, now there was no Sir Edward to meet the challenger—to the regret of Sir Edward, we are sure, as much as of Mr. Crawley. In these circumstances there was but one sporting course for Mr. Crawley to take, and with admirable pluck he lost no time in approaching Mr. Lyttelton with a challenge for the gold prize. The match was accordingly arranged and resulted in the defeat of the challenger by three sets to one, Mr. Crawley winning the first set, and only narrowly losing the last. The two players are very different in style, Mr. Lyttelton so cool, Mr. Crawley so keen, Mr. Lyttelton so deliberate, Mr. Crawley so quick in his movements. As we have now almost done with Mr. Crawley, we would urge upon him a greater restraint in play. He sets to work too vigorously, and only his remarkable physical strength enables him to last to the end of a match. For the rest his strong stroke, extremely good even if with a tendency to twist, his service (a fair drop, and a peculiar and very hard underhand twist), his excellent return (especially his stop of forced balls which he will return cut), and his judgment, entitle him to a high place now, and should give him yet a higher place in the future.

Late in the season one four-handed match was played at Prince's, Mr. Lyttelton and Fennell opposing Mr. Crawley and Saunders. The art of the four-handed game is said to be gone from England, and indeed to-day it seems familiar to nobody. There is an annual four-handed match between Oxford and Cambridge, but the tactics then exhibited are

usually very crude; yet the game was not infrequently played at Cambridge ten years ago. The match at Prince's was bound to have interest, and proved to be hugely amusing, but it was not—as one wiseacre would murmur to another—it was not "the game." Fennell defended the galleries with astonishing cleverness, and made one pretty boast off the main wall to the winning-gallery. Mr. Crawley was everywhere, now jumping into an opening out of the way of his partner's return, now with back to the tambour, ready for anything. Saunders defended the forehand side of the court and served well as usual, and Mr. Lyttelton, playing back, forced terrifically for the dedans. We especially remember one game in which he sent three consecutive direct forces, very hard and very low, for the dedans, all of which were stopped and returned by Mr. Crawley. The game ended with a score of two sets all. Individually it was a display of much brilliance, but each side lacked the "corporate style"; and this, with the tactics of the game, they are hardly likely to endeavour to learn.

But the most important match of the season was that between Saunders and Latham, which was not decided until the players had met three times. Saunders has hitherto given Latham half thirty, but the odds conceded now were fifteen and a bisque, and a sum of twenty-five pounds was put up by each player. The first part of the match was played at Prince's, where Latham is usually to be seen to poor advantage; but on this occasion he had a different tale to tell. He played not only brilliantly, but carefully, perhaps a little nervously—for he did not use his bisque as subtly as he might, and also at times he served not altogether badly. The result of all this was that Saunders had to do as much as he knew to win; and whereas last year at the longer odds he won at three sets to one, now he only won at three sets to two. It was an extremely fine match, and was equalled when on the following Saturday the players met again at Queen's. Here Peter played with more confidence, but what little art he had in his service seven days before was gone now entirely, and his followers were annoyed by seeing him prepare to defend longish chases by giving either a round service or the most amateurish of side-walls. Only those who know Saunders's deadly treatment of easy balls, and Latham's wonderful power of return, will know what kind of rests will follow. However, Peter managed to win, and by the same difference as divided him and his antagonist at Prince's, their scores now standing at five sets all. The match was concluded by a third meeting in the new court at Cambridge, where, by the narrow margin of a set, Latham gained the victory. Thus it is considered that only fifteen divides the two players, and the question of how long it shall do so depends, we think, on Latham. Saunders is not likely to deteriorate for many years to come, nor is he likely to greatly improve. He is a player of great power, intelligence, resource, and perseverance; his style is excellent, and is of the sort that lasts. But if Peter could but realize the wickedness of his present habit of "serving" (with apologies to the word), and would set to work to learn something of the art, he would mount that fifteen very rapidly. At present, did he open the game with his eyes shut, he could hardly do worse, and his various deplorable exhibitions this season have tried hardly the faith of his admirers. We write as warm admirers of so much in Peter's performance that we do not fear his taking our sorrow for anger, and we are only too certain that his round services give us more chagrin than they do him. His accuracy in such strokes as the volley from the dedans' penthouse to the winning-gallery is remarkable, while his back-handed boasted forces are surer and more irresistible than ever. Seeing that Latham at rackets (where he is easily champion of the world) serves with great nicety and cleverness, it is the more odd that he should have this weak place in his tennis. And service he must get if he is to challenge comparison with the masters of the game. He has elegance, but he lacks that strength which comes with the backbone service. He succeeded lately, in a private match at Hewell Grange, in giving half thirty to George Lambert.

A word in conclusion on Manchester, and we have done. This handicap was shorn of some of its interest by the absence of Saunders and Fennell, but good play was shown by Gray (who, receiving half thirty, beat Latham) and the Whites, father and son. The final was decided by these, falling to the veteran (who received fifteen for a bisque) after a hard tussle. This was a popular match, and a popular win; and we must all hope to see White do as much next year. With this the tennis of the year ended, and we cannot agree with those who count it a season of little interest. Mr. Crawley's matches alone are enough to save it from the charge of dulness.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

If there are several conspicuous absentees to be noted at the winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, in Pall Mall East, there are members, both veterans and younger men, who are well, and even liberally, represented, such as—to name but a few—Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. C. N. Hemy, Mr. Tom Lloyd, Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. Thorne Waite, and Mr. S. J. Hodson. One of the most interesting features of what is, on the whole, an interesting exhibition is the various interpretations it presents of the official description "sketches and studies." There are drawings that supply a rich and variegated field for the delectation of the young impressionist to whom the terms "finish" and "execution," and all that they imply—methods that without being laboured are convincing of labour, whether wrought by the skilled and patient stippler, or by some freer and larger style of handling—are accursed. But here we have to do with the work of a body of artists with an historic past and memorable traditions, and unless we are prepared to admit that all past example in art is vain, and there is no virtue or salvation but in the last new "movement," the "Old" Water-Colour Society justifies its existence in preserving the continuity of true succession. The beautiful drawing of "Oxford, from the Radcliffe Library" (175) by Mr. Goodwin, an artist of marked individuality, is Turneresque by community of spirit rather than direct influence. The point of view adopted by the artist, somewhere above the average housetop, recalls more than one of Pugin's masterly drawings of the city, and full of subtlety is Mr. Goodwin's vision of the pinnacles, towers, and spires of Oxford in the warm haze of declining day. "Salisbury Close" (158) and "Italian Moonlight" (99), two night-pieces, studies of city streets in very different conditions of atmosphere, are by the same artist, and not inferior in charm or accomplishment. The diversity of styles in the genuine sketches shown is well exemplified by the delicate elaboration of Mr. Goodwin's "Canterbury" (25), with its aërial presentment of cathedral and red-roofed houses, and the robuster style of Mr. Hodson's "Bridge on the Reuss, Lucerne" (32), of Mr. R. W. Allan's strong but unatmospheric "Summer Day in the Highlands" (15), and Mr. Hemy's "In Falmouth Bay" (156), and capital sketch of shipping and moving water, "Portsmouth" (8). To pass from Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury's "Mill Pond" (70), with its microscopic treatment of nature, or Mr. G. A. Fripp's geological study of a rocky river-bed, "Force at Keld, Swaledale" (48), to Mr. Ernest Waterlow's vigorous and excellent "Over the Sand Hills" (134) is to experience the sensation of meeting extremes—littleness and breadth. Mr. Thorne Waite is at his best, not in his large drawing "Carting Corn" (31), but in some of the smaller drawings, in the "Romney Marsh" (118) and the "Harvest Field" (347), which are delightful examples of this admirable painter of landscape.

Mr. Holman Hunt contributes several characteristic and interesting designs, which are to be reproduced in illustration of a projected edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia*, the most important of which are "The Hid Treasure" (245) and "The Lord appearing after the Resurrection to Mary Magdalen" (248). Mr. Walter Crane's versatility has found many channels of expression, and embraces landscape—"Niagara in Winter" (42) and "A Study at Nantucket" (255)—though it is not here that he commands admiration, but in his sketch "Neptune's Horses" (38), for example, where his skill in design and resourceful fancy are shown, if not in the fulness of the artist's strength, with admirable charm. Mr. Arthur Marsh's "The Message" (85), which occupies a prominent position in the Gallery, lacks the dramatic quality which is necessary to the perfect realization of the artist's pictorial aim, though the figures of fisher-folk are well drawn, and have both force and vitality. Mr.

Henshall's "La Coqueta" (25) is a vivacious study, and a replica of his one contribution to the Institute this winter. In "Armboth Fell" (163), a study of moorland and rocky gorge, Mr. Alfred Hunt shows his wonted observation of nature and the fulness of his charm as a colourist. For the rest, we must note the studies of birds by Mr. H. S. Marks, Mr. Brewtnall's "Walberswick" (171), and other Suffolk landscapes; Mr. Powell's fine study of sheeny sea (149), with fishing craft; Mr. Matthew Hale's very effective "Pendennis Castle"; and two capital studies by Mr. Eyre Walker (74 and 88).

The New English Art Club must be said to show in strength at the Dudley Gallery, despite certain odd, alien works which suggest that destiny, rather than free-will, must have conducted hither, and despite, also, the presence of certain merely feeble or trivial outgrowths, the irresponsible "sports" of impressionism. The offerings of admiring incapacity, in the shape of more or less dexterous imitations of M. Degas, Mr. Walter Sickert, and other leading members of the Club, have decidedly not been withheld. Examples there are of the kind of dexterity which, being quickly done, is quickly detected and gauged, as if caught in the very flagrant act of the specious and superficial performer. This kind of plague is, we suppose, inevitable when clever and gifted artists become associated by a community of thought and sympathy. It is for the Club to purge itself, and it should be able to do this without devouring its own children and without ignoring the outside elect, like a revolutionary Jacobinical committee. Whether the presence of Mr. Ruskin among the exhibitors be a sign and a wonder we cannot undertake to say. But we may consider the works of outsiders generally as affording some proof that intensity of vision and intensity of conviction in art are not invariably productive of an illiberal narrowness of judgment.

There are several paintings of non-members—as, for example, Miss Dora Noyes's "Study" (162), Miss Amy Atkinson's "Bubbles" (54), Mr. Bellingham Smith's "Evening" (52), Mr. Breitner's "East Wind" (48)—that reveal genuine artistic feeling, and are far removed from mere adroitness of handling. The exhibition, from the standpoint of the members, is altogether a strong and notable one. Remarkable, indeed, it could not fail to be, with Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Walter Sickert, represented in their most characteristic manifestations of inspiration and accomplishment; with M. Blanche's extremely fine "Study of a Girl's Head" (112), and a marvellous Degas—"Café Chantant" (29)—and with studies in landscape so various in aim and so expressive, as all fine paintings are, of the artistic qualities, and not of the artist's faculties, as Mr. Lindner's "Lingering Light" (111); Mr. W. H. Bell's "Wimbledon Common" (20); Mr. Buxton Knight's "Calling Cattle Home" (44); Mr. Francis Bate's "Rain in the Heavens" (51); Mr. Mark Fisher's "Village Street" (65); and Mr. Paterson's "Steelly March" (39), though in the tone of this last painting there is nothing of the roaring month, but rather the languor and luxury of colour that belong to a warmer season. In his portrait of "Miss Dunham" (99) Mr. John Sargent achieves the distinction of recalling the style of M. Carolus-Duran, not in the reminiscent fashion of a pupil, but with the mastery of one who has penetrated the arcana of art; in his "Portrait Study" (47) Mr. Sargent, suggestive of no school or master, surpasses the brilliant work just named, and all the individual qualities of the artist find the fullest expression. The selection of an unusual, or assertive, pose in preference to an habitual one is commonly a means towards an effective or showy presentment which is attended with immense difficulty and no small danger. Mr. Sargent's triumph in this excellent "study" is complete in this respect. There is no suggestion of laboured striving after effect in Mr. Wilson Steer's fascinating portrait (60) of a slim maiden all in blue. This delightful painting is not of the kind of work, as much else in the Dudley Gallery is, that provokes disputation, but is all-convincing and silences controversy. Something very like in character Mr. Steer's "Boulogne Sands" (8), and quite as vivacious and clever, we have seen at previous exhibitions. Of Mr. Walter Sickert's contributions, the "Portrait of Miss Minnie Cunningham" (91) is the most interesting and engaging, and the interest, as is usual with this painter's work, lies in the vivid actuality of the portraiture. Mr. F. Brown repeats in "Penserosa" (106) a scheme of colour—dark chestnut and rich Indian red—somewhat similar to that of his other study of the figure, "June" (95), and with a finer sense of harmony. In his landscape, "Between the Showers" (53), we note a certain lack of unity. In conclusion, we must not omit to cite, as worthy of study, Mr. Arthur Tomson's charming "Garden of the Little Cats" (114); Mr. Sauter's "Portrait of Mrs. Binswanger" (74); Mr. Francis Forster's "Adagio" (69), in which "on ne voit rien, et tout y est"; Mr. Olssen's "Full Moon and After Glow" (61), and Mr. Lindner's "Holy Island" (79).

LOCH FYNE.

THE beauty of the Western Highlands is at its greatest height during those months of the year when the tourist is not on the scene. Perhaps it is that his absence casts an enchantment over these districts thus left, during the last three months of the year, in their native solitudes. The nervous system, which has been constantly irritated through the summer and autumn by the presence of the moor-trotter, can now recover its calm, and the eye, which has been tortured and vexed by all the ugly machinery which is set in motion to keep the tourist "touring," can now rest gratefully on "the broad waters of the West" unruffled by paddle-wheels, and may gaze on mountain-passes through which the coaches have ceased to run, and the overworked cattle have gone on their last journey to the knacker's yard. The tourist is the loser. If we felt there was the slightest chance of his altering his usual habits, we would not tell him here how much he would be the gainer by changing the months in which he "does" his scenery. The sway that "habit and tradition" has over that class is complete, and if his professional interests enabled him to travel at this season, we know him too well to have the slightest fear that he will brave "the rigours of a Northern winter." For the initiated there is also a luxury in knowing that on five days out of ten, during November and December, it is possible and agreeable to sit out of doors; that the east winds do not trouble this earthly Paradise, and should they come are robbed of their sting, and only show their presence in sunless days, when the heavy dark clouds they have brought on their wings lie low on every side, and the hills look grey and shapeless, unlit by shadow or shine. But such days are rare, and the greater part of the winter passes with winds laden with heavy mists and rains from the south and west—skies grey and quiet, but with a temperature alway warm, and honesty compels us to add, very enervating.

This is a true description of the whole of Argyllshire; but if Kintyre and the southern shores can boast a sunnier climate, where the fuchsia grows into hedges seven feet high, with a closeness resembling the yew, where the myrtle lives out of doors the year round, and is white with blossom in the summer, there is no portion of the county blessed with more splendid advantages of wood, water, and mountain than are to be found at the head of Loch Fyne. The summer tourist who takes the steamer from Greenock to Inveraray on an August day—in all probability a wet one—sees all that he is worthy of seeing in the brief half-hour allowed him before the bell rings which summons him for the return voyage; but the true lover of all that is beautiful will choose a day in October, and, taking the steamer from Greenock to LochGoilhead, will then mount the coach, and in the two hours spent on the eight miles through Hell's Glen he will have time to feast his eyes on what it is his good lot to see as he descends by winding and devious ways towards the shores of the Loch. The hour he reaches the point where the whole panorama suddenly lies at his feet is between three and four o'clock. The level sunbeams strike on the masses of wood, clothing the hills on the opposite side of the Loch to their very summits, and the "fiery finger" has dressed them from head to foot in dazzling red and gold—a striking contrast to the bare and rocky pass through which he has come. On a misty day the clouds lift at sunset and lie in broken masses along the sides of the hills, pierced through and melting in "the long light." The present time is a happy one; for the herring, after an absence of over twenty years, have returned in large shoals to the head of the Loch, and the fleet, often numbering a hundred and twenty sail, among them boats from distances as great as the Isle of Man, set sail for whatever spot is believed to be the fishing ground for that night. It is not much use to inquire why

any given spot is chosen; the men will usually reply they "just thought they would be there"; some say they saw the herring whale going past, and are following his knowing lead. Others assert that the water above where the shoal is lying has an obvious oily appearance, and again that they can mark the bubbles which come to the surface above the shoal. All these signs have been said to be non-existent by those who make the theories, but the boats are rarely mistaken in the ground selected.

Those who wish to know the taste of a herring, and who do not mind being disabused of the idea that what they have hitherto eaten are "caller herrin'," should wait on the quay in the early morning and secure for their breakfasts the leviathans which the boats unload. A shilling will buy a supply which, with potatoes, is sufficient to feed a large family during the day with three of the best meals that can be had. But we must again remind ourselves that we do not wish to encourage the envious tourist to harry the coasts a second time in one year, and, besides, it were vain to attempt to describe the quality and excellence of these fish, fed in the upper waters of the Loch; and for the peace of mind of those who have to eat what the ordinary market supplies, it is as well not to enlighten them further. The sails of the fleet, red-brown in the sunset, to match the woods behind them, is a signal that life and prosperity have returned to the little burgh, whose regularly built streets and pier stand out on a little promontory, just opposite where the coach ends its stage. A steam ferry in a short half-hour lands the traveller in a town which will remind him of foreign lands, without for a moment losing its "dour" Scottish character; nor can he fail to be impressed with the air of self-assertion and importance which befits the capital of the county. To suggest that there are now other towns in Argyllshire more conveniently situated for business or more important in size is to fall at once beneath the contempt of the population, and to persist in such tactlessness is to run the gauntlet of remarks concerning the Gallows Hill, lying full in view, where in old times it was easy to dispose of an unpleasant visitor, and "no questions asked." At the top of the short but wide High Street stands the parish church, divided into half; and back to back on Sundays the collegiate ministers discourse to English and Gaelic congregations. The architect has left on record his opinion concerning the merits of this edifice, and none have ever ventured to gainsay the verdict pronounced by such a competent and confident authority. "It rivals," he modestly says, "the beauties of St. Peter's, and avoids the defects of St. Paul's." The sea-front of the town, with its background of courthouse, gaol, and all that pertains to the majesty of the law, is so imposing that at first sight it is easy to overlook the Castle, standing on one side of the town in "policies" so deeply wooded that the plain dark grey walls, in their four-square turreted simplicity, are half hidden in trees, and further obscured by the evening mists creeping up from the banks of the Aray. But for once in the history of houses built in the middle of the last century, the situation has been chosen with no view of gaining shelter, but because the whole estate could offer no fairer position. Each of the four turrets faces a point of the compass, and they stand like sentinels watching the mouths of the long glens which open on the great plateau on which the building stands. On the north side rises a hill of eight hundred feet, planted from foot to crest by Evelyn and his pupils. Beech and fir of giant size rise in ordered terraces, with an undergrowth thick as jungle of rhododendron and azaleas of every conceivable hue.

Everywhere the moss-trimmed and lichened trunks speak of a climate not lacking in moisture, but free of all the signs accompanying a rigorous temperature. For those who spend winter in these regions, days come when the late dawn breaks red on the eastern hills deep in snow standing "roundabout" the Loch, and the low grounds are white with hoar frost which does not long resist the unclouded sunshine of the short still day. Then it is that the Loch puts the Mediterranean to shame, and the hills below the snow-line seem turned into sunshine as the light strikes on the dead bracken and yellow grasses; and when the sun-set crimson brings out each line of the precipices on the great shoulder of Ben Cruachan—a very "far cry," though looking close by—cut out against the strong, clear, gloaming light, the dweller in these regions knows that he may fare very far ere he reaches a sight of greater splendour, or a climate better calculated to rob winter of its terrors.

MONEY MATTERS.

FEW expected that the Brussels Conference would come to anything, but fewer still, we fancy, were prepared for the action of the American delegates. The Conference assembled on the invitation of the United States Government; and, as the Belgian Finance Minister said when welcoming its members, it was for the delegates of that Government to lay before it a plan and to direct its discussions. But the American delegates practically confess that they have no plan—that they have come to Europe fishing for help. Over and over again the European nations have rejected bimetallism, and opinion has grown stronger against that policy of late years. It was notorious that neither our own country nor Germany would change its monetary system. The other day Austria-Hungary decided to adopt the single gold standard, and for some time past the Russian Government has been accumulating a vast hoard of gold. It was, therefore, perfectly certain that those four Governments, at any rate, would not even listen to a proposal for universal bimetallism. And yet the American delegates meet the Conference and tell their co-delegates that they have nothing else to put before them; that is the American policy, and to it they stick; but they are willing to discuss any proposals that any other delegates may bring forward. We venture to think that, under those circumstances, the proper course would have been to record with regret the inability of the Conference to accept the suggestions—we can hardly style them the proposals—of the American Government, and to separate as quickly as possible. One of our own delegates, however, we are sorry to say, has thought otherwise, and has taken upon him to lay a plan before the Conference. If possible, it is more objectionable than that of the American delegates. Substantially it comes to this—that, if the American Government will go on buying 54 million ounces of silver every year, the other Governments should combine to purchase about 5 millions sterling worth of the metal every year so long as the price is under 43*d.* per ounce; in other words, the heavily-burdened taxpayers of Europe are asked to club together for the purpose of enabling the owners of silver mines all over the world to sell their silver at about 4*d.* per ounce above its market value. Is Mr. Alfred de Rothschild so simple as to expect that this will be done? or is he a sly humourist who is poking fun at the American Government? Just fancy a Chancellor of the Exchequer asking the House of Commons to vote money for the purpose of buying silver which nobody wants, and which, in fact, could not be got into circulation if it were purchased. Again, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild expresses the opinion that India will suffer seriously if silver is allowed to depreciate further; therefore, his proposal is to some extent at all events made, as he confesses, in the interest of India. Is it in the least probable that the Russian Government, for example, with famine and cholera at home, will be so magnanimous, and so friendly to ourselves, as to come forward with a yearly contribution to help us to keep India quiet? Lastly, we would ask whether any one seriously believes that the United States Government can go on very much longer buying 54 million ounces of silver every year—unless, indeed, it is prepared to see all its gold sent abroad, and to have a grave crisis in every important city in the Union? Already the press all over the Union is discussing the probability that the American Government will have to borrow in gold to keep silver at an artificial value. And yet Mr. Alfred de Rothschild quietly asks the American Government to go on doing what it is perfectly evident it cannot do. It is hardly necessary to criticize the plan further. It is objectionable from every point of view, and it is utterly impracticable. What could be done with the silver if it were bought? and why should taxpayers increase their taxation to benefit mine-owners? Would the mine-owners consent to give an equivalent advantage to the taxpayers, and what form would the advantage take? The whole plan is absurd, and we regret that it has been placed before the Conference by a British delegate.

During the first three days of the week there was a fairly good demand for short loans, owing to the usual requirements at the end of the month and the Stock Exchange settlement. On Wednesday as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid in some cases. But the demand, as already said, was purely temporary, and has now fallen away. The discount rate in the open market is weak—barely $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.—business being occasionally done even below that figure.

The market is in a very undecided state. There are fears that large withdrawals will be made by Russia; it is known that various loans will soon be brought out for Continental Governments; and, though it is extremely probable that large amounts of gold will be exported from New York, on the other hand it is not unlikely that the United States Government may borrow in gold to prevent a crisis.

The price of silver has recovered to $39\frac{3}{16}d.$ per ounce, many in the City hoping that something may come of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's proposal at the Monetary Conference. Few, indeed, expect that the various Governments will carry out any proposals for extending the use of silver that may be recommended by the Conference; but it is hoped that, if the Conference should make recommendations, there may be a temporary recovery. The most careful observers, however, feel that this is living in a fool's paradise, and that we are on the eve of the stoppage of silver purchases by the United States. Already the American press, which up to now ridiculed all predictions that the Act of 1890 would bring about a crisis, is acknowledging that the Act was a grave mistake, and must be repealed without delay.

The stock markets are unsettled and discouraged. The Argentine Finance Minister is reported to have recommended the suspension of the funding of the interest on the Debt, as arranged for by the Rothschild Committee. It is not very clear whether the recommendation has been addressed to Congress, or whether it is merely the private opinion of the Minister submitted to the President, or a proposal brought forward in the Cabinet. Neither does it appear what the Finance Minister proposes to do if his recommendation should be acted upon. But the fact that he has recommended something of the kind is regarded as new evidence that no Argentine Government can be depended upon to carry out any agreement. The whole South American market, therefore, has given way. Whatever the real facts are, the incident bears out the soundness of the advice which has been given continually in these columns to investors, not to be led away by the sanguine temper of the Stock Exchange, and to leave Argentine Government securities alone. Industrial securities, such as railway stocks, may be worth buying if judgment is exercised, but nobody can tell how the debt will ultimately be settled. Inter-Bourse securities are affected by the Panama inquiry, the fall of the French Ministry, and the discussion of the military Bills in Germany. It is feared that the Panama inquiry may lead to disclosures which may result in the prosecution of people who are usually great operators in the market. More serious than all these influences, however, is the dread of a crisis in the United States. The public there seems to be at length awakening to the gravity of the situation, and discussions are going on in the press as to whether the Government ought not at once to stop the purchases of silver, and raise a considerable loan in gold. If the purchases are stopped, there will be, at all events, a temporary fall in silver, which must have a serious effect upon all silver securities. And if a large loan is raised, the money market will be disturbed, and rates may rise suddenly and inconveniently. We repeat, then, what we have often said before, that investors should for the time being keep aloof from the American market. If they do, they will in all probability be able to buy much more advantageously by-and-bye. Trade at home is depressed. The railway traffic returns are falling off, the lowering of wages is going on, there is no prospect of an early termination of the Cotton dispute, and a great strike in the South Wales coal trade seems imminent. In the last place, there have been rumours that the Murrieta liquidation is proceeding very unsatisfactorily—much more so than the worst feared—and there are hints even of possible legal proceedings. On Thursday the shares of a Trust Company interested fell nearly 50 per cent., having fallen the day before about 10 per cent. The Trust has also suffered because an American Brewery Company largely owned by it has been unable to pay a dividend.

During November, however, there was some improvement in the shipbuilding trade in Scotland. During the month 26 vessels, with an aggregate measurement of 25,207 tons, were launched, against a tonnage of 44,231 in the corresponding month of last year. For the eleven months the tonnage launched was 363,855 tons, against 332,412 in the corresponding period of last year. But the prices now are very much lower, and there are fears that the depression in the shipping trade will be increased by these constant additions. The vessels, in fact, are not needed; owners are buying rather because prices are so low than because the ships are wanted.

There is little change in British and Indian Government securities, but Victoria Three and a Halfs closed on Thursday at 92, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. Home Railway stocks have generally declined, though not very much, with the exception of Brighton "A," which closed on Thursday at $146\frac{7}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{3}{8}$. London and North-Western, however, closed at $172\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$. In the American market there is a general fall, most considerable in the investment stocks. Thus, to begin with the purely speculative, not suited to the investor, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at $35\frac{7}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{3}{4}$; Erie closed at $24\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{8}$; and Union Pacific closed at $37\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$. Coming next to the dividend-paying shares, we find Illinois Central closed on Thursday at $103\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; and Lake Shore closed at 133, a fall of 2. Argentine Railway stocks are generally lower. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 78-80, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 125-7, also a fall of 2. The Argentine 1886 Five per Cent. bonds closed at $67\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of as much as $3\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday, and the Funding Loan closed at $67\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $2\frac{3}{4}$. Uruguayan Three and a Halfs closed at $36\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 1. Inter-Bourse securities are generally lower, with the exception of Greeks, which are nearly all higher. Thus, the Greek bonds of 1881 closed on Thursday at $69\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. In miscellaneous securities there has been a large business in the shares of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Company, which closed on Thursday at $1\frac{1}{16}$, a fall of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ on the week.

CROCODILES.

"THE river Nilus nourisheth the Crocodile; a venomous creature, foure footed, as dangerous on water as land. This beast alone, of all others that keepe the land, hath no use of a tongue; he only moveth the upper jaw or mandible, wherewith he biteth hard: and otherwise terrible he is, by reason of the course and ranke of his teeth, which close one within another, as if two combes grew together. Ordinarily he is above eighteene cubits in length. His feet be armed with claws for offence, and his skin so hard, that it will abide any injury whatsoever and not be pierced." Thus quaintly, and with the odd mixture of fact and fable so common to all old-world writers, does Pliny, or rather his seventeenth-century translator Philemon Holland, Doctor of Physicke, describe the crocodile.

Crocodiles have always exercised a weird fascination over men, with the result that the ancient Egyptians worshipped them while living and made mummies of them when dead, and that books of natural history and travel in all ages have abounded in anecdotes and fables concerning them. Indeed, there are so many of these wonderful stories extant that it would be easy to fill a volume with them. We only propose, however, on the present occasion, to notice two of the best known and most generally believed. That which related the method of attack supposed to be adopted by the ichneumon on his enemy the crocodile was found in grave works on natural history so late as the end of the last century, as it is set out in full in the pages of Dr. Brookes's *History of Quadrupedes*, though it is only fair to that erudite author to add that he says "We know that it must be false." Holland, in his translation of Pliny's "Natural History," referred to above, gives the story as follows:—"When he [the crocodile] hath filled his belly with fishes, he lieth to sleep upon the sands in the shore: and for that he is a great and greedie devourer, somewhat of the meat sticketh evermore between his teeth, in regard whereof commeth the wren, a little bird called there Trochilos, and the king of birds in Italy: and shee for her victuals' sake, hoppeth first about his mouth, falleth to pecking or picking it with her little neb or bill, and so forward to the teeth which he cleanseth, and all to make him gap. Then getteth shee within his mouth, which he openeth the wider, by reason that he taketh so great delight

in this her scraping and scouring of his teeth and chaws. Now when he is lulled as it were fast asleep with this pleasure and contentment of his: the rat of India, or Ichneumon above-said, spieth his vantage and seeing him lye thus broad gaping, whippeth into his mouth and shooteth himselfe downe his throat as quicke as an arrow, and then gnaweth his bowels, eateth an hole through his belly, and so killeth him." Topsell, of course, relates this story, but he enlarges on and gloats over the misery of the unfortunate reptile, which he calls a serpent; for he tells us that the crocodile after the attack "tumbleth to and fro sighing and weeping, now in the depth of water, now on the land, never resting till strength of nature fayleth. For the incessant gnawing of the Ichneumon so provoketh her to seek her rest, in the unrest of every part, herbe, element, throwes, throbs, rowlings, tossings, mournings, but all in vaine, for the enemy within her breatheth through her breath, and sporteth herselfe in the consumption of those vitall parts, which wast and weare away by yeelding to impacificable teeth, one after the other, till shee that crept in by stealth at the mouth, like a puny theefe, come out at the belly like a conqueror through a passage opened by her owne labour and industry." This last author, by the way, has a wonderful picture of a hippopotamus lifting up in his mouth a crocodile—apparently rigid with terror—by the tail, which he says "was taken out the Colossus In the Vatican at Rome representing the River Nylus, and eating of a Crocadile."

The other story which gave rise to the proverbial expression "crocodile's tears" was universally believed in old times. The author of the *Voiage and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville Knight* says:—"In many places of Inde are many cocodrilles—that is, a manner of a long serpent. These serpents sley men and eate them weping, and they have no tongue." While Topsell writes, "There are not many bruite beasts that can weepe, but such is the nature of the Crocodile that to get a man within his danger, he will sob, sigh, and weepe as though he were in extremetie, but suddenly he destroyeth him. Others say that the Crocodile weepeth after he hath devoured a man." Both Shakspeare and Spenser, be it observed, notice this fable; the former says:—

> The mournful crocodile
> With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

while the latter in his *Faerie Queen* relates the story in a passage much too long for quotation. With the following extract from Topsell, which is too good to be passed over, though it does not relate to either of our fables, we must leave this branch of our subject:—"Some have written that the Crocodile runneth away from a man if he winke with his left eye, and looke steadfastly uppon him with his right eye, but if this be true, it is not to be attributed to the vertue of the right eye, but onely to the rarenesse of sight which is conspicuous to the serpent from one eye."

The position of the crocodile in the animal kingdom was a terrible puzzle to naturalists of old, and has, indeed, been but very recently determined. Pliny and most of the mediæval authorities who copied him placed it among the serpents; but Belon placed it with the fishes, and over his woodcut, which represents the animal walking along a river bank with "one foot in sea and one on shore," we find "Portrait du Crocodile, poisson du Nil," while below is the following quatrain:—

> Le Nil produit des monstres perilleux,
> Lors que d'Egypte arrouse le païs.
> Mais entre ceux, dont sommes esbahiz,
> Le Crocodile est le plus merveilleux.

The naturalists of the last century, including Linnæus, classed it with the lizards, but in our modern classification the crocodiles, gavials, and alligators form an order Crocodilia by themselves. It is not surprising that the naturalists of the last and the early part of this century should thus have classed the crocodilians with the lizards, when we consider that they were guided by external appearances only, and paid little, if any, attention to anatomy; but anatomically there are many and great differences between the two orders, differences which in this article it is impossible even to touch on, and there is no doubt that their respective places in the animal kingdom have at last been rightly determined. Popular misconceptions die hard, and it is therefore not surprising that two errors respectable from their age should still hold their ground—namely, that the crocodilians are lizards, and that crocodile and alligator are synonymous terms—but that they do so is indisputable. Sir S. W. Baker, for example, who has probably as extensive an acquaintance with these reptiles in their native haunts as any one living, cherishes both these errors, for in his very interesting book, *Wild Beasts and their Ways*, he says, "We find the largest of all lizards, the crocodile, under various names, in nearly every river of the tropics. In America this reptile is generally known as an alligator, and some persons pretend to define the peculiarity which distinguishes that variety from the crocodile, but I regard the distinction in the same light as that between the leopard and the panther, the difference existing merely in a name." Yet, as we have said, the Crocodilia are not lizards, and the true crocodiles are distinct from the alligators. Among the points of distinction the following are the most noticeable. In the crocodiles the so-called canine tooth, the fourth counting from the front, fits into a notch in the side of the upper jaw, and is, therefore, visible when the mouth is closed, while in the alligator it is received in a pit in the upper jaw, and is, therefore, invisible, or nearly so. Again, in the crocodiles the hind-legs have a fringe of flattened scales which is wanting in the alligators, whose legs are round. Crocodiles are found in Africa, Asia, the tropical parts of Australia, Central America, and the West Indies; while the alligators, with the exception of one species discovered some few years since in China, are found only in America. They are all of them terribly destructive creatures; the young feed principally on fish, but as they grow larger they attack every animal that they can overpower, dragging their prey into the water, and so drowning it. It has been said that more people are killed by crocodiles than by any other of the wild beasts of Africa. To those who wish to know more of this part of the subject we commend Sir S. W. Baker's book mentioned above. The Crocodilia are, as every one is aware, thoroughly aquatic in their habits, and their peculiar conformation enables them to attack and seize their prey unawares. Their nostrils, which lead by a long canal to the back part of their throats, their eyes and their ears, are placed on the upper part of the head, so that when in the water they can breathe, see, and hear while they are themselves practically invisible. When they dive their nostrils and ears are closed by lids or valves, and their eyes are covered by a transparent nictitating membrane. They are further furnished with an arrangement which prevents the water from getting down their own throats when they are holding large animals under the water to drown them. The dentition of these reptiles is peculiar; the teeth are sharp and conical, and are hollow at the base, and each tooth serves as the sheath of another, which will in time replace it. The tongue—for, notwithstanding the ancient belief, the crocodile does possess a tongue—is fleshy, and is attached to the bottom of the mouth. And finally the lower jaw is hinged at the very back of the skull, thus giving the animal its extraordinary gape, and also the peculiar appearance which caused the notion that it moved its upper jaw.

Though in the foregoing remarks we have barely touched the fringe of crocodile lore, space will not permit us to do more than draw attention to the fact that at the present time the reptile house at the Zoo is more than usually well furnished with crocodiles and alligators, ranging in size from mere babies of a few inches in length to the well-known Mississippi alligator, which has lived in the gardens for more than eight years, and is now about 11 feet long, and has by no means done growing. The collection includes at least one specimen of the hill crocodile, and two of the recently discovered Chinese alligators. In conclusion, we may observe that these animals are not always the quiet, voiceless creatures that they generally seem to be, but that on occasion they can and do hold an extremely noisy, roaring concert.

DEATH IN THE TIN.

THE recent poisoning case at Hampstead, where several members of a family were made dangerously ill by partaking of minute portions of a tinned tongue, has brought into notice a danger of which the public in general has hitherto been unaware. That the contents of tins were liable to turn putrid, either with or without a bulging of the metal case, has of course been common knowledge ever since this method of packing perishable goods was first invented. One of the earliest results of this peril, and perhaps

the most lamentable that has ever occurred, dates back to the last Arctic expedition of Sir John Franklin. After many search parties sent from England in hopes of discovering some tidings of the lost explorer had toiled in vain, one happened, after fourteen years had elapsed, upon the spot on Beechey Island, where the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror* had passed their first winter. Here were found some seven hundred tins of preserved meat, which had apparently been condemned as unfit for food—a surmise that was abundantly confirmed by the fact that an enormous number of similar tins supplied to others of Her Majesty's Ships at the same period had also proved unfit for food. It is not improbable that the loss of so large a proportion of the unsalted provisions materially contributed to the disastrous fate of the expedition. Since Franklin's time the use of tinned articles of food has gradually attained extraordinary dimensions. They are still largely used in the Royal Navy, and are also obligatory under the Board of Trade regulations as an important portion of the medical stores that are required to be carried in all British merchant vessels. But in addition they are found at the present time in almost every inhabited spot in the whole world; as luxuries in places remote from civilization, and nearer home as articles of common consumption among all classes of the community. The trade in tinned meat has attained gigantic proportions, despite the importations of frozen mutton from Australia and New Zealand, and the well-organized lines of cattle-ships that ply across the Atlantic ferry. Fruits of all kinds in syrups and vegetables of endless variety are a comparatively new feature of the industry, and the growth of the fish-canning business in Newfoundland has necessitated diplomatic interference.

In these days, then, when the stock of every grocer's shop largely consists of tinned provisions, it is alarming to be told by "an analyst of acknowledged authority," who has been interviewed by an evening paper, that the latest case of poisoning was in all probability due to the presence of certain bacteria whose presence it is difficult (and it may be impossible) to detect. There are, it appears, three separate conditions under which the contents of a tin may become unfit for food. Of these lead-poisoning is the simplest. Tins, which are actually constructed of tinned iron, have to be fastened with solder, which necessarily contains lead. The acid of the contents has an affinity for lead, and as yet no satisfactory method has been devised for keeping the two apart. Wherefore, says the specialist, "no acid things should be tinned. Fruit and vegetables—peaches, pine-apples, tomatoes, &c.—of course contain acid, and are therefore the most dangerous. The syrup should never be taken on any account." These remarks are alone calculated to cause a shudder in many a suburban household. Secondly, we have the tins in which the contents, from one cause or another, have become putrid. Such are, happily, easy of detection on being opened, or from the suspicious bulging of the ends of the case. It is sufficiently disgusting, however, to read that "some dishonest traders will bore a hole, let the gases inside escape, and then solder up the hole," to avoid detection. Thirdly, and far worse than the other two contingencies, we have the aforesaid bacteria, here known as ptomaines, belonging, doubtless, to that army of infinitesimal hobgoblins of recent discovery, as to whom the best that can be said is that so far they scarcely seem to have justified their existence. Like other of their kind, they are imperceptible—"the danger of the poison of ptomaines lies in their having neither taste nor smell." In the case at Hampstead it is declared that the poison was transmitted in two instances by the knife and fork that had been used to carve the ptomaine-infected tongue. Now ptomaines exist (so says our authority) in all animal matter. Innocuous during their habitat's life, they begin to excrete alkaloid poison after death. One might, therefore, imagine that they are present in full virulence in well-hung game, and the eggs beloved by the Chinese; but as to this we are given no information. It is good, however, to be told that the ptomaines which are enclosed in tins may be completely snuffed out if the food be "sufficiently sterilized." In other words, the tins, when filled, must be sufficiently heated to kill the bacteria. Some foods, however—*e.g.* lobster and salmon—require longer heating than others to effect this result; and, in these days of competition, manufacturers are too anxious for economy, and are prone to "cut the line very fine." Therefore, it seems not unreasonable that some of the fatalities that have occurred "were no doubt due to lead poisoning, but probably more were caused by ptomaines." But surely, if these statements of our expert are not exaggerated, we may well admit, in the words of a much too familiar comic song, that it is "wonderful we're still alive"—any one of us.

THE "DETESTED MIDDLE-CLASSES."

ARISTOTLE'S "great-souled" man, who, "being worthy of great things, esteems himself worthy of great things," would, no doubt, be considered to-day a prig and a bore. All the same, a little of this quality of "great-souledness" is by no means undesirable as an element in character, and that total absence of even legitimate self-esteem which is so often miscalled by the name of modesty is not seldom a source of serious weakness. Some men and some classes of men would be, not alone happier, but also more useful, if they could only be got to set a proper value upon themselves. He who, being told that he is a mean wretch, receives the statement without an obstinate disinclination to believe it, and without a strong inclination to pull the nose of the man who makes it, is one from whom no important contribution to the public weal may safely be expected. And yet the attitude of this poor-spirited creature is precisely that which is taken up at the present time, in the face of the foulest slanders, by the middle-class section of English society. On the one hand, we have the mob orators reviling "the idle rich," and calling for the prompt application of all manner of "remedies" for poverty at the expense of the "detested middle-classes." On the other hand, we have a daily increasing tendency among the middle-classes themselves to acquiesce in, if not to indorse, all the calumnies heaped upon their order by the "friends of labour," and to accept as inevitable—indeed, zealously to press for the prompt execution of—vast projects of plunder, thinly disguised as "social reforms."

It is high time that, all false self-depreciation being laid aside, the lie direct should be given to the shameful accusation, reiterated beyond all endurance, that through the chicanery of our iniquitous capitalist system the middle-classes secure for themselves a grossly unfair share of the wealth of the world—that wealth which, as the cant phrase goes, "is produced by the labour of the working-classes." As if the only people who did any work worthy of the name were those who toil with their hands, and as if wealth could be produced without the capital and the brains of "the idle rich"! Certainly, it is not for the sake of capturing the votes of the working-men among the electors that politicians of every complexion are jostling over one another in their frantic eagerness to come to the front as propounders of "advanced" schemes for the benefit of "the poor working-man." Whatever may have been thought before the late election, we all know now that "the Labour vote" is to all intents and purposes a negligeable quantity. When Codlin, M.P., and Short, M.P., come forward with rival proposals for free everything, the votes for which these astute legislators are angling are those of the middle-class social reformers, the people who honestly believe that the poor are being robbed by "the idle rich," and first and foremost by themselves, the grasping, useless middle classes. "Rich," indeed! Why, the great bulk of these penitent plutocrats scarcely know what luxury is. While many a working-man thinks nothing of spending one-fifth of his income in beer, and very often devotes another large slice to "tape" betting, the small employers and shopkeepers whose votes may with confidence be reckoned on by whichever candidate promises to do the most for the poor are, as a rule, only able to make two ends meet, and to put by a meagre provision for wife and children by dint of the most anxious economy and by the constant exercise of the most strenuous self-denial. To talk of the average employer as "rich" is the merest nonsense. "Rich," forsooth! a man who confines himself to one cigar a day, who can afford nothing better than Algerian claret, who, if little Johnnie, who has had the measles, is to get that extra fortnight at Margate or at Southport, must needs give up the five days' fly-fishing so keenly looked forward to all the year, is not exactly a Crœsus. And then the "idleness" of the middle-classes! It is scarcely too much to say that there are very few employers who do not work—exertion for exertion—half as hard again as the average workman in their factory. Still, the tub-thumper rails

against "the idle middle-classes," and clamours for the compulsory shortening of the working-day, so that the Trade-Unions may be able to "corner" labour, and send wages up to five shillings an hour; and for municipal workshops in order that the lazy loafer whom no employer will keep in his service one day longer than he can help, may be well paid for doing nothing by the ratepayers; and for public pensions to those who might have saved but would not. In short, the cry for the plunder of the Haves by the Have-nots is raised; and the Haves, and in particular the Have-littles, on all sides echo, "Tax! tax! tax!" Now, that there should be many poor but few rich is a fact for which, however much we may deplore its existence, the middle-classes, who lead the van of so-called social reform, are really not specially responsible. So that all this zeal for restitution is somewhat misplaced, and assuredly lacks discretion. For it is better that there should be many poor and few rich than that we should all be poor; and that is the state of things into which, if this policy of free everything is carried out, this country will indubitably drift. If our soft-hearted, and still more soft-headed, social reformers have their way, the position of the workman who is willing to do a fair day's work for a fair day's wage will be little, if at all, more comfortable than that of the object of all this misplaced sympathy—the shiftless scamp who never did an honest stroke of work in his life. And all inducement to industry and thrift having thus been removed, the wild endeavour to secure by ill-considered "reforms" a juster distribution of wealth will end in the speedy disappearance of all wealth whatever.

REVIEWS.

MR. AUSTIN'S NEW POEM.*

IT is to be feared that the very felicitous title which Mr. Alfred Austin has hit upon for his new dramatic poem may inspire some of his readers with expectations destined to disappointment. A drama illustrative of the contrast between the hero's name and his description and setting forth the figure and career of a philosopher at war with a scheme of things which had nothing but favours for himself would have promised well; but this is not quite what Mr. Austin has given us. His Fortunatus, except as regards the accidents of wealth and position, does not seem to have been specially lucky in past life, but rather the reverse; and his pessimism, though it may correspond fairly enough to the frame of mind which in loose and popular parlance passes by that name, is not pessimism properly so called. But this is a cavil perhaps unworthy of all but those who are nothing if not critical. In this, as in Mr. Austin's dramatic poems generally, the reader who loves poetry for its own sake, and is content with such "drama" as it may please the gods to provide, will find plenty to admire—more indeed than in most of its forerunners. The conversion of the gloomy Duke to a happier view of life by the instrumentality partly of a simple, loving, but highly cultivated, country maiden, and partly of a "forest foundling," April by name, who turns out to be his own natural daughter, is worked out in four acts of unequal length and slight constructive texture. The poem ends with a series of surprises. Urania's father, the yeoman Franklin, turns out to be the rightful Duke, while Fortunatus, whose suit Urania had previously rejected by reason of her secret devotion to the unknown author of a poem which had captivated her some years before, turns out to be the poet himself. Franklin, who, "sick in his youth of splendour, but too weak to bear its burdens sternly," had long ago put off his ducal dignity, and now reproaches himself with having thus laid upon his young kinsman's life "a load 'neath which he staggers," resumes his title. April dies, and Fortunatus quits his castle to share with Urania that life of rural simplicity which she has always led, and which is to prepare the now converted pessimist for ultimate succession under more hopeful auspices to the honour of the dukedom.

The story, it will be seen, is loosely knit enough, and the subordinate character of the demon-pedlar, Abaddon, who schemes to bring the hero and heroine together, is the chief study among the personages. This said Abaddon is conceived with sufficient audacity; for while his chief aims and spiritual occupations are, as we have said, those of Mephistopheles, he further enters into deliberate competition with a smaller, but still perfect, creation of a greater creator, one Autolycus. "The impudence of these devils!" some will say. Yet Mr. Austin has brought his devil off pretty well harmless, which is no small feat. The dialogue, which the poet still handles with his wonted grace and dignity, is a little overweighted with speculation; the native hue of his rural Muse's cheek too often shows sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; but the lilting lyrics scattered as abundantly as usual over the pages of the drama are most of them in Mr. Austin's best manner. They are saturated with that feeling for country life which is his distinguishing mark as a poet, rich in happy touches of observation and description, full of careless grace, and resonant with a merry woodland music of their own. The songs to the Four Seasons in the first act, and the four companion lyrics set to a different measure in Act II. (though in the second of these we should suggest "brawling" as an emendation—if it be not a necessary typographical correction—for "bawling") are excellent specimens of an order of poetry which Mr. Austin has made specially his own.

Of the blank-verse portions of *Fortunatus* it must, moreover, be admitted that they have the qualities of their defects. If the line labours too much with thought, its pregnancy is of the fruitful, and not of the abortive, kind. The poem shows no decline in that power of terse and gnomic utterance which we have learned to look for in the author's work. He is at his best in the passages of dialogue between Fortunatus and Abaddon, the Mephistophelian pedlar, who is also, as has been already indicated, the most strongly-drawn figure in the drama; but many an acute reflection upon life and morals is assigned to the speeches of other personages, and receives expression from them with unvarying felicity of phrase. The only possible quarrel is, as above hinted, not with the utterances of Mr. Austin's hero, or his fellows, or the scene, but with the fundamental conception of that hero's character, considered as a pessimist. The words put into his mouth are, no doubt, in perfect keeping with the character presented to us; but then his proper name is "Fortunatus the Egoist." We must entreat our poets not to lend their countenance to popular errors. The word pessimism may, no doubt, be employed legitimately enough in another than the strictly scientific sense. It may be used for the sake of convenience, and with no great risk of misconception, to describe not only on the intellectual side a certain philosophy of the Universe, but also on the moral side the peculiar moods of mind, be they melancholy or sardonic, which that philosophy, if genuinely embraced, must needs beget. But in the interests of clear thinking and accurate nomenclature, we must protest against the name of pessimism being applied to any form of melancholy or cynical humour which is not the product of the philosophy aforesaid. Pessimism, in short, is no mere personal discontent with a personal experience of life, but a general theory that life as a general thing is "a sair sicht."

However, this is an objection something savouring of the schools to a book which, after all, is not a philosophical treatise, but a poem. And an unusually satisfactory poem it is when we dismiss the questions whether Fortunatus is not suffering rather from *Katzenjammer* than anything else, whether Franklin does not occasionally exhibit that tendency of poetical dukes to prose which was shown even in the case of Isabel's eccentric lover when Vienna was a dukedom, and so forth. The important thing is that the piece, assisted partly by the character of Urania, which is a noble and engaging one, and still more by that of Abaddon, takes hold of the reader, and, aided not a little by its lightly moving wings of lyric, carries him along in better and better satisfied condition, and leaves him well pleased with himself, itself, and the author.

* *Fortunatus the Pessimist.* By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

NOVELS.*

AN American Monte Cristo is the story of a young man, Keppel Darke, falsely accused of murdering Harry Trent, a diamond merchant of New York. After the murderer's death, a New Orleans widow, Mrs. Sally Matchin, is discovered to have been for many years secretly married to the victim, and, as his widow, she takes possession of all his property. Olympia Raven, beloved by Keppel Darke, and her mother, Mrs. Raven, for a long time under the protection of Harry Trent, at his death are suddenly left in great poverty. Olympia believes firmly in the innocence of her lover, who, arrested and convicted on circumstantial evidence of the murder, is sent to Sing-Sing, the Newgate of New

* *An American Monte Cristo.* By Julian Hawthorne. London: Allen & Co. 1892.

Infelix. By Lady Duntze. 1 vol. London: Ward & Lock. 1892.

One Way of Love. By Constance Smith. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

Miss Blanchard of Chicago. By Albert Kevill-Davies. F. V. White & Co. 1892.

York State. On his way there the train is wrecked, and every one in the carriage is killed, except the hero. Keppel then unlocks his handcuffs and places them on the corpse of a young man who looks exactly like himself. He makes his way to a ruined house, finds a man dying with yellow fever; during the latter's ravings Keppel discovers that there is a vast treasure in unset stones hidden in the house, sent by the late Emperor of the French, in case of his own downfall, to be kept in America, to provide for future residence there. Yellow fever claiming its victim, Keppel Darke promptly takes the treasure, disappears for two years, then returns to New York with the assumed title of the Count de Lisle. There he meets his old love, who is still faithful to the memory of the man she believes to have been killed in the train on his way to Sing-Sing. The Count now begins an amazing life in Gotham; but we will not spoil the story by telling any more of the plot, the author's object naturally being to discover the real murderer, convict the guilty, and allow the hero to resume his old place in the world and in the heart of the woman he loves.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne bears an honoured name in American literature, and a new work from his pen cannot fail to be of interest. *An American Monte Cristo* possesses a great deal that is fine; but as a complete work it cannot be said to reach the standard of his previous efforts. It is of the sensational order, certainly very exciting, and filled with startling incidents enough. It is possible that the plot is based upon the celebrated Nathan murder, which startled New York and astounded all America some twenty years ago, and, as the mystery was never cleared up nor the murderer discovered, on taking up this story, *An American Monte Cristo*, we had hoped to find an ingenious inductive explanation, in the style of Poe's "Marie Roget," of how this murder might have been done. The author loses himself by not condensing or localizing, and by too quickly transferring the incidents of the plot to a foreign soil. After the hero, Harry Trent, is murdered in New York, we are taken hurriedly thence to Paris. We are treated to an interview in the Tuileries with the late Napoleon, his aides, generals, and several devoted servants. Diamonds to the value of twenty millions sterling are quietly despatched to New York, and we are led to believe that this treasure—for the Emperor's use later on—was the real cause of the first-named murder. This is bad art; it would have been better to have begun the story with this chapter. Then the succeeding events following in their proper sequence would have made the impossible possible, and the unreal real. It has become the fashion for authors of the present day to take up celebrated trials and make novels out of them; but the difficulty of making romances of old realities is that the one trait, truth, which dominates the real world, is the one which, by its violence, in a work of fiction or art, is sometimes absolutely misplaced. The plot here is picked out and not worked out, and the hero is the least interesting of all the characters. There are likewise several points which should be noticed. Mr. Hawthorne has not explained sufficiently Keppel Darke's agitation when arrested for the murder; he has also forgotten that twenty years ago in America it is most unlikely that not one person could be found able to decipher a cryptogram, especially after the then all-recent memory of Poe's famous scarabee. There is some very evident carelessness in calling a man a baron at the top of a page, and ten lines later calling him a count; also in the construction of certain sentences. For instance:—"Olympia Raven, since the night of the Count's ball," &c., should certainly be written, "Since the night of the Count's ball Olympia Raven had been in a condition to give her friend Mrs. Banwick some anxiety." Another (p. 31):—"On the morning of the Trent tragedy, at about eight o'clock, Olympia Raven awoke from the sleep of health and innocence, and remembered that she had an appointment at ten-thirty." And (p. 48):—"Mrs. Raven had dropped into a chair and was *emitting* hysteric cries"—surely it is better to say "Mrs. Raven had dropped into a chair and was crying hysterically." Another distinct phase of a woman's character is this: the wedding-day of this long-suffering pair finally comes round. "Olympia was so excited that she forgot to wait for her carriage, and went to church on foot." That for a woman! In a wedding gown, too! Incredible, and certainly most un-American. It is true she had waited three years to be married; but this haste was unlike that of Enoch Arden's, who, after waiting all his life, could still wait a little longer; and he is supposed to have loved very deeply.

Infelix is called a society story, and does not vary much from the ordinary novel, with the exception that, whereas the ordinary novel has a plot, this work is absolutely devoid of one. The book is in one volume, and the characters, few in number, although absolutely conventional, are for the most part fairly well drawn. If not the work of a novice, it seems so, and from the name on the title-page we must respect writers who reverse the "temptation to be idle and dissipated" by working with industry in a noble cause. Lady Duntze may write good books in the future, but *Infelix* is not a good book. The story is the old one of a poor girl who, without love, marries a rich man. Immediately after enters her husband's friend—the usual Ouida's hero without Ouida's audacity—and, presented in an unskilful, suggestive manner, fails to display either the fascinations or the qualities reported by the author as being the secret of this creation's wonderful social success. Jetta, the heroine, is not commonplace, yet she interrupts the announcement of the arrival of her husband's dearest friend with a flippant remark to her little girl, Flossie, not to make her doll, Bertha Jane, ill by feeding it on eggs. She is not commonplace, because at seventeen she did what ninety-nine out of a hundred do, especially in novels. Poor and pretty, she merely married a rich man without love. Plenty clothed and comforted her, a child soon consoled her, and the habit of wealth contented her. After a year's marriage she objects to her husband falling asleep in an armchair after dinner, she evidently, since marriage, taking no pains to amuse him (courtship had been kinder); and he, after marriage, naturally does what ninety-nine out of a hundred married men do, he speedily falls into old habits of bachelorhood and freedom. The worshipper, her husband's friend, is constantly in the house; there is a picture gallery with the traditional ghost; the friend, Cuthbert Eyre, takes the lady to present her to her own family revenant. It appears. Jetta, in a white dress with a yellow sash, faints, falling into the arms of her adoring slave, whom she presently upbraids for receiving her. She leaves the gallery. Later on comes the usual stereotyped Dutch garden—immemorial trysting place in all society novels for all unhappy lovers. We are now treated to a love scene of an odd kind. Jetta arrives and seats herself on the bench, "a beautiful statue, ashamed." "Cuthbert Eyre tries to draw her gently to him, but she resisted, so he dropped her hand." "Sit down, my darling," he said sadly, "we have not long to be together; my train goes at 2." . . . "Oh, stay, Cuthbert!" sobbed Jetta. "I would follow you to the end of the world and live in a mud-hut, for what are luxuries to me?—but I cannot do this cruel wrong." Happily for men, mud-huts and love have gone out some time since, otherwise cruel, rich, and doting husbands would all be deceived, and palatial, virtuous residences would soon be turned by Lovelaces and wandering Jettas into universal *cabinets particuliers*. These unhappy beings meet again, and, constantly living in the same house, the lady cannot see the man she is in love with without "a sudden contraction of the nerves"; but she still remembers that her husband gives her more pin-money for her gloves than she had as a girl to dress on, and for this disinterested reason she must still remain faithful to him. In the meantime the child, the comfort of her wrecked life, is announced by the nurse as fading. Many others remark this fact, but "meanwhile Mrs. Carew, peacefully oblivious of the fact there was no one to remark the artistic arrangement of her back hair, reclined under the shade of the rocks, whilst Flossie dabbled in a pool a little way off." Later on this blonde child dies—she is killed by telegraph, and subsequently the story is interrupted to interpolate an imaginary, pathetic death scene. After this Jetta feels life a blank; the old mad longing comes upon her to see her lover. She attires herself in stately clothes. The wretched Eyre comes back. They kiss a kiss not of passion, but of friendly farewell. "Eyre pulls a crushed flower out of his buttonhole, lights a cigarette, and goes into the billiard-room." Jetta steals away to her room. "Jetta's was a grand nature with a great dash of the pagan in it; she would not stoop to vice, low nineteenth-century vice." "And so an end and straight to Tartarus."

One Way of Love is a real old-fashioned novel, in a sense that the author writes because she thinks she has something to say—and in another sense, because she says that something uncommonly well. Miss Constance Smith is well known by her previous works, and especially by *The Repentance of Paul Wentworth*. *One Way of Love* is unlike the former romance, but is alike in good workmanship and simple straightforward English. Miss Smith is particularly happy in this; she knows *how* to write the vernacular, and one is never offended by words misused, or sentiment misplaced. We will not spoil the pleasure of the many who must read the work by disclosing its plot. There are some faults and some faulty delineation of character, but Alison is prettily drawn, as are Dr. Thornhill and Mr. Maitland. Herbert Earle is not always so successful. It is almost as impossible to make heroes and heroines of poets and writers as to make actors and actresses play on the stage the *rôle* of—actors and actresses. Imitative art stops when one imitates an imitation. People read to real—themselves, and go to the play to see themselves—in books, not to read how an author de-

scribes an author, but how the author describes some one like the person reading. They always like to imagine that they see themselves in books—they say, "There! I would have done exactly that; that is *exactly* like me! How like that is to me!" And when they go to the play, they do not want to see players pretend to be players, but to see them pretend to be men and women of the world, men and women who have lived, loved, suffered, died, but who are human beings representing the actual state of the masses of humanity, real and not acted, genuine and not theoretical. The exceptions to the latter are Garrick and Peg Woffington; to the former, that perfect novel *Gerfaut*, by the immortal Charles de Bernard. Here we have a poet who is, strange to say, a man and a creation which, let us hope, may serve as a model to all writers wishing to immortalize imaginary or studied geniuses in fiction.

Miss Blanchard of Chicago is a most interesting book, written with a great deal of vivacity and brightness. Very few English authors have "reduced" their Americans "to so fine a point," and with one or two exceptions they are absolutely American enough to make even Bret Harte look to his monopoly of Westerners. The plot promises, at the outset, great complications which, in the end, are not fulfilled. The story is really a simple one, the adventures of a young Englishman whose cruel uncle and guardian sends him to the wilds of North America to seek his fortune; or to learn farming in the Far West, happily not as did Birchall's poor victim. Once out of sight of his cruel uncle, always imploring him to mend his ways, we should think that a young fellow with a firm will, strong lungs, and good digestion, would feel more like enjoying himself than pondering upon what he is always trying to escape Ibsen seems to have turned the writing world topsy-turvey; every one who writes a novel wishes to analyse. Analysis is the dry-rot of fiction. Let M. Paul Bourget devote two pages, if he will, to telling how a black shoelace or a white tie was being adjusted; but, for Heaven's sake, let English authors write with more backbone, and leave these silly subjective details alone. When Mr. Kevill-Davies tells his story simply, it is charming; replete with life, movement, and colour. His characters are well drawn, very distinct, and once we get Arthur Vallance started "out West," the horizon clears wonderfully. Miss Blanchard of Chicago is a delightful girl—most natural, graceful, beautiful, of course—and her language is the pure American dear to the English novelist's heart. Her father is an admirable sketch, absolutely true to the life, kindly, frank, and sturdy; a good American in the raw, who has made his money himself, who from the perilous level of the poor sleeping-car conductor has raised himself to the proud heights of the Chicago Stock—or is it Corn?—Exchange, and who is not ashamed to own it—in fact, rather boasts of it—and, like all good Chicageans, never loses an opportunity to tell of it. We heartily commend this story to any one who cares to know America and Americans as our Atlantic cousins know them, and we can promise readers a most agreeable hour with all Mr. Kevill-Davies's heroes, heroines, and supernumeraries.

PRIMITIVE PEOPLES.*

THERE is something very monotonous in prehistoric people. We know almost as much about them as we are ever likely to discover. They left no literature, only stones, bones, and a few very elementary potsherds. When you have seen one Palæolithic axe-head you have seen all Palæolithic axe-heads; the polished stone weapons are not much more various, and a kitchen midden is not an object in which one can take a permanently fresh interest. The Marquis de Nadaillac's book is useful to persons who have not already studied dozens of other books on the same theme. It is a well-constructed summary; it begins with the classical hints about "thunder-stones" as the unscientific, in all lands and ages, call stone weapons. Then it shows the slowly glimmering dawn of the hypothesis that savages who used the weapons were contemporary with the animals whose bones litter the same caves. The work is well illustrated, dolmens, and cromlechs, and crannogs are represented, and there are some unhackneyed cuts after the drawings on bone with which the cavemen of France beguiled their leisure. These extraordinary artists are the exception; as a rule, early man's art was confined to rude decorative patterns. In France he drew horses, reindeer, mastodons, and fishes with a liveliness not recaptured till the best period of Egyptian work. A distressing uniformity characterizes him. He lived in caves, he trepanned the skulls of his fellow-creatures, he made stone arrow-heads, he quarried flint, he built rude megalithic monuments, he fashioned rough pottery (the Australian had not reached this stage), he hunted, he fished, he began to farm, he devoted much time to funerals and sepulchres, and not till he learned to alloy copper with tin, or (in Africa) managed to work iron, did his arts and institutions begin to be more pleasingly differentiated. All this is now so familiar that we can scarcely believe prehistoric science to be only some thirty years old. But the science finally, and soon, comes to a dead wall. It cannot tell us why the people who lived in the Thayngen Cave on the borders of Switzerland and Wurtemberg were such astonishingly graphic designers, so eminently superior even to the Eskimo. Illustrations are engraved on pp. 121–123. A different, but still remarkable, art was evolved in Easter Island, by what kind of people we cannot even guess, nor does fancy tell us why whole circles of colossal stone statues were set to guard that mysterious Delos of the Pacific. We know, again, that Egypt had once been the scene of Palæolithic manufactures, but the stages by which Egypt rose from such rude works to the art of the ancient Empire are lost, and all is obscurity. On one or two points M. de Nadaillac's work is inconsistent, or not very trustworthy. We are astonished to learn that Thothmes III. lived in the eighth century B.C. This is probably a misprint. To say that "Iron was known to the Hellenes as early as the fourteenth century B.C." is decidedly hasty. No trace of iron is found in the graves of Mycenæ. The arrow-heads there are of flint, which, of course, overlapped both iron and bronze, for the ages of stone and of the metals have no hard-and-fast boundaries. Homer is more familiar with weapons of bronze than of iron, though in the Iliad he uses "the iron" as synonymous with "the arrow-head," and in the Odyssey occurs an expression, apparently proverbial, "Iron of itself draws the hero to it." The word χρήδεμνον, for "diadem," is, we presume, an American misprint; and where does Homer give us any information about the funeral customs of the Libyans? This is not the only place where we have to ask in vain for exact references, and our memory certainly does not tell us that Homer "says that among the Libyans the dead were buried sitting" (p. 353). We are unaccustomed to a hero named Patrokles; Patroclus is the gentle knight we know. These are not very important blemishes, and perhaps the translator may be in fault. M. de Nadaillac's book is pleasantly free from dogmatism, and from the framing of baseless hypotheses. He is content to know that we must remain ignorant of many things—indeed of most things—about early man. His book is probably the best short manual on his topic, and his illustrations are praiseworthy. A fair account of Hissarlik, with its layers of successive small towns, closes the work, which answers a few questions (for example, as to prehistoric trepanning), and which forms a capital introduction to more special studies. One inconsistency we should have mentioned. M. de Nadaillac denies a Bronze age to America, yet credits the Peruvians with the use of bronze.

* *Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples.* By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Translated by Nancy Bell. London: Putnam's Sons. 1892.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

THE appearance of the first volumes of two new illustrated editions of Scott's novels, just sixty years since the issue of the original collected edition, 1829–1833, is an event of considerable interest to the world at large. Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition, which is edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, is to be completed in forty-eight volumes, like the first collected edition, and is illustrated by some two hundred and fifty etchings by eminent hands, after paintings or drawings by various artists, living or deceased. The "Dryburgh" edition of Messrs. A. & C. Black will comprise twenty-eight volumes, with wood engravings after original drawings, each volume being illustrated by an artist and composed of a complete novel, with the exception of the six shorter stories, which will occupy three volumes. Beyond these leading features of the arrangement of the novels there is no further suggestion of a parallel between the two editions. We have no doubt whatever that the popularity of Scott is more than sufficient for both. The *Waverley Novels*, as Mr. Lang remarks, endure amid all changes of taste, despite that singular young person, the modern reader of fiction, of whom we hear so much, who has risen in our midst, and knows not Scott. The Scotch Novels, as they were for a brief space invariably styled, have long since been the world's novels, and they remain "the delight of mankind, while new schools and little masters of

* *Waverley.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Introductory Essay and Notes by Andrew Lang. 12 etchings, 2 vols. "The Border Edition" of the "Waverley Novels." London: John C. Nimmo. 1892.

Waverley. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated by Charles Green. 1 vol. The "Dryburgh Edition" of the "Waverley Novels." London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

fiction come and go." Since 1833 a "constant tide of new editions" has flowed forth, varying in form from library editions of sumptuous equipment to the excellent "sixpenny" reissue of Messrs. Black just completed, and still the procession of them continues. Of all these many collections of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition is incomparably the most handsome and the most desirable. The two volumes of *Waverley* before us are from all points of view exceedingly attractive. Type, paper, illustrations are altogether admirable, and Mr. Lang's scheme of editing is not merely excellent in conception, but is realized with equal judgment and taste. In preparing this edition, the editor has enjoyed the advantage of consulting the various manuscripts in the possession of Mrs. Maxwell Scott, preserved at Abbotsford, and though, as he justly observes, Lockhart has left his successors very little to do in the way of editing the novels, from these and from other original sources Mr. Lang has been enabled to throw additional light on certain points which have become obscure by the lapse of time. From the additional notes he has supplied to *Waverley*, we may confidently expect the supplementary annotation of the whole series to prove highly interesting and illustrative. Every reader may be trusted to discover for himself how valuable are these additional lights on antiquarian or historical points, and we are content merely to cite, by way of example, Mr. Lang's very interesting note on the incident of Luckie Macleary's intervention in the threatened affray between Balmawhapple and the Baron of Bradwardine (i. 94).

Mr. Lang's chief purpose, however, is to give to each novel its own historical setting by presenting the circumstances in which the stories were written and published. This is, undoubtedly, an object of considerable importance and interest. Into the scope of this general retrospect there enters, of course, the question of the attitude of the critics of the day, and of Scott's great literary contemporaries, towards the author and his works. The subject is treated fully and explicitly in the editor's discreet and sympathetic introduction to *Waverley*. The views of the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Monthly*, the *Scots Magazine*, the *British*—that "grandmotherly" review—are duly cited, with the record of Byron's appreciation, and Wordsworth's recognition of *Guy Mannering* as a Radcliffian romance. Wordsworth's "sneer," by the way, was but the ghost of a sneer, though sufficient to justify Mr. Lang's delightful observation on Wordsworth's insinuation:—"The slight difference produced by the introduction of humour could scarcely be visible to Wordsworth." Nor has Mr. Lang neglected the voice of later criticism and the difficulties or disabilities of certain "modern readers." With regard to *Waverley*, he observes:—"It is not easy to say whether we should try to put ourselves at the point of view of its first readers, or whether we should look at it from the vantage-ground of to-day." Why should not both points of view be conjoined? Certainly the reader who is incapable of the very slight imaginative exercise suggested by the first position is incapacitated from enjoying the full charm of the romance. Mr. Lang's defence of the supposed meagreness of the love passages in Scott is admirably just, and as complete a defence as can be of what needs no defence whatever. If those modern readers to whom it is addressed are convinced, it cannot be but to their own exceeding great gain. But we are by no means sure that this kind of modern is worth winning. But it is characteristic of Mr. Lang's kindliness and loyal faith in his author, to desire to bring into the fold the erring young person. The artists who contribute to these volumes have unquestionably enhanced the attractiveness of the "Border" edition. The etchings, altogether, are admirably executed, and, in addition to the artistic merits of the drawings, they are in several instances really illustrative. Mr. Batley's fine etching, after Raeburn's portrait, forms an appropriate frontispiece. We are glad to infer, from the same etcher's charming rendering of Leitch's painting, "Tully-Veolan," that although incident will mainly engage the various artists associated in illustration, the very interesting subject of the topography of the novels is not to be ignored. Perhaps it is not easy to insure uniformity in presenting characters when several artists deal with one and the same person in the story. Mr. R. W. Macbeth's romantic conception of Flora MacIvor, with harp in hand by the waterfall, is obviously another person than Mr. Herdman's pensive maiden in "Waverley's last visit to Flora." For the rest, Mr. Pettie's disbanded "cateran" (vol. ii. p. 240), Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's "Colonel Gardiner," and Mr. Lauder's "Bailie MacWheeble," are excellent presentations of character.

The "Dryburgh" edition retains the notes of the late David Laing, in addition to Scott's own notes, appendices, and introductory matter, and is illustrated by a number of artists, of whom many are favourably known as painters or workers in black and white illustration. Mr. Charles Green, who illustrates *Waverley*, shows no lack of skill and invention, and a fairly close study of the work before him. His "interiors" are well designed, and there is excellent animation in dealing with incidents of action, as in "Forward! sons of Ivor!" But he also, curiously enough, gives us two very different Floras; one at the waterfall, with Waverley attendant upon her singing, where we have her enthroned among the rocks, like some imperious gipsy queen, with dark, ringletted hair; and another—"Waverley's Adieu to Flora"—where the hair of Flora is no longer in curl, and Flora herself another woman altogether. "Ample glossaries" are claimed as a special feature of this edition, and it is true that the glossary to *Waverley* is both full and diligently compiled. It contains information, by the way, which we should hardly look for in a glossary. For example, the correction of the curious mistake about the Baron's wine—"C'est des deux oreilles"—is placed here, and not as a note. And there is no indication in the text that the phrase is an error, and that the error is set right in the glossary. Mr. Lang's method of pointing out such matters as they arise in the text, by a letter within brackets, is far preferable to leaving them to the reader's searching.

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.*

ALL of us have had friends to whom we have recommended some book, and who in returning it (or not, as the case may be) have said, "Yes, I am sure it is very clever, but do you mind telling me what it means?" The admirers of Mr. Gilbert Parker's stories must have often tried to answer that most difficult question. To *Pierre and his People* the author has, however, condescended to prefix a note of explanation, and left the other note—the note of exclamation—to the generous public. These short stories, collected from various magazines and newspapers, where, we confess, they seemed to us wholly unintelligible, appearing all together, as they do now, throw considerable light across "darkest Africa," or, we should say, "darkest Canada." Mr. Gilbert Parker tells us that his endeavour has been to present us with "the romances, the mere narratives, or individual lives of those adventurers trading in Hudson's Bay" in the days of the old Hudson's Bay Company, and for his locality he has chosen "that vast region stretching from the fiftieth parallel of latitude to the Arctic Ocean." To an effete European the stupendous attempt to represent the life and manners of half a continent in some eighteen short stories would be as monstrous as to place the scene of a five-act tragedy "in different parts of Asia." But in America and the colonies the literary dimensions are nothing if not Titanic. And Mr. Gilbert Parker has tried to do for Canada what Mr. Kipling has done for Anglo-India. There are a good many writers who have nothing to say, and say it remarkably well; and there are a few who have plenty to say, and say it very well; while there are others (Mr. Gilbert Parker among them) who *have* something to say, but cannot say it. Among the stories that we prefer are notably "Three Outlaws," "God's Garrison," and "The Stone." The last is one of the most powerful and terrible stories of revenge that we have read for a very long time. In conception it resembles Balzac's *Un drame au bord de la mer*, but the motive is entirely different. A man, who has been cruelly wronged by the inhabitants of the village where he lives, leaves his home and becomes a recluse on the overhanging cliffs. There is a large boulder which overhangs the village, appearing to rest on nothing—such as is often seen in Cornwall or any rocky district. The stone becomes the man's home, and popular superstition, after many years, associates him as the genius of the place. He occupies himself at night with chiselling away the natural support of the stone, finally sending it rolling down on the village. The author, however, alone can tell his own story. Mr. Gilbert Parker has condescended to do so with supreme effect. We mention the story as example of the many good things to be found in the book. In the character of Pierre, who appears in all the stories, is typified the Indian half-caste. He is a little idealized, of course. Englishmen and Canadians, both of Upper and Lower Canada, want a deal of persuasion to appreciate the virtues of a race that gave them the cut-throat Louis Riel.

THE STANFORD DICTIONARY.†

WHEN, some ten years ago, the University of Cambridge accepted Mr. J. F. Stanford's bequest to it of his MS.

* *Pierre and his People.* By Gilbert Parker. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

† *The Stanford Dictionary of Anglicized Words and Phrases.* Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by C. A. M. Fennell, D.Litt. Cambridge: at the University Press.

collection for a dictionary of Anglicized words and phrases, with five thousand pounds to pay the expenses, we remember feeling some curiosity to see what would come of it. We may as well say at once that a very useful thing has come of it; though we do not profess to be certain that it is quite as useful as it might have been if the University had been left to itself to provide as novel and full a supplement to existing English dictionaries as its combined ingenuity could supply. Five thousand pounds, though dictionary printing is expensive, is a tolerably pretty penny. Dr. Fennell and his coadjutors, or the drawers-up of his brief (whichever we are to call them), Messrs. Aldis Wright, Skeat, Mayor, Bensly, and Postgate, had to consider first the testator's wishes, then his materials, and then what could be done with both. Between them they elaborated a scheme too complicated to be given in detail here, but a very good one on the whole. Summarizing their summary, we may say that they aimed at giving two classes of words and phrases. The first included all words and phrases which have been transported bodily out of other languages into English. The second embraced (here we must give the exact words) "All words borrowed from French, Latin, and Greek, since the introduction of printing, whether not altered, or but imperfectly naturalized and now obsolete." About the first of these classes, or sets of classes, there will be very little question. They form the right stuff and substance of the book, as Mr. Stanford must have planned it, and as it is required to supplement ordinary lexicons. It is true that, it being human to err, there may be "pribbles and prabbles" about inclusions and extensions even here. We doubt, for instance, whether the phrase "a Bengala" for "with Bengal light," used merely in a newspaper letter from Italy itself, can justly claim a place, though no doubt it could if an instance could be produced of its use independently of local propriety, like "a giorno." We have found a quotation given to illustrate one outlandish word in which two such occurred, and on turning up the other we did not find it. And Dr. Fennell has sometimes been "let in" by his contributors. "A fleur d'âme," for instance, does not mean "sympathetically," but "superficially," and the very quotation here given shows as much. But these things are sure to occur, and they are not more than reason.

It is with the second class that we enter among rocks and quicksands, from the point of logical theory. The intention of the editor and the advising committee evidently was to admit words which are sometimes found in French form as well as in English during the first century and a half of printing, and all Greek and Latin words, even changed and lopped, which came in after Caxton. The rule seems a little arbitrary, and its application is, perforce, more so. Thus we find such exceedingly ordinary words of the *-té* or *-tas* class as "gravity"; but we do not find the much rarer "clarity," which is used by Browne, and we think by others. "Centaur," "pyramid," and others are admitted, though shaped to English form and universally understood; but we do not find such an essentially exotic, though English-tipped, word as "ergoteer," a word which is by no means unlikely to puzzle a not wholly ignorant reader, and which occurs in no less an author than Dryden. "Tetrastich" occurs, but not "diptych." Although, as we have seen, room is made for words in "ty" on the apparent ground that they came through the French, there seems a strange reluctance to admit those in "ation," and we have not been able to satisfy ourselves of the presence of any rule by which adjectives in "ic" are admitted or excluded. We mention these things not as wishing to pick holes in a very difficult piece of work, but as showing that there has been either a certain laxity of rule, or a certain caprice of application, in this particular part of the work. To our thinking it would have been wiser either to confine the book rigidly to words used in the original form (including, of course, those which are mere degradations thereof), or else to open the door more widely than has been done. Also we doubt very much whether it was wise to admit proper names, especially of fictitious characters. For where are you to stop? Why is Pantagruel here and Panurge not? Why Bombastes Furioso and not Rigdum Funnidos? We don't know what language Rigdum is, certainly; but it is not English. And before quitting entirely this fault-finding part let us seriously repeat that some of the definitions want a very great deal of overhauling. There is absolutely nothing of the meaning "Beauty which indicates an unsound constitution" in "Beauté du diable," and the *diable* himself only knows what Dr. Fennell's contributor was thinking of.

But enough of this. The book is one the first edition of which must inevitably be a sort of proof-sheet on which to correct future issues, and whatever little defects there may be in it, it must be an exceedingly valuable supplement to the great dictionary of the language proper which the sister University is now issuing, by which, as the editor acknowledges, this work itself has to the small extent possible been much assisted, and which in turn it ought to assist and relieve. In turning over its pages, not a few reflections of value, quite independently of the information which it affords on particular points, will present themselves to thoughtful readers. It supplies, in particular, a text—a very handsome one, let us observe by the way, excellently printed in a large but not at all cumbrous quarto, which lies open as such a book should—for a meditation on the practice of which it is (in some eight hundred pages of large double-columns) the not exhaustive monument, the practice of using foreign words in English. We know that according to some good folk this process is an abomination. It is an abomination to a minority of them because it offends a sort of literary prudery of theirs; to a very much larger majority, we suspect, because it rebukes and nonplusses their own ignorance. It is a favourite doctrine that it is shocking to use French words in English, more shocking to use Greek and Latin words that have not been naturalized by and for ages—most shocking to use Spanish, Italian, and so forth. It is impossible to repress a smile as one turns over these pages with this holy horror in mind. In the first place, we see the rise of hundreds of phrases introduced with no better reason than those to which our good friends now object, and used by themselves without the faintest suspicion that they are countenancing the hideous practice of innovating upon the English language. But this, it may be said, is a common weakness of human nature, and may even be defended as no weakness at all. Another reflection is much more amusing and much more difficult for the other side to parry. We are constantly told that to employ outlandish words and phrases is the mark of a poor and incompetent writer—of one who, not being able or not being willing to take the trouble to find proper English clothing for his thought, swaddles it in secondhand garments, borrowed or stolen from other tongues. "A nicht wi' a dictionary"—this dictionary of Dr. Fennell's—should singularly stagger this opinion, if the opiner's mind is open to reason. Naturally it would be inconclusive to quote examples here, or rather no possible space would suffice to give an exhaustive or convincing selection of them. But we are quite certain that any one who dispassionately consults the book, and notes the names and dates affixed to the quotations, will come to the conclusion that, with very rare exceptions, *all* the best writers of English have been given, and that very many, if not most of them, have been freely given, to the practice of using a foreign word or even a foreign phrase of some length without scruple whenever it seemed to them that for this reason or that it was desirable to use it. Many of the words and phrases thus used have, of course, not stood. But, even if they have not, it does not follow that their original use was bad; and where they have, it does pretty clearly follow that it was convenient and beneficial. For ourselves we hold that it is one of the crowning glories of English that it lends itself with almost unparalleled ease to such importations and press-gang work. It would be absolutely impossible in any other language to get together such a dictionary as this, and the fact is significant of the manner in which the English language, like the English realm, has been built up, and, while its good days last, will always be maintained and strengthened. We take the foreigners' lingo as we take their ships and their goods, their lands and their customs, and, generally speaking, in this case as in others, we do the things a great deal of honour, and make them much more serviceable by taking them.

There is a minor point of considerable interest on which we wish to speak with less decision. There are some people, with whom we partly agree, who hold that the use of foreign words and phrases must be invariably and strictly conditioned by the usage of the original tongues. In some cases there can be no doubt of this. Such downright blunders as "bête noir," such solecisms as "à *l'*outrance," such inventions of Heaven knows whom as "nom de plume," cannot be too strongly condemned, and they are, for the most part, purely modern inventions of this half-educated generation, though it is fair to say that "à l'outrance" is probably a clumsy re-translation of the Elizabethan "to the utterance," which itself was probably a sort of muddle with "to the uttermost." But there is a certain class of phrases in which some case may be made for an apparent solecism. Of late, for instance, some critics have condemned the use of the word "morale" as meaning "state of temperament," character, courage, and so forth, urging that it ought to be, as no doubt it is in French, and in opposition to "matériel," "moral," while "morale" has another French meaning, ethics or morality. Yet there is no doubt also that the unbroken tradition of English spelling of the word is with the *e*. Lord Chesterfield wrote it so a hundred and forty years ago, and he was not exactly an author ignorant either of English or French. George Eliot (we are purposely confining

ourselves to the examples quoted in the book before us) wrote it so the other day, and she was not exactly a careless scribbler. It has, we repeat, been an unbroken tradition of English military writers (till in these late days a few may have hearkened to the voices of warning) to write it so. Now the question is whether a word which has been so long written in English under a certain form has not acquired a certain prescription—has not, so to speak, its bar sinister taken off. And in this particular case it may be observed that the sense in which the substantive is used in English is to a certain extent made up of *both* the senses of *moral* and *morale*, and that Pascal in particular uses the feminine form in senses much closer to *moral* than to the modern French restriction of *morale*. Thus we are not to be too sure what example the first English importer had before him. But this is a speculation, and only an instance of many that might be founded on the data supplied by this very solid and useful work of erudition, which represents nearly the best kind of book-producing that University presses can undertake.

TWO BOOKS.*

THE Brighton Road is illustrated by sketches taken by the author himself. Let it be noted at the outset that, wherever he has kept himself, his bicycle, his companion, and his companion's bicycle, out of the picture, he has succeeded in producing a vivid impression of many beautiful things to be seen between London and Brighton. It is a noticeable fault in such books as these that the traveller, artist, and narrator, in one, always thinks that the world wants to see him on his bicycle or in his canoe. This wonderful delusion was notably entertained, and illustrated, by the late John Macgregor, whose humour it was to call himself Rob Roy, and whose delight it was to picture himself in various attitudes and *tours de force* connected with a canoe, a simple instrument on which he played with very great dexterity.

The book takes five days to reach Brighton. It has been done by very muscular Christians in one; it can be done by the ordinary footpad in two; by the lazy stroller it may take three; by the man who stops to sketch, and perhaps "kodaks" here and there, perhaps five days is not too much. The road, indeed, is full of interest and of associations. Streatham, sacred to the memory of Mrs. Thrale; Croydon, consecrated by the possession of its old almshouse; Earlswood Common, sacred to the memory of its highwaymen; the Sussex Ironworks, which denuded all the Sussex forests and left us naked downs; Crawley, Slaugham, Cuckfield, Clayton, Preston; all these are on the road to Brighton, and all present plenty for the artist as well as the narrator. So much is there to tell upon the road that we grudge the space given to subjects already so often and so much better treated. It helps us, for instance, very little in our way along the road to be delayed while we are told a thrice-told tale about the White Horse Cellars and Corinthian Tom. And we do not want, in a book about the Brighton Road, to hear much about Brighton itself. As a book "made up" to fit the illustrations, this volume is readable, pleasant, and, in parts, attractive. But there is too much make up, and the historical and personal lore is too manifestly crammed for the occasion. Other cyclists, however, might do worse than read the book carefully, and then run down to Brighton with its stories in their head. It should form part, not of every gentleman's library, but of every cyclist's shelf.

It was inevitable that, with the rapid spread of Jefferies's reputation, there should be collected together all that remained unpublished of his work. It is a reputation which took long to make, and was to the end of the author's life unaccompanied by the ordinary proofs of popularity. His volumes commanded the highest praise among those who could appreciate an observer of nature such as had never before appeared in this country. But these were few, and Jefferies did not reach all, even of this select class. Had he lived to the present day, he would have had American magazines offering him large sums for his work, and bringing it out with the finest illustrations that can be procured. Fancy "The Pageant of Summer" in the hands of one who could illustrate it as it deserves! Since his death we have seen the price of his books, especially of the first editions, go up with extraordinary rapidity, so that he who owns a complete set of Jefferies possesses a little fortune which he will do well to keep till he grows rich by unearned increments.

This latest, and presumably the last, collection of papers consists of two parts. The first, containing seven chapters, is a description of farm-life in Wiltshire about twenty years ago. Probably there has been little change since these papers were written. They appeared in *Fraser*, in the *Times*, and in a local paper. They are curious and interesting, for the nature of the subject and for the fulness of the detail which Jefferies put into them. He had already begun to observe everything and to note everything. But the style is, as yet, nought; there is, as yet, no style; he is little more, as yet, than a reporter. The second part consists of one long paper called "The Coming of Summer," three or four fragments, and a short paper called "The Lions of Trafalgar Square." "The Coming of Summer" is apparently the first sketch—almost a finished sketch—of the famous "Pageant of Summer"—a sketch laid by, and afterwards rewritten in finer form, with some of the same ideas and some additions. It fails to move the reader to the same degree as its successor; it is tamer in style, it strikes a lower note, it lacks the splendid rapture of that wonderful essay on Nature's works; yet it is singularly beautiful, and for its sake alone the volume will be welcomed and valued. One of the fragments, called "Orchis Mascula," we venture to reproduce whole. Short as it is, no one but Jefferies could have written this little monogram:—

> 'The *Orchis mascula* grew in the brook corner, and in early spring sent up a tall spike of purple flowers. This plant stood alone in an angle of the brook and a hedge, within sound of water ceaselessly falling over a dam. In those days it had an aspect of enchantment to me; not only on account of its singular appearance, so different from other flowers, but because in old folios I had read that it could call up the passion of love. There was something in the root beneath the sward which could make a heart beat faster. The common modern books—I call them common of *malice prepense*—were silent on these things. Their dry and formal knowledge was without interest, mere lists of petals and pistils, a dried herbarium of plants that fell to pieces at the touch of the fingers. Only by chipping away at hard old Latin, contracted and dogged in more senses than one, and by gathering together scattered passages in classic authors, could anything be learned. Then there arose another difficulty, how to identify the magic plants? The same description will very nearly fit several flowers, especially when not actually in flower; how determine which really was the true root? The uncertainty and speculation kept up the pleasure, till at last I should not have cared to have had the original question answered. With my gun under my arm I used to look at the orchis from time to time, so long as the spotted leaves were visible, till the grass grew too long.'

The single page—it is no more—on the golden-breasted wren might be also quoted; but those who admire this interpreter of Nature will get the book for themselves, and to those who do not the volume has no message, any more than the other volumes by the same writer. The second part of *The Toilers of the Field* reminds us once more of the loss which we suffered when this man died.

DEAN HOLE'S MEMORIES.*

THE duty of an archdeacon, we have been told, is to discharge archidiaconal functions. It now seems clear that decanal functions extend beyond the supervision of a cathedral and harmonious action with Canons, to the collection of good and racy anecdotes. These *Memories* might have been the joint production of the late Dean Ramsay, the late Major Whyte-Melville, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, and W. G. They comprise humorous sayings and anecdotes picked up in the studios of artists, the village school, the common-rooms of Oxford, the tent and pavilion, the hunting-field, and the working-man's club. They never offend against good taste. It may be said that they are like the "grave epistles,"

> bringing truth to light,
> Such as a king might read, a bishop write.

If here and there a severe moralist should experience a slight shudder on reading a forcible expression ascribed to a working-man or a rustic parishioner we hope that if recording it with a blush, he may also drop a tear on the record and blot it out for ever. In truth, there is no reason why lawyers and laymen should have a monopoly of amusing stories, and this book fairly deserves the good and pleasant criticisms which from several quarters it has already received. Dean Hole, as becomes a scholar and a Churchman, is fond of classical quotations, has himself written some graceful lines, especially those on Mabel, which deceived a Dean of St. Paul's—whether Dean Milman or Dean Church we cannot be sure—into the belief that they were Hood's; and he has enjoyed the society and friendship of such men as John Leech, Thackeray, Dickens, and others. Some

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* *The Brighton Road: Old Times and New, on a Classic Highway.* By Charles G. Harper. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Toilers of the Field. By Richard Jefferies. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

* *The Memories of Dean Hole.* London: Edward Arnold. 1892.

of us might have partaken of these advantages with profit to ourselves and yet without ability to communicate them to others. Not so the Dean of Rochester. His account of Leech—of this artist's keen enjoyment of country life; his love of hunting, coupled with the reservation that his steed must be one "on which you can carry an umbrella in a hailstorm"; his mode of working at his art, at one time with extreme care and at another with marvellous rapidity of execution; of Thackeray—his amusing conversation, and the value which the novelist appears to have put on the productions of his pencil as above those of his pen; of Dickens and his charming house at Gad's Hill; all tend to fill up little gaps in their memoirs and biographies, and to bring the men vividly before a generation that only knows their works. We agree with Dean Hole that as long as Englishmen have "brain to appreciate humour and hearts to sympathize with woe" Dickens ought no more to "go out of fashion" than Shakspeare or Walter Scott. A very careful perusal of every page of these *Memories* warrants us in saying that in the multiplicity of names, places, and quotations we have only detected three small errors. The late Archdeacon of Worcester, who is correctly described as a favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold's, was Lea, and not Lee. "Billy Lea" was in the School-house, a little senior to Judge Hughes, an unerring shot with a stone at hedge-sparrows and robins, and a first-rate performer, sound in wind and limb, at Hare and Hounds. Then we doubt if it is quite correct to say that old John Lillywhite in the days of Alfred Mynn and Fuller Pilch at their best, was the only round bowler except Redgate. Certainly towards the close of the thirties Cobbett and Bayley as medium pace-bowlers, were second only to the Non-Pareil; and when Redgate as a fast bowler was in his prime he was almost equalled in pace and delivery by a fine specimen of a Hampshire baronet, the late Sir Frederick Bathurst. Perhaps the Dean's remarks apply only to the Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham. Lastly, unless the Dean intentionally, of which there is no sign, varies the lines of Wordsworth about the gratitude of men, there is an error at page 182. The stanza in "Simon Lee" really runs as follows:—

> I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning;
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Hath oftener left me mourning.

In the page above quoted "unkindly" is substituted for "coldness" in the second line, and "burning" for "mourning" in the fourth. These are slight blemishes; but Deans, like ordinary mortals, should verify their quotations.

It would be unfair for the reader to assume from this or any other review that the whole of this pleasant work is made up of jests only fit to set tables in a roar. With much that is humorous there is a due admixture of sound sense, practical morality, and thorough knowledge of mankind. In the first place, the author has a fine, vigorous, and healthy contempt for prigs and pedants who would have us believe that the Bible is a mere collection of myths and legends. He has a kind word for the Evangelicals who, when spiritual life in England was dull and feeble, have "kept the lamp from going out in the Temple." While he justly condemns the age when clergymen held three livings and discharged with exemplary correctness the duties of one, he is of opinion that there was once a better feeling prevalent between servants and masters, workmen and capitalists, than now. Connected with the religious ministrations of the rector and the curate is the question whether they ought to hunt and play cricket. As to the latter recreation the Dean has not the smallest doubt; nor have we. A clergyman, we are very properly warned, should play this game in his own parish. He should not go away for a two or three days' match, lest his services should be required and missed at the font or the burial-ground. He ought not to clothe himself in gorgeous or fantastic garments, and he must show moderation in pipes and refreshments, as in everything else. This excellent advice is capped by the story of an unregenerate miner who was completely converted by his parson's performance with the bat. The miner, when hurt at his trade and sent to hospital, asked for the ministrations of this hard-hitting pastor, and met his wondering questioner with the remark "Oh, that hit o' yourn to square leg for six converted me." Hunting, of course, must be looked at from a different point of view. Few clergymen in these days can afford it; and the presence of an orthodox priest at the coverside, with a black coat, a white neckcloth, and spotless cords or buckskins, is more rare than it was in the days of Parson Trulliber or of Canon Kingsley in our own time. Still, if the rector can hunt without neglecting his duties or getting into debt, there seems no reason, the Dean seems to think, why he should not meet the hounds at North Kilworth or Long Buckby once in the week. This permission, in the mouth of either a Dean or a Bishop, is to be coupled severely and stringently with the condition "that you ride straight to hounds." There must be no craning or shirking, or turning away from the pack, in the hopeless endeavour of regaining it after three miles of a green lane and gates easily opened. Doubtless the Dean, when penning this advice, must have thought of Leech's picture of a reverend gentleman stuck in a ditch, with the remark of another rider that "it's only the parson, and he won't be wanted till next Sunday."

Comments on the kindred rural pastime of shooting are prefaced by a truthful account of sport over dogs in the stubbles. Here we have one or two good anecdotes of poachers which we shall not spoil by abbreviation. The letter of a successful practitioner with net and gun to a peer of the realm, thanking him for the first-rate sport which H. L.'s preserves had afforded the band, is excellent, and leads to the conclusion that the poacher must have attended a Board school and learnt the art of polite letter-writing.

Recollections of Oxford will enable readers to understand the depth to which academical teaching had sunk some fifty years ago. Heads of colleges did little unless they edited some Greek classic on which to found a claim for a bishopric. Tutors seemed never to appeal to the better nature of the undergraduates, or to study their "qualities, inclinations, tempers, and temptations." To take a good degree you had to engage a first-class coach of your own. Lectures at one crack college which could be attended by students from other colleges, were unknown. The Oxford Revival, even if it did send some excellent men to Rome, was a real blessing to one University.

On the subject of preaching, we agree with the Dean to the extent that a sermon to tell, should be preached and not read. There is surely a middle course between the Doctor Humdrum of Macaulay's lines, whose eloquence flowed like "sweet poppy syrup,' and an impassioned, energetic delivery, where the loud voice is reinforced by the wild gestures of a tub-thumper in a public park. Not that Dean Hole believes in extempore preaching or in offering in the pulpit to God or man what has cost the preacher neither care nor reflection. But even a parson who is no orator may learn how to raise, lower, and modulate his voice, and may try to keep alive the attention of his audience by lifting his eyes from his book. Much good advice to young clergymen is to be found in this chapter on preachers; and Dean Ramsay would have rejoiced at the anecdote of the Scotch minister, to whom the parishioners sent a deputation to remonstrate with him on the too frequent use of copious notes. To the minister's explanation that his own memory was deficient and required assistance, the chief of the legation replied, "Weel, then, if ye sae soon forget your own sermons, ye'll nae blame us if we follow your lead." We commend to readers a book which is the outcome of long and varied experience, and which is distinguished not more by amusing anecdotes than by its healthy, manly, and invigorating tone.

FIFTY YEARS MAKING HISTORY.*

"TO exhibit the stream of Australian progress as it has come within my own knowledge and been subjected to my individual influence; to make clear my opinions on some questions of first importance; to vindicate my aims and the motives by which I have been actuated in moulding the policy of the country; to explain my views on some possibilities of the future, and what I conceive to be the destiny of the new Commonwealth"; these, Sir Henry Parkes tells us in his preface, have been the objects he has had in view in publishing this book, and it may be said at once that the execution of the work fulfils the intentions of the author. The book, as he justly says, is neither a history nor an autobiography; and yet it is something of both—something, that is, in the nature of contemporary record, not of history properly so called, and something, too, of an autobiographical memoir, inasmuch as it tells the story of the politics of New South Wales, and occasionally of Australia as a whole, from the standpoint of the author's own position on the stage, and with his own personality as the pivot and central figure of the whole. It may be objected, indeed, that it is not the making of Australian history, but of the history of New South Wales, that forms the real object of the book; and, as to the great bulk of the matter treated of, the objection would be well founded. In all matters of domestic politics the action is confined to the field of New South Wales alone; but we must take it, and may fairly enough take it, as typical of political life in all the colonies. Where, however, Australia as a whole is concerned in any historical event, neither New South Wales nor Sir Henry Parkes was

* *Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.* By Sir Henry Parkes. G.C.M.G. 2 vols London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

found very far from the centre of things; so that we do get as a fact whatever "Australian history" there is. In talking of the title, it is not perhaps beside the mark to recall the circumstance that it was Sir Henry Parkes and no other who, a few years ago, calmly proposed to re-christen New South Wales by the name of "Australia," *tout court*. As regards what we have classed as the purely domestic side of the political history, which constitutes, indeed, the great bulk of the two substantial volumes before us, it must be said that it is not of absorbing interest to those who are not contemplating either that life of the author or that history of Australia towards which Sir Henry Parkes regards the present work as contributing important material. For the former of these purposes the material afforded by this *apologia* will be of use, no doubt. But we confess to some sense of disappointment at finding how little of new there is, whether for these or any other purposes. The volumes are, to a very large extent, made up of page after page of blue-book, reports of Parliamentary and platform speeches, and newspaper articles, strung together by what the author himself has frankly characterized as a "desultory" narrative. The personal element in this necessarily predominates—the presentation, that is, of public events as they affected or were affected by the writer himself—and this militates against the preservation of any approach to such proportion as satisfies the historical faculty, events in which the writer has had the strongest personal interest and feelings bulking larger than their intrinsic importance would justify. Nor is it to be expected in a book of this character that the observance of historical perspective can be unaffected by purely chronological causes. The present tends to blot out the past. The last ten of the fifty years covered fill nearly the whole of the second volume. We do not quarrel with this arrangement. Recent events in Australia are of more interest, not only because they *are* more recent, but because they have been of a character more closely connected with affairs of a wider importance, and calculated to exert a stronger influence upon the future history of the Empire at large, than the provincial, if sometimes exciting, episodes that constituted "history" in the Australia of an earlier day.

Sir Henry Parkes landed at Sydney, a friendless emigrant, in 1839. He was early drawn into the political life of the colony, which had an irresistible attraction for his strenuous and virile intellect. Ten years later he was editing the *Empire*, a power in its day. It was certainly no want of zeal or energy or hard work that kept Parkes poor or caused the *Empire* to fail. "Precipitate zeal," he believes himself, was his own cardinal fault. His energy was simply unbounded. And during a part of the seven years that the paper lived—from 1850 to 1857—doing, as he claims, "heroic" work, and forming the great party which he afterwards led—he was working "double shift," as a member of the old Council and editor and manager of his paper, sometimes thirty-six or forty-eight hours without going to bed. "I must have been made," he says, with reference to this period, "of the stuff of martyrs." At any rate, he must have been made of iron; though he may fairly claim the self-denial and the courage to sacrifice all to his convictions that the phrase points to. His firmness and pluck and strong determination of character have been conspicuous throughout his career. His entire self-dependence, his unflinching confidence in himself and his principles, gave him, to a degree unattained by any living statesman except Bismarck, the extraordinary strength to stand alone, and that power to resist single-handed the forces brought against him, of which he owns himself, and justly, proud. Whether in the face of a conspiracy and strike among his own compositors, threatening him with instant and overwhelming ruin to his prospects and his cause, or of the Great Strike which nearly forty years later he had to cope with in the public interest as First Minister in 1890, he stood his ground without quailing. In opposing the transcendental heroism of Dalley's Soudan Expedition he stood absolutely alone. The populace was a-fire with patriotic and military ardour, and he was for the time covered with obloquy. It was surely no want of loyalty or patriotism that guided him. But this he denounced as spurious patriotism. He denied, and rightly, that here was any national or imperial crisis demanding such action. It was, he declared, to cry "wolf" when there was no wolf. There is no occasion to try to balance the good of the loyal fervour evoked by Dalley's spirited action against the evil denounced in the cool criticism of Parkes. But whether its first or second thoughts were the better, it is a fact that the Sydney populace, in the sober after-time, when it came to paying the reckoning, reversed the verdict of Philip drunk and felt rather ashamed of itself for being betrayed into so much loyalty in its cups. If the idea had suggested itself to Sir Henry Parkes instead of to Mr. Dalley, his position might have been different; for no man could be less lacking in the quality of enthusiasm for causes, and patriotism and loyalty were a creed with him. At the outset of his political career he threw himself heart and soul into the agitation against the transportation system, and a little later was in the thick of the fight for free institutions and the grant of responsible government. One of the first motions he brought forward on entering the old Council in 1854 was in favour of an improved system of immigration, and a quarter of a century later as Prime Minister he denounced the sordid and selfish motives that led men to shut out immigrants from the broad domains which, as he truly said, belonged as much to the English people at home as to the settlers in Australia. At the end of his book the author essays an appraisement of himself—a task involving some temerity. We believe him entitled to claim a freedom from vulgar ambition, from the love of place and power for their own sake, or for the sake of gain or material aggrandizement. He certainly never courted mere popularity—no man less; but he has always displayed great vanity and self-esteem, and he is greedy of fame—of making and leaving a name to live in history. Of his single-mindedness and integrity we have already spoken. To that may be added the words with which he takes leave of his readers:—"Others will arise to examine more critically the work I have done; I can only say that it has been done with an honest purpose."

The personal element in the book is so predominant, and the personality of the writer so striking, that we have left ourselves but little space to dwell on the events with which his public life was interwoven. This is, perhaps, the less a loss, inasmuch as most of these could have but slight interest for readers outside Australia, or even beyond the borders of New South Wales itself, while many of those which would appeal to a wider circle have passed into our contemporary history, and claim no extended notice here. The book serves, nevertheless, to recall and bring together the many episodes in the course of recent political history in Australia, in which its action impinges on the sphere of imperial politics, and affects the question of the relations between the mother-country and her colonies, a question that is every day becoming more important and more pressing. The influence of Sir Henry Parkes, in this field of politics, has been great. His intellect and his instincts are alike bent towards the imperial idea, and in all his public acts and utterances the question of the imperial relationship has always been present to his mind and exercising an influence upon his language and action. He has through life been devotedly loyal to the Crown and true to the imperial connexion. It must be admitted he has sometimes had an odd way of showing his affection. He has consistently declared that, loyal subject as he is, his first duty is to that part of Her Majesty's dominions with whose interests he is most closely and directly concerned. When Colonial and Imperial interests have seemed to clash, he has on occasion succeeded in dissembling his love for the latter, even to the extent of kicking them downstairs. At the time of the Chinese Restriction Bill in 1888, with every protestation of loyalty and of the most earnest desire to preserve the integrity of the Empire, he yet cast aside all considerations but that which he conceived to be the supreme law he was called upon to obey, "the preservation of society" in his own colony. "Neither for Her Majesty's ships of war" (he declared), "nor for Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State for the Colonies, do we intend to turn aside from our purpose, which is to terminate the landing of Chinese on these shores for ever." Brave words; but hardly consistent with that loyalty to the Crown and to the Empire which, in the abstract, formed one of the guiding principles of his political life. He was perfectly sincere in desiring to maintain the integrity of the Empire; but it must be on his own terms, which are that, if Imperial and Colonial interests conflict, it will be "varra awkward" for—Imperial interests. With that reservation—which the weakness of successive Colonial Secretaries and Cabinets has allowed to become a sort of implied condition in all matters of difference and all matters of agreement between the mother-country and the colonies—Sir Henry Parkes has always influenced the action of Australian governments favourably for the perpetuation and strengthening of the British connexion. He passed through the Parliament of his own colony the necessary measure for giving effect to the arrangement arrived at by the Imperial Conference, 1887, in London for the maintenance of an auxiliary squadron in Australian waters; an arrangement extremely favourable to the colonies, indeed, but valuable politically as establishing the principle of their contribution to the cost of naval defence. In the Federation Convention, again, that sat in Sydney last year, he fought manfully for the principle of establishing the Federal Government of Australasia "under the Crown," and for other provisions tending to emphasize and to sustain the continuance of the Imperial connexion. These are something in the nature of achievements, something just a little

more than words and lip-loyalty; and we may take the writer of these volumes as entirely sincere when he declares one of the three great purposes of his public life (the other two being to serve his own colony and to promote Australian union) to be to cling, through good and evil report—and it not infrequently involved the latter—to "the idea of the expanding greatness and the integrity of the Empire." His life's work has to no small extent been, as he phrases it in his preface, "laying the foundations," not of an Australian nation, but "of Empire."

FLIES.*

THERE are flies natural and flies artificial; both are flies, though they have but one quality in common, their use for the taking of fish. In Part I. of the book on *Favourite Flies* there is much of pleasant discourse on the natural fly, on his (or her) beauty, and the many curious ways of life that he follows:—"In one genus, the Chloëon of the order Ephemeroptera, Sir J. Lubbock has described 21 states of existence" (p. 12). There are many quotations from choice writers of English, and the authority of the entomologist is brought to bear on the descriptions and the scientific names of the insects, which, it is needless to say, differ exceedingly from the fancy names or nicknames given to their artificial semblances; for example, the Ephemeroptera order, and the Drake and the May-fly of the fisher. The author is a lady, and dedicates her book to her father, who, it appears, lives at Manchester, Vt., and has produced a surprising number of artificial flies. She quotes Michael Theakston, an English fisherman, who has very sensibly divided the insects most imitated for fishing purposes into seven classes—and it must be understood that when an insect is imitated it is for trout-fishing; salmon-fishing is quite another matter altogether. These seven classes are illustrated, on very good plates, in their natural form, and the artificial trout-flies to correspond are also illustrated to the number of a dozen, coloured beyond recognition. The number of flies that the good trout-fisher uses in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland is very small, and the seven classes of Mr. Theakston speak well for him as a fisherman. Part I. is much to be commended, and it should be borne in mind that this is a book on flies—on flies not from an entomological point of view, but from a piscatorial point of view—and is devoted to flies, with no pretence to advice on the art of fishing. Part I. also is applicable to fishing in Britain, and, sad to say, this Part, which is so pleasant, out of 522 pages occupies only 41. Not that 41 pages of a large well-printed book in good, readable type is not enough on flies, but the remaining 401 pages must give us pause.

Part II. is a very formidable piece of work. The flies are all numbered from the beginning of Part I., and the number reached in that Part is 23—that is, 12 trout flies and 6 salmon flies—a modest number enough. But in Part II. the astonishing quantity of 290 is compiled. If there are 290 favourite flies, how many there may be that are not favourites must be an unknown quantity. All these 290 are "made by C. F. Orvis, Manchester, Vt.," and the explanation of this alarming number is that, although the book is an English book published in England, Part II. is wholly devoted to American fishing, for trout, salmon, and black bass, in the Colonies and the States. The 481 mortal pages, the word mortal being used as a sort of superlative by no means inconsistent with the immortality that may attach to the book, contain letters from innumerable correspondents from all parts of North America, all recommending favourite flies, all of which flies are made by Mr. Orvis, who must be endowed with a wonderful genius for artificial-fly-making. The 290 favourite flies are depicted in the illustrations of most superb colour, and the splendour of their hues puts nature, in her manufacture of flies, utterly in the shade. All the illustrations are good; and there are some, other than those of painted fabulous insects, that are very good. The book is very well turned out of hand, and if not useful it is at least ornamental. To any one who is not colour-blind these favourite flies shine brightly in all the tints of the rainbow with the varieties of the kaleidoscope.

Fish will, no doubt, grab at anything that is moving as something alive, and, therefore, good to eat. With these facts before us, we by no means wish to speak disrespectfully of any favourite flies, whatever they may be.

* *Favourite Flies and their Histories.* By Mary Orvis Marbury. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited.

THE ART AND SCIENCE OF SAILMAKING.*

THIS volume is less a treatise on the art and science of sailmaking than a collection of tables of measurements, together with a number of practical directions likely to be useful to the working sailmaker. It contains no exposition of principles. Perhaps Mr. Sadler includes them among the elementary matters which he takes it for granted that his reader will know already. No one need go to Mr. Sadler for a full exposition of what is meant by the centre of effort. He only tells you what it is, where and how to find its place, and how to cut sails so that they shall not bag just where they are wanted to stand up flat to the wind. We can think of only one way in which it would be possible to qualify oneself to speak with authority on the exact value of all Mr. Sadler's tables—namely, by first serving an apprenticeship as a sailmaker, and then making several suits of sails by these measurements. The author tells us on the title-page that he has been in the employment of Messrs. Ratsey and Lapthorne—in the best school in England, in fact. His measurements may, therefore, be accepted as based on good experience. A book of this kind may prove popular and useful. It is not every sailmaker—far from it—who can make a sail which shall stretch flat. In this, as in the art of shipbuilding, we had a great deal to learn, not so long ago, from both the French and the Americans. That a sail ought to be flat was itself once almost a heresy with us. Mr. Sadler speaks rather scoffingly of his fellow-sailmakers who go by rule of thumb. He means, we suppose, the wrong rule of thumb, for his own treatise contains little but rules of that nature. A man might use his tables without ever giving himself the trouble to think out the reason why.

ETON OF OLD.†

THIS book is one of considerable interest to Etonians, more especially to those who, like its anonymous author, are or have been Collegers. Whether it will be of equal interest to the non-Etonian reader, to whom much of it will probably be an unknown tongue, we very much doubt, more particularly as it is written in a style that may be characterized mildly as "artless." But we do not wish to make too much of that imperfection, seeing that, as it is written by an old gentleman on the verge of ninety, whose first excursion into literature it may very likely be, we can hardly hope to do much in chastening his style by anything that we may say.

Some three-fifths of the book consist of a general view of Eton in the author's day, another fifth of a sketch of Dr. Keate, and the remainder of a contrast between the Eton of 1811–1822 and the Eton of to-day, the last chapter being contributed by a more modern Etonian friend of the author. The first part of the book is far and away the most interesting, and none the less so that it deals with a rather earlier period and a less known locality (College) than most Etonian reminiscences. We know no book which gives a more vivid picture of life in old days in Long Chamber, its hardships and discomforts, and of the dirt, the noise, the absence of every luxury and most so-called necessities, and at the same time the mirth and fun that made up a Colleger's existence. Of rug-riding—a process, it may be explained, of polishing the floor for Election Saturday—of the Duke of Cumberland's counterpanes which appeared on that day alone, of the imposture of the Captain's room organized for the benefit of visitors, of the art of making candlesticks, and of the theatricals we have heard before. But it is new to us that in 1811 there were not even enough bedsteads, and we never realized before that many Collegers would have starved if it had not been that they supplemented their meals out of their pocket-money; for, not only were dinner and supper the only two meals that the College provided, but it did not provide anything like enough food at those.

In the cherished traditions of Long Chamber our author has little faith; he will not leave us the story of the sow kept on the leads, and made famous by the late Poet Laureate, nor the deer poached in Windsor Park, nor even the ravishing of porkers' tails on the Ash Wednesday Fair. It is interesting to see the evolution and survival of customs; thus, in our author's day, a Fifth Form Colleger promoted to the Sixth had to present his new fellows with a packet of almonds and raisins to be eaten in chapel; and it is suggested that the custom may have existed from time immemorial. We would suggest that this was the

* *The Art and Science of Sailmaking.* By Samuel B. Sadler. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1892.

† *Eton of Old; or, Eighty Years since,* 1811–1822. By an Old Colleger. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

purpose for which Master William Paston wanted those raisins in 1478. Again, the rivalry in college between Long Chamber, Lower Chamber, and Carter's Chamber survives to-day in the annual match of Chamber *v.* Tea-Room. And the collections of Latin verses and themes, like the collections of "vulguses" in *Tom Brown's School Days*, have their modern counterpart in collections of mathematical papers forming a complete key to the books most in use.

To the history of games at Eton our author contributes some useful hints. In his day, it appears, not only were compulsory games quite unknown, but we gather that cricket and football were never played at all by large numbers of the boys, and from the preponderating number of collegers in the old Elevens, and from the fact that a cricket match between Collegers and Oppidans was an annual event, we fancy that they were played much more in college than among the Oppidans. We learn that football was almost entirely of the variety known as the Wall Game, and we could wish that we had a fuller account of it as played in 1820; we believe it to have been materially different from the game as played now on St. Andrew's Day, and to have resembled more nearly a variety of football now extinct, which used to be played by the Lower College Club. But the history of Eton football has yet to be written; we can only hope that any of the "*fortes*" who "*vixere ante Agamemnona*" will jot down any notes of the game, and any lists of the early Elevens that they can for the benefit of posterity.

The present Etonian will, perhaps, hardly believe that seventy years ago Etonians were still trundling hoops, spinning tops, and playing at marbles, not to speak of such diversions as hide-and-seek with a dark lantern in the playing-fields—which we take to be the game mentioned in a list of Eton games of the last century as "Hunt the dark Lanthorn"—and bandalore, a game suggestive of maiden aunts, with a toy cupboard of their infancy. Of the rivalry and jealousy between Collegers and Oppidans our author has a good deal to say, and of the better feeling that sprang up about the time of the publication of *The Etonian*; but the judicious historian will note that the former spirit did not die out altogether, for even as late as 1865 College was attacked by Oppidans with snowballs so fiercely that they had to be repulsed by the Master and Whips of the Beagles with hunting-crops, and as late as 1879 a "tug-hunt" was a nightly amusement with the Oppidan pupils of at least one tutor. We are bound to say, however, that a certain diplomacy in the matter of "Mixed Wall Choices" seems to be the chief present survival of the spirit.

As to the character of Dr. Keate, we are not quite sure that we understand the writer's view. He is very angry with Kinglake for the classical passage in *Eothen*, which is admittedly caricature, and then inferentially admits the truth of a great deal that Kinglake says; while he seems to consider that Keate's worst fault was that he wilfully shut his eyes to the light of modern views of education, which is as severe a criticism as it is possible to make. No doubt many of the stories of Keate and his threats of flogging are apocryphal, but that they might have been true the authenticated stories go far to show. If we judge Keate by this age, he will appear very narrow in his scheme of education; but it is quite certain that he turned out many admirable scholars, and, what is better, many excellent English gentlemen. His reputation for scholarship has suffered from the fact that he left no written work behind him; but it may be remembered that some of his elucidations of Horace became traditionary at Eton, and will be found in Yonge's edition of that poet. We have heard from the late Mr. Wilkinson and others of Keate in private life; but it is a distinct gain to his portraiture to have the picture of him that we get here in Long Chamber at evening, unbending so far as to inquire about the results of matches, and showing all the keenness of an old Colleger, and for this we thank the writer. He has explained to us also the Sunday "Prose," which we never quite understood before. The school assembled on Sunday afternoon in Upper School, when Keate, after reading a small portion of Blair's sermons, gave out the work and recreations of the week. The noise on this occasion was always deafening; but we do not think that any one has ever explained before that the noise was not to drown Blair, but to express joy at the prospective holidays of the week.

In conclusion, we may say that the book is adorned with some dozen or so process engravings of Eton, half of them by Mr. A. R. Quinton, the others reductions from Charles Radclyffe's lithographs published in the forties; they are, on the whole, fairly successful.

A SPANISH GRAMMAR.*

WE find some difficulty in understanding why this grammar is called Parallel. In a few passages there are comparisons of the sounds of vowels and consonants in English, Spanish, and French, neither more nor less deceptive than such things usually are, and that is all. For the rest, it is a good enough grammar to buy if you wish to learn Spanish for commercial purposes. Some of Mr. Clarke's rules of pronunciation had better not be followed. Thus, for instance, the "c" in "cepa" and the "z" in "zagal" are not both equivalent to the "th" in thigh. The "c" before "e" and "i" and the "z" have never the same force, but are as near as may be respectively equal to the "th" in thin and in thought. But all written rules of pronunciation are vanities and stumbling-blocks. Mr. Clarke confesses as much in a note, in which he points out that "the position of the tongue in pronunciation" is not the same in sounding "th" in English or "c" and "z" in Spanish. As a matter of common practice, out of Castille the soft "c" is more often pronounced like "s" than not. We cannot agree with Mr. Clarke that, "except in the mouth of purists," "b" and "v" have the same sound. It is a good old joke (Scaliger, we think, has had the credit of it) that "bibo," I drink, and "vivo," I live, are the same word in Spanish; but that was all his fun. There is a perceptible difference, but no mere description can make it intelligible. It is a pity that compilers of grammars of foreign languages waste time over rules of pronunciation at all. They had much better say at once what they always have to say in the end—namely, that the student can only learn to pronounce by practice, and from the example of educated natives. It would be as well also to warn the youth who is setting about learning Spanish that Castilian is the standard, and that he must be as careful not to take his pronunciation from Sevilla or Valencia as a Spaniard should be not to take his English from—the reader may fill up according to taste.

As regards the grammatical part of the grammar, it is sufficient for practical purposes. We mean that anybody who wishes to learn to speak or write Spanish can do it by the help of this book. Mr. Clarke will tell him how to distinguish between "ser" and "estar" as far as telling can convey knowledge which must come either by nature, as the use of "shall" and "will" does to Englishmen, or be grasped at once by natural clearness of head Whately, in a note to his *Logic*, according to his usual practice. of taking all knowledge to be his raw material, put it in a nutshell when he said that "'estar' furnishes the copula when the predicate is a *separable accident*, and 'ser' in *all other* cases." It is as plain as a pikestaff; and if a man cannot understand the rule, the only resource we can recommend him is marriage with a Spanish woman. She might not be able to write, but she would never go wrong about "ser" and "estar." Moreover, the lady would teach him not to misuse the verbs "ir," to go, and "venir," to come, as foreigners, and some provincial Spaniards, do. It takes an Englishman at least some practice to understand how absurd it sounds to a Spaniard to say "vengo," I am coming (from where I am to where you are), instead of "voy," I am going. We suppose that it is very modern, scientific, and so forth, to class the tense in "-ria" (hablaria, partiria, &c.) as "Secondary Futures" of the indicative, instead of calling it, according to the old practice, a form of the Imperfect Subjunctive. Mr. Clarke does not give any English to his subjunctive tenses, and so we do not well know how he distinguishes between "hablaria," I should speak, and "hablara" or "hablase." Neither do we in the least understand what is gained by calling "hablara," "partiera," &c, by-forms of the Imperfect Subjunctive. This book is stated to be meant for use in schools. We pity the schoolboy who is told, of the "Secondary Futures," that "their power of combining the idea of futurity with that of past time has specially fitted them for use in certain classes of conditional sentences from which they have almost entirely ousted the subjunctive. These tenses, therefore, are frequently used in cases where other languages (*e.g.* Latin) employ the subjunctive. But they do not on that account cease to be indicative forms." And why so? Because "amaria," in old Spanish "amar hia" = "amāre habēbam." Therefore the tense is to be called what it is not, because at some remote and indefinite period it ought, if it had had a proper respect for its great-grandfather, to have been something different. These things cause deep emotions of gratitude in those who ground at grammar in the pre-scientific days. They were very happy not to be born later. We do not quite follow Mr. Clarke's meaning when he says that "the Spanish verb resembles the English verb in possessing continuous forms, and exceeds it in richness in possessing an Imperfect as

* *Parallel Grammar Series—A Spanish Grammar for Schools based on the Principles and Requirements of the Grammatical Society.* By H. Butler Clarke, B.A. (Oxon.), Taylorian Teacher of Spanish in the University of Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

distinct from the Past." But we have an Imperfect as distinct from the Past. No doubt we form it with an auxiliary, and the Spaniard does not. But we form the future with an auxiliary, and he does not. Is it, therefore, correct to say that his verb excels ours in richness because it has a future? Indeed, why not go further and say that the Spaniard has an Imperfect Subjunctive with a "by-form" and a "Secondary Future," a show of wealth by the side of which our poor verb, propped up on crutches of might, could, would, and should, appears a mere beggar?

STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC.*

ALTHOUGH it may be doubted whether any musical critic of the present day would have the hardihood of the writer in a musical paper called the *Quarterly Review and Magazine* of 1827, who prophesied that Beethoven's later works would in the future be "talked of by professors and suffered to lie at peace in their shelves," or even of Mr. Chorley, who, in the *Athenæum*, spoke of Schumann's music as a "display of unattractive cacophony," and of *Tannhäuser* as insulting, there is still a good deal of reason in Mr. Hadow's complaint against those critics of narrow and illiberal temper who write with an inadequate sense of their responsibilities. In judging music, perhaps, more than any other of the arts, there is more room for a generous appreciation of the endeavours of an artist in his attempts to express his highest thoughts than is generally allowed by the average critic; for, as Mr. Hadow says, "it is so easy to carp, it is so easy to point an epigram at the immaturities of genius; and the newspaper reader is always for the moment in sympathy with the attack." Schumann—perhaps the most generous of musical critics—saw this, and, in the bitterness of his soul at the treatment that he had received from those who were incapable of understanding his works, recommended them to "pick out the fifths," and leave musical criticism alone. In quite recent times not only Dvořák, but even Brahms, has been treated by such critics to a taste of their quality, a fact which may account for the disinclination of the latter master to visit us in London. We fear it must be acknowledged that the English public are greatly to blame for the continuance of this irresponsible criticism, more by reason of its want of musical knowledge than from any real antipathy to novelty, but most by its restless anxiety to know what those critics think of a new work who have really had but little more opportunity than itself to form an opinion, and who often, under the greatest disadvantages, are compelled to record their impressions to satisfy the imperious demands of their readers. It is easy to carp; nay, it is also safe, for in nine cases out of ten, by the time your readers have been educated to appreciate the beauties of the work, your criticism will have been forgotten, and will have been relegated to the more useful purposes of the butterman. At the same time this class of criticism is less displeasing to the general reader than the fulsome "gush" of the enthusiastic worshipper, whose adjectives have a tendency to perplex the Philistines, even if they do not cause the long-suffering editor to blaspheme. Hence Mr. Hadow's plea for less trust on the judgment of others who are supposed to have the monopoly of the love of beauty, and for more dependence on individual judgment based upon certain principles which he discusses, which form the most important and interesting portion of this book, is both reasonable and cogent. These principles of vitality, labour, proportion, and fitness are thoughtfully worked out as the basis of a system of criticism at once practical and philosophical, and the author is peculiarly happy in applying it to the once much-abused Romantic movement both in France and Germany, as illustrated by the lives and works of Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner. This movement was productive from time to time of so much adverse and, to tell the truth, often ill-natured comment on the part of the leading English critics, in spite of which it has, nevertheless, progressed victoriously, that, as the author says, not unreasonably, the critics must be a little weary of constantly advocating the wrong cause. Mr. Hadow combats the opinion that England is an unmusical nation, but regrets that what he calls "the great monodic movement, which originated in Florence, should have spread northward at a time when England was too much occupied with political disturbances to make full use of the occasion." Then came Charles II. with his French and George I. with his German influence, and so the national English style "waned and degraded into a mere echo," and the last English composer, according to this author, until the present generation, was Henry Purcell. Now at last, thinks Mr. Hadow, the period of decadence is at an end, and it is encouraging to hear him prophesy that England yet may rise to the position which she occupied in the time of Elizabeth, and we English may "show ourselves once more the worthy comrade and rival of the great nations over sea." We know not, but we sincerely trust it may be so.

If the author can persuade the average musical amateur to adopt his system of criticism, and to study music instead of only talking about it, he will have rendered a service to art worthy of all praise, and will have gone far to get rid of the narrow-minded and carping critic whose existence he so much deplores. We have seldom read a book on musical subjects which has given us so much pleasure as this one, and we can sincerely recommend it to all who are interested in the art.

* *Studies in Modern Music.* By W. H. Hadow, M.A. 1 vol. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1893.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THIS season both M. Jules Verne and Mr. André Laurie attempt no wild flights in worlds of their own imagining, nor anticipate the future progress of scientific discovery. M. Verne's *Mistress Branican* (Sampson Low & Co.) is just a story of this world—the world of all of us, wherein we find adventures, or not at all—and a very pretty story it is, on the whole, with a profusion of woodcuts by way of illustration. Those who think M. Verne is at his best when taking a course of adventure to other inhabited spheres, or voyaging the ambient air, or the waters about the earth, may find *Mistress Branican* a trifle tame and thin. But they cannot complain of lack of variety. There are exciting search-voyages by a disconsolate widow whose husband is lost somewhere in Australia. The journey across that continent is full of pleasing incidents and startling diversion. Then the eccentric Englishman, Jos Meritt, with his queer Chinese servant, is a capital study in M. Verne's well-known comic vein. Meritt is a rich man who travels over the world to add to his unique collection of famous and historic hats. The Rabelaisian catalogue (pp. 211, 212), though only a selection, affords convincing proof of the extent of his researches. Mr. André Laurie's story, *Axel Ebersen* (Sampson Low & Co.), is marked by a sobriety of invention which is certainly foreign to the previous works of this admirable romancer, and must be found by most boys somewhat dull reading after his delightful romance of the moon, and others of the kind. The story tells of the beneficial effects of the Slojd system of training in the career of a Swedish boy who was somewhat pampered by his mother. The pictures of Swedish life and customs are well drawn, and the story, if unexciting, is well written. Mr. Hume Nisbet shows his usual fertility of invention in *The Divers* (A. & C. Black), a lively story of the life of beach-combers and the exploits of black-birders in Pacific waters. There is plenty of fighting in the story, and it is described with wonderful force; and, whether he is presenting strange scenes or is sketching picturesque regions, Mr. Nisbet never fails to impress us by a vivid sense of actuality. But it is a mistake, in a book written for boys, to write of the love affairs of a boy in the florid strain Mr. Nisbet adopts. What can boys make of such a sentiment as this?—"With the first grey hair Cupid flies, and the sleek-faced goddess Diplomacy takes the urchin's vacant post."

The abundance of sea-stories recalls the curious neglect of the military element in books for boys. We have no writer who can be said to hold the place once occupied by James Grant, whose spirited and versatile works were formerly much read by boys. Mr. Manville Fenn's *Gil the Gunner* (S.P.C.K.) sets forth the adventures of a young officer in the Horse Artillery during the Indian Mutiny. It is not one of Mr. Fenn's happiest efforts, and is intolerably spun out. The length of the story is, in fact, its only Grant-like feature. Mr. William Mitchell's *From Private to Colonel* (Hutchinson & Co.) is far more satisfactory as a varied and picturesque delineation of the romance of war. It is a story of the Peninsular War, told with an agreeable briskness of movement, and fully charged with surprising incidents of a romantic nature. There is, also, a really good sketch of a comic Irish soldier. Mr. Arthur Lee Knight's lively story, *The Rajah of Monkey Island* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is not without its funny man, one who is known as Ugly-Mug by the middy-hero, "for which relief," we fear, all boys of humour will not be thankful. You want the atmosphere of the Law Courts to give due effect to this facetious Krooman. Luckily Mr. Knight's story does not need such relief, for it is one of the best and brightest books of adventure we have read.

Mr. W. B. Allen is determinedly "up to date" in *The Lion City of Africa* (Partridge). His voyagers to Central Africa from the West Coast pass through experiences that are quite of the Dark Continent description. They encounter pigmies, and make of a pigmy a charming heroine. There is a very thrilling adven-

ture with the "sacred lion" of Lhiamba, who proves to be a very different beast from the sacred lion of Algeria, whom the English painter saw driven away by an old woman armed with a broom. Mr. Allen's "strange record" is well imagined, and narrated in a realistic style. *The Young Moose-Hunters*, by C. A. Stephens (Partridge), ought to make young boys happy, and receive the approval of old boys; for it is a story about boys, and the things that boys delight in, and realizes in happy fashion what is a dream of joy with most boys. The young moose-hunters are four schoolboys who are leaving school for some few months' wandering among Canadian lakes and forests. They go a-trapping, and to raise the wind sell their lexicons, their Euclids, and Virgils. They enjoy a most delightful time of excitement and privation in the wilderness, and on their return realize by their spoils something like one hundred dollars apiece. In Mr. Frankfort Moore's *Sailing and Sealing* (S.P.C.K.) there is a scientific gentleman, one of a yachting party in the North Pacific, who is something of a geologist, and attached, we imagine, to the old order of science. Certainly, no believer in cataclysmic energy could have desired to witness so tremendous a demonstration of the hidden forces of the earth as befell this lucky man of science. Mr. Moore has dipped his pen in earthquake with excellent effect. His story leaves us "breathless" more than once. *Born to Command*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (S.P.C.K.), is a story of the sea and of sailors which scarcely holds us with the like fascination. It has no lack of spirit, when there is action to be portrayed, yet is it overspun as a narrative most tediously.

Stories, by Ascott R. Hope (A. & C. Black), is a selection of reprinted tales by a writer who knows thoroughly what boys like to read and what is good for them to read. Mr. Charles Paul Mackie tells the story of the first voyage of Columbus to the New World in *With the Admiral of the Western Sea* (Nelson & Sons), basing his narrative upon authentic documents, and showing himself to be in all respects an enthusiastic Columbian. *Warriors of the Crescent* (Hutchinson & Co.) is a book by the late W. H. Davenport Adams, comprising a series of sketches, such as boys with a taste for history will enjoy, of the Ghazni and Moghúl emperors from Mahmud to Aurangzib. Mr. Charles Rathbone Low's *England's Sea Victories* (Virtue & Co.) deals with famous sea-fights, in which Blake and mighty Nelson, Jervis, Howe, Rodney, and other English naval commanders were distinguished. It is an attractive book, well written and well illustrated. Mr. C. J. Hyne's *Sandy Carmichael* (Sampson Low & Co.), though far more diversified in adventure and scene than *The Captured Cruiser*, which we lately noticed, is quite as good a story. It ranges from the field of Culloden to the South Seas. Mr. W. Pimblett gives an abstract of history in *How the British Won India* (Virtue & Co.). In "avoiding useless detail," the writer has not altogether avoided a scrappy style of narrative. He is far too comprehensive to comprehend right treatment. You cannot deal with Indian history from the Sultans of Ghazni to the murder of Cavagnari in one small volume. Heroic characters in history are the themes of Mrs. Alexander's *Fair Women and Brave Men* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), and here also the historical field appears too large and vague for the portraiture attempted, and the various sketches of Sir Philip Sidney, Joan of Arc, St. Louis, and the rest need more concentration than the author's method shows.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas Number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, contains a variety of short stories, mostly of a sporting or sportive character, and some good illustrations by Mr. Stanley Berkeley, Mr. John Sturgess, Mr. Paul Hardy, Mr. Davidson Knowles, Mr. S. Dadd, Mrs. Louis Wain, and "A. B.," whose sketches of Emery as Captain Cuttle, Belmore as Newman Noggs, Buckstone in *The Overland Mail*, and other famous impersonations of the past, are excellently done and full of suggestion to old playgoers. How very blundersome a very clever man, who thinks himself such, may be, is prettily illustrated in Mr. Alfred Watson's "A Short Head," a capital story of the ring and the racecourse. The fair and witty lady in Mr. W. H. Pollock's piquant story "Attaque, Parade, et Riposte" ought not, clever as she was, to have risked an exchange of weapons, and laid herself open to the fair revenge she suffered. She might—but the story will suggest much to the speculative reader. Mr. Finch Mason, Mr. F. W. Robinson, the Rev. M. G. Watkins, and other well-known writers are among the contributors of stories in *Holly Leaves*. *The Boy's Own Annual*, the new volume of *The Boy's Own Paper*, is as full of attraction in letterpress and pictures as ever it has been. In fiction we have, in addition to "Axel Ebersen," noticed above, Mr. Malan's capital story of school-life, "The Dis-Order of the Bath," Mr. David Ker's "Champions of the Kremlin," "The Young Nor'-Wester," by Mr. J. M. Oxley, and "The Orchid Seekers," by Messrs. Russan and F. Boyle. The papers on practical or recreative matters are full of instruction and entertainment. *The Girl's Own Annual* is a companion volume that makes quite as varied and attractive appeal to girls and all that concerns them. It is well illustrated and admirably written in all its literary departments. We have also received the annual volumes of *Good Words* (Isbister & Co.) and *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister & Co.), old-established magazines that deserve to retain their ancient repute; and from the Religious Tract Society the new volumes of *The Leisure Hour*, still one of the best of family magazines, as it is one of the oldest, and *The Sunday at Home*, which, like its more secular companion, is well illustrated, on the whole.

Welsh Pictures, edited by the Rev. R. Lovett (Religious Tract Society), is a very unequal production from the pictorial standpoint. Some of the illustrations appear to be old, and some others are exceedingly poor. The "Pont Aberglaslyn" has, we think, served other illustrative ends before now. Among children's magazines we note the annual volume of *Little Wide-Awake* (Routledge & Sons); *Sunday* (Wells Gardner & Co.), with capital illustrations; and *The Child's Pictorial* (S. P. C. K.), with charming pictures in colour. Three pleasing story-books with pretty pictures are M. and C. Lee's *Told after Tea; Some Sweet Stories of Old*, illustrated by H. Ryland and Lucien Davies; and *Short Stories about Animals*, by Gertrude Sellon; all published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. For very young children the "Playhour Picture Books" of Messrs. Warne & Co.—*Cat Pictures, Dog Pictures, Animal Pictures, Bird Pictures*—are suitable both in text and illustration. From the same publishers we have a delightful folding picture-book, *Our Noah's Ark*, and *Aunt Louisa's Nursery Rhymes*, a book that should please all children, for the rhymes include many of the good old kind, and the illustrative cuts are simple and expressive.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AN Englishman who was not entirely ignorant of French was once saddened by having to confess his entire inability, without having recourse to slang or periphrasis, to translate the phrase "donner le change." It occurred to him, after many years, that the real translation is "to write like M. Maurice Barrès." We have more than once had the pleasure of doing justice to M. Barrès's extreme cleverness, while occasionally deploring his elaborate mystifications and his casual crudities; and we hope to have many more opportunities of doing so. In *L'ennemi des lois* (1) we fear that M. Barrès has let his vocation as a "change-giver" occupy him too much. It is still clever; but the eccentricity is so exaggerated, and the crudities so perfectly gratuitous, that it reminds one more of a class of book at the end of the last century, written by the caricaturists of Diderot, whereof the most famous example is *Le compère Mathieu*, than of anything else. Indeed, it would not surprise us if M. Barrès, whose candour is quite childlike, if not quite angelic, were to confess that Dulaurens had basely plagiarized from him by anticipation of just a century. The "enemy of the laws," a certain André Maltère, is sent to Sainte-Pélagie for exciting to revolution. Here he is visited by the daughter of a *savant*, Claire, and a Russian princess, Marina, who, with a dog (two dogs indeed, one succeeding the other), compose the *dramatis personæ* of the book. André first goes to Venice with Marina; then he marries Claire; lastly (Claire being advanced, as well as douce), they set up a triangular household. And all the time they talk the curious stuff—as of a paradoxical undergraduate with rather an unusual excess of brains and reading, and rather an unusual defect of taste and balance—that M. Barrès loves. It is not bad fun at times; but it is, on the whole, a good deal below *Le jardin de Bérénice*.

M. Stryienski has completed, or so we understand it, his useful labours for Beyle's autobiography by publishing its third part under the title of *Souvenirs d'égotisme* (2), which (he would not disagree with us) is less particular than general. This batch of reminiscences, which is not very long, and deals with the years 1821–30, is completed by a very considerable number of unpublished letters—those to the author's sister Pauline being different from the batch lately published, and noticed here not long ago. The net result of the labours of M. Stryienski during the last five years is that we seem now to have all Beyle's "remains" of an autobiographical character; and that, instead of being confined to the notice—accurate and honest enough, but meagre and carefully guarded—of Colomb, we have abundant documents. It is true that these documents have very little altered the fancy portrait which all acute observers must

(1) *L'ennemi des lois.* Par Maurice Barrès. Paris: Perrin.
(2) *Souvenirs d'égotisme.* Par Henri Beyle. Paris: Charpentier.

have drawn for themselves from Beyle's works and the notices of him by contemporaries; but still they are fact, not fancy. The extent to which they have confirmed or modified moral judgment as well as intellectual idea of him will, of course, depend very much on the idiosyncrasy and competence of the judge. The impression of Beyle's intense egotism and of the strange absence of taste in some kinds that accompanied an exquisite enough taste of others in him must have been deepened, we suppose, for almost all readers; while at the same time fair-minded ones will admit that he was probably a better fellow than it was his pleasure to make himself out. "Cette canaille de Beyle" he has, we believe, been called, not by prudish, priggish Britons, but by Frenchmen themselves, and assuredly it would not be hard to produce passages justificatory of even this strong language. But the present volume, though it contains some remarkable instances of these, conveys on the whole a pleasanter impression of him than the others—certainly than the *Vie de Henri Brulard*. The editor's introductory essays on the figure that Beyle made in the salons of the Restoration is interesting, and gathers up much that is scattered elsewhere. Some of Beyle's English experiences here recorded are very curious, and almost more than very characteristic. We observe, by the way, with pleasure that M. Stryienski himself promises a new *Life* of Beyle. The publication of so much new material by himself and others in the last few years renders this more than desirable—almost necessary. For, abundant and interesting as this new material is, it is very intricate; large parts of it overrun and entangle themselves with other parts; and, unless one has time to disentangle and arrange the whole for oneself (which is not common), it wants an arranger.

Mme. de Nanteuil's contribution to the "Nouvelle Collection" (3) has all the respectability necessary to that series, and a considerable amount of ability and interest as well. Its fault, one which we have often noticed in novels, is an attempt to cover too much time. It is not really a long book, but its personages represent at least three generations; and this, though some persons of great genius have done it—and, like persons of great genius, done it successfully—is usually a mistake. Mme. de Nanteuil, however, is worth reading. Her English quotations and phrases, of which she is fond, are usually correct, and she actually knows what "washed out" means. But her English names are still odd. "Lady Anna Shaepcott"? No, no! Mr. Ruskin may have given us "Notes on the construction of Sheepfolds," but we defy anybody to construct an English "Shaepcott."

The two other books on our list are light—distinctly light. We are rather sorry to see M. Ricard using that talent of his which is so evident, (4) and yet which somehow or other never quite "comes off," in making *historiettes*, which ought to be funnier than they are to excuse their tone. *Cœur d'actrice* (5), on the other hand, though even less suited to the young person, is undeniably funny, and has that indefinable something which prevents "fie" from turning into "faugh." "Entre le *Fie* et le *Faugh*," by the way, would be a title quite in the way of present French style, and we make a present of it to anyone who likes it.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new edition of the writings of Edwin Waugh, which starts with two volumes of *Lancashire Sketches* (Heywood), edited by Mr. George Milner, is not a reprint of the author's collected edition in ten volumes, issued in 1883. It is to be completed in eight volumes, and certain sketches will be omitted, though in no instance will any abridgment of such prose or verse as is included be attempted by the editor. If selection was necessary, certainly no other method of selection could be tolerable. To judge of the two well-printed volumes before us, the new edition of Waugh should do much towards making the works of an excellent poet and a most delightful and original humourist more widely appreciated than they are. Mr. Milner, in his interesting memorial preface, scarcely touches the great and signal merits of Waugh, though he is, like everybody else, deeply moved by the rich and racy humour of such characteristic writings as the Birtle carter's "Story of Owd Bodle," and the tender and sincere pathos of the Lancashire poet's songs. The comparison Mr. Milner suggests between Waugh's writings and a good county history seems to us peculiarly unhappy. There would be some slight ground for it if Mr. Milner were treating of certain topographical sketches of Waugh's only. But he takes the whole range of his work. "We know," he says, "how valuable is a good county history," and then proceeds to say, "Of equal value, at least, are the tales, sketches, and poems of Waugh." Still more inapt are the remarks on "the poet, pure and simple," and "the dialect poet," while the observations on the distinction of provincial literature and national literature are singularly unfortunate as applied to Waugh. Waugh's "dialect" was his native speech, and he employed it like an artist, and with admirable effect, as the medium of humour, and of colour, and of character. It is remarkable that he did not, as other writers in dialect have done, adulterate his native speech in his poems with the current poetic diction of his time. Dialect does not make literature provincial, as Mr. Milner seems to think. The genuine provincial literature is that which is imbued with the provincial spirit, of which there is absolutely nothing in Edwin Waugh. Let us take one of these *Lancashire Sketches*, something of local description or topography, such as the "Ramble from Bury to Rochdale," and we shall find there is an unpassable gulf between the best county history ever written and the energetic prose, with its wonderful vibrating quality, of Edwin Waugh.

The Story of Kaspar Hauser, by Elizabeth E. Evans (Sonnenschein & Co.), while full of material for the student of evidence, is nothing less than a little world of wonders for the "easy credulous." The compiler of this book is a firm believer in the "foundling of Nuremberg," and thinks there is an overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of Kaspar Hauser. The culmination of the evidence is found in a pamphlet published at Zürich last March, which contains a so-called *fac-simile* letter, in which Mrs. Evans finds "conclusive guilt"; and a death-bed confession of an ex-minister addressed to an unnamed prince. The "evidence" is precisely like all other pro-Hauserian evidence. Of the history of these testimonies, the proofs of their authenticity, and the existence of the original documents nothing whatever is adduced.

Most of the poems in Mr. Madison Cawein's *Moods and Memories* (Putnam's Sons) are reprinted from previous volumes. The poet is too lavish of gradiose phrase, and in the use of heavy compounds, where simplicity were better, is too indulgent, yet he possesses a considerable gift of fancy, and knows how to give it musical and poetic expression. Mr. Cawein is obviously a very assimilative reader of poetry, and it is not always his own voice we hear in his singing. "The Old House by the Mere," for instance, is a very Tennysonian strain; while there is no need to name the inspiring source of "The Triumph of Music":—

> One night as I wondered and wandered
> In this my rare Aidenn of flowers,
> I saw, where I lingered and pondered,
> A youth cast asleep 'mid the bowers;
> A youth on a mantle of satin,
> A poppy-red robe in the flowers.

Gentleman Upcott's Daughter (Fisher Unwin) is a Somersetshire story, and not, as might be inferred from the pseudonym "Tom Cobleigh" adopted by the author, concerned with Dartmoor and that jovial crew "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old uncle Tom Cobleigh, and all." 'Tis a good story, nevertheless, with excellent dialogues in the West-country dialect and admirable pictures of Somerset rural life as it was some sixty years ago. The story is full of interest and vivaciously written. Indeed, in force and humour the rustic speech is scarcely inferior to the diverting dialogues of Mrs. Palmer's Devonshire farm-folk.

There is genuine flavour of romance about *A Highland Chronicle*, by S. Bayard Dod (Hutchinson & Co.), and everybody interested in the Scottish gipsies will enjoy the picturesque account of these wanderers, who play important parts in the story, and the striking sketch of Andrew Faa, their leader. One curious incident—the stealing of a purse of gold at a cattle fair and its strange restoration to the wife of the owner (ch. v.)—is, we think, founded on fact, or, at least, is familiar to us, though we cannot recall the original form of it. Mr. Dod's book, though printed in London, contains American spelling, such as "center," "rumor," and the like.

America, being a great and wide country like the sea, full of strange things, we should hesitate to hint a doubt as to the fidelity of the studies of American society presented in *Miss Wilton* by Cornelia Warren (Boston: Houghton & Co.), though we have no doubt at all about the dulness of the numerous persons of whom this sad, tedious story treats.

Wonderful as are the illustrations of the art of disguise which novelists have set forth, we doubt if anything so magnificent in the way of "make-up" was ever devised as is exemplified in *The Unwritten Law*, by Mrs. Bennett-Edwards (Arrowsmith). The wig alone—and its effective services—should be the envy of Bow Street, and the despair of detectives—in fiction. The story is altogether marvellous, though, we are assured by the author, it s founded upon facts. Perhaps fiction may be defined as the art

(3) *Violette Deschamps.* Par Mme. de Nanteuil. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

(4) *Contes d'après-midi.* Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Cœur d'actrice.* Par J. du Tillet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

of investing events that had "actually taken place" with a convincing show of unreality.

Like most memorial, or reminiscent, volumes of these days, the *Recollections of George Butler*, by Josephine E. Butler (Arrowsmith), would have proved much more satisfactory as portraiture, and far more readable as a book, if it had been less lengthy and discursive. As it is, Mrs. Butler's analogy of the portrait in some picture gallery and the "memorial or written likeness" of the subject of her volume can scarcely be said to be anything but an ideal that is not practically presented.

In *The Autobiography of a Slander* (Longmans & Co.)—a somewhat alarming title for a very simple story—Edna Lyall tells a moral tale of the growth of a little idle chatter into something very evil, and shows how an uncharitable slander, like the charitable snowball, grows apace as it is passed on from one mouth to another.

A Handy Book of the Church of England, by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, D.D. (S. P. C. K.), comprises much useful information, conveniently summarized, relating to Church history, constitution, and work. It has, moreover, two features essential in a book for reference—a good plan of arrangement and an index.

The Lady's Dressing-Room (Cassell & Co.), translated from the French of Baroness Staffe by Lady Colin Campbell, is a kind of guide to the preservation of the complexion and health, and comprises many and various counsels and prescriptions, the wisdom or efficacy of which must, we suspect, in many instances, vary as the individual varies. Not every woman could live ever bright and fair, like the Baroness X., on a daily allowance of three dozen oranges, a slice of bread, and a glass of wine. Yet this lady thrived for forty years on this thin dietary.

How to Feed Baby, by Dr. Sinclair Holden (Jarrold & Sons), is a practical, common-sense little book, issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, dealing with the illnesses that spring from the improper feeding of babies, and the ills that come of the common fallacy that food is the same thing as nourishment.

The hero of *In and Out of the Pigskin*, by George F. Underhill (Chapman & Hall), is represented as smoking "one of his favourite villas," and as having been "in excellent spirits, not to mention excellent beer"—a mild pleasantry, we suppose. The story is more tolerable, however, than such signs might appear to indicate.

We have also received a second and revised edition of Sir R. S. Ball's *Time and Tide*, a "romance of the moon" (S.P.C.K.); Vol. I. of *The Principles of Ethics*, by Herbert Spencer (Williams & Norgate), being Vol. IX. of "A System of Synthetic Philosophy"; *Faithful unto Death*, by J. M. Stone (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), an account of the sufferings of English Franciscans during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with a preface by Father J. Morris, S.J.; *Poems from the German*, translated by C. M. Aikman, M.A. (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Carmela; or, the Plague of Naples*, a drama (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Marriage of the Soul, and other Poems*, by W. Scott-Elliot (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Triumphs of Steam*, revised edition, by Henry Frith (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Joyous Story of Toto*, by Laura Richards, new edition (Blackie & Son); *Patience Wins*, by G. Manville Fenn, new edition (Blackie & Son); and a new edition of *The Wide, Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherell (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

YESTERDAY week HER MAJESTY made a batch of knights at Windsor; but little or nothing of the strictly political kind happened.

The event of this day week was the conferring on Mr. GLADSTONE of the freedom of Liverpool, which was done with general consent and approval, and produced an agreeable and decent spectacle. Mr. GLADSTONE, like a sensible man, energetically demanded "a quill" for the purpose of signing the burgess-roll, and then talked very pleasantly, and with an avoidance of all contentious subjects even by innuendo, which could not have been more scrupulous, about past and present, about commerce and finance, about the good old days when people subscribed their money for the "carrying "on" of a fourteen days' polling, and when that was done subscribed more, and so forth. In short, as ARAMIS remarked at another meeting of courteous enemies, "We find what this gentleman said to be "very well said and altogether worthy of him."

On Thursday night Mr. MORLEY endeavoured to keep his party's spirits up at Newcastle by telling them cheerily that "he saw no reason to despair" of Home Rule, by dismissing the comments made on the Meath election as "cant," by affecting ecstasy over the results of the MATHEW Commission, and by taxing Lord LONDONDERRY not too politely with inaccuracy on the subject of Irish crime. We run our eyes across the same page of the *Daily News* which contains Mr. MORLEY'S speech, and we find an account of a particularly brutal moonlighting outrage in Kerry. The thoughtlessness of these printers! Mr. PLUNKETT spoke at Wimbledon on the same night and on the same subjects, but, it need hardly be said, he treated them rather differently.

Election Petitions.

The judgment of Mr. Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice WILLS in the Worcester election petition was wholly in favour of the respondent, Mr. Justice WILLS declaring that it was "a great hard-"ship" for him to have to meet it. Indeed, the thing, like that at Manchester, was purely trumpery, and a gross exhibition of political or personal spite. It ought to be a subject of serious consideration whether some heavier penalty than the risk of having to pay costs, which never are the whole costs, should not wait upon such vexatious proceedings. For these, it must be remembered, not only inflict great loss and annoyance on individuals, but dislocate and delay the whole legal business of the country.

The National Agricultural Conference.

Of the very important National Agricultural Conference, which was held on Wednesday and Thursday, we speak more fully elsewhere. The chief speakers were Mr. LOWTHER and Mr. CHAPLIN; but the meetings were largely attended by persons of distinction in various ways, and resolutions in favour of Protection and Bimetallism—more particularly of the former—were carried almost unanimously and with immense enthusiasm on Wednesday. Next day the less exciting subjects of the burdens on land and of land tenure were discussed. Unluckily for the first, it would be unnecessary if a corn duty were reimposed; and, if a corn duty be not reimposed, it is not quite clear whose shoulders will be kind enough and broad enough to receive the burden. As to tenure, the three Fs themselves have not prevented Irish live meat from being unsaleable, or Irish farmers from clamouring for relief. One sapient gentleman said it "ought to be as safe to bank in the soil as in the Bank "of England." Would he put an apple-tree in prison if it did not pay its debts with the same amount of apples every year? The meeting closed with a high and well-deserved compliment to the chairmanship of Mr. LOWTHER, which was seconded by no less extreme a Radical than Mr. CHANNING, M.P. As a direct result of the Conference, Lord WINCHILSEA has started a National Agricultural Union.

Uganda.

Some newspapers which might and some which might not have been expected to know better placarded on Wednesday afternoon "Alarm-"ing News from Uganda," or something to the same effect. There was no alarming news from Uganda at all, and the construction put upon the tidings that Captain WILLIAMS had left, invalided, for the coast was most misleading, and in conceivable circumstances might have been most mischievous. There were quite half a dozen competent Englishmen left in the country, and Major ERIC SMITH has probably reached it before now. Moreover, it turned out later that even the bare facts were incorrectly reported; for Captain WILLIAMS, though unwell, had not left Uganda, and did not mean to leave till Major SMITH arrived. It was announced

that Sir GERALD PORTAL will take with him 500 Zanzibari regulars, which should put all risk out of the question. On Wednesday night Mr. STANLEY delivered an address on the subject to the Constitutional Club.

Scotland. It was announced last week that Colonel RUSSELL, the Unionist candidate for East Aberdeenshire at the last election, had consented to contest the seat, which it had been feared would be allowed to go by default. This would have been a very great pity; and, though the attempt is a bold one, Colonel RUSSELL has already deserved success.——On Tuesday the Edinburgh magistrates had before them a person charged with being concerned in the autograph forgeries to which we recently referred.

Ireland. The Eviction Commission adjourned *sine die* on Tuesday, justifying at least to that extent some curious rumours on the subject.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. M. BRISSON gave up his efforts to form a Cabinet yesterday week, some influential persons to whom he had applied having refused to join him. The quarrel between the Panama Commission and the lawyers was being a little adjusted, and the Committee took some more evidence tending to show that "Republic" and "corruption" are only anagrams of each other. Which, indeed, is no new thing; but it is well to have the evidence of it posted up to date now and then.——The Monetary Conference at Brussels was losing itself in a wilderness of detail advocating the withdrawal of "small" gold coin, and so forth. The German Reichsrath was still debating the budget, and the poor Sultan of MOROCCO had not yet got rid of his uninvited and unwelcome French visitors.

On this day week M. CASIMIR PÉRIER (who had followed M. BRISSON) finally gave up the task of attempting to form a Ministry. The celebrated "REINACH cheques" were surrendered, and the names of no Deputies were found among the payees; but there were certain Senators, and some quite undistinguished persons who were suspected to be "lend-names"—as the French language, not very rich in compounds as a rule, neatly calls a class of obliging persons for whom English has no general term. There were more reports of the Chitral disturbances; there had been a riot at Ichang in China; and Sir JOHN THOMPSON had formed his Ministry in Canada. The troublesome matter of the Maltese marriages has cropped up again, thanks chiefly to the activity of that very mischievous and foolish body, the Protestant Alliance.

"And then we all shuffled back at the QUEEN'S com-
"mand," said the Duke on a famous occasion. So did M. LOUBET'S Ministry at M. CARNOT'S on Monday, only it became M. RIBOT'S, M. LOUBET taking a back but honourable seat. There were a few other criss-crossings; and the obnoxious M. RICARD was the principal JONAH. The Panama Committee was engaged with M. ALBERT GRÉVY and M. HÉBRARD as to their "REINACH cheques," and received from the Chamber, by a large majority, further unusual powers.

On Wednesday morning it was reported that there was some danger of the Italians, as well as ourselves, experiencing inconvenience from the renewed activities of OSMAN DIGNA; while news from Gilgit confirmed the fears that our troops of observation towards Chitral would have some trouble with the insurgents there. The Monetary Conference at Brussels presented a spectacle which we fear we must call unedifying, not to say imbecile, everybody criticizing everybody else with great zeal, but nobody having any definite scheme, supported by a considerable body of opinion, to present. Some importance was attached to the election to the Reichstag of the anti-Semite agitator AHLWARDT, who is actually in prison for one offence and on his trial for divers others. President HARRISON had submitted to Congress a Message to which no great attention was paid, but the chance of immigration into the United States being stopped for a time was seriously considered. This would be pleasant for England, which would then be the only "common sink of "Moscow and Berlin."

On Thursday morning it was announced that the Panama Committee had insisted on a post-mortem in the REINACH case. At Berlin, in the AHLWARDT trial, the prisoner's counsel threw up his brief in a manner adjudged to be contempt of court, and was fined 100 marks. How regretfully must the Ev-ct—n C-mm-ss—n-rs feel that "there *are* judges in Berlin"! The Spanish Ministry has resigned in consequence of the municipal scandals in Madrid. More and more ghastly details arrive of the extermination of the HODISTER expedition, and of the other troubles on the Congo affluents. Altogether it would certainly seem that the Free State had better look to and consolidate what it has got, instead of "stravaging" about other people's territories and spheres.

On Thursday M. RIBOT'S Ministry (which, it may be remembered, is only M. LOUBET'S with a different hat on) received a vote of confidence by a majority of some 200. An amusing Russian newspaper was very angry with England for intruding in Gilgit and Chitral. But why pass over our intrusive presence at Simla, or, indeed, Calcutta itself? A strange, though not very important, affair was reported from Madrid as to the interference of the Spanish police with Lord PLUNKET, who was there on some business, or no business, with something called "the Spanish Re-
"formed Church." We should have thought that the Archbishop of DUBLIN, himself not ignorant of intrusive hierarchies, need not have intruded on others. But doubtless these are matters of taste.

The Law Courts. This day week the Appeal Court gave an important judgment in the case of the would-be Village HAMPDEN, Mr. HARRISON, who tried to interrupt the pleasures of that grisly tyrant, the Duke of RUTLAND (well known for aristocratic excesses as Lord JOHN MANNERS), by frightening the birds at a grouse drive, and whose sacred person was thereupon held down on a road by brutal gamekeepers. The jury had found for the Duke, but, under direction of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, had decided that HARRISON was not trespassing. Both sides appealed, and the Court unanimously rejected HARRISON'S appeal, and decided that he was a trespasser, while by a majority (Lords Justices LOPES and KAY, the MASTER of the ROLLS dissenting) it granted a declaration of this fact. On the same day, a large number of men were summoned at the North London Police Court for intimidation and conspiracy connected with a strike.——On Monday, HOLMES, the Thirsk signalman, was found guilty of manslaughter, and ordered to come up for judgment when called on. The alleged pickpocket in Westminster Abbey was committed for trial, and heavy damages were given in a rather singular Jewish breach of promise case. MITCHELL, the pugilist, was still endeavouring to get into prison.——On Tuesday, by the grace of Sir PETER EDLIN, the poor man achieved his modest desire, and was "removed to the cells." On that day the Court of Appeal delivered an important judgment affirming the right of certain mineral owners to come upon (that is to say, in plain words, to break up) a portion of the Great Western Railway in search of things below. The decision is less startling than it seems, for it simply means that it is not safe for railway Companies to buy surface use only, and take their chance of safety from disturbance by the exercise of the usual mineral rights. Like other people, they must pay for what they want, and not for half of it only. At Winchester Mr. Justice COLLINS fined the

High Sheriff of Hampshire, Sir ALFRED TICHBORNE, five hundred pounds for absence from the assizes without leave or even explanation. This was perfectly right, for discourtesy to a judge is, of course, discourtesy to the QUEEN. But it will furnish a fresh argument to the partisans of the "unfortunate nobleman." *He* would not have missed an opportunity of performing high-shrieval functions with high-shrieval pomp.——On Wednesday the Court of Appeal refused a new trial in the late jactitation-of-marriage suit, and dismissed the Carbolic Smoke Ball Company's appeal against Mr. Justice HAWKINS's decision that they must stick to their word, and pay Mrs. CARLILL 100*l*. As before, the Company's object in taking this not less unprofitable than ungracious line is obscure. Let us trust that it is only heroic confidence in the virtues of the Smoke Ball.

The Church Association. The Church Association held a meeting at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night, and some speakers are said to have observed that the LINCOLN judgment had "brought the cause of Disestablishment "to the door." This, in a Society which used to pretend that it only attacked disloyalty to the Church, is pleasant.

The Trial Eights. By an unusual coincidence, which not unnaturally annoyed the sporting critics, both the Universities held their trial Eights races on the same day, last Saturday, on the usual and sufficiently distant courses at Moulsford and Ely. It was thus impossible for anybody to see both, and comparative judgment is rather difficult. One of the Cambridge boats had very much the better of the other, while the two Oxford crews rowed an uncommonly hard race; and it would appear that the general level of the rowing was better on the Thames than at the Adelaide Bridge.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday again neglected its business to attend to its "legislative proposals," and to order the compiling of a great Black-book of the criminals who own or occupy land in London.

Miscellaneous. It was announced at the end of last week that Mr. TATE had accepted the Millbank site for a gallery, and had handed over his pictures without further condition. They include some sad stuff, but also some very good things; and it is rather a pity that the late Government was induced, by the jealousy existing in the celestial mind of Science towards her sister Art, to leave this small feather to be picked up by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. Still, no doubt their necessity is greater than was that of Mr. GOSCHEN and his colleagues.——A very successful dinner was held for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.——The North German liner *Spree*, which had broken her main shaft in the middle of the Atlantic this day fortnight, was in great danger, as the fragments pierced the hull; but her compartments held good, and she was safely towed into Queenstown this day week by the *Lake Huron* of the Beaver line.——"The" Cattle Show—that is to say, the Smithfield Club Show—opened on Monday, and the chief prize was awarded to a cross-bred animal of Sir JOHN SWINBURNE'S. Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE gave an address on the Drama on Monday. There were heavy snow-falls in different parts of the country on Sunday and Monday.——The Fabian Society has withdrawn the light of its countenance from the Unemployed.——The Yacht Racing Association, on Tuesday, maintained the present rules of rating; and the cricket fixtures for next year, including a series of Australian matches, were arranged.——Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A., was elected an Academician on Thursday.

Obituary. Of Mr. JAY GOULD, who died last week, it is not necessary to say any new thing. It is sufficient to say that he was one of the embodiments of wealth gotten in the *illest* way that has yet been found out in the history of the world. If anything could excuse Socialist nonsense, it would be the existence of fortunes like his, justified neither by right of inheritance, nor by usefulness of performance, nor by eminent personal qualities—not even the result of fair give-and-take gambling, but founded on, built in, and crowned with dishonesty, trickery, and lies.——M. BONAPARTE WYSE was an Irishman, with some BONAPARTE blood in him, who had an innocent passion for verse, especially in the artificial literary dialect of Neo-Provençal.——Of CHARLES WORDSWORTH, Bishop of St. Andrews, many unusual things may be said—indeed, though not precisely a great man, he was a man of numerous and unique distinctions. He was the *doyen* of University athletes, both wet and dry, having rowed in a University race and played in a University match nearly seventy years ago. He was an admirable scholar of the days before pure scholarship gave way to philology, and his acquaintance with the classical tongues was no less exact than elegant. No modern has ever equalled, and perhaps no ancient ever far surpassed, in exquisite terseness and restrained pathos, his Latin epitaph on his wife; and his well-known Greek Grammar is a microcosm of the subject. It was said, though we vouch not for it, that he enjoyed the less pleasant, but perhaps not less honourable, distinction of being the only clergyman who, having been a Prime Minister's tutor (he had coached Mr. GLADSTONE), was never offered high preferment by his pupil. He belonged ecclesiastically to the small body of Protestant High Churchmen, if they may be so called, which his brother CHRISTOPHER of Lincoln also adorned. In his rather odd position as the English Bishop of a Scotch See, he entertained for many years the amiable crotchet of reconciling Episcopacy and Presbyterianism. He was a devout, if not altogether a discreet, Shakspearian. He wrote quite recently a first volume of Reminiscences which was in part extremely amusing. In short, as we have said, he was a very remarkable man indeed, if not exactly a very great one.——Mr. FRED LESLIE, a brilliant actor of burlesque, died this week of typhoid fever at a very early age. Mr. LESLIE was full of invention and "go." That he was capable of better things than burlesque was shown by his *Rip Van Winkle*.——Dr. WERNER SIEMENS (or VON SIEMENS) was a brother of Sir WILLIAM SIEMENS, who had retained his German nationality, but was much concerned in the chemico-mechanical discoveries and enterprises which made the name famous.

The Theatres. *To-day*, an adaptation by Mr. BROOKFIELD of *Divorçons*, was produced with success at the Comedy Theatre on Monday.——Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS took his Opera company to Windsor Castle (by command), and was appropriately complimented. No lover of opera, as opera once was, can fail to see the import of this event in the history of the lyric stage.

Books. The principal book of the week is Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF'S *Memoir of Sir Henry Maine* (MURRAY).

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE.

FOR the first time for more than thirty years—for the first time perhaps since, fully forty years ago, Lord DERBY'S first Government found it hopeless to do anything for the Protectionists—a great meeting in London representing all parts of the country, attended by members of all political parties, and addressed by men whose knowledge of agriculture is

certainly inferior to none, has, by an overwhelming majority, passed a resolution in favour of Agricultural Protection. The resolution has been met, as it was to be expected it would be met, with outcries, violent or melancholy, contemptuous or indignant, from the orthodox of Free-trade—the respectable, but rather one-ideaed, people who, according to the usual operation of the whirligig of time, exhibit towards Protection exactly the same attitude that their grandfathers exhibited towards Free-trade itself. But poohpoohing and abuse will not in the circumstances do. It will not do to run red herrings about land nationalization and the wickedness of landlords across the track. It will not do to fling at audacious heads venerable dicta of persons now in their graves. The facts are simple—that it is impossible to cultivate great part of the soil of England, even rent-free, at a profit; and that a great deal more can only be cultivated by allowing little or nothing to the man who contributes the land, who has built the houses and barns, who has drained and fenced, and, in short, done everything that makes land cultivable. This pleasant difficulty is complicated by the other, that the very foreigners who are cutting English throats are cutting their own to do it; and yet do not, and cannot if they would, stop the process. Russia starves her own people to ruin our farmers; American cultivators are mortgaged up to the eyes; India constructs or guarantees railways at her own cost, not to cheapen English bread (which is not cheapened), but to beggar English wheat-growers.

As these facts are not controverted or controvertible by any man at once sane and honest, it may surely seem possible to discuss remedies without heat and prejudice. We ventured to make and to act upon a similar suggestion in another matter—that of Uganda—some time ago. The result was not discouraging, and it may be repeated now. There may possibly be some stern Free-traders who would rather that the agricultural interest should perish than that their own theory of irregular verbs should admit even hypothetical fallibility; and there may be some monstrous conspirators whose objects are the "little loaf," the feeding of the labouring classes on hot-water flavoured with curry-powder, and the swelling of the landlords' purse. We have no knowledge of the latter; we fear the former do exist; but we really think it might be possible for reasonable people to pay equal disregard to both. The question is by far the most important that exists of its kind, and we cannot conceive anything more lamentable than the attempt to settle, or rather to stifle, it by arguments such as the "enlargement of purchasing power," the plain advantage of buying everything where it is cheapest, the desirableness of ceasing unprofitable businesses and beginning profitable ones, and all the musty shreds and scraps from the old banqueting tables of the Anti-Corn Law League. It is no use increasing the purchasing power of a man's money if he has no money to purchase with. Though it may be very pleasant for JONES to buy cheaply, the nation, of which both JONES and BROWN are members, acts very foolishly if it lets BROWN starve that JONES may buy. And the substitution of businesses would be very pretty indeed if thousands and millions of men could be dead-lifted out of ruin meanwhile.

It would, of course, be impossible in a single article to deal with all the aspects of such a question as this. We shall for the present only put two considerations—one for headlong Protectionists, and the other for the high-and-dry fanatics of Free-trade. The former should have learnt a good deal during their forty years in the wilderness, they should have suppled their limbs and sharpened their weapons not a little since the days when they were in possession, and so were fat and scant of breath. But they have not, to our thinking, yet grasped the most important part of the problem with which they have to deal. This is the question, "When you have for all but half a century "indulged in unbridled Free-trade, when you have "bloated your population to produce enormously and "be fed cheaply, can you alter the system without "putting a pinch, even more severe than that which "has come on yourselves, on the manufacturing and "trading classes?" Observe that we do not say you cannot. We only say that the difficulty seems insufficiently recognized by our present Protectionists. The MCKINLEY business is not an exact analogue, but it is an analogue; and it is worth their while to consider the speed with which the pinch has been felt in that case. This, indeed, is the main practical point of the business—which ought to be the only point regarded. For it does not matter whether Protection is good for Saturn or for Jupiter, for Utopia or Uganda; it matters whether it is good for *us*.

The counter points which we would put for high-flying Free-traders' consideration are of the same low but important order. If their argument for Free-trade *quand même* is sound, it must extend to the throwing, if necessary, of great part of the cultivable soil of England out of cultivation, and must neglect this as unimportant. Now the soil of England is there. It is not virgin, no doubt, and you must do a good deal more with it to make it fertile than if it were. But it is there; it is a huge asset which cannot be turned to any other account. Build Board Schools, County Council workshops, prisons for landlords and drunkards—anything else that can be dreamt of, and you cannot use it all. The rest will grow you wheat at a fair profit, say at forty shillings (the numbers do not matter)—at thirty shillings it will not. Are you prepared to lose the whole produce, the thirty or forty shillings' worth, to have that blotted out of the national wealth, rather than pay the extra ten? And, yet again, will you in your economical Ultramontanism regard as a negligible fact that people must be fed somehow, and that, if you will not raise the food for them on the land which you have, and which is useless for any other purpose, you must let others raise it, pay them, and take your chance of their spending the money, not, as they once were pretty certain to do, with you, but with any one of half a dozen competitors in manufactures as well as in food-stuffs? Here, again, we do not say that these questions settle the other question. All we say is that Free-traders must meet them with something else than the old Cobdenic patter; that they must recognize that Free-trade *v.* Protection is a cause to be argued, not on general abstract laws, but on the practical circumstances of each country's case at a particular time, and with a practical recognition that land is not as any other commodity, and that the needs which the cultivation of land supplies are imperative needs, and not merely variable demands.

A PIOUS HOTEL.

PIETY is not uncommon in hotels, and a Bible, so cheap that it suggests "sweating," is often the only article of a literary sort, except a set of texts on a roller, to be found in hotel bedrooms. But beyond this, and, in Switzerland, a piano for dances on "law-"ful days," and hymns on Sundays, piety seldom goes in hostelries. There is, however, to be a pious hotel, the "Hotel Endeavor," at Chicago. The hotel is to be in a park, and in the park is a chapel, and in the chapel will be daily services, and "the State organiza-"tions will hold their reunions." In a piazza "the "Endeavor Orchestra will play evenings," which means that it will play in the evening. The hotel is near a lake—"Bring your bathing suits," O young

men and maidens! "or one can be rented in bath-"house." We should prefer to bring our own bathing suit. Ladies about to purchase bathing suits will find much learned advice in the works of "GYP," where the topic is exhaustively treated. PAULETTE bathing among the children of the Pilgrim Fathers would be a noble topic for "GYP." PAULETTE in "a B room" would also be great. "The majority of the rooms we call B rooms. "They will contain a double spring bed," and everything handsome. Larger rooms, called C rooms = B rooms + a single bed. We confess that we are unwilling to speculate on the meaning and mission of C rooms. Do Mormons—but we turn from the topic. All the rooms have "a tran-"som over each door." In what interests can this arrangement be made; and, indeed, what is a transom in this sense? A transparency, and if so, why? The very "waitresses and maids will be engaged from the ranks of "Christian endeavorers." "*All Christian endeavorers* "and their *friends*" (why in italics? this *donne furieusement à penser*) "are *most cordially invited* to make "this hotel their home." "If not registered in ad-"vance, two dollars per day, or more, will be charged "each person." "No liquor of any kind is sold," and it is "a prohibition district." A large number of the clergy lend their names to this gay establishment as references. Rev. GUNSAULUS, D.D., and Rev. W. C. BITTING, and D. C. SMITH, Capitalist, are on the list. Fancy an unabashed person admitting that he is a Capitalist! PENHALLEGON, too, is a supporter (Rev. W. H.), and the Rev. H. T. SELL, and the Rev. ALFRED H. MOMENT, D.D., and SWEZEY and HOOHLER and THWING. There is something rhythmic and inspiring about these references.

May it flourish for ever,
The Hostel Endeavour,
And wealth to capitalists bring;
May Hoohler and Swezey,
In garb that is breezy,
Go bathing with Moment and Thwing.

With everything handsome
About them—a transom,
And rooms that accommodate three,
May endless variety
Delight the society
That dwells or in B or in C.

May Christian waiters
Distribute the 'taters,
May bathing-suits bask on the beach;
Where, if you desire one,
Bedad, you can hire one,
And then hear Penhallegon preach.

This song, which wells up in unpremeditated art, by itself demonstrates that the mere distant prospect of the Hotel Endeavour prompts to a natural and innocent gaiety. Would that we could hope to partake of the "Christian "Endeavour supplies," study its literature, and be subject to its sweet influences! Even at this distance in time and space, the heart expands freely at the thought, like the blossoms which blow in the spring. "It is a notable enterprise of business men, animated "by a Christian purpose. It will furnish a safe home, "in the midst of the vast whirlpool of secular ex-"citement, for Christian young people and their "friends." Business men, we suppose, are quite unacquainted with secular excitement, and do not know the way to Wall Street. "Here the young woman "can go alone without other protectors than her "own common sense and Christian principle." But why should the Christian young woman inhabit alone either room B or room C, the principle of which, as we have said, we do not understand? Nothing at all is said about room A, which seems most suitable for a Christian young woman. The price for B rooms is two dollars a day; but one person is allowed to pay two dollars and have B quite private. If two persons take B, they pay a dollar each. In the same way, C costs three dollars, whether one, two, or three persons occupy it. We observe no trace of A room, for one person, at one dollar. It requires a good deal of Christian endeavour to account for the apparent absence of A rooms. Why should anybody be obliged, if he or she wishes to be private, to pay a double price for superfluous accommodation? Is some doctrine of Christian endeavour illustrated here, as in "drinking "watered orange pulp"? We have studied the booklet of the Christian endeavourers as if it were a corrupt chorus (textually speaking); but we find no A rooms, nor any explanation of the apparent absence of single bedrooms, except at a double or treble price. It is a mystery; but we have no doubt that there is a sound "business" basis for the arrangements.

FRANCE.

THE events of the last week in France should be full of instruction to those Englishmen who may occasionally be heard to speak contemptuously of the party system. At its worst it at least never produces such a welter of weakness and confusion as has been seen in Paris during the last ten days. A Ministerial crisis, due to personal feeling almost entirely; a week of negotiations for the formation of a new Ministry, rendered futile by the reluctance of this group of the majority to co-operate with the other, of this public man to work with that; finally, the return of the old Ministry to office with a few changes—this is what has been seen in the French Chamber. During the interval the Chamber has committed itself to the support of a measure exactly similar to another which it rejected only a fortnight before by the advice of M. LOUBET, because it constituted an act of aggression on the law Courts. The Cabinet, therefore, will have to begin its revived existence by deciding whether it will give up the opinion its members held when M. LOUBET persuaded the Chamber to reject M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN'S first measure, or whether it will face the serious risk of telling the Chamber that it must cancel its vote of urgency in favour of that gentleman's very similar second measure. Nor was that the only danger in its way. The Committee of Investigation had declared itself as resolute as ever to insist on the exhumation of M. DE REINACH, on the holding of an autopsy, and on the sequestration of his papers. Here the Ministry have already been called upon to make the same choice. It had either to consent to what it refused to accept while M. LOUBET was still its chief, or to persuade the Chamber not to give the Committee the support which it gave it only the other day. One side or the other had to stultify itself if the Government was to be carried on by the present Ministers. It is the Ministry which has surrendered. M. DE REINACH'S body is to be exhumed and his papers sequestered. M. BOURGEOIS, the new Minister of Justice, has defended the decision on the ground that circumstances have changed since M. RICARD resisted the Committee's request that these things should be done. The only visible change has been the vote of the Chamber in favour of the Committee. The surrender of M. RIBOT'S Cabinet on this point promises very ill for their independence on any other.

It is difficult—or, rather, it is absolutely impossible—looking at the successive stages of the crisis, to understand what has been supposed to be at stake, or on what principles anybody was supposed to be fighting. M. BRISSON was supported by a large majority when he upset M. LOUBET, but it was one with which no Republican Ministry could be formed. A large portion of it consisted of Conservatives, who would vote against M. BRISSON to-morrow as they voted against M. LOUBET yesterday. Without the support of those Republicans who had continued to follow M. LOUBET

no Cabinet could stand. But they entirely refused to support M. BRISSON and his "Ministry of Autopsy," as it had been nicknamed before ever it had come into existence. So it never came to the birth at all, and M. BRISSON returned to his place at the head of the Committee of Investigation, after sending a report of his failure to the papers. The PRESIDENT then asked M. CASIMIR PÉRIER to attempt the formation of a Ministry. M. CASIMIR PÉRIER was no more successful than M. BRISSON. He could not secure the support of M. BOURGEOIS, and without him and the political influence which, in the American phrase, he controls, no Ministry could be formed. Then M. CARNOT asked the old Ministers to take office again, and they consented. Some trifling differences of persons were made. M. LOUBET descended from the Premiership to the Ministry of the Interior, M. RICARD disappeared, and so did M. J. ROCHE, who were both unpopular, though in different degrees. M. RIBOT takes the Premiership with the Foreign Office, which he held before.

If the Ministry does succeed in holding its ground now, it will be perfectly clear that the late crisis was purely and simply a personal matter. The Chamber was annoyed by the dry legal manner of M. RICARD and M. LOUBET'S suddenly assumed air of independence. Therefore, it upset the Ministry. It may be presumed that this was M. CARNOT'S opinion, or he would not have finally asked the old Ministers to take office again. Since he intended to ask them finally, it would have been better to ask them at once. Nothing that we can see has been gained by the waste of a week over the unsuccessful efforts of Messrs. BRISSON and PÉRIER to form Ministries, and something has been lost by the increasing disorder in the Chamber. It is tolerably certain that M. BRISSON will not be deterred by the knowledge of his own inability to govern from upsetting the Ministry by another temporary alliance with the Conservatives. If French politicians abstained from votes which were designed to destroy Cabinets, simply because they could not construct an administration themselves, the average life of a Ministry in that country would not be about nine months. But it would be useless to look for reasons for the course which the PRESIDENT has taken, simply because of the extreme probability that what has happened is largely the result of mere accident or confusion, and the jarring of Parliamentary groups, none of them strong enough to govern, but almost any two of them strong enough to upset. We have seen intervals of somewhat the same character in our own Parliament; but there is an instinct in Englishmen which makes them after a time intolerant of parties which are not effectual instruments of Government. A very short experience of the confusion prevailing in Paris would bring Englishmen into the frame of mind to give somebody a swingeing majority just to put a stop to this disorder. It is purely because Frenchmen never reach that frame of mind that Parliamentary government with them is what we see, a mere scramble, in which the business of the country is neglected.

The progress of the Committee of Investigation towards the possession of effectual power has been steady. Its examination of witnesses during the last week has not resulted in bringing a charge of corruption home to any Deputy. We never expected that it would. Such men as the late Baron DE REINACH and those who dealt with him would hardly be so foolish as to leave traces of their corrupt transactions in the shape of receipts and cheques. But what the Committee has found is that Deputies did stand on such a footing with M. DE REINACH as might very fairly lay them open to suspicion. The story told—with no sense whatever that it was other than honourable to himself—by M. ALBERT GRÉVY proves at least that there is a curious want of pride in a certain stamp of French politician. M. ALBERT GRÉVY has been Governor-General of Algeria and a Deputy for many years. For nine years his father was the President. Yet M. ALBERT GRÉVY has no hesitation in describing how he took a tip from M. DE REINACH—for that is what it comes to on the most favourable view. A few weeks after the passing of the Panama Lottery Bill, for which M. GRÉVY had voted, M. DE REINACH tapped him on the cheek or the shoulder, and said, in his nice, genial way, "You "must have a share in the Panama Syndicate." M. A. GRÉVY confesses that he knew this to mean that M. DE REINACH would in a few days send him a cheque, and that in the meantime he would run no risk. Yet he took the money because he thought that this was the financier's way of showing his gratitude for some work which he, M. GRÉVY, had done for him as a lawyer. M. GRÉVY was counsel for some concerns of which M. DE REINACH was a director. Deputies who are not too proud to pocket good things put in their way by financiers need not be surprised when they are suspected of allowing themselves to be influenced by the prospect of obtaining these same good things. M. A. GRÉVY should have taken his fees openly, or have refused to share in the profits of the Syndicate, of which he did not share the risk. This is only one case among several of Deputies who confess that they took an active part in financial speculations which depended on votes given in the Chamber. As might have been foreseen, the Committee has not been convinced, by its inability to prove corruption in any particular case, that none existed. It has only been made more sure than ever that it should be endued with greater powers to extort the truth. The Chamber has shown itself favourable to the Committee's pretensions by voting urgency for M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN'S Bill, which will give the "Thirty-three" power, not only to compel the attendance of witnesses, but to impound papers which are already in the hands of the judicial authorities, and at any stage of criminal proceedings.

A "FISHING" PETITION.

TO shame the rancour of political partisanship is no very easy matter; and the severe, though scrupulously measured, reproof administered by both the election judges to the petitioners against Mr. ALLSOPP'S return for Worcester is likely, therefore, to be less felt by them than their condemnation in costs. This incident of the judgment may, perhaps, touch "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour" which, in the words of BURKE, a little varied for the occasion, "feels a fine like a wound," but is quite callous to a judicial reproof. The terms of the judgment, however, will not, we hope, be lost upon the impartial portion of the public, to whom also a glance at the facts upon which Baron POLLOCK commented should yield much enlightenment upon Gladstonian methods of warfare. These facts speak for themselves, and, indeed, a single sentence of Baron POLLOCK'S sets forth a sufficiency of them to explain the whole character and result of the proceedings. "Although," said the learned judge, "there were in the original "particulars 147 alleged cases of bribery with money, "93 of bribery, 28 of illegal employment, and 63 of "general treating, nothing approaching to general "illegality or corruption had been proved." But to be unable to prove anything approaching to general illegality or corruption, after alleging upwards of three hundred specific commissions of a corrupt practice, is to meet with something worse than failure; it is to incur positive disgrace. For, while it is certain that proof of only a reasonable proportion of this enormous array of charges would have sufficed to establish "ex-"tensive prevalence of corrupt practices," it is no less

certain that to fall short of such proof, with such a mass of cases, could not possibly have been due to unforeseen disappointments in evidence reasonably regarded as adequate. And what this means is that the petitioners simply raked together every scrap of malignant gossip that was to be found in the Worcester gutters, and then emptied the whole contents of the chiffonnier's pannier into the "particulars."

This indeed, translated into judicial language, is substantially the description given of the process by one of the judges themselves. Mr. Justice WILLS, in fact, goes further; for his observations would seem to indicate that in some instances the petitioners had not even any material of calumny to go upon, but brought charges against people, not because it had been said by anybody that they had been guilty of corrupt practices, but apparently because it was thought desirable to ascertain whether that was the case or not. Under one heading were inserted the names of twenty-one canvassers, "not," said Mr. Justice WILLS, "because "any specific act could be alleged against them, "but because it was thought possible that some "such act had been committed by one or more of "them." The petition was presented in August, and yet only one-sixth of the cases had been gone into, "so that five-sixths of the labour of meeting these "charges had been thrown away, while the expense "of so doing must have been enormous." It is some consolation to reflect that this expense, or the bulk of it presumably, will now fall upon the petitioners. "Fishing" in this country is becoming every day a more and more costly pastime, but the angler for injurious information, especially when he goes to work with such a reckless disregard for the rights and interests of others, is a class of sportsman possessing no claim upon our sympathies. Trials of election petitions were not intended by the Legislature to fulfil the purpose of Commissions of Inquiry into corrupt practices, and people who attempt to abuse them to such ends must be made to pay for it. We have to thank the Worcester petitioners, it is true, for having enabled the judges incidentally to discourage the attempt to represent all political associations as agents for candidates of their party, even though throughout the election they may be not departing in any way from the ordinary course of their activities at times when an election is going forward. Baron POLLOCK's declaration of his views on this subject laid down a principle which conspicuously commends itself to common sense; and the petitioners against Mr. ALLSOPP's return, who certainly had no particular interest in eliciting this judicial dictum, have rendered a public service in doing so. Still they might have done this without formulating 330 charges of corrupt practices and proceeding with only one-sixth of them.

TAME DUCKS.

THE melancholy JAQUES compared his taxing, so long as he confined it to safe generalities not lending themselves readily to actions for slander, to a wild goose flying unclaimed of any man. The modern *canard* is a very tame duck, presumably of the decoy kind. Usually it is the nursling of the journalistic hen, the common or barndoor fowl, who is often surprised at the doings of its foster-child on an element unfamiliar to the putative parent. During the present week there has been quite a brood of such ducklings, but they are too guileless to serve the purpose of deception. The art of lying seems on the decline in England, not perhaps through any improvement in the morality of the country, but through lack of inventiveness. We have sometimes wondered why, amongst the prizes which are habitually offered to competitors with apparently very little to do—missing-word prizes, prizes for beauty and prizes for ugliness, prizes for babies and prizes for barmaids, best story, best acrostic, best conundrum prizes—a reward has never been offered for the best lie. There would be some difficulty, of course, in assigning the prize. The best lie is that which deceives the greatest number of people, and the very best lie of all would be one that took in the adjudicator. The proof of its merit would consist in its not getting the prize. A lie cannot be called happy before its death. The longer it lives and is believed to be the truth, the more signal is its merit, its excellence consisting in its not being found out. When, after some months or years, its real character was disclosed, its author would possibly be beyond the reach of reward.

It is questionable, however, whether a really good lie is ever deliberately manufactured. Like the political systems in which it plays so great a part, it grows, and is not made. We do not contend that lies are spontaneously generated—spontaneous generation is as little credible in the moral as in the physical world. There is usually an unnoticed germ which is fostered into life by natural agencies. A definitely assignable author of any given lie is as difficult to discover as of a given proverb. Both are the products of the general consciousness. Like many great inventions, a lie is in the air of the time. Every great lie has its LEVERRIER and ADAMS, its DARWIN and WALLACE, its ROWLAND HILL and CHALMERS—competitors these last two for the invention of the beneficent adhesive postage-stamp—in more than the dual number. It is paradoxical, perhaps, but we are convinced that it is true, to state that what passes for a lie is usually the result of the effort of the human mind after truth. What ought to be, what naturally must be, what is logically the consequence of the existing state of things, is believed to be actual fact. But, as what takes place is, oftener than not, that which ought not to be, that which, it would seem, cannot be, or, at any rate, is inconsistent with reasonable anticipation, the probable is seldom the rule.

To take examples:—Among the *canards* of the present week has been the rumoured recall of Sir JAMES MATHEW from Ireland. He ought to be recalled; but, for that reason, it is pretty certain he will not be recalled. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, no doubt, regrets that he sent him out. If the CHIEF SECRETARY ever utters the invocation to the four Evangelists to bless the uncomfortable bed which he has made for himself to lie on, he may be excused if he omits the name of the author of the first Gospel. Then there has been the story of the communication by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to a New York journal of the details of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE—we are speaking now of the PRIME MINISTER, not of the Under Secretary for the Home Department—has a disposition to explain himself to the world through the American press, and in the recess of 1885 his Home Rule scheme was disclosed to those whom it more immediately concerned through the instrumentality of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. These two things have been put together. A confiding reception of the latest report is probably due to a too implicit belief that history repeats itself. Lord ROSEBERY is believed to be uneasy in the Cabinet. He possibly is unable to perceive why, if the native Protestants and Protestant missionaries of Uganda deserve Imperial protection, the Protestants of Ireland should be left naked to their enemies. He has been visiting Mr. JOHN MORLEY at Dublin; and therefore he has gone to put this view of the matter before him. Both statesmen have called at the Bank of Ireland. Where the Bank of Ireland now receives deposits and cashes cheques, GRATTAN'S Parliament once sat. Therefore Mr. JOHN MORLEY

and Lord ROSEBERY have proceeded thither to give the Bank formal notice to quit, in order that the place may be made ready for Mr. TIM HEALY, Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, and the other nominees of Bishop NULTY. The clearing out of the Irish Parliament in 1800 to make room for the Bank was, perhaps, one of the most beneficent events in Irish history. The clearing out of the Bank to make room again for an Irish Parliament may be taken, perhaps, as an unconscious effort of symbolism on the part of the inventor. These reports, and others to which we might refer, are not, we believe, deliberate fabrications. They are the unconscious efforts of the public mind groping more or less helplessly after truth, and endeavouring to make something like a consistent whole out of the GLADSTONE-MORLEY policy.

THE ADJOURNED COMMISSION.

THE Evicted Tenants Commission, or, at any rate, its learned President, appears almost nervously anxious to prevent any misconception on the part of the public as to its plans. When, the other day, it was announced that Sir JAMES MATHEW was about to return to London, and certain inconsiderate people jumped to the conclusion that the Government were bringing the inquiry to an abrupt close, it was apparently deemed imperative not to allow this false impression more than twenty-four hours' harbourage in the public mind. A semi-official *communiqué* appeared in the newspapers the very next day after the suggestion above referred to had been put forward, to the effect that Sir JAMES MATHEW had merely returned to London to take the place "in chambers" of Mr. Justice WRIGHT, who had gone to the Leeds Assizes, and that he would return to Dublin, according to one authority "about Wednesday," and to another "shortly before the Christmas holidays." This formal *démenti* of baseless rumour seems, we say, to have been considered necessary, although at the last sitting but one of the Commission its President had distinctly stated—as appeared from the report of its proceedings—that when the Commissioners had completed the cases on their present list, they would postpone their further sittings "for a few days." Such are the consequences of an uneasy conscience, and a suspicion that you have outstayed your welcome. The victim of such a disquietude lives in perpetual fear lest any chance movement may be mistaken for a preparation for departure.

No other explanation than the above seems adequate to account for the nervously prompt contradiction which has been semi-officially given to the statement that the labours of the Commission were to be brought suddenly to an end. Such a contradiction ought surely to have been seen to be superfluous; and the public might have been credited with understanding that the so-styled "recall of Sir JAMES MATHEW" was a recall, not by the Government, who have irregularly withdrawn him from his judicial duties, but by those duties themselves. It is, indeed, difficult to divine the motive attributed to the Government by those who believed the rumour that they had made up their minds to close the Commission at once. Such a thing, in the first place, could not have been done with any show of official decency in the manner suggested. Some preliminary announcement on the part of the President that the Commission saw its way to shortening the inquiry would have been absolutely necessary to save appearances; and even so it is clear that the Commission would be bound to procure at least some evidence from every one of the Campaigned estates, which, as Sir JAMES MATHEW has stated, it will take them "a few more meetings to "do." But, even supposing that Mr. MORLEY could suggest to them any plausible excuse for bringing their labour to an immediate end, we can see no reason why he should wish to do so. The mischief is done already; we mean the mischief which the Government will appreciate—that of being found out; and, indeed, this was done at the first sitting of the Commission. As soon as the Ministerial attempt to give a false air of equity and legality to the proceedings had been frustrated by the courageous candour of Sir JAMES MATHEW, "the game "of law and order," to use Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S words in a slightly different, but in a no less appropriate, sense than that in which he first employed them, "was up." Thenceforth it mattered not a jot whether the Commission held ten more sittings, or twenty, or two hundred. We know how their evidence is being collected, we know what their Report will be like; and, if the Government ventured to frame any Bill on their recommendations, the Opposition will know how to deal with it. But that, of course, is no reason why Mr. MORLEY should not do his best to keep up appearances by letting this very inferior comedy be played out to the end.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

IN an age of Universal Culture—and, what is more, of utilitarian culture, as it is called by persons who are not aware that the throat of the substantive is instantly cut by the adjective—it seems strange that the earnest young man should have managed to learn so little history of a kind likely to be useful to him. This, of course, is partly a matter of *esprit malin* on the part of his pastors and masters, who, being for the most part affected to Radicalism, take good care to protect him from all learning which may tend to convert him from that creed. Still, it is a little curious that they should have been able so to guide his later studies in politics and economy (revised *in usum* of the high-strung Democrat) as to prevent him from being put upon inquiry into the history of certain of the favourite nostrums of his teachers. How often, for instance, in these latter days, must the earnest young man whom it is sought to wind up into the high-strung Democrat have heard talk of State intervention for the purpose of providing labour for the unemployed! And yet how seldom, apparently, does one discover in the speeches or writings either emanating from or addressed to the aforesaid victim of the political piano-tuner any trace of a knowledge that the experiment has been tried before with disastrous results! It is true that this observation, or this failure to discover anything to observe, is not singular. The engaging candour with which the Socialist promulgates most of his schemes for the redress of social grievances is born of the blessed ignorance that most of them have been laboriously tried in this and other countries for long ages together, and that the prosperity which the aforesaid reformers (quite legitimately) desire to diffuse throughout the whole community dates from their abandonment.

Still, though the talk about State provision of labour resembles other talk of the same kind, in harking back upon theories exploded—and that in the chemical as well as the classical sense of the word—by experiment, their explosion has been, comparatively speaking, so recent that the Socialistic teacher of to-day must have had some trouble to prevent his pupils stumbling over these inconvenient refutations of his teaching. And if these missionaries (alas! too few) in the cause of political truth and common sense would only take the hint which has been given them by a correspondent of the *Times* within the last day or two, the Socialistic teacher would find his obscurantist work more difficult still. In last Thursday's impression of

that newspaper they will find a letter from Mr. E. H. BRADBY, which tells the whole tragi-comic story of the *ateliers* of 1848, with a clearness and force which ought to impress it on the mind of every one who has a mind to be impressed. Of course, that *tabula rasa* with which alone we are furnished at birth is liable in these days of educational high pressure to get so thickly scribbled over during the first twenty years of life by other people, that it can receive no new, or at any rate no legible, inscription of any sort. Such understandings, of course, will have no room for the reception of Mr. BRADBY'S narrative. But it is to be supposed that among the adherents to the creed of Municipal Socialism—to use Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S recent classification—there will, at any rate, be some to whom this simple story of municipal workshops—how they were founded, and how they fared—will give pause. Simple, as we have said, it is; but it is terrible also. A mere bald review of dates and events is sufficient to show that. The 28th of February is divided by less than four months from the 20th of June. Yet this is the entry under the first date:—"About 8,000 "men supposed to be out of work." And this under the second:—"115,000 men brigaded (for State em-"ployment); credit of 3,000,000 francs voted by the "Chambers, with more to follow." From this it was but a few steps further to confrontation with the spectre of national bankruptcy; and from this, again, but a few steps more to insurrection and the slaughter of 12,000 men in the streets. Surely our missionaries of political truth and common sense might find some means of bringing this lesson of history to the wider knowledge among the "advanced" constituents, not to say members, of the London County Council.

MR. MORLEY AT NEWCASTLE.

MR. MORLEY'S audience at Newcastle has, no doubt, good reason to pity him for the dangers he had passed on his way from Ireland. That is, at least, the opinion of the CHIEF SECRETARY himself, to judge by the rather pathetic picture he drew of his toils on land and "ocean," in frost and fog and snow—all endured in order to please his good masters of Newcastle—and, we hope, duly rewarded by the encouraging cry of "Glad to see you, JOHN!" which greeted his appearance on the platform. It would, perhaps, be as scientific a division as another to class all politicians into those who are addressed by their Christian names, and those with whom an audience of their constituents never thinks of taking these liberties. The performance with which Mr. MORLEY endeavoured to deserve the kindness of his patrons was, upon the whole, worthy of its reward. He praised them and abused their enemies, in the traditional manner inherited by the politician from the minstrel and older artists. Mr. MORLEY'S audience did not expect him to tell them anything about the Home Rule Bill; but he did tell them something, though they may possibly have overlooked it. Mr. MORLEY did tell them that the Bill which "Great "Britain ought not to, and will not, refuse," is not yet ready for acceptance or refusal. He only does not despair that it will be fit for delivery by the end of next month. Such is the state of forwardness of the Bill which embodies all the essentials of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy.

The bulk of Mr. MORLEY'S speech was naturally devoted to subjects out of which more could be made. There were an assertion and a prophecy which afforded good texts. An audience which affectionately calls Mr. MORLEY JOHN was pleased to hear that "What is "called Irish intelligence in journals that circulate "among the so-called cultivated classes is a list, for "the most part, of distortions and exaggerations, and "of good, broad, unadulterated lies." Mr. MORLEY has indeed proof, but he proposes to keep it in a box only to be produced for the confusion of his enemies in the House of Commons. We remember when Mr. MORLEY was going to produce in the same place proof positive of horrors perpetrated in Tipperary—but somehow the evidence has not been made visible to this day. When the House has met we shall perhaps learn, if other events have not driven Mr. MORLEY'S promise from the memory of all men, including his own, whether the box does, indeed, contain evidence which is to overwhelm the cultivated classes, or only further round assertions that Lord LONDONDERRY had spoken rashly.

The Meath Election Petition was an event which Mr. MORLEY could not pass over. His manner of dealing with it was not one which his Irish clients can well consider with satisfaction, and the Nonconformist conscience will be more wonderful than ever if it is pleased. The power of the Irish Church, said Mr. MORLEY, need not be feared, because, in all Roman Catholic countries, the priesthood has lost its political influence. Mr. MORLEY prophesies for his clerical allies destruction by Radicals and Freethinkers, and for the Nonconformists escape from Roman Catholic tyranny through the increased power of the enemies of all Christianity. The *tu quoque* with which Mr. MORLEY ended his remarks on clerical influence in Ireland was singularly feeble. Even on a platform it is really going too far to represent Mr. CHAPLIN'S disposition to join Archbishop WALSH in advocating bimetallism as on all fours with the alliance between the Gladstonians and the Irish clergy. Will Mr. MORLEY be good enough to point out any occasion on which any Unionist has maintained that Irish members should have no share in the government of the United Kingdom, or that Irishmen—lay or ecclesiastical—were not to be accepted as fellow-workers in any undertaking for the general good? Mr. MORLEY knows very well that there never was such a Unionist. If he does not know the difference between working with Irishmen as your fellow-subjects for a common object, and working with Irish "Nationalists" to bring about a disruption of the Union, for party ends of your own—that is because Mr. MORLEY'S naturally clear intellect has been hopelessly corrupted by the sophistry forced on him by the nature of the work he has bound himself to do, and of the allies with whom he has condemned himself to act.

A LETTER TO A MAN.

MY DEAR NIALL,—I intend taking advantage of an excellent arrangement which I understand you and Hilda entered into on your marriage day. I hear that, though you endowed her with all your worldly goods, you made a reservation in favour of your correspondence, and with astonishing and unusual consistency you allowed her the same privilege. I augured well of your marriage from the day I heard this. You have begun well, perhaps it would be hardly wholesome for you to be told *how* well. Probably you will wish I had not heard of this "paction" between you and your wife when you grasp that this letter is meant for your eye alone; because, claiming to be an old friend of yours, I do not wish to depart from the beaten road on which old friends always walk, and I intend now to improve the occasion.

"We have been married two months," writes Hilda to me, "and we are now off to Scotland on a round of visits. Grouse first, deerstalking later. Perhaps this is a rude way of describing the houses to which we are going, but though I am sure they are delightful people, I do not know them, they are at present only Niall's friends to me. I wonder if the two months we shall spend in this way will be as perfect as the two we have just ended!"

I put her letter down, sincerely echoing on her behalf the wonder she had expressed. The letter reached me while I was staying at Dashwood, where the usual sort of large country-house party was going on. I read it in the hall, where we were all lounging after breakfast; and while reading it I caught bits of the conversation going on round me.

One, who shall be nameless, was discoursing on "How women gossip! I should like to hear men say the things about their wives that women say to each other about their husbands. They talk all day, and, as if that were not enough, they sit in each other's rooms at night and continue the operation. Men are quite different," &c. You can easily continue for yourself the tune to which man chants his own praises when he is really started on that inexhaustible theme. He was answered according to his folly, and my mind reverted to Hilda's speculation. I then determined to write this letter, and try if I could not spare her the hardest part of that breaking in which must inevitably accompany "life in double harness" if the one who "sets the pace" does not, from the outset, "show tact and understanding." Hilda is happy in being a member of a large family. That implies a good deal of steady discipline, applied from the earliest years; and when a girl marries out of a large family she probably has chosen well, for the brethren early discern "coming events," and love must be strong when it stands the concentrated fire of criticism which falls on the new-comer, all the said criticism being duly imparted to the member favoured by his attentions. We will presume, therefore, she leaves home because she cares more for the individual than for the herd. Naturally before marriage she is too absorbed in her new interests to notice that for the first time she is alone, living a life only related to one other person. A man in love is very exacting; he requires all the time and devotion of the girl. This is all natural and right; and you have so lately gone through it I cannot believe, rapidly as that stage passes, that you have so forgotten it as to need minute description from me. Marriage follows, and the honeymoon passes, most people will admit, rather slowly. Don't think me cynical; I am only truthful, and people need not mind admitting that time passes slowly when it is not occupied by the usual routine and work of life.

And now, you are going to visit, before you settle into your London house and work. A dinner party is nearly always an awful lottery. Fate may sandwich you between such terrible slabs of dry or doughy bread; but there is always the fortifying thought, "it can only last two hours." The country-house party is equally a lottery; the chances in your favour are, perhaps, more numerous, but on the other hand it lasts longer, and I suppose we have all said with Mrs. Carlyle, "And the evening and the morning were the first day." No reflection on your friends, my dear Niall; but as a rule a man's friends are either those who give him the best sport, or those who have the most attractive wives, and roughly speaking, when a man is married and a sportsman, and his wife tells you she is going to stay with his friends, you may be sure, on the best authority, that his choice is guided either by devotion to his host's pheasants or devotion to his host's wife. It is only decent to acquit you at present of this last, so I am to imagine you where sport is good. In one of these houses you and I first met. Bear with me when I warn you that, if you insist on going where sport abounds, Hilda will be bored precisely in proportion as you are amused. Don't ask me for all my reasons. This is a letter, not a blue book; and, as I am a woman, you must be content to accept my conclusions without bothering me for my premisses.

We met at Glen Dhu, did we not? Companions in that deadly cold drive of thirty miles, which had to be got over before we reached the lodge. You will have the same open "machine" and used-up horses, for I will confidently assert that Hilda's boxes are not smaller than mine were, and you remember nothing shut would carry our luggage. Shall I ever forget the wind that blew down the glen that dark night, or the misery of the sleepiness it brought with it; how you and George laughed next day over my disgust at the Lodge, built against a bank for shelter, with no view, and in a spot where no ray of sun ever penetrated; the sombre masses of stunted larch clothing the sloping hillside; my cry for the high hills, none of which could be seen till the low ones which enclosed the narrow glen had been mounted; the smell in every passage of ill-cured and moth-eaten stags' heads, venison, and red-currant jelly; the wretched farce of peats burnt in modern grates for fires? Then the sight of the early morning processions of stalkers and gillies, all with a caricature resemblance to Landseer's worst pictures; the long day passing slowly for us women, who were exercised by tramping up the glen in the morning or down the glen in the afternoon, for all else was forest; the return of the stalkers long after dinner. Heavens! I still can smell the Esau-like odour which arose from their garments with the levelling flavour of tobacco, blotting out all that individuality apparent under more primitive conditions to the Patriarch's nostrils! All laughably vivid to me still, though in the days I write of the jest was far from being obvious. Hilda in these visits will learn, and feel slightly bewildered in learning, that you can now leave her for the round of the clock with a cheerful and oblivious countenance, and that on the off days you will prefer slumbering over the smoking-room fire to her company. What is more, you will be so convinced that she must be enjoying her surroundings "where sport is so excellent," that you will not even ask how she spends her day. I will describe it to you beforehand. The deadly home sickness for the affection and teasing, the stir and tumult of family life, the desire for which will return to her with an almost unconquerable longing. She will be hurt and surprised at your devotion to all that takes you from her. In a few years she will understand it all, she will see in it the law of nature, and learn that there are certain advantages in reconciling herself to it. But during these "two months" it will be "hard to understand," and while she is possessed by the blues she must live her external life, and living it, she will become enlightened as to the deadly dulness of unleavened women's society. You have not always agreed with my view that society, to be good, must be mixed. You quote your undergraduate days; but I have always told you there are special reasons why that life is so good of its kind. Later in life men and women are best mixed. Men's conversation is the better for a bridle, women's the better for being taken beyond the bedroom, the nursery, and the kitchen.

Hilda will not find the women gathered together in any of the houses are there because they have chosen each other's society—they are there as the wives of "the guns." Unless a man is extra selfish he is when out shooting a good fellow—most people are when occupied—and therefore he is asked as a good shot, not because he is good company. But the women are entirely dependent on their social qualities when thus thrown together. They are away from their occupations and their children, they are not all happily married, and they are probably, from the very circumstances of their position, jealous of each other. What can they do but gossip? When Hilda retails to you some of the stories she has heard, and speaks of the glimpses of sordid and petty passions she has seen, do not snub her with exclamations as to "what things women will say!" Recollect, this is your first knowledge of what women's society left to itself can be. If you are candid, and think it over quietly, you will remember that men left to themselves have also their conversational faults.

Don't think I am asking you to give up your life as a sportsman. That would be absurd in me, and you would be a sorry fool were you to do so. I only ask this, that when Hilda reveals to you a world you knew nothing of before (for no man really knows women as they are till he has a wife to open his eyes), then don't blame her because she has to live in a society into which your tastes have for the time being put her. Finally, be patient if in these months you find that Hilda has not the perfect temper you imagined she possessed while you were engaged. Could men don the petticoat sometimes, they would perhaps learn to know life as it really is. Could women don the deer-stalker's garments, they might, perhaps, rise oftener to the realization of a world as it might be. When these two months are over, go into "mixed society."

My chief pleasure in writing this long letter is in wondering whether Hilda will resist asking whom it is from and what it is all about. She will offer to exchange letters "for this once." *If you are not firm you will be lost.*

Believe me, yours veritably,

E. L. F. E.

KING LEAR.

THE impressions aroused on a first visit by the representation of *King Lear* at the Lyceum, and recorded at the time, are more than confirmed on repeating the experience, and our former conviction of the subtlety of Mr. Henry Irving's intellectual grasp of the character of Lear is deepened and strengthened. As was the case with Macready, the part has gained by repetition in Mr.

Irving's hands both in the power of expression and the power of restraint. The measure of relief to the more stormy scenes, which was not at first sufficiently full or sustained, is now forthcoming in the actor's expression of the passion of Lear, from its first furious outbursts to the tragic culmination in the anguish and desolation of madness. Accents that were somewhat too pronounced are now subdued or effaced, the significance of others has acquired yet greater force, and the gain of concentration, which Mr. Irving has developed, is to be seen in the heightened poignancy of the tragedy. The conception, in its main lines, remains as it was originally, and we are as fully convinced as ever that Mr. Irving here shows an entirely sympathetic accord with the poet's conception. We are not disposed, however, to hold inflexibly to any one reading of a part which, like the play itself, has not a little of the elements of vagueness and enigma that are the signs of its legendary origin. But that *King Lear* is peculiarly a poet's play—the most tremendous achievement of Shakspeare as a poet, as one of the greatest of poets has said—and that Mr. Irving's reading of the part is eminently poetical, are propositions which, we think, very few persons would contest. The something in it "gigantic and unformed" of which Coleridge speaks belongs not less to the entire presentment of the story than to the character of Lear. It is the most Elizabethan in spirit, the most Marlowesque, in short, of all the plays of Shakspeare; and the necessary reduction of the drama for the modern stage has certainly not lessened the difficulties of representation. The extreme naïveté of certain scenes would be intolerable on the stage of to-day; and, on the other hand, the magnificent vagueness of the story and the sublimity of the drama suggest that the solid earth were insufficient to support the acted show, and the cloudy empyrean were its fit theatre. *King Lear* being of this spiritual quality of drama, with a poetic inspiration so largely elemental, it is remarkable that the play as rendered at the Lyceum should retain so much of its primitive spirit. This admirable result is largely due to the truly Shakspearian study of the leading character which Mr. Irving's Lear reveals.

From the opening scenes Mr. Irving's Lear is consistently sympathetic with Shakspeare's play. King Lear is presented as verging upon fourscore years, yet as a fiery spirit fully conscious of the disabilities of age in a primitive ruler. This reading of the part is perfectly justified by the whole tenor of the play. It needs no special reference to Lear's speech in the last act, nor any assumption that Shakspeare observed the unities in *King Lear*. There have been Lears on the stage, in our own time and of old, who have played the part with the energy of voice and bearing proper to a man of thirty until the fourth act is reached. In such an instance you have to presume a considerable lapse of time between the first and the fifth acts, or a preternaturally green old age suddenly brought to ruin and insanity by a heavy visitation of evil. Such a Lear may, we admit, be both persuasive and impressive. That reading of the part, or yet another, may be justified by an actor of genius. All we contend for is that Mr. Irving's Lear is both more poetical and more natural. Unless we are prepared to regard the play as a fairy-tale, or a solar myth, it must be admitted that nothing but the extremity of old age would induce a King in barbarous or semi-civilized ages to abdicate and divide his dominion. Authority Lear still owns, as he thinks, after this act of division, and the show of authority in him is acknowledged by Kent. It is the violation of his kingly rights by his daughters that upsets his reason. One of the finest features of Mr. Irving's acting is the significance with which he illustrates the profundity of this injury. To be abated of his dignity in the matter of his knightly following was the root of his daughters' offence, the spur to the excruciating sense of their ingratitude that made him mad. But from the first, from the fatal act of abdicating the exercise of power, he was clearly a feeble, foolish, and *despised* old man. The taunts of Goneril and Regan emphasize the situation the moment they grasp power, in the third scene of Act II., and with wonderful effect does Mr. Irving suggest in Lear's alternating transports of fury and emotional reaction of weakness the horror of the revelation of his folly. Nor less impressive is the actor's display of incredulity as to the new, the unexpected enormity as shown in Regan. And very finely does Mr. Irving reveal the active source of his sudden distemperment as he turns from Regan once again to the spectacle of Kent in the stocks. It is with a terrible suggestiveness that Lear, transported from his momentary tenderness towards Regan, demands, with flashing eyes, "Who put my man in the stocks?" There is in Mr. Irving's tone and gesture the most passionate sense of this slight upon Lear's kingly dignity. It is not by one stroke, however, as the actor fails not to show by many a subtle touch, that Lear is desirous to take up the burden of the cursing of Goneril. All through the scene the way madness lies is laid bare, and we see the complex process by which reason is unseated. The transition from this to the act that follows, from the disillusion of faith in Regan to the terrible bitterness of Lear's speech, "Let them anatomize Regan," is one of the sternest tests of a tragedian's powers. The scenes of Lear's madness are rendered with entrancing effect by Mr. Irving. Especially striking is the actor in suggesting the pathos and fateful irony of the scene at Dover between Gloucester and the flower-crowned King. None who has heard the delivery of the touching words, "I know thee well enough! thy name is Gloucester; thou must be patient," will forget the depth of anguish that there is in Mr. Irving's utterance of the last simple phrase "Thou must be patient." As to the storm scene, we could wish it could be given as in times past on a desolate open heath, as directed in the text, with an unencumbered stage for the actor. Then could Lear dominate the scene, ride the lightning, and surmount the storm, while neither the actor, nor the splendid invocation at his entrance—"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!"—ran any risk of loss.

The final scenes, where Lear and Cordelia are brought together, may be said to "play themselves," though it is the very paradox of acting that such scenes should make the fullest calls upon the actor's powers. The Cordelia of Miss Ellen Terry is an exceedingly beautiful and touching performance. Excellent as this charming actress is in pathetic situations, her acting in the tent-scene, when Lear recognizes his daughter, must be reckoned among her highest artistic triumphs. Here, indeed, Mr. Irving is altogether admirable, too, and the scene is a fit crown to the dramatic edifice. The frank and engaging character of Edgar is played by Mr. Terriss with excellent breadth and spirit, though when Edgar plays the part of Poor Tom Mr. Terriss, like many another Edgar before him, is far less satisfactory. We miss the over-colour and *grotesquerie* that should mark the simulation of madness by the sane. The part is admitted by all judges to be singularly difficult. When the comedian Terry astonished the audience at the old Haymarket—most of whom must have seen Kean in the part—as King Lear, it appears from contemporary criticisms that the young actor who played Edgar caused almost equal amazement by his performance as Poor Tom. The Edmund of Mr. Frank Cooper is in all respects a very capable study, and extremely well acted. Mr. Haviland's acting as the Fool is notable for delicacy of finish and a pathetic suggestiveness that is never forced or irrelevant. The part is a genuine creation in Mr. Haviland's rendering, and of all performances of Shakspeare's fools we have seen this is by far the best. The Regan of Miss Maud Milton and the Goneril of Miss Ada Dyas are decidedly meritorious. The Regan is particularly spirited and judicious, and in the last act Miss Milton's rendering leaves us nothing to desire. Mr. Holloway's Kent has bearing, dignity, and force, and Mr. Bishop's Gloucester is deserving altogether of commendation, though we could wish that the former actor would not mar the movement of the Shakspearian verse by omitting the word "much" in Kent's last words:—

> Vex not his ghost! O, let him pass! He hates him much
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Smithfield Club Show this week was one of the best, whether we regard number of entries or quality, that has ever been held. The total number of cattle was 312, comparing with 247 last year; indeed, we have to go back to the great Show of 1889 to find a larger number—in that year there were 318 cattle. And the quality, like the entries, was also, as we have said, very excellent. All the Christmas fat stock shows have, in fact, been very good this year. In the sixteen annual exhibitions at Norwich, only once—in 1890—has the number of animals exhibited

exceeded the number of this year, and the excellence was equally remarkable. At Birmingham, it is true, there was a decided falling-off in sheep, poultry, and pigeons, and even in cattle the entries were hardly up to the average; but they were very little under, and the quality was exceedingly good. Some of our contemporaries are much surprised that the agricultural depression should have had so little effect upon these great shows. As far as the ordinary person can see, there is not the least indication that agriculture is in a bad way. As we have already said, the numbers were very large, the cattle were of the very highest quality, and the exhibitors appeared not to have a care. The shows themselves, too, were well attended by visitors. But there is nothing really to excite surprise in all this, for the exhibitors belong to a class that is not very much affected by bad times. The excellence of the shows, then, does not in the least contradict the complaints of landlords and farmers alike, that seldom has British agriculture suffered more than it is suffering at the present time. The Queen has been remarkably successful at all the three great exhibitions. She sent two Hereford steers from Windsor to Norwich; one carried off the first prize and the other was reserved and highly commended. To Birmingham she sent from Windsor ten head of cattle. With these she won two Breed Championships for Herefords and Shorthorns, the President's prize for the best animal in the show bred and fed by the exhibitor, four first prizes, three seconds, and two highly commendeds; only one animal out of the ten being unnoticed. From Abergeldie she sent five polled Aberdeens. One took a first prize, three were commended, and only one unnoticed. So that out of fifteen animals altogether sent to Bingley Hall only two were unnoticed. From Windsor the Queen sent nine animals to the Agricultural Hall, and with these she won two Breed Championships for Herefords and Shorthorns, four first prizes, two seconds, and a highly commended. From Abergeldie she sent three cattle, but only one of these was noticed, and was no more than highly commended. It will be seen that at all three exhibitions Her Majesty's success was quite unusual. No other exhibitor has done anything like so well. But Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was exceedingly successful at Birmingham, to which he sent four animals, and with these he took two first prizes, one second, and one third; and with two pens of Oxford Downs sheep he secured first and second prizes. The Prince of Wales was represented at the Agricultural Hall by four pens of sheep only, with which he secured a first and a second prize, a "commended" ticket, and a "reserved and highly commended." At Birmingham with one Shorthorn and two pens of sheep he only carried off a third prize. But at Norwich with four entries in cattle he won two first prizes, and with one entry in sheep he took a "reserved" and a "highly commended" ticket.

But the feature of all three shows was the triumph of the Cross-breeds. The Championship at the Agricultural Hall was carried off by a blue-roan cross-bred steer, a little under $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old, weighing 20 cwt. 1 qr. 8 lbs.—an unusually heavy animal for the Championship. In the whole Show this year there were only four heavier beasts. The sire was a Shorthorn and the dam a Galloway, and it is said to have been the first instance of an animal taking a Championship prize that had Galloway blood. The contest lay between this immense animal and a pretty cross-bred heifer named "Queen of Hearts," exhibited by Mr. Robert Copland. She was a little over two years and ten months old, weighing 16 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lbs. She is a cross between an Aberdeen Angus sire and a cross-bred Shorthorn dam. At Birmingham, besides winning the first prize in her class, she took the 30*l.* prize as the best animal amongst the Welsh and cross-breeds, the 100 Guinea Challenge Cup given by the proprietors of Thorley's Food, and the 100 Guinea Elkington Challenge Cup. She was the favourite with the public at the Agricultural Hall, as she had been both with the public and the judges at Bingley Hall, and when the championship was awarded to Sir John Swinburne's steer, hissing was heard, which is very unusual. Yet the judges were very painstaking, and did not decide in a hurry. They not only handled the two animals over and over again, but walked them backwards and forwards, looked at them from every point of view, consulted their note-books, and, after long deliberation, awarded the prize to the steer. There was, in fact, room for difference of opinion; for both were very fine animals, though each had a different kind of excellence. Both the champion and the reserved were cross-breeds, and two cross-breeds were likewise awarded the silver cups for the best male and the best female in the cattle classes. At Birmingham, as already said, the "reserve" animal, which was rejected in favour of Sir J. Swinburne's at the Agricultural Hall, carried off the championship. And at Norwich, likewise, a cross-breed belonging to Mr. Coleman took the championship as the best ox or steer in the show, and also that for the best beast in the show; so that this year cross-breeds have taken all the principal honours at Norwich, Birmingham, and Islington. Turning to the other classes, Devons were fairly represented, and so were Herefords. The Shorthorns were as good, taking them all together, as perhaps ever have been exhibited at the Agricultural Hall. Sussex cattle, too, were exceedingly well represented, especially the younger classes. The red-polled classes were good, the polled Aberdeen Angus very good, the Welsh capital, and the Kerry and Dexters excellent.

The show of sheep was fairly satisfactory. The total number of pens was 175, comparing with 186 last year; in fact, the number was smaller than in any year of the last six. That, however, is not surprising, for sheep-farming is very unprofitable, and has been so for a considerable time past. Mr. Robert E. Turnbull, of Shrewsbury, has just shown that, with nearly $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions more sheep and lambs in the country now than in 1887, their value is nearly 3 millions sterling less—certainly a very serious depreciation—and compared with 1889 the depreciation is worse still. Considering all the circumstances, therefore, the entries at the Agricultural Hall this year must be considered satisfactory; and it is still more satisfactory to find that the quality was generally above the average. The South Downs were unquestionably the best class. The entries were more numerous than last year, and the quality has seldom been exceeded. In this class Sir F. A. Montefiore took the first prize, the Breed Cup, and the Shortwool Championship. It would be difficult indeed to find better wethers than he showed. The Leicesters were well represented, and the wethers especially were good. Cotswolds were fairly shown, but not very fine in quality. The Lincolns, on the other hand, were excellent. Hampshires, with thirty entries, were a very fine show; but Suffolks were few in number and not very good in quality. The Shropshires, on the other hand, were not well represented, but were excellent in quality. Oxfordshires were also good, and there were some fine heavy sheep and lambs in the cross-bred classes. The show of pigs was, upon the whole, better than in recent years, but there was much complaint that prizes were awarded for mere fatness. It was contended that the pigs which give the most lean in proportion to fat pay best at present, and yet that they were set aside in favour of wasteful fat. The Berkshires were the finest class in the exhibition. Mr. Fricker carried off the Champion Plate with a pen of this breed, and Mr. Hayter's Champion single pig was also a Berkshire. The Tamworths came next in quality to the Berkshires. The other classes do not call for special notice. The display of roots was admirable, and there was a large exhibition of implements and machines. Upon the whole, the Show must be pronounced very good in all departments, and the attendance of the public has been very large.

THE MALADY OF MILLIONAIRES.

THERE is reason to think that great wealth begets a mental disease akin to those forms of paralysis which affect a minute portion of the brain, while the general intelligence remains sound. It is not to be denied that the very rich, as a class, show as much sense as other people. Those who make their own fortunes may well have narrowed their minds in the process. They probably fell into a groove, and we must not look to them for sympathy with new thoughts or projects. But the majority—in Europe, at least—inherited wealth, and they passed through the same training commonly, imbibed the same ideas as the rest of us. We knew some of them at school, or at the University, where they were much like other youths—equally interested in the "questions" which took their fancy. They may even have promised in all sincerity to aid in solving a problem of some kind when they came into their own; and looked forward to the work with pleasure. If the promise be forgotten when that time arrives, no reasonable person will condemn them. To find oneself in the paternal seat, surveying lands, all one's own, as far as eye

can see, or reckoning up the money-bags, is not less exciting, probably, when that day has been anticipated from childhood. But in a short time the situation becomes familiar, and then that reasonable person, if inexperienced, looks for fulfilment of the promise. But rarely, indeed, is he gratified. The mental disease has found a lodgment. His rich friend may still take interest in the question, whatever it be. But somehow his mind can no longer grasp the obvious fact that he himself might settle it, once for all, by applying no great proportion of the money which lies idle at his bank.

It is clear, also, that this malady grows more common, and intensifies. When the rich were by no means so many or so wealthy as now, they founded all sorts of charitable institutions—schools, colleges, chantries, hospitals. At present they subscribe just like anybody else, and their contribution often enough is not more liberal than that of men whose capital is no greater than their income. In the building of churches alone do a few of them make a show of rivalling their forefathers' munificence. But those subscriptions acknowledge the obligation. A millionaire who flatly refused to do anything for his fellow-creatures could not be charged with inconsistency at least. But he who gives a hundred guineas or so, when piling up hundreds of thousands for probate, admits, in effect, that he ought to do what he can. But if he chose, what could he not do? Our hospitals, for instance, make despairing appeals year by year. Their emissaries beg in the streets. They work through the Directory, and write to each householder. Their boxes stand in every public place. Of late they have addressed working-men. But all the while there are hundreds of capitalists—not less kind-hearted nor less intelligent than other people—who could set the largest of them on its legs for good and never feel the sacrifice, thousands who could do the like without reducing an item of expenditure. The action would be pleasant, one might think, and certainly it would win honour. Why do none of them perform it? Because, we apprehend, their perception is dulled by the strange malady which attends great wealth.

The diagnosis becomes more reasonable yet if we look beyond the calls of philanthropy to personal interests. Duties which are shared by all, such as that of relieving distress, may be overlooked by busy men—and all millionaires are busy somehow. But it may be said that each of them cherishes some private fancy—art or archæology, science in one or other form, horticulture, or sport at least. But very few are they who use their opportunity even here. Many work hard—but only in the same groove with men who labour at the identical task for their livelihood. Take the easiest and commonest of such tastes. The millionaire who devoted a hundred thousand pounds to horse-breeding, consulting men of science as well as experts, might do endless good, with continual delight for himself, and found at least a new strain of thoroughbreds. But millionaires do not show enthusiasm for sport, commonly. Some, as is known to the select, apply themselves to science, and spend money which would represent a fabulous sum to the bulk of savants, but to them must be a trifle, in experiments and researches. We have heard, indeed, of a bold and costly undertaking which an eminent personage, still living, projected in his youth. He caused a magnet to be built, of such size and power as had not yet been imagined. It was his intention to charge this gigantic object without witnesses, so as to enjoy the unparalleled result in selfish solitude. Happily, a great authority called at the moment, and received an invitation to assist. When he saw the preparations his face paled. Neither he nor any one else could foretell what would happen if that twenty-foot magnet were set to work; but it was probable, at least, that the house would fall. The thing still remains, uncharged—or did a few years ago. But it is not recorded that this gentleman has devised any such scheme since he came into his patrimony.

Millionaires of culture must be interested in antiquarian researches which throw light upon the past. They commonly subscribe, indeed, when an enterprise of the sort is launched. But how much does English archæology owe to them? We believe that twenty pounds was the largest contribution Thomas Wright could persuade any rich patron to advance towards uncovering Uriconium. Poor men did what was done mostly, and now that wonderful city is re-buried. Silchester is another instance of our own day. But, after all, British archæology is a "one-horse" pursuit. The remains of Italy and Greece appeal to the imagination in a very different degree; and not to our English millionaires alone, but to those of the civilized world. Which of them at any time has responded to that appeal beyond here or there offering a little cheque, such as poor authors and professors rival?

One would think that curiosity alone would tempt some of them to lay out a few superfluous thousands in exploring spots where marvels and treasures are known to exist. Not a few must be aware that the subsoil of the Hippodrome at Constantinople is a bed of broken sculptures, from which statues by Phidias and Myron may yet be unearthed. Some thirty years since, and again in our time, an opportunity arose to dam the stream of Tiber and secure the wondrous relics which certainly lie in its mud. The operation as designed might have been an outrage upon sentiment; but that was not the feeling which forbade every millionaire in Europe to offer any appreciable share of the hundred thousand pounds demanded. Again, there is a spot lying within the circuit of a few miles, in open country, where, as Gibbon puts it, the "most splendid spoils and trophies of old Rome" are still lying. What intelligent being can picture the grave of Alaric without a thrill? Why, evidently, rich people can! There are many people who could give a cheque at sight for all the money that would be needed to divert the Bucento, and lay that fabulous treasure-house bare. Not one, we may be certain, has ever thought of that glorious enterprise—since he came into his fortune, at least. For it cannot be supposed that he would not have done the work had he thought of it. That a whole class of men should be thus blind to their opportunities, whatever their nationality, or training, or character may be, is intelligible only on the supposition that great wealth generates a peculiar disease of the brain.

NAVAL GRIEVANCES AGAIN.

WHAT its critics call the "discreditable project," and its supporters describe as a modest attempt to secure "justice for naval officers," has continued to be a subject of debate in the Service papers since it was first made generally known by the *Times* about the middle of October. The *Times* has itself returned to the matter in the same spirit as before. As seems to be inevitable in naval quarrels, there has been no small display of acrimony, much personal animosity, and many innuendoes. If there has been some growling for growling's sake on one side, there has been on the other a good deal of assertion that the Service is going to the ——, where it has been going at all times, in the opinion of some experienced officers, and that it is all the fault of the ill-conditioned and degenerate men concerned in the "discreditable project." It is superfluous to add that the effect of discussion in this tone is to make both sides more angry and obstinate than before, and notably to exasperate the officers who are accused of degrading "the Service" and undermining its discipline. Of course they are made more resolute than ever in asserting that they are an ill-used body of men.

There are really two questions at issue now which can be treated apart. The first is whether the officers' grievances are being represented in a becoming manner. The second is whether they have any foundation. We put the questions in this order, because it has been maintained that the irregularity of the course they have taken would deprive the officers of all claim to attention, whatever ground there might be for their complaints. This is simply the official tone, which is almost always mistaken, as it would be easy enough to show on general grounds. But it is simpler to assert the irregularity of the conduct of these officers than to prove it irregular. The offence of combination, to which it is said to amount, seems to be ill-defined. A first-class petty officer has just been tried by court-martial for it in the Mediterranean, and sentenced to a slight punishment, though it appears that he acted with the knowledge and even the sympathy of his Captain, who appeared as official prosecutor in the trial only by orders of the Admiral. If the Captain did not see the offence of combination in what the petty officer was doing, it would seem to be very ill defined. But it is difficult to see in what essential the conduct of the officers concerned in this so-called agitation differs from that of the engineers and the lieutenants on recent occasions, or from that of the captains and commanders whose grievances as to their half-pay were

represented to Parliament by Howe in 1773. It was never meant that either officers or men should be deprived of the power to petition for redress of grievances—even though they were of an imaginary character. A petition cannot be drawn up without common action. It remains to be seen whether the officers really intend to do more than to state their case in becoming terms. If, as we firmly believe they will, they display that moderation of language and modesty of demeanour which the House of Commons admired in the captains and commanders of 1773—then a great deal of moral thunder will have been wasted in a rather ludicrous manner. We are not unaware that this movement is criticized on other and much more respectable grounds. There are officers who are seriously offended at what they think looks too like an agitation on shore for increase of wages, conducted after the common model of such things. These officers—and they are not all admirals or lucky men—argue that the Queen's Service is a matter of honour and not of pay, that a gentleman does not enter it to become rich, and that agitations for the little increases of pay which are all that can be expected are undignified. They say that the cry out against bad pay and allowances arises from impatience with narrow means and from a desire for mere enjoyment—which it is no part of the State's duty to satisfy. They say that, unless a gentleman thinks money of less account than honour, he should not go into the navy, and they add that, with care and reasonable thrift, it is possible to live on the Queen's pay. With this and much more of the same character which is alleged against the "discreditable project" we have every sympathy. It will be a very bad day for the navy when these views cease to prevail among officers. Those who hold them strongly are naturally offended when other officers profess to dismiss them with a cynicism which is certainly in the vast majority of cases affected. And yet it must be allowed that the workman is worthy of his hire. Moreover, the State has not always appealed to the honour and patriotism of its officers only. It offered prize-money also. Beyond all doubt the hardships of the old navy, incomparably greater than those of to-day, were made endurable by the prospect, or even by the mere hope, of some day sharing the good fortune of Sir Charles Wager and Sir George Pocock, of Sir Hyde Parker and Sir Edward Hughes. Now, however, the gambling element has been almost wholly eliminated. The modern officer knows how unlikely it is that he will have more than the average lot—and, therefore, he wants it improved. The stirring ones certainly do, and their messmates look on with a favourable eye in the hope that some good in the shape of pay and allowances will come out of it.

The question whether the grievances of which the officers complain have any real foundation cannot be fully dealt with till we know what they are. At present what is accessible is only the circular which has been sent round to the ships. It does not follow that any considerable number of officers will be found to support all the eight claims which it contains. These eight, taken in succession, are:—

1. "That the rates of pay should be raised to a value equivalent to what they were when the amounts were fixed, allowing for the depreciation of money in the interval." The officer who wrote this was manifestly no witch at political economy, or he would have understood the appreciation of gold better. If naval salaries are insufficient, it is not for the absurd reason alleged here. We believe that for young lieutenants and officers of that standing the pay is very good as compared with what could be gained in salary on shore by young men. In the case of the older lieutenants, married men with no private means, there is no doubt often a severe pinch of poverty. But it will not improbably be found that the pay grievance is kept up rather from tradition than because it is keenly felt.

Claim 2 is "That naval officers should not pay Income-tax on their pay." There is ground for arguing that it is illegal to deduct income-tax from the pay of an officer who has been more than a year abroad.

Claim 3 is "That the payment of cooks, stewards, and domestics should be raised to a fair market price, so that it should be unnecessary for officers to have to supplement it." We believe that this servant grievance is much more one of terms of service than of money. There is no staff of cooks, stewards, &c., having a regular rate in the navy. They have to be hired for each commission, and are turned ashore when the ship is paid off. What officers want is not so much that they should be relieved of a part of their mess expenses as that there should be a class of servants belonging permanently to the navy who, at the end of a commission, and when their leave was up, would report at the receiving-ship as other men do.

Claim 4. "That where bands form part of the complement the instruments, &c., should also be supplied." The long-shore mind cannot become passionate on this subject.

Claim 5. "That the length of a commission should not exceed three years." The Admiralty is of that opinion, too, and before we can say how far there is here a general grievance we should like to see a list of ships which have been kept out for more than three years during the last ten years.

Claim 6. "That for foreign service six weeks' full-pay leave should be allowed for each year's service, such leave to be cumulative." We believe that this claim is more interesting to the officers than all the rest put together. A foreign station may be pleasant, or an officer may have a run in China, or a spell of hunting in India, if his captain is willing and a messmate will do his work. But he may have spent his three years in very different circumstances. Whether or no, the fortnight per year of full-pay leave, which is all that can be obtained now, is little. Moreover, it is not a right, and is not enjoyed by any officer above the rank of lieutenant.

Claim 7. "That clear and distinct regulations should be issued, showing the nature of the agreement between officers and the Admiralty as to the time during which officers are liable to serve." As this is worded, it sounds as if the officers who drafted it wished to have a contract drawn up, in which their duties would be exactly defined. We understand that what it was meant to mean is that the Admiralty should state, once for all, under what circumstances, and during what time, it claims the right to refuse an officer leave to retire. There is a question of principle in this, which it would take some space to discuss. In reality, the difficulty out of which this dispute has arisen is the direct fruit of Mr. Childers's success in cutting the staff of the navy down to the quick. The only remedy is an increase in the number of officers which will make the Admiralty indifferent to the service of any particular man; but then there will have to be a reserve of officers on half-pay, and that will be another grievance.

Claim 8. "That officers should receive table-money at the rate of two shillings a day for wardroom officers." This, on the face of it, is a demand for two shillings a day more pay. We understand that the two shillings was fixed upon because the Admiralty allows that amount to officers of the Royal Naval Reserve when serving in the navy, in addition to their pay and allowances, which are the same as those of other officers. But it is explained to be in reality a request for an allowance to meet those expenses of official hospitalities which at present fall on the officers themselves. Lord Salisbury made a grant for the reception of the French squadron at Portsmouth; but this was an exception. In foreign navies some such allowance is commonly made.

These are the eight claims, and when they are looked at coolly, it cannot be said that they are very startling or revolutionary.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE stock markets were agitated last week by alarmist rumours respecting the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation—rumours which have since been officially contradicted. The Corporation was founded in 1887 with a nominal capital of 2 millions in 199,900 Ordinary shares of 10*l.* each and 100 Founder's shares. On both classes of shares only 3*l.* have been called up. The Corporation has done a very large and active business since its establishment, having brought out and assisted in the creation of several other Trusts, and also having issued several loans. At one time the Founder's shares of the nominal value of 10*l.*, with only 3*l.* paid, were quoted in the market at 8,000*l.* It is said that they have recently been offered at under 200*l.* The Ordinary shares on Tuesday of last week were about $2\frac{1}{2}$. On Wednesday they fell to little more than 2, and on Thursday they went down to 15*s.* They have since recovered to about $1\frac{1}{2}$, and sometimes even been quoted at $1\frac{3}{4}$. Amongst the issues brought out by the Corporation some years ago was 2 million dollars of First Mortgage Five per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Kansas

City, Wyandotte, and North-Western Railway Company. The interest on those bonds has not been paid since 1890, and a couple of weeks ago a Committee formed to protect the bondholders sold them at 26½ per cent. to Mr. Jay Gould. They were subscribed for in London at 97½ per cent. The announcement of the sale to Mr. Jay Gould at such a price naturally attracted a great deal of attention in the market, and rumours were circulated that proceedings would be taken against the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation in connexion with the affair. While these rumours were spreading an announcement was made that the New York Brewery Company was unable to pay a dividend on its ordinary shares. This Company was brought out here by the Corporation, and in April last it had paid 5 per cent., and the discovery that it had not earned enough to pay any more for the year naturally caused great disappointment, and again directed attention to the Trustees Corporation. People then began to call to mind that the Corporation had busied itself with the giving assistance to Messrs. de Murrieta & Co. while they were still struggling to keep themselves afloat. It was said that they had not only taken some of the Murrieta securities, but that they had given very inconvenient guarantees, and in various other ways that they had made themselves liable. How far the rumours are correct we do not pretend to know, in all probability they are greatly exaggerated. But there is no question, all the same, that some of those who were induced to give assistance to Messrs. de Murrieta are very dissatisfied with the way in which the assistance was obtained, and, in fact, it will be in the recollection of some of our readers that the Imperial Ottoman Bank in particular took action which finally compelled Messrs. de Murrieta to go into liquidation. As already stated, an official contradiction has been given to the rumours, and there has been a considerable recovery in the price of the shares; still there is an anxious feeling in the City. The Corporation, it is true, has an uncalled capital of 1,400,000*l.*, and at the end of December last it had a reserve fund of 650,000*l.*; consequently at the end of December of last year it had total disposable assets of over 2 millions, without reckoning the various good securities it held. But, on the other hand, the Corporation has issued debentures amounting to half a million, and has pledged its uncalled capital as a security for the debentures. The uncalled capital is more than twice the amount of the debentures, without reckoning the reserve fund; but then it is probable that the debenture-holders would insist upon being paid off if any portion of the uncalled capital were to be called up. It is this which chiefly disquiets the Stock Exchange. Assuming that the shareholders are all solvent, and would be able to pay any call that might be made, it is still evident that at a time like the present a call large enough to redeem the debentures, and to meet any losses that might have to be provided for, would be so heavy as to cause grave inconvenience. But the Corporation assures the public that the rumours are unfounded. If so, there is no necessity for a call, and the alarm of the City is quite ungrounded. So far as the general public is concerned, the chief interest in the alarm that sprang up so suddenly last week is the force it gives to the demand so often made that Trust Companies of all kinds should regularly publish a list of the securities in which they have invested the monies of their shareholders. According to the Report of the Trustees, &c., Corporation on the last day of December last, its total assets, without reckoning either the reserve fund or the uncalled capital, amounted to very nearly 2¼ millions Of this amount over 1,600,000*l.* consists of various securities the nature of which is not disclosed. They are all grouped together under the heading "Consols, Debenture Bonds and Stocks, Preference Securities, Ordinary Shares, &c." Consols, of course, are perfectly good; but then there is no information as to what proportion is borne by Consols to the total amount of 1,600,000*l.*; and no information, also, is given as to the kind of debenture bonds and stocks, preference securities, and ordinary shares held. If all these are really good, and if the public had been told what they are, so that it could judge for itself, it is impossible that mere rumours such as alarmed the Stock Exchange last week could have caused the heavy fall in the shares that occurred. But the public has no means of judging for itself whether the securities are good or bad, and the Stock Exchange, therefore, is liable to be disturbed by every idle rumour.

The value of money is decidedly falling, the discount rate in the open market being now barely 1⅞ per cent., a decline of over ½ per cent. in a week. This is unfortunate, and we venture to think that the Directors of the Bank of England are neglecting their duty in failing to protect their reserve, for the silver crisis is now clearly reaching an acute stage, and at any moment we may have hoarding of gold in the United States upon a great scale, and a serious disturbance of every money market in the world.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 38¼*d.* per ounce. It is now recognized everywhere that the Brussels Conference will end in nothing, and that the repeal of the American Silver Purchase Act of 1890 is imminent. When that repeal takes place, there is only too likely to be a scare in the market, and such a fall in the value of silver as will not only seriously depreciate all silver securities, but will likewise throw into confusion the whole trade with the silver-using countries. It is quite possible—nay, it is even probable—that there will be a rapid recovery after a while; but in the meantime it is natural that every one should look out for grave troubles, and consequently that there should be widespread anxiety.

The silver crisis has overshadowed throughout the week all departments of business. The stock markets have been depressed; on Wednesday, indeed, there was almost a scare, all silver securities having fallen considerably in consequence of the decline in silver. There is evidently very great uneasiness all over the United States. People fear that gold may be hoarded. Every one—even the least informed—now sees that the Government has made a disastrous mistake. It admits as much itself; and, unfortunately, the Treasury does not hold enough of gold to make it clear that it can fulfil its obligations immediately. If there were to be anything like a run upon the Treasury, there would be sure to be a crisis. The Government, no doubt, could borrow in gold, and after a while could prove to demonstration that it is strong enough to fulfil all its engagements. But, in the meantime, there might be great confusion in New York, with numerous failures and a fresh shock to credit. Furthermore, if, as now seems certain, the American Act of 1890 is repealed, the question will arise, What will the Indian Government do? That will add to the general apprehension. If India decides on a gold standard, which would be most unwise from every point of view, we might have India, the United States, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Germany, and France all attempting to raise large loans in gold at the same time. The scramble for the metal would then become such that no man of business would know what to expect, and the shock to credit would be very serious. It is quite possible, of course, that all these dangers may be averted. Congress, for example, may repeal the Act of 1890 without delay, and confidence thereby may be restored in the United States. And the Indian Government, it is to be hoped, will be wise enough not to legislate in a panic. If so, the demand for gold may not materially increase, and, though there is sure to be trouble, it may be short-lived and much less serious than is now anticipated. But the outlook is so obscure, and there are so many possible dangers, it is natural that uneasiness should pervade the whole commercial community, and that operators on the Stock Exchange should be unwilling to engage in new risks. Under those circumstances the investing public will do well to act with great caution. If they do so, they will probably be able to buy with advantage to themselves by-and-bye. There is little change to report either in South America or on the Continent; but everywhere the prevailing uneasiness is leading to stagnation in business.

The Board of Trade Returns for November are unsatisfactory. The value of the imports was 38,898,000*l.*, a decrease of not far short of 5 millions, or about 11¼ per cent. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was a little over 18½ millions, a decrease of somewhat less than a quarter of a million, or not quite 1¼ per cent. On the other hand, there was an increase in the exports of foreign and colonial merchandise. There has been a large increase in the imports of articles liable to Customs duties—cocoa, raisins, tea, spirits, wine, and tobacco. But there has been a falling off of over 2¼ millions in articles of food and drink not liable to duty, and over 2 millions in raw materials for textile manufactures. The falling off is to a considerable extent in prices only; especially this is true of exports; indeed, the volume of the exports is larger than in November of last year, although

the value is somewhat lower. This is rather an encouraging sign, as it indicates that the cheapness is stimulating the foreign demand.

The chief movements of the week have been in silver securities, which are all lower. Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at $63\frac{5}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{4}$; Mexican Internal closed at 25, a fall of 2; Mexican Sixes closed at $77\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{4}$; Mexican Railway First Preference Stock closed at 77, a fall of $2\frac{3}{4}$; Mexican Central Railway Four per Cent. Bonds closed at $66\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 3; and the First Income Bonds closed at 24, a fall of 4. But there has been a rise at the same time of $\frac{7}{16}$ in Consols, which closed on Thursday at $97\frac{1}{4}$, and other first-class securities are steady or higher. There has been little change in Home Railway stocks. Brighton "A," which has fluctuated recently a great deal, closed on Thursday at $149\frac{3}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{1}{2}$; while Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 104, a fall of 1. In the American market there has been very little movement, but Milwaukee shares closed on Thursday at $80\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; Lake Shore closed at $133\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Louisville and Nashville closed at $72\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{8}$. On Thursday there was a considerable rise in Argentine Government Bonds, after about a week of depression. The Five per Cents of 1866 closed at $68\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$; and the Funding Loan closed also at $68\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. But railway stocks are generally lower. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 76-8, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 122-4, a fall of 3; and Central Argentine closed at 69, a fall of 2. In the inter-Bourse market Greeks and Portuguese are lower. Greek '81 closed at $68\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 1; and Portuguese closed at $22\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{7}{8}$; but Russian closed at $98\frac{5}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{7}{8}$; and Spanish closed at $64\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{4}$.

A COLLECTION OF GEMS.

MR. EDWIN STREETER is now showing at his Museum in New Bond Street an interesting collection of gems, of which the most prominent are the sapphires from the Montana mines. These stones, which have attracted a good deal of attention lately, are to be seen in all their stages, from the rough pebble to the finished jewel, in various sizes and in many beautiful colours—pale straw, blue, green, violet, and the red variety more commonly known as the ruby. The place where they are found is said to be an ancient river-bed; and not only are stones of considerable size found there, but the entire soil is a fine dust composed of tiny gems, which of course are only fit to be ground up for cutting and polishing purposes. A curious point about the sapphires from this district is that they are all marked on both sides with a clearly-defined equilateral triangle. Simply as a curiosity is shown what is said to be the largest black diamond yet discovered. It is not particularly beautiful, resembling a lump of blacklead more than anything else, but its hardness is very great. To polish it a year's work has been sacrificed, and in reducing it from $169\frac{3}{4}$ carats, in the rough, to a brilliant of 66 carats, 150 carats of bort (impure diamond) have been used. A sister stone of 160 carats has also just reached Mr. Streeter. Not the least attractive of the Bond Street jewels are the ornaments made of Chrysoprase, a stone almost forgotten by the general public. This is a silica of a pretty apple-green colour derived from the presence of oxide of nickel, slightly translucent, and very hard. It is a modest, unobtrusive stone, and makes up so well with diamonds, that it is difficult to understand why it went out of fashion. We are very much afraid, however, Mr. Streeter's authority to the contrary notwithstanding, that this is not the substance of the tenth foundation of the Heavenly Jerusalem as given in the Revelations, which was probably an Indian or Egyptian stone, the present variety being found only in the mine of Kosemütz, in Silesia.

FOOTBALL ACCIDENTS.

FOLLOWING closely on the fatal accident in the course of a Rugby "house-run" came the intelligence of a death at Haileybury resulting from a charge at football. Ever since our winter game became the sport of the masses—to be played by hundreds of thousands on their Saturday half-holiday during seven or eight months out of the twelve—it has been the delight of opponents of football to search out the records of accidents, whether fatal or not, and dilate upon them in the public prints. Happily, at our famous public schools a serious disaster is of the rarest occurrence. Accidents, as we know, are certain to happen under the best-regulated conditions, but the entirely healthy tone of the game as played at a public school, and the wholesome supervision that forbids the boy of delicate constitution to participate, have so reduced the chances of serious accident that they are hardly calculable. In the cause of the weaker brethren and mothers, it is satisfactory to learn that the match in which the Haileybury boy was taking part was being duly administered by a referee, and that there was no suspicion of undue roughness or unfair play. A fall of a nature that might have occurred at any other sport was the cause of an internal injury which, unfelt at the time, resulted two days afterwards in death.

That football is a rough game when properly played goes without saying. This is, no doubt, one of its merits in the eyes of a healthy boy, who would much prefer to take his chances in such a match as that described in *Tom Brown* rather than to engage in the lamentable parody of the sport so well depicted by Mr. Anstey in *Vice Versâ*. Pluck, dash, and resolution are all essentials to successful play, and in no other game are these desirable qualities to be more readily acquired. There is also a spice of danger such as is to be found in almost every British sport, old or new. It is a matter of frequent question as to which of the two great codes—Rugby or Association—is the rougher and the cause of the greater numbers of accidents. The votaries of the one will be found, as a rule, to pronounce against the other, while those who have never had an active share in either generally assume the dribbling game to be the less violent, a decision which in many cases is due to the fact that Rugby football was in times past a decidedly barbarous pastime, with its hacking over, shinning, and tripping, whereof the tradition has survived the prohibition. Of the two games, however, there can be little question that Association lends itself the more readily to intentional rough play. Now such ill-behaviour is deplorable, if only because it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the game; but unfortunately it is not unknown, even at schools. An unpopular player will often be "marked" and "gone for" without sufficient occasion, and the element of brutality, thus introduced, is certain to spread unless properly checked. In school football this taint is usually confined to such events as house-matches, where party spirit runs high, and the players are urged on by the shouts of excited spectators. It also not uncommonly shows itself in the annual encounters between two rival schools. Among the professional clubs in the North of England and the Midlands this objectionable form of roughness—which is entirely the fault of the player, and in no way countenanced, much less encouraged, by the game—has gradually attained formidable dimensions. The multitude of League and Cup competitions has so increased that an ordinary match (which has come to be known as a "friendly game") is almost a rare occurrence. Spectators assemble in tens of thousands to howl themselves hoarse over their respective champions, and as much money changes hand over the result as over a local race-meeting. The players themselves are mostly professionals, whose salary and "bonuses" depend entirely upon their prowess; and, though in Scotland professionalism is still nominally forbidden, the conditions there are very little different from those that prevail in England. The same is also the case with Rugby football in the North, where professionalism cannot remain much longer unveiled. Even in the South of England, where amateurism is still prevalent, the large majority of the players now belong to the rougher classes, and are on occasions sadly deficient in sportsmanlike behaviour.

To cope with unfair play and improper conduct, as well as to adjudicate on all disputed points of the game, both the Rugby and Association codes appoint a referee. This official is gifted with extreme powers, being able to sum-

marily order an offending player to leave the ground, and to suspend the game at his discretion. His own place is in the centre of the field of play, as near the ball as possible, among the players and surrounded by the yelling crowds, who mightily resent any decision which appears to them unfair against their side. It is a position to which, one might think, few men would aspire, nor is it surprising that, in a large number of cases, the referee loses his head, and fails to do his duty by the game, more especially in the matter of undue roughness. Until last season he had the moral support of at least one of the two umpires, but these underlings are now banished to watch the touch-lines only. It is not easy to suggest how this unsatisfactory state of things may be remedied. It would clearly be futile to increase the powers of the referee, but it is possible that some good might be effected by extending the definitions of unfair play. There can be no question that a large number of football accidents result from this ill-temper being allowed to run unchecked; on the other hand, it is obviously impossible to prevent accidents altogether, whether in football or any other vigorous exercise.

RECENT CONCERTS.

BERLIOZ'S *Faust*, which was performed at the Albert Hall on the 23rd ult., is hardly suited either to the vast building or to the Royal Choral Society. The charm and brilliancy of the orchestration are necessarily lost in a hall where the tone of the strings is invariably deadened; besides which, the choral writing is not massive enough, and demands too great delicacy of treatment for a very large choir; while Sir Joseph Barnby, excellent conductor though he is in many respects, has too strict a feeling for exact time to conduct Berlioz's score to perfection. In spite of these disadvantages, the performance was, on the whole, a good one. Yet better, in every respect, was the performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, last Wednesday. With the exception of the slow pace at which the *finale* to Scene iii. was taken, there was little, if any, cause for fault-finding. Mme. Albani and Mr. Ben Davies renewed the triumphs of former performances by their fine singing of the music allotted to Elsie, Prince Henry, and Lucifer; while two new-comers, Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Edward Epstein, produced a most favourable impression as Ursula and the Forester. Miss Butt especially is likely to be a valuable accession to the thin ranks of English contraltos. Her voice is of pure quality and not wanting in power, and she sings with good style and a commendable absence of affectation. Her enunciation leaves something to be desired, but her singing of the scena "Virgin so lowly," in Scene v., was so good that the audience insisted upon an encore; an honour which was also bestowed upon the choral singing of the hymn "O gladsome Light!" The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, which deservedly takes the leading place among such bodies, gave an interesting concert on the evening of the 26th. The programme opened with Goetz's beautiful and too seldom played Symphony in F, of which a more than creditable performance was given. The work is by no means easy; but, in spite of a few slips, it was played with spirit and with a considerable degree of finish. Equally good was the orchestral playing of the accompaniments to Saint-Saëns's graceful Caprice "Wedding-Cake," the solo part of which was played with much brilliancy by Mlle. Janotha. Amongst the other numbers of the programme special praise must be awarded the four ladies who constitute the "Queen Vocal Quartet," for their finished singing of two beautiful part-songs of Brahms's—the second of which, "Fischerlied," had to be repeated. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. George Mount, whose efficiency would not be diminished by his abandoning an irritating habit of beating time with one foot, the stamps of which are only too audible.

At Mr. Henschel's Third Symphony Concert (Dec. 1st) Brahms's Double Concerto, Op. 102, for Violin and Violoncello, was the chief quasi-novelty. The work was at first pronounced in many quarters to be obscure and uninteresting; but there can be no doubt that it improves immensely on acquaintance, and its performance on this occasion produced a very favourable impression. The solo parts were carefully and correctly played by M. Gorski and Herr Fuchs; but neither artist displayed any very remarkable degree of *feu sacré*. The Symphony of the evening was Raff's popular "Lenore," descriptive of Burger's ballad—a work which appeals to the groundlings more than it does to the trained musician. It sounded doubly weak by contrast with Brahms's scholarly Concerto. The only vocal number was Elsa's scene from Act ii. of *Lohengrin*, which was carefully sung by Miss Evangeline Florence. The programme also included the Overtures to *Oberon* and *Die Meistersinger*, the former of which was much better played than the latter.

At the Crystal Palace Concerts there has been little to chronicle. An ultra-Wagnerian Symphonic Poem, "The Passing of Beatrice," from the pen of Mr. William Wallace, was brought to a hearing on Saturday week, and proved chiefly remarkable for its vagueness of tonality, want of rhythm, and general lack of interest. Wagner is a dangerous guide to a young composer, and Mr. Wallace, like a good many others, will probably find in the end that it is safer to keep to the old paths until he has developed a style of his own. The Symphony at this concert was Schumann's in C, of which a very fine performance was given, as was also the case last Saturday, when Mr. Manns's band played Beethoven's "Eroica" in admirable style. The programme also included Mendelssohn's unfinished "Christus," and Dr. Bridge's setting of "Crossing the Bar"—a *pièce d'occasion* which was hardly worth the trouble of production at Sydenham.

Among the recent concerts of chamber-music, that given by Mr. Dannreuther on the 29th deserves a chief place. The programme suffered from undue length, including as it did two pianoforte Quintets (those by Brahms and Stanford), Dvořák's Trio for Violins and Viola (Op. 74), Hubert Parry's Violoncello Sonata in A, and songs by Bach and Brahms; but, in spite of this, the interest of every number was so great, and the performances were so good, that no one could have wished the concert to be shorter. Though there were no novelties, an opportunity of hearing again Professor Stanford's Quintet and Dr. Parry's Sonata was most welcome. Both are works of which England may be justly proud, and both are far too fine to be allowed to fall into oblivion.

The programmes of Mr. Chappell's Popular Concerts during the last fortnight have been unusually interesting. On the 28th ult. Dvořák's String Quartet, Op. 51, and Brahms's Third Violin Sonata were the chief features of the evening. Miss Fanny Davies played Mendelssohn's little known Prelude and Fugue in B minor, from Op. 35, and (for an encore) one of the same composer's "Lieder ohne Worte." The vocalist was Miss Nancy McIntosh, who was encored in Mr. Henschel's graceful setting of "My love is like the red, red rose." Her singing is artistic; but her voice is not very strong, and should not be forced, as she seems inclined to do at times. Last Saturday afternoon a repetition of Brahms's "Liebeslieder" attracted a large audience. The programme opened with the same composer's fine Sextet for strings in G major, Op. 36, which was carefully played by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Whitehouse, and Piatti. The pianist was Miss Adelina de Lara, whose solo consisted of two of Schubert's most hackneyed Impromptus, neither of which she succeeded in investing with any degree of new interest. Last Monday evening St. James's Hall was filled to overflowing, the appearance of M. Paderewski, the pianist, and Herr Mühlfeld, the clarinetist, proving a great attraction. The latter was only heard in Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, the leading part in which he played with a perfection of expression and execution such as could not be surpassed. His phrasing and delicate gradations of tone in the lovely Larghetto were quite admirable, and his whole performance fully confirmed the impression his playing in Brahms's Clarinet Quintet created at these concerts last season. He was well supported by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, though the omission of the first-named artist to remove the mute from her violin during the opening of the Minuet produced an effect certainly not contemplated by Mozart. M. Paderewski's solo was Chopin's Sonata in B minor. His playing of the opening movement and of the Andante was very fine, the latter especially being full of poetry; but the finale was marred by some of the defects which were noticeable when he first appeared in this country; the tempo was hurried, and the tone was occasionally unpleasantly forced. The enthusiastic demand for an encore which followed was responded to by Chopin's Study in Arpeggios. The concert ended with Beethoven's Trio in B flat major, Op. 97, a curiously tame performance

of which was given by the Polish pianist, Lady Hallé, and Signor Piatti. Though extremely correct, it was quite wanting in the humour and fire so characteristic of the work.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

SINCE the exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club not long since there has been on view nothing so completely representative of miniature painting as the Historical Collection of Miniatures and Enamels at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. Here, indeed, among the five hundred examples shown are included not a few that formed part of the previous exhibition. The term "historical" is well applied to this fine collection, and with much aptness does the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, in her catalogue-sketch of the art and the masters, illustrate the historical interest of the English and foreign works exhibited. It is impossible not to regret that there should be no prospect that one portion of the collection—the English section of historical miniatures—should not become the nucleus for a national collection. The redistribution by sale of these seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits is a matter for lament. It is a pity that we possess no National Gallery of miniature paintings, and here was the opportunity for making a good start with what could not but prove an excellent and much-needed addition to the National Portrait Gallery. Many famous persons are numbered among the authentic, and probably authentic, portraits, with a good proportion of the signed work of celebrated artists, such as Samuel Cooper, Miereveldt, Hoskins, Zincke, Isabey—whose "Wellington" (283) should surely be in our National Gallery of miniatures—Robertson, Henry Bone, Angelica Kauffmann, Smart, Cosway, Shelley, and many more. Among these may be noted the "Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland" (149), by Hoskins; "William, Prince of Orange" (154), by Cooper; an extremely fine portrait of Richard Cromwell's father-in-law, "Richard Major" (166); "John Milton" (50), "a very truculent sectarian" does he show here; portraits in pencil of "Sir George Rooke" (46), by Faber, and of "Charles II." (47), by White; "William the Silent" (72), a beautiful work by Miereveldt; "Horace Walpole" (242), by Hone; "Bolingbroke" (249), by Zincke; "Queen Charlotte" (281), by Henry Bone; "Garrick" (312), by Engleheart; "Mrs. Siddons" (335), by Shelley; "Sheridan" (340), by Smart; "Lady Hamilton" (364), by Robertson, the fine portrait from the Hamilton Palace collection; a charming "Angelica Kauffmann" (341), by herself, with a sentimental inscription to a friend; and the "Lord Byron" (441) presented by the poet to Hoppner, which strongly recalls Maclise's well-known drawing. Among the French paintings are some exquisite works by Dubourg, Petitot, Rosalba, Carriera. Nos. 118 and 129, the latter a portrait of "Madame Favart," are delightfully reminiscent of the age of Boucher and Lancret. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic times are well represented by Vien's "Mirabeau" (190); "St.-Just" (197); "Tallien" (208); "Mme. de Staël" (212), and various portraits of Napoleon and of members of his family by Isabey, with a portrait of Isabey himself (192) by Jean Baptiste Augustin. When we have mentioned such interesting specimens of older work as the "Sir Francis Drake" (24); the "Wife of Franz Hals" (19), by De Keyser; the "Maurice of Nassau" (2), by Miereveldt, and the fine portrait of Swanevelt by himself (18), we have by no means exhausted the many aspects of interest the collection presents.

At the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, there are exhibited some sixty water-colour drawings by Mr. H. B. Brabazon, an amateur artist, whose work is now for the first time introduced to the public, at the instance, it would seem, of certain professional painters. In a preface of judicious and sympathetic commendation by Mr. John Sargent, which accompanies the catalogue, the original source of the poetic and singularly penetrative charm of Mr. Brabazon's sketches is very happily attributed to an "exquisite sensitiveness to impressions of nature." Combined with this gift of the poetic temperament we are impressed by a mastery of expression which is by no means frequently found in alliance with a delicate and deep sensitiveness to the infinite manifestations of the moods of nature. For, though it is true of painters, as of poets, that many are born painters that want the accomplishment of art, yet is it not less obvious that many more are made painters of the schools that are wholly lacking in the vision and the faculty divine. Mr. Brabazon's impressionistic sketches are notable for beauty of colour and wealth of suggestion. They record the impression of a moment with wonderful fulness and force, with so skilful an effacement of the means that leaves the attainment freed, as it were, from all evidence of method. We are minded by the masterly record of momentary impressions, such as are preserved in the "Rochers Rouges, Mentone" (39), "Amalfi" (41), the Venetian drawings (6, 45, 49), and the extremely subtle "Sunset, Sussex" (63), of the realization of Faust's desire, so magical is the record of the arrested moment of impression and so complete is the elimination of alien elements.

An exhibition of great interest has been held during the present week at the Hall of Barnard's Inn, Holborn. It comprises a selection of drawings by Daniel Vierge, a Spanish artist who has long enjoyed high repute among those who work in black and white, especially in Paris, where much of his admirable and very original book-illustration has been designed at the commission of certain French publishers. Among the examples shown at Barnard's Inn are the illustrations for "Pablo de Segovia," which are certainly calculated to arouse the admiration of those who are unacquainted with the whole range of the artist's achievements. Whether Mr. Joseph Pennell's exaltation of Vierge above the old German and Flemish masters will be found equally admirable by the critical, is a matter that seems more dubious.

THE THEATRES.

MR. R. C. CARTON'S play, *Liberty Hall*, is designed to show the means adopted by a man whose pride forbids him to use the accident of birth and fortune to win a woman's love. This modern exemplar of the Lord of Burleigh is a baronet, Sir Hartley Chilworth, and the weak part of Mr. Carton's clever and entertaining piece is that Sir Hartley relinquishes the aids of birth and fortune, not because he is in love, or for any other good reason, but from unaccountable whim. Mr. Carton, it appears to us, ought to have made Chilworth see and love his cousin Blanche, and then, if he chose to make the attempt to win her in the guise of "Mr. Owen," a humble friend of the wandering Baronet, his motive would have been comprehensible. As it is, Chilworth, bearing a letter from himself, visits the house, is announced as "Mr. Owen" to the orphaned daughter of his predecessor in the title, and, as it happens, then falls in love with her so irredeemably that he follows her to the squalid shop her uncle keeps in Bloomsbury, lives there as a lodger, and only proclaims his identity after acting as good angel to the bankrupt shopkeeper, and preventing the elopement of Blanche's younger sister Amy. We must have motive in our plays if they are to pass muster as works of art, and no motive is to be detected for Sir Hartley Chilworth's proceedings. Of course we are told by the family solicitor that Sir Hartley is eccentric; but when we come to make his intimate acquaintance we perceive that this is not the case; on the contrary, he is extremely shrewd, and in every way reasonable, except in his fantastic desire to appear in other than his own proper person.

In spite of this defect in the groundwork of Mr. Carton's *Liberty Hall*, it is a particularly well-written and interesting play, in curious contrast to the flashiness of the last piece at this house—Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The life of the Bloomsbury second-hand bookseller's shop, where the simple-minded Uncle Todman receives his niece and lets a room to "Mr. Owen," as Sir Hartley pleases to call himself, has much in it that is both sympathetic and humorous. We grow a little tired, indeed, of the domineering servant-maid's references to the obstinacy of the boiler and rapid depletion of the coal-cellar, and the proceedings at Todman's party are tedious. Mr. Carton has so much tact and taste that we wonder at the introduction of such creatures of fourth-rate farce as the Hicksons. Is it possible that Mr. Carton has condescended to copy Mr. Wilde? In *Lady Windermere's Fan* the entire part of one of the actresses consisted of two words. She often said "Yes, mama," and that moreover without any great variety of tone; that was all, but the repetition was amusing. In *Liberty Hall* Hickson says little else

except "Sit down," and it is not amusing in the least. For the most part, however, Mr. Carton's dialogue is marked by literary merit, the characters express themselves naturally and well, and there is not seldom humour in their utterances. Several scenes, too, are notably good, for as incidents they are effective, they develop the characters of the personages engaged, and they duly carry on the plot; from which it will be understood that Mr. Carton possesses constructive ability. Perhaps it is on the drawing of Blanche that the dramatist has bestowed most pains. At first she is antagonistic to Mr. Owen; he strives vainly to please her, and only succeeds in giving offence: still, she never loses the regard of the audience—a fact which speaks well for the discrimination of author and actress alike—and her gradual response to his patient devotion is very prettily indicated. Her uncle is with much reluctance pleading the cause of an abnormally vulgar brother tradesman, to whom he owes a large sum of money, and who wants to marry Blanche; she supposes at first that it is for Mr. Owen that he is speaking—though why he should do so, as Mr. Owen is so well able to speak for himself, does not appear—and it is delicately shown that Mr. Owen is not unacceptable to her, in spite of a measure of contempt with which she has been inclined to treat one whom she regards as a social inferior.

It should be said that the character of Blanche is played by Miss Marion Terry, a delightful exponent of gentle womanliness, though Blanche has her weaknesses—being made thereby the more natural—of which a somewhat undue pride is the chief. It is the surrender of this pride before the advance of love which gives an interest to the character, and Miss Terry suggests this with admirable skill. Mr. Alexander's Chilworth is also an excellent realization of the author's idea. If an improvement could be made—though in truth there is not much that could be altered with advantage—it would be a little more variety of tone in some of the longer speeches; but Mr. Alexander's quiet style is extremely effective. He and Miss Marion Terry are particularly good in an ingeniously devised episode at the end of the second act, where Chilworth has prevented Amy from eloping, and is consoling her in brotherly fashion when Blanche enters the room, and very naturally supposes that she has interrupted a love passage. We have often been inclined to fancy Mr. Righton prone to exaggeration; but as Todman he entirely redeems his character in this respect, and plays with taste and judgment. Mr. Ben Webster is to be commended for his performance of Harringay, Amy's lover; and as Amy Miss Maude Millett is better than usual, for the affectations which have usually disfigured her acting are suppressed. Mr. Nutcombe Gould has a small part which no art could possibly raise to any distinction. Mr. H. H. Vincent goes through an easy task creditably, and Master Saker shows exceptional aptitude as Todman's shopboy.

At the Comedy Theatre Mr. Charles Brookfield has essayed with considerable success a task which many experts would have been inclined to pronounce impossible. Some of M. Sardou's plays lend themselves readily to adaptation. *Les Pattes de Mouche*, for instance, can be made as effective in its English form as in its French; but *Divorçons*, on which Mr. Brookfield has founded his *To-day*, can only be described as essentially French. The passage of the Divorce Laws rather more than ten years ago gave MM. Sardou and de Najac—the name of the second partner seems to have slipped out of memory—their theme, and at the Palais-Royal, in December 1882, *Divorçons* was first presented. Before any attempt at adaptation was possible, it was necessary to find some incident in English law that might be held to correspond with the foundation of the French authors' idea, and this Mr. Brookfield has discovered with no small appositeness in the Jackson case. The general principle being once accepted that a wife can legally do pretty much what she pleases, and that a husband can readily efface himself, all sorts of possibilities arise, amongst others the chance of giving sufficient colour to a plot founded on *Divorçons*. On the whole, Mr. Brookfield has followed the French, though his own ready wit finds scope in the dialogue. The main points of difference between the original and the English version are that Bertie Twyford, the Anglicized Adhémar, is one of a little fellowship of fatuity—the gregarious geese, it must be admitted with regret, being recognizable types of an existing class—and that the scene in the private room of the restaurant is transferred to the public room of a favourite dining place, necessitating, of course, the introduction of diners. In other respects Mr. Brookfield has wisely had regard for the original. He is anything but a conventional writer, and it is strange, therefore, that at the beginning of the play he has not hit on some more novel expedient than the too familiar plan of making gossiping servants explain the position of affairs in the household where they are employed. The English author's wit should have shown him a way out of the beaten track, and he might have perceived that the episode which deals with the one spray of flowers between three claimants was a mistake. An amiable desire to strengthen poor parts probably led to the writing of this scene; but the play drags while the actors labour at their small opportunity.

There are really only three parts in *To-day*, as there were in *Divorçons*—those three set personages of the French stage, husband, wife, and lover—but, in writing of the piece, recognition must once more be made of the French authors' novel idea of covering the lover, not the husband, with ridicule. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne play the Protheros, formerly M. and Mme. des Prunelles, and Mr. Brookfield is the Bertie Twyford, hitherto Adhémar. Mr. Hawtrey has lied like truth so very often in so many plays that when he descends to the simple expedient of telling the truth we scarcely believe him. The portrayal of emotion is certainly not among Mr. Hawtrey's best gifts as a comedian, and he is not very well suited here; but his tact carries him through. Miss Lottie Venne only needs a shade more refinement to make her an altogether excellent Mrs. Prothero. The part is not an easy one—for she talks wisely and acts foolishly—but it presents the actress's ability in a very favourable light. Mr. Brookfield's Twyford is an observant study from life, enriched by the exponent's keen sense of humour. Perhaps in some of the details the sketch approaches caricature; but really the class of creature that the actor satirizes is absurd beyond measure.

REVIEWS.

MR. GRANT ALLEN ON THE ATTIS.*

MR. GRANT ALLEN, the facile and versatile, does not often "drop into poetry," he tells us, and his excuse for presenting us with a metrical version of the *Attis* of Catullus is that nearly twenty years ago, when he read it with a class of students in "an abortive little Government college" in Jamaica, he noticed—apparently with surprise—that his lads had not "the slightest conception of the literary merit and human interest of that marvellous outburst of impassioned song." We can present Mr. Allen with a better apology for his attempt in what fair critics—understanding the nearly insuperable difficulties—will admit to be its success. Let us quote a sample:—

So, aroused from feverish slumber and of feverish frenzy freed,
As soon as Attis pondered in heart on his passionate deed,
And with mind undimmed bethought him where he stood and how unmanned,
Seething in soul he hurried back to the seaward strand;
And he gazed on the waste of waters, and the tears brimmed full in his eye;
And he thus bespake his fatherland in a plaintive, womanish cry—

O fatherland that bare me! O fatherland my home!
In an evil hour I left thee on the boundless deep to roam.
As a slave who flees his master I fled from thy nursing breast,
To dwell in the desolate forest upon Ida's rugged crest;
To lurk in the snows of Ida, by the wild beasts' frozen lair;
To haunt the lonely thickets in the icy upper air.
Oh, where dost thou lie, my fatherland, in the ocean's broad expanse?
For my very eyeball hungers upon thee to turn its glance,
While my soul for a little moment is free from its frenzied trance.

Since Mr. Allen prints the Latin text we need have no delicacy about applying what is not always a fair test. The original runs (lxiii. 44-57):—

Ita de quiete molli rapida sine rabie
Simul ipse pectore Attis sua facta recoluit,
Liquidaque mente vidit sine queis ubique foret,
Animo æstuante rursum reditum ad vada tetulit.
Ibi maria vasta visens lacrumantibus oculis,
Patriam allocuta mœsta est ita voce miseriter.

* *The Attis of Caius Valerius Catullus.* Translated into English Verse, with Dissertations on the Myth of Attis, on the Origin of Tree Worship, and on the Galliambic Metre, by Grant Allen, B.A., formerly Postmaster of Merton College, Oxford. London: David Nutt. 1892.

Patria mei creatrix, patria o mea genetrix,
Ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut herifugæ
Famuli solent, ad Idæ tetuli nemora pedem,
Ut apud nivem et ferarum gelida stabula forem,
Et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula,
Ubinam aut quibus locis te positam, patria, reor?
Cupit ipsa pupula ad te sibi dirigere aciem,
Rabie fera carens dum breve tempus animus est.

It is easy to see that Mr. Allen collapses at the two last and most beautiful lines of this passage; nor would it be difficult, if it were worth while, to show what a difference—almost an incompatibility—of style there is between the nervous Latin and the rather neurotic English. Yet it is a spirited, graceful rendering, and, as translations go, it is faithful. Mr. Allen's main object was to preserve as far as practicable, as he onomatopoetically observes, "the peculiarly orgiastic dithyrambic tone of the original Galliambics," and he writes—with his accustomed lucidity and self-confidence—a lengthy, but not at all dull, excursus on the Galliambic metre. He does not agree with Hephæstion, and the commentators who have followed him, that the basis of this measure is the *ionic a minore* (⏑⏑– –), as in the *Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci.* Mr. Allen does not, indeed, trouble himself with Galliambics in general, but only as Catullus used them. He wishes to dispel the notion that the rhythm is lawless and irregular, and that "any amount of variation from line to line is both tolerated and encouraged." He undertakes to prove that "the Galliambic, though a very rapid and hurrying metre, is far more definite, regular, and invariable than either the hexameter or the iambic senarius." The normal line he figures thus:—

⏑⏑– |⏑– |⏑– | – ‖ ⏑⏑– |⏑⏑⏑ |⏑̲

that is to say, the rhythm is "essentially iambic-anapæstic, with the resolution of the last foot but one into a tribrach." Of the ninety-three lines, no less than sixty-eight accord exactly with the suggested type. And the other twenty-five Mr. Allen tries to account for, nor would it be fair to suggest that he shirks any of the difficulties. But he draws too freely, most cautious scholars will think, upon the very convenient resource of explaining any supposed irregularity by the poet's alleged desire to produce a special metrical effect. He admits that his task is not easy with regard to lines 18, 54, and 60, which certainly do "seem to countenance the common statement" that the Galliambic measure is based upon "four *ionics a minore* lacking the last syllable." But these inconvenient lines happen to be the "most doubtful and unsatisfactory lines in the whole work":—

(18) Hilarate ære citatis erroribus animum.
(54) Et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula.
(60) Abero foro, palæstra, studio et gymnasiis.

In 18 Mr. Allen wishes to substitute *eræ* for *ære*, since Mr. Robinson Ellis does not reject the emendation, though (what Mr. Allen forgets to point out) he remarks that "no doubt the pure *ionic a minore* comes in here with special effect." In 60, which is "obviously corrupt," he wishes to adopt *guminasiis*, supported by L. Müller, but not by Ellis. And at 54 he ventures upon a theory which, he fears, will only "ensure the compassionate smile of scholars for such a seemingly wild suggestion." He proposes to scan the line as below:—

ĕt ĕār | ŭm ōm | nī' ădi | rem ‖ fŭrĭbūn | dă lătĭ | bŭlă.

The non-elision of the *m* and its accompanying vowel is but an agreeable archaism! As for the *i* of *omni*, it is quasi-consonantal! As an alternative he wishes to accept the conjecture *Et earum ut omnia irem furibunda latibula.* All would then be well with us, he says; that is, with his own theory of the Galliambic metre. But without that emendation he admits that he does not feel quite satisfied with any explanation of this unlucky line 54. In this unusually hesitating mood we may leave him—so far as his metrical views are concerned.

He is found in his most confident vein—and at his best—when he is dealing with what is the main theme of this publication, the origin of Tree Worship. "What Adonis was to Syria, that was Attis to Phrygia." He was, says Mr. Frazer in *The Golden Bough*, a god of vegetation, whose death and resurrection were annually mourned and rejoiced over at a festival in the spring. The connexion of Attis with the pine-tree is seen in one variant of the legends of his death—that he mutilated himself under a pine-tree and died from the effects of the wound—and the pine-tree, Mr. Allen argues, is not only an essential part of the myth, but its "very core and kernel." It is not Attis that makes the pine-tree; it is the pine-tree that makes the story of Attis. For a full explanation of this we must refer those who are curious in this branch of folklore to the account which Mr. Frazer gives of the ceremonies connected with his worship—the bringing of the pine-tree into the sanctuary of Cybele, the decking it with woollen bands and wreaths of violets, the attaching of a young man's effigy; the blowing of horns; the day of blood when the priest punctured his arm; the mourning and solemn burial; and the series of rejoicings at the final resurrection. All this goes to show that Attis was one of "those divine priests or living man-gods whose duty it was each year to die for their people and the harvest." Mr. Frazer suggests that the high-priest impersonated the legendary Attis, as no doubt he did in later times. But originally, Mr. Allen thinks, the actor was no representative, but the god himself—the actual Attis, who died every year for the good of the people.

So far it will be seen that Mr. Allen is practically following Mr. Frazer. His original contribution to the subject is made in the Second Excursus, where he sets himself to harmonize the views expressed in *The Golden Bough*, as to the importance of tree-spirits and the soul of vegetation in early religions, with Mr. Herbert Spencer's "luminous theory of the origin of polytheism from ghost-worship and ancestor-worship." Between these two comprehensive views he sees no discrepancy, not even rivalry, though the expositors may think so. We cannot in the space now at our disposal criticize or even summarize the train of reasoning, conjecture, and illustration by which Mr. Allen arrives at his conclusions. The following passage will give to those who are versed in such matters a sufficient clue to his method, and some estimate, perhaps, of his merits as "a serious anthropologist." Referring to Mr. William Simpson's "brilliant identification of the temple and the tomb," it is undoubtedly true, he goes on, that certain temples exist in later stages of culture which may be called cenotaph shrines. Now, nobody could have invented the idea of offering up prayers or food to an empty building unless he had first been accustomed to make similar sacrifices at the grave or barrow of a deified ancestor or deceased chieftain. So, too, with sacred stones which owe their sanctity in the first instance to their position over the remains or tumuli of the dead, but finally come to be worshipped on their own account:—

'A like evolution has taken place, I believe, in the case of sacred trees and sacred groves. I do not mean for a moment to assert, or even to suggest, that every individual sacred tree grows, or ever grew, on the grave of a dead person. But I do mean to say that, so far as I can see, the notion of the sanctity of trees or plants could only have arisen in the first place from the reverence paid to trees or plants which actually sprang from the remains of the dead, and so were regarded, like everything else that came out of the tomb, as embodiments or avatars of the dead man's spirit. Once such sanctity came to be generally recognized, however, it could be readily transferred to other conspicuous or remarkable trees, or even to trees in general, and particularly to the special groves or plantations that surrounded temples, whether mortuary or cenotaphic.

'Yet in every case, when we go back far enough in time, or, what comes practically to the same thing, when we go down low enough in culture towards the savage level of primitive man, we always find that we stand nearer face to face with these the earliest naked realities of religion—that the ghost counts for most; that the temple has not progressed beyond the stage of the hut or the underground dwelling; that the sacred stone is still the actual tombstone; that the altar is still the actual grave-slab; that the sacred tree is still directly and intimately connected with the ghost or tumulus.'

Such is the "universal master-key" with which, Mr. Allen thinks, we can now proceed to "unlock many intricate puzzles of tree and plant-worship which have hitherto baffled us." It is all very fascinating, this subjective reconstruction of the mental development of the mind of "primitive man"—based on such scattered and partial observations as may square with the theory. Nobody can make out a case with more skill than Mr. Allen; his learning is not so ponderous that he cannot handle it easily and effectively. He is always clear and always logical, and but for an uneasy suspicion in the least critical reader's mind that, after all, neither the theorist nor anybody else knows or ever will know anything about the subject, it might almost be convincing. Most people who are not folklorists or anthropologists prefer the amusing little stories on which these learned views are based. Here is one of Sir Richard Burton, told by Mr. William Simpson, which illustrates the type of mind, surviving in contemporary humanity, which regards a saint as more useful in another world than this. Sir Richard was exploring an unknown corner of Afghanistan, and had adopted the disguise of a Mahommedan fakir. He played his part so well in one village that the inhabitants "formed a very high idea of his sanctity." Naturally he was pluming himself on his success, when the elders came privately to him one night, and begged him to go away at once. "Do not the people like me?" asked Burton, in great surprise. "Indeed, they do," was the reply. They were simply enchanted with his holiness. Indeed, they were considering whether it would not be a good

thing to possess his tomb! Sir Richard made the best of his speed away. Indeed, if his admirers had made their arrangements for his funeral, he felt sure, as Artemus Ward observed, that "the corpse would be ready."

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

THE value of a dramatic opening is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Bertram Mitford's romance of the last Kaffir war. At the very outset the reader of *'Tween Snow and Fire* finds his attention set to a keen edge of expectancy, and he must be ill disposed towards the novel of adventure who does not admit that the promise of the stimulating opening of Mr. Mitford's stirring and powerful story is amply fulfilled. The policy of plunging at once into the midst of things is, of course, only justified by the results, and these depend very much upon the skill with which this old expedient of story-tellers is adopted. The incident of the Kaffir herdsman pursuing the flying steinbok on foot, with relays of dogs, unconscious of the watchful eye of his furious master, is presented with extraordinary spirit. You are captivated by the sheer force of this picturesque scene. But it serves also as a portent of imminent strife and horrors, and reveals, as one telling flash of the search-light, the tension of the times, the strained relations of Kaffirs and whites, and then by one stroke of art the whole situation is apprehended, and all preliminary notes on "the state of the country" are dispensed with. The advantages of this strong opening of the drama are clearly shown in the development of the story. Tom Carhayes, who would preserve game on the stock-run he occupies, kills the favourite dog of the Kaffir, and wounds Hlangani, the son of one of the Gealéka chiefs, and would have promptly killed him but for the intervention of his cousin Eustace Milne, who has the trick of managing the natives. Hlangani dares Carhayes to fire again, and in a wild harangue declares he had better have cut off his right hand than have shed the blood of Hlangani, "for it is better to lose a hand than one's mind." In this covert menace lies the hint of the hideous revenge which the savage ultimately carries out. War breaks out, and to none is the excitement of the fray dearer than to Carhayes. His courage is of the primitive type. He is absolutely reckless and entirely unsuspicious. He never dreams that there is any but cousinly feeling existing between his young and neglected wife Eanswyth and Eustace Milne. Nor do they, until the hour of peril arrives. They agree to separate, however, and the two men go forth to fight together. Despite evil temptations, Milne saves his cousin's life, and is himself miraculously saved from a terrible fate by a certain love-token given him by the unhappy Eanswyth. That a man of the chivalrous nature of Milne should be represented as desirous of the death of Carhayes is a trifle inconsistent, though the thought of it does not burden us as we are carried buoyantly on the exciting flow of incidents in this thrilling story of the Kaffir war. When we arrive at some critical moment and read, "What they saw there was enough to send the blood back to every heart," it is no device of the modern romancer, nor the imagining of a vain thing.

When Constance Temple first met Francis Chichester, she could have known nothing of what it was to marry into *A Mysterious Family*. He found her, "an apparently lifeless woman," on Westminster Bridge, one Christmas Eve in a fog, and carefully "pillowed her head upon his breast." Then they were married, and they proceeded to the ancestral home of the Chichesters, a fine old abbey in Cornwall, where Mr. Chichester the elder lived enveloped in mystery. As she crossed the hall in the twilight Constance observed that the "knights in armour, whose shield was Excalibur," seemed to be moving. No wonder is it that melancholy marks Constance for her own. Unknown to her, old Mr. Chichester keeps his demented wife confined to the abbey, and somewhere in the lower parts of the building a lunatic elder son is allowed to roam. Constance soon sees ghosts. Many a night at yonder ivied casement ere she went to bed the apparition of the elder Mrs. Chichester terribly affrighted her. Yet she was not without society. There was Mr. Lorimer, the great traveller, who had "trod primeval forests and the stones of Venice," and had "studied the denizens of Zanzibar, as well as the Mussulman tribe." He had "shared the tent of the dark Arab." "The lonely dweller upon Thibet had seen him." Mr. Vane, the genial vicar, would comfort her with pleasant talk. "The literary visit London," he informed her, and "Ho! they cry, here is Chelsea, where dear Carlyle worked and thought; Pump Court and Lincoln's Inn Fields, where good Ben Jonson roamed and wandered; Chancery Lane, where Charles Lamb and his gentle sister lived." By way of cheerful diversion he would take Constance, and her lively young sister Cecily, to the tomb of an interesting Chichester, and cause her to shed the tear of sensibility as he murmured, "Condemn him not, for we know not the wanderings of that stricken soul!" And Cecily, who "did not as a rule care to play the part of ghoul, to light the glow-worm's tiny spark and descend among the tombs," was deeply touched, and sighed "Conny, if I die, lay me, lay me here!" Hard by the abbey was a castle, the seat of Lord Calmady, to see whom was to set you thinking of "fossils, armadilloes, stuffed birds!" The valet is mincing chicken for him as Constance arrives, and Lady Calmady is "frisking around him like an elderly lamb." It is a touching picture. "Lady Calmady does not allow gruel; he must take turtle soup, champagne, Moët, or La Rose." It is as strange a family as that at the abbey, and had owned one, at least, interesting member, who had "laid down his life upon dark Ashantee." Constance delighted in the place, with its Dutch garden and "grotesquely cut shrubs, laurel and osmunda." But Cicely soon tires of the sickening mystery, and finds a home in London, with an old lady who is eagerly expecting the "return" of a son, long languishing in Dartmoor prison, "wearing his galling chain." He proves to be a trifle dismal at first. "Where is Van Diemen's Land, that I might go there? and where the island of Juan Fernandez? Where does the Wandering Jew travel, that I might go with him?" Such was his thought in his solitary cell, as he confesses to the ladies. Then his next idea was suicide. "Oh! that I could eat arsenic, drink strychnine, and cover myself with vitriol." Cecily has but exchanged one mysterious family for another. "Ah, Miss Temple,', one of her new artistic friends remarks, "London is neglected by artists. Think how they have painted John Knox's house, the poet's rooms at Stratford-atte-Bowe." And down in Cornwall Constance gazes from the abbey windows at the landscape, and observes the bare trees, like "pythons and weird forms, moving in an access of pain," and is vexed by her husband's awful silence concerning the ghostly lady whom she comes suddenly upon—as upon Isis or Osiris—in her midnight rambles. The horrid sequel of these memoirs of a haunted family must be left to the reader. Let no one conclude from these fugitive remarks and illustrations that *A Mysterious Family* is merely one of the absurdest books ever written. Such it is, no doubt; yet we think it is not without a certain quality of realism, since it mirrors the style of conversation, and the confused notions of art, letters, history, botany, "bio-geology," and so forth, common to a large number of people, who would be mightily offended if any doubt were expressed as to their education. Or it may be taken as a prophetic document, which sets forth the future triumph of our educational system, and the great day when the renown of Mrs. Ramsbottom and Mrs. Malaprop shall be dulled by the almost universal example of the universally, university-extended educated.

Every reader of that very ingenious work of fiction *The Leavenworth Case* will open *Cynthia Wakeham's Money* with something of palpitating expectancy. They will not be wholly disappointed, we think, who enter on the reading of Miss Green's latest story in this natural spirit. Yet we cannot say there is in it a repetition of the skill, the invention, the fertility of exciting plotting, excepting in a fluctuating degree. The story flags now and again, and if you see "the very pulse of the machine," you see also the joints and bearings, and know it *is* a machine. Wilkie Collins, a past-master in this school of fiction, never contrived to be so purely artificial as the author of this Wakeham case. Ingenious it is beyond a doubt; yet we should be content to incite to the reading of the book without insulting the intelligence of the reader by elaborating a tolerably lengthy count of the author's failings. It is a better piece of work than *A Mysterious Family*, inasmuch as it deals with a mysterious family in a more persuasive and artistic fashion. It is, indeed, a stronger work. But it is not, like "A New Writer's" book, a sign of the times, and a briefer notice, therefore, may satisfy both justice and charity.

Syringa, despite its inchoate presentment as a story, and a style that is sympathetically blurred and slipshod, is able and amusing. Indeed, a worse story and a weaker would be redeemed by so good a character-sketch as William Julian le Normand. This person, a most exalted prig, is drawn with excellent skill, and his fellow-prig, Mooten, is scarcely less cleverly portrayed. These two worthies are thoroughgoing pedants, members of a philosophic society, at whose meetings they have assisted at the

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* *'Tween Snow and Fire.* A Tale of the Last Kaffir War. By Bertram Mitford. London: Heinemann. 1892.

A Mysterious Family. By a New Writer. London: Allen & Co.

Cynthia Wakeham's Money. By Anna Katherine Green. London: Putnam's Sons. 1892.

Syringa. By Arthur Nestorien. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

reading of papers on "The In-Woman of Mrs. Browning," "The Vulgarity of Enthusiasm," "Am I I? or what is my I?" and similar congenial themes. Julian, the fairest flower of Neo-Hylozoism, rules the household, of which his sister Syringa and a grandmother are members, with inexhaustible tyranny and insolence. That Syringa suffers much, and is kind, is simply because Syringa is Charity herself and a writer of successful short stories. Mr. Nestorien's story is hardly a successful short story, but it is sufficiently clever and amusing to inspire hopes of fuller accomplishment in the future.

SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE.*

MR. HOLYOAKE has lost—or, to speak less harshly and perhaps more exactly, he has not made the most of—a rare and excellent opportunity. In the case of those Ishmaels of society, politics, and religion who have the luck to survive to a good old age and the merit of having shown their personal probity, there almost invariably comes a time when even the orthodox are leniently disposed to them and when the general public accords them, intelligently or not, a certain prescription of tolerance. They are to a certain extent "extinct Satans"; they are not the nuisances of the hour; they have often learnt a little and forgotten much; and they still oftener have the crowning virtue of being despised and rejected by their analogues of the day. They generally, from the mere fact of their antecedents, have interesting things to tell; and it rests with them to tell these things engagingly. They are not expected to "transact," to cry *Peccavi*; but their old experience is expected to communicate a certain mellowness to the brew they furnish.

Mr. Holyoake is not wholly destitute of the virtues thus expected from an Ishmael of seventy-five. If it interests him to know the fact, he may be informed that we (who have not the slightest fault to find with that imprisonment in Gloucester gaol which seems to have made up to him, for a few months' discomfort, by half a century of somewhat pharisaical self-satisfaction) opened his book with the most pacific feelings towards him. "He is old," said we to ourselves, said we; "he is notoriously honest, if hot-headed; he has never received much of the wages of unrighteousness; he was, at his worst, a rather better fellow than many who came before and many who have come after him. Let there be, as far as possible, reconciliations and forgivenesses of injuries. *Deorum injuriæ* (as, in effect, Mr. Justice Erskine said to him on that by him unforgotten occasion in the very appropriate locality of Gloucester) *Dis curæ*."

In this eminently charitable frame of mind we took up Mr. Holyoake's book; we have laid it down in, we trust, one not less charitable, but in one of partial disappointment. There are good and interesting things in the book, to which we shall hope to do justice presently. There is an excessively wholesome moral in it, which we shall endeavour to draw as little tediously as possible later; but there are, also, no inconsiderable faults.

In the first place, the book is very badly put together. A great part of it is avowedly made up of reprinted newspaper articles; and we should imagine that still more is indirectly traceable to the same origin. The result of this is that we have not a regular autobiography, nor even a series of reminiscences possessing such regularity as may pertain to that kind; but a string of monographs on different periods, events, associations, and memories of Mr. Holyoake's life, reduced to no order except that of an exceedingly spasmodic and disjointed chronological succession. The earliest chapters certainly deal with things and persons that were related to the earliest period of the author's life, and the latest in the same manner are concerned with things and persons of his comparatively recent acquaintance; but there is no central thread of autobiography. This, it may be said, is a purely formal fault. We think a good deal of formal faults, which generally either correspond to, or are attempts to cover, faults material; but let that be. A worse fault is the egotism which is almost inseparable from self-made men, but from which, in its particular revelations here, we should have thought that a man who really has played a rather remarkable part in his time might be free. It was Mr. Holyoake, we learn with awe, who actually suggested the sticking of a lime-light on the Clock Tower while the House of Commons sits; and who invented, by favour of Mr. McDermott, the term "Jingo." An immensely long explanation tells us how the late Mr. W. E. Forster behaved, in some way which we do not quite understand, shabbily to Mr. Holyoake on the platform at Micheldever when Garibaldi was travelling to London, and was punished by Mr. Holyoake not speaking to him for many years. After so heavy a penalty, why drag up the offence? A still fuller apologia tells how in a book, which we are sure very few people remember, and in which, though we remember it, we had never noticed the criminal accusation, Mr. Holyoake was charged with being the obliged of the well-known Mr. Meritt, instead of his obliger. Mr. Holyoake still glories in the name of Secularist, and we remember, with a possibly faulty memory of many years' standing, a grand Secularist hymn which ends

> The social system keep in view!
> Good night, dear friends, good night!

It would not inspirit us much, personally, to keep the social system in view; but we had rather do it than hug the contemplation of fancied injuries of a personal character ten, twenty, or thirty years after date.

If we did, after the invitation of Mr. Holyoake's friends, keep the social system steadily in view, we are afraid that we could not forgive him what else we have to bring against him. We do not expect him to beat his breast about his religious and political irreconcilablenesses of old date. But when a man many years afterward reviews his life, we also do not expect him to bring forward such a perfectly idiotic argument as that Secularists think the expressions of Christianity blasphemous; therefore Christians ought not to punish Secularists for blasphemy. To put the fallacy into a form intelligible to Mr. Holyoake, who always speaks like a gentleman about women, an exact parallel *in parvis* is "I think your praises of your beloved false and foolish; and therefore you have no right to kick me if I call her by every injurious name in the dictionary of the vulgar tongue." And though these crude theological fancies generally blind those who hold them to everything else, we are still more surprised that Mr. Holyoake should after so many years calmly tell us how he negotiated the procuring of infernal machines, how he carried them about for the scoundrels who were to use them, and how, not so much out of sympathy with the schemes as out of childish opposition to the authorities, he made a point of spreading tyrannicide literature. Once more to explain our attitude to Mr. Holyoake, let us observe to him that, if in some *émeute* he had been a rioter, and we a soldier, policeman, or special constable, we should have shot or bâtoned him with all the pleasure in life. But, if the typical tyrant had said to us, "Mr. *Saturday Reviewer*, it would be very convenient to have Holyoake poisoned—will you do it?" we should have said, "No, thank you, Tyrant." Mr. Holyoake and his friends do not seem to perceive this distinction.

As we have said, there are pleasanter things in the book. The account of the early Birmingham days, and of the trades of that busy, but still rather primitive, town is very good. Mr. Holyoake's various references to his wife and his praise of her are very pleasant things indeed, in thorough taste, without gush and with feeling, and nearly as good as such things can be. His numerous sketches of all sorts of persons, major and minor, during the last sixty years, usually have some piquancy, and, though constantly marred (as are the Birmingham passages) by the crude blind hatred of employers and Tories and other fiends, seldom lack edification. Especially useful is he for notices of the middle and lower class of agitator, social, religious, and political, whose names often crop up with very little information about them in other books, and whom he judges generally, despite his huge pair of blinkers, with acuteness, and seldom, despite that odd egotism of another kind which has been noticed, without generosity. Although anecdote is not Mr. Holyoake's strong point, there is a fair sprinkling of it about the book, and it must be counted to the author that, despite his narrow and numbing prejudices, he can see and love a man. He breaks out into hardly grudging sympathy with the Duke's characteristic behaviour to a deputation in the early part of the Reform agitation, headed by that very odd person Place, the Radical economist tailor. The Duke heard them out and answered them, "I suppose you men know that I am responsible for public order in this country. I intend to keep it. You can go." They were going, glad of no worse thing (for they had apparently made up their minds that hanging, quartering, and gibbeting before the iron-shutters of Apsley House were on the cards). Suddenly the Duke cried, "Come back." Then they thought it was all over with them. But he said, "You seem to be men who have heads on your shoulders. Take care you keep them there." Mr. Holyoake says justly, "there was a rough sort of compliment in the Duke's imperious command characteristic of him." It is equally characteristic of Place that the latter subsequently devised (as Mr. Holyoake records with pride) the placards "To stop the Duke: Go for Gold," which were intended to cause, and did cause, to some extent, a run on the Bank of England. To Mr. Holyoake's curiously constituted mind this, like the infernal machines, apparently seems fair politics.

Nevertheless, little as is the peace that there would be if he,

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* *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life.* By George Jacob Holyoake. 2 vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

and such as he, had their way, we can say "Peace be with Mr. Holyoake." For he has given us a book in part amusing, and a moral wholly instructive. That moral is, that no devotion to a creed or a system, no "soulless acquiescence," as his friends call it, in convention and privilege warps, distorts, and cramps the mind like the crude and peremptory determination to be "agin the Government" in everything; the childish resolve which Mr. Holyoake avows more than once, almost in so many words, to do something simply because authority says "Thou shalt not," or general opinion says "This is not decent." "When the Government prosecutions ceased the tyrannicide literature ceased also," says Mr. Holyoake proudly. Does it not seem that one hears a little naughty boy saying "As long as yer says I mustn't, I'll do it! I'll do it; I'll do it! just for to show yer I dare!"

On this kind of senseless and mischievous irreconcileableness, it would appear, has a man who possesses considerable ability, and in the direction of co-operation and other things has actually done not a little public service, a man of generous instincts, too, on the whole, and unusually free from the corruption and from some kinds of the self-seeking which mark the usual democrat and demagogue, spent a great part of the energies of a long life. And in this spirit it would appear that, to a great extent, he still continues. After all, he has been the principal sufferer. Once more, *Deorum injuriæ Dis curæ*; but, with the usual divine irony of the course of things, Mr. Holyoake seems to have taken particular pains to help the gods to their own revenge.

OUT OF THE GROOVE.*

OUT OF THE GROOVE gives capital pictures of life in Queensland thirty years ago. The promise of the land had scarcely been realized; the city of Brisbane was a congregation of zinc-roofed shanties, and though the settlers on Darling Downs were already beginning to make fortunes, the subtropical territories stretching away to the Gulf of Carpentaria had scarcely been explored. Business was transacted in grog-shops, which were dignified by the name of hotels; the frequent differences of opinion were referred to the fists, for we are told that the pistol and bowie-knife were seldom brought into play. We fancy from the graphic realism of the scenes and the vivid delineations of character that Mr. Kennedy must have drawn on his personal recollections. His hero, the sturdy Bob Briton, who goes out to seek his fortunes, gets mixed up in all kinds of experiences and adventures. With another "new chum," as green as himself, he goes up country and proceeds to get lost in the trackless Bush. He is saved rather by good luck than by good judgment, but there is a dramatic description of the sufferings of his unfortunate companion, who had nearly perished by thirst after prolonged agonies, and never recovered the full use of his reason. Then Bob takes service with the colonial police, when apparently his chief occupation was rolling over the Aborigines like rabbits. He does not take kindly to that sort of covert-shooting, though there was this to be said for the policy of extermination, that the blacks very naturally were aggressive and were practically irreclaimable. Had they been willing to work for fair wages, there would have been no question of confiscating the freedom of South Sea Islanders. Yet Bush warfare had its risks; but there were scarcely less serious dangers to be run in towns like Brisbane. Bob, in a natural impulse of chivalry, gets into a rough-and-tumble scrimmage at a tavern, and is only saved from a banded gang of ruffians by the interposition of a friendly prize-fighter. Moreover, his purse was imperilled as well as his person. He is casually invited to a quiet lunch by a smooth-spoken travelling companion, where he is introduced by his host to another agreeable gentleman, who, as a speculator in "wild cat" mines, is eager to let him in for some excellent things. But Bob, although stronger in the arms than the brain, has skinned his eyes and cut his wisdom-teeth, and he is not to be had on any terms. Years afterwards, as a good-hearted muscular Christian, he has his opportunity of heaping coals of fire on the head of his enemy. The baffled swindler dies in his arms in the Bush, and there is a touching account of that sylvan death-scene, when Bob not unsuccessfully tries his hand at consoling the despairing sinner—though we may remark, by the way, that it was unnecessary and inartistic in Mr. Kennedy to parade his heterodox views as a Theist. Then Bob and a new pal take to horse-breeding in a great natural paddock formed by a peninsula stretching away into the death-trap of Torres Straits. Nor was it for nothing that the novelist makes him turn horse-breeder; for he has the chance in an eminently thrilling situation of saving from sudden and terrible death the young beauty he ultimately marries. But Mr. Kennedy sustains and varies the interest from the first page to the last, and his *Out of the Groove*, which is really out of the groove and unconventional, may fairly take rank with the best Australian stories of "Rolfe Boldrewood."

* *Out of the Groove: a Romance of Australian Life.* By G. B. Kennedy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

PRIOR'S POEMS.*

WERE there two Matthew Priors? And, if so, which was the real one? The problem is by no means easy to answer. The ordinary reader—if, indeed, in the tablets of his memory, he has any records on the subject—generally remembers the author of *Alma* by circumstances mainly to his discredit. As, for example, that he wrote one tedious didactic poem and half a dozen dirty ones (which he bound up together); or that he was a dexterous and not over-conscientious diplomatist; or that he was ashamed of his humble origin; or that, in his private life, he was sadly addicted to sack and indiscriminate amours with ladies known to their familiars as Bessy, and Nanny, and Flanders Jane. So surely does the evil that men do, live after them. And yet, to look at the distinguished and ambassadorial personage in the magnificent twi-peaked periwig, whose picture by Belle is to be seen at St. John's College, Cambridge, in the same room with that of his patron, Lord Jersey, of whom even M. Hyacinthe Rigaud has not contrived to make a more dignified gentleman, it is impossible not to believe that there must have been another and a loftier Matthew Prior. This, surely, was the Prior who made that splendidly audacious answer to Louis XIV. about his master's victories; this, too, was the Prior of the "Child of Quality," and *Alma*, and the parody on Boileau; it was this Prior who wrote, in "The Old Gentry," that famous quatrain of which the democratic note must have been far stranger then than it would be to-day:—

> KINGSALE, eight hundred years have roll'd,
> Since thy forefathers held the plow;
> When this shall be in story told,
> Add, That my kindred do so now.

It was this Prior, again, who was the dear friend of Lord and Lady Harley—the friend of whom their daughter wrote that he was "beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal"; and it is this Prior of whom we would know more. Probably the true solution of the question lies in that theory of the dual life which explains so many of the eighteenth-century characters; but until the French archives have been explored for yet unpublished correspondence, and Longleat has yielded up those Augustan treasures of which we have been scantly informed by the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, no man can say with certainty whether the Prior of fact was better or worse than the Prior of tradition.

Meanwhile, in Mr. R. B. Johnson's revised issue of the Pickering Aldine of 1833, edited by the Rev. John Mitford, we have at least a fuller and more authoritative collection of his verses than we have hitherto possessed. In the new prefatory Memoir Mr. Johnson has availed himself of the latest information, which he has supplemented from the valuable autographs of Messrs. Morrison, Saxe Wyndham, and others. He has also (wisely, we think) reprinted the youthful, and much-overrated, *Hind and Panther* travesty; and he has included in his Appendix, and copiously annotated, those other early poems, which Prior so strenuously disowned, but as certainly wrote—the *Satyr on the Modern Translators of Ovid's Epistles*, and the *Satyr on the Poets*. About the *Song in Prison*, contributed by Moser to the *European Magazine* for 1803, there may perchance be doubts. But at least it is *ben trovato*.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.†

MANY readers of Selden's *Table Talk* must have felt that in several places the talk did not run quite smoothly. Probably few took the trouble to note how many of such places there were, or to consider the chances of the text being really corrupt, and of emendation being practicable. We confess that, for our part, Mr. Reynolds fairly surprised us by his demonstration of the amount of actual textual editing that the book stood in need of. Singer had already made one or two manifestly

* *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior.* A new edition, revised, with Memoir, by Reginald Brimley Johnson. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1892.

† *The Table Talk of John Selden.* Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Samuel Harvey Reynolds. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

right conjectures, but nothing more had been done. Mr. Arber's neat little volume was what it professed to be, a reprint and not a critical edition. Mr. Reynolds has found a good deal left for him to do, and he has done it skilfully and piously. The Oxford University Press has brought out the book in a shapely garb, as it well deserves; our only regret is that it is rather too dear for the majority of students. For we do not regard Selden's *Table Talk* as a mere ornament of the library. It is a book to be known, we would even say to be well known, by every one who makes any study of the political controversies of the Civil War and Commonwealth period, or of English political philosophy. Selden's writings were works of special erudition, and he could not become, like Hobbes and Locke, a classic in the literature of politics. But none the less he was in fact among the fathers of that school of political thought which remodelled the English constitution in the following generations, and was dominant until the time of Burke, or rather until the world had had time to understand him. Both the acuteness and the limitations of eighteenth-century philosophy are anticipated in his utterances. In this particular book we get Selden's political mind in its everyday dress. After all allowance for shortcomings or misunderstandings of the reporter, we cannot doubt that the report is in the main faithful. It is well, therefore, that the present editor has taken up the work of freeing it from the mechanical blemishes that have so long defaced its letter.

The latter part of the seventeenth century was not an age of careful printing or editing. Some of the law reports of that time attained the bad eminence of being positively forbidden to be quoted in Court. A posthumous publication of matter taken down from Selden's ordinary talk and never seen by him in print or writing might be expected not to be altogether accurate. In fact the inaccuracies are serious enough to make nonsense or impossible English of a considerable number of passages. A simple change of punctuation is, in some of these places, enough to restore the true sense. Thus under the heading *Bible*, Selden is made in all former editions to say: "There is no book so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, not into French English." The words "for the purpose" are unintelligible in this connexion. Mr. Reynolds, by putting them after and not before the full stop, restores them to their proper contemporary meaning of introducing an example or illustration. Under *Devils* Selden says of exorcists: "They make the devil fly out at a window in the likeness of a bat or a rat. . . Why in the likeness of a bat or a rat or some creature that is? Why not in some shape we paint him in, with claws and horns?" So Mr. Reynolds, following the Harleian MSS. The editions put the stop after "creature" and make "that is" introduce the following sentence, which, though it does make sense, is clumsy and obscure. Mr. Reynolds has not only collated the MSS. in doubtful places, but has made the best of the two Harleian MSS. the basis of his edition, as if the work had never been printed before. His diligence has been rewarded by some readings which it might have seemed rash to restore by conjecture, but which, when vouched for by the MS., are seen to be the genuine ones. We have been content to suppose that Selden said (*s.v. Learning*): "Most men's learning is nothing but history duly taken up"; where "duly" seemed to mean "in an ordinary routine," with a suggestion of "unintelligently." But what Selden really said was "dully," which turns a rather crabbed phrase into a clear and pointed one. These matters may look trifling to some readers, but no true scholar will deem them so. Whatever is worth reading at all is worth reading as the author wrote or spoke it, or as near thereto as criticism can safely get. And all experience of this kind is profitable, beyond its immediate result, for the guidance of conjecture in other like cases where authority fails us. We strongly suspect that our existing text of Shakspeare has been corrupted, to a greater extent than is yet known, at the hands not only of the printers, but of early players anxious to make an easier sense of passages, perhaps already corrupted by a careless transcriber of their parts, which they did not understand. Such corruptions are by far the least hopeful for the critic, as their nature is to destroy the traces of the genuine original. But we are not aware that editors of Shakspeare have ever specially looked for them, and we need not despair of search being more or less rewarded. Authentic evidence of the kind of corruption that actually took place, between copyist and printer, in a not specially difficult prose book like this of Selden's, can afford us only general analogy; but suggestive analogies are often helpful in stimulating insight and forming critical tact.

Selden, at any rate, has got his own again. We now know that he laid down the true constitutional doctrine of the estates of the realm, in a passage *s. v. King of England* which is confused in former editions by the omission of several words. The genuine text reads: "The king is not one of the three estates, as some would have it [take heed of that], for then if two agree, the third is involved; but he is king of the three estates." A less high but more difficult question was cut rather than solved by Selden when he was asked what constituted a city. He could or would only answer that a city is a town incorporated by the name of *civitas*. Dr. Murray has not been able to arrive at anything more certain in the Oxford English Dictionary. No one was better aware than Selden of the dangers of *à priori* generalizing. His remark that "Kings are all individuals, this or that king; there is no species of kings," goes to the root of many fallacies both monarchical and anti-monarchical. Under the head of *Law* some standing puzzles are disposed of quite as thoroughly as by any modern philosopher, and more neatly. "A man may plead not guilty and yet tell no lie; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself. . . . Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him." A more curious literary anticipation may be found under *Predestination*. "Doctor Prideaux in his lectures several days used arguments to prove predestination; at last tells his auditory they are damned if they do not believe it; doing herein just as schoolboys; when one of them has got an apple, or something the rest have a mind to, they use all the arguments they can to get some of it from him [I gave you some th' other day: you shall have some with me another time]; when they cannot prevail, they tell him he is a jackanapes, a rogue, and a rascal." We seem to have here at least a germ of Lord Peter's immortal discourse concerning the mutton in the *Tale of a Tub*. Whether Swift had this passage in mind or not, it tempts one, as do many others, to think that Selden was born half a century too soon. On the other hand, Selden's anecdote (*s.v. Devils*) of the person of quality whom he delivered from two devils in his head by an amulet made of a cord "lapt handsomely up in a piece of taffata" recalls a similar cure wrought by Montaigne on a friend suffering from a common mediæval form of enchantment.

If we may not quite call Selden an eighteenth-century man born before his due time, at least he gives us an interesting link between his generation and the next. His written style is of his own time, or if anything a little behind it. His unlaboured speech carries us on to the time of the Revolution and beyond. He is neither a Royalist nor a Commonwealthman, neither a Laudian nor a Puritan, but a Whig and an Erastian. He did not aim at grasping all things in heaven and earth, but his ideas are always firm and clear within their range. Occasionally he excels in putting a distinction. What modern psychologist could better this, for example? "Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think, Affection is a thing wherein I only look after the pleasing of myself."

Mr. Reynolds's explanatory notes are concise and almost always to the point. Some of them show by the "inartificial" character, in the legal sense, of their wording, that he is not a lawyer, and conference with a lawyer might perhaps have improved them, but we have not marked any positive errors in this kind. Selden's Anglicizing of *Corpus Juris* as "the body of law" (*s.v. Minister divine*, no. 5, "to be a civil lawyer, let a man read Justinian, and the body of law") might have been pointed out; and *s.v. Libels* a note on the contemporary meaning of that word would not be amiss; Mr. Reynolds of course knows that "libels" were for Selden no more necessarily actionable than "ballads," but it is rash to presume on the knowledge of even educated readers nowadays. In the rather obscure passage *s.v. Year*, about the lengthening of the days after the winter solstice, we conceive that Selden is speaking of the course of the sun in the ecliptic and not of the diurnal revolution. Mr. Reynolds has in the main deserved so well of Selden that we desire these passing notes hardly to be taken as criticism, but rather as suggestions for a future issue.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND DIARIES

IV.

IN *Not One of Us* (National Society's Depository) the author of the *Atelier du Lys* has again given us one of her charming books, interesting in every point of view, not only in her description of the little village in the Italian Alps—where she lays the scene of her story—the life there, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, but in the people themselves whose story she tells, and whose characters, sayings, and doings are evidently real, and are brought before us in the vivid, interesting way we know so well in this author's books. There are also, as usual, many good

lessons to be learnt, especially from the "Not One of Us," who is a Dutchwoman planted down amongst a people utterly foreign to her nature and bringing-up, and who by her gentleness and endurance brings her neighbours round to respecting and honouring her, though at first they looked down upon and despised her. The character of the young girl schoolmistress who thinks to ennoble the inhabitants by an education superior to what they have been accustomed to, the cheery old grandmother, and the noble unselfish lover are all admirably drawn, and we feel we are parting with friends when we lay down the book.

From the National Society Depository we have also had *Moor and Moss*, by Mary H. Debenham, a story of the Borderland, full of go and stirring incidents. *Lottie Levison* and *The Adventures of Denis*, both by Miss M. Bramston, are capital books of their kind, *Lottie Levison* being a story of humble life, which one cannot read without feeling the better for it; whilst *The Adventures of Denis* is a charming tale of 1745, which would delight any one to read. *St. Dunstan's Fair*, by M. and C. Lee, a very pretty story with some pathetic scenes in it. *Max, Fritz, and Hob* is a good tale of adventure, by C. R. Coleridge, giving us a glimpse into Bavarian life four hundred years ago; and *Wilfrid Clifford; or, the Little Knight again*, by Edith C. Kenyon—which is a continuation of *The Little Knight*, by the same lady—"the history of the Clifford family, and of Wilfrid Clifford's endeavour to emulate the knights of old." A most praiseworthy endeavour, put forward in a praiseworthy way.

From A. D. Innes & Co. we have *Shreds and Patches; or, Passages from the Lives of the Molyneuxes*, by E. N. Leigh Fry, prettily illustrated by Edith Ellison; and *Paul's Friend*, by Stella Austin, with good illustrations by Sebastian Gates—both very pretty books for children. *A Very Odd Girl*, by Annie E. Armstrong (Blaikie & Son), is the story of a girl whose oddness consists in screening her own faults, which are not worth screening, and allowing others to bear the blame and suffer for them.

Robin Redbreast, by Mrs. Molesworth (W. & R. Chambers), is a pretty story for girls. "Robin Redbreast" is the name of a house, where lives an old lady whose friendship and hospitality come upon three children living with a stern and unsympathizing aunt during their father's and mother's absence in India. The old lady proves a godsend to them in many ways, and turns out to be an old and much-loved friend of their mother's. There are many incidents woven in the story which make it attractive to those for whom it has been written. Florence Wilford, in *Nigel Bartram's Ideal* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), puts forward with cleverness the danger of publishing a book anonymously, and the difficulties and deceit into which it may lead authors who want candid criticisms. Luckily it is not often that the anonymous author of a book falls in love with her most adverse critic, and, not daring to acknowledge her authorship, does not disenchant him until she has written another. She is her husband Nigel Bartram's ideal, and his ideal was "best defined and described by negatives." He has also a horror of "strong-minded women," and until she confesses she has written the book it "pains him to think that any one so innocent should have read it." However, in the end he comes to know she is "not the mere soft-hearted, clinging little woman of his earlier fancies," and he gets to have great reliance on the "strong, brave, reserved nature," so much grander than his own ideal.

Cicely's Mistake, by A. Eubule Evans (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), points a good moral as to the danger of pride in riches, the downfall of those who indulge in it, and the happiness and contentment that can exist without the riches.

In the second edition of *Royal Children; their Childhood and Schoolroom Hours* (John Hogg), by Julia Luard, we cannot do better than quote and endorse some of the author's own words in her preface:—"This book has been written with the desire of awakening early in children's minds a love for history by detailing as minutely as the original sources will allow the feelings and actions of the characters." *Royal Children* will certainly succeed, "not only in interesting, but also in awakening a stronger sense of the necessity for historical study and a desire to emulate the industry of many of the characters." The footnotes will be specially interesting to those who are curious as to "the original sources from which history and biography are derived." *A Child of the Precinct*, by Sarah Doudney (Hutchinson & Co.), is a book with a good aim, though its characters are not excitingly interesting. *The Girls and I*, by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by L. Leslie-Brooke (Macmillan & Co.), describing itself as a "veracious history," is supposed to be written by a girl of eleven, about the sayings and doings of herself and her four sisters, and the story is prettily told. *No Humdrum Life for Me*, by Mrs. J. Kent Spender (Hutchinson & Co.), is the story of a girl who tries to mould her own life, and who breaks her intention of leading an active one to her mother, concluding her sentiments on the subject with these words:—"It seems as if I were leading nothing better than the life of a jellyfish here"—the "here" being a country rectory. How she succeeds in her endeavours to throw off a "humdrum life," and what she goes through, we will leave to the reader to find out.

The Clever Miss Jancy, by Margaret Haycraft (Hutchinson & Co.), is a very natural outcome in fiction of certain recent movements as to woman's learning and academic distinction. The book is smart and well written, but falls somewhat short in one important thing, the change in the heroine's character from the selfish and self-conceited pedant to the loving and unselfish girl. This, indeed, reminds us of what a distinguished actor once said to a novice in illustration of the transition of character. The actor took up two ties from the dressing-table and said, "Look here, this is a tie that you tie yourself, and this is a made-up tie; you mustn't change from one to the other in a harlequin's leap, you must have gradations." Now it is just these gradations that we find missing in *Miss Jancy*.

Illustrations of Indian Field Sports (Archibald Constable & Co.) recalls to us, although we were born later than 1807, delightful memories of childhood. Looking both at the letterpress and at the excellent illustrations with their vividness and their charming old-world air, we are disposed to wonder if children of the present day are better served by all the new processes and fads than the children of that day were by this enchanting little book.

A Book of Cheerful Cats and other Animated Animals, by J. G. Francis (T. Fisher Unwin), is full of fun and originality, and quite calculated to "cheer our minds when they're depressed."

To turn to some books for much younger children, Mrs. Molesworth's *The Man with the Pan Pipes* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), with other stories, illustrated by J. Morgan; *Baby John*, by the author of "Laddie" (W. & R. Chambers); *The Pet Pony* and *The Mischievous Monkey*, both by the author of "Trottie's Story Book"; *Our Dog Prin*, by Mary Hooper; *Little Neddie's Menagerie*, by Mrs. R. Lee (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh), will all amuse and delight them.

As for fairy stories, *Household Tales and Fairy Stories*, a collection of the most popular favourites, with three hundred and eighty illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., J. D. Watson, Harrison Weir, and other artists, and with six coloured plates (George Routledge & Sons), is a delightful book outside and inside. *Chronicles of Faeryland*, by Fergus Hume, illustrated by M. Dunlop (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is justly described as "Fantastic Tales for Old and Young," for it will delight both old and young, and is far beyond the usual standard of modern fairy tales. The illustrations are very clever.

Where is Fairyland? Stories of Everywhere and Nowhere, by Joseph F. Charles (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.), is good of its kind, and *The Favourite Book of Nursery Tales*, with seventy-two full-page coloured pictures (T. Nelson & Sons), will bring much delight to very young children.

Leena's Tales for Children, by Mrs. Quincey Lane, very well illustrated by Charles L. Pott (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a book full of pretty imagination that will give children something to think about, and it does what it professes, opens out to them some of the mysteries of nature and gives them a love of the beautiful.

Two Movable Toy-books by Lothar Meggendorfer (Grevel & Co.), "All Alive" and "From Far and Near," will be endless delight to the babies, real and grown-up. Lambs are made to skip, the ducks and geese to flap about, a happy family to move according to their different habits, a parrot to swing, a blacksmith to work, washerwomen to wash, and a poodle to sit up and nod in the most delightful way, and each by the simple method of pulling up and down a piece of cardboard.

"From Toy-land" and the "A B C Nursery Rhymes," by Alf. F. Johnson (Warne & Co.), are capital picture books.

We have received from John Walker & Co. (Warwick Lane, E.C.) some of their delightful Diaries. Of the larger size, perhaps No. 4, bound in dark red russia leather; No. 7, a long, rather narrow one, bound in strong leather, which also contains stamp, card, and note-case, are the most attractive; whilst a small-sized waistcoat-pocket Diary (No. 1) in the same series will be particularly useful. They all have cedar-wood pencils that can write on any paper attached at the back.

Charles Letts has some extremely useful Diaries. His "Improved Office Diary and Note-book," one day in each page, cloth-lettered, quarto (171); his Popular Shilling Diary, interleaved with blotting-paper, a week on each page (No. 67 B); his narrow-shaped Scribbling Diary and Memorandum-book (No. 103); his thin Pocket Diary, bound in limp leatherette (No. 7); his "Gem" Diary, in "Six Handy Volumes," with a tiny leather case to hold each volume, are each excellent in its way. And a Blotting Pad

Diary will be found most useful for a business writing-table; it "provides space for a month's notes at a glance, is always protected from dust and dirt, and can be referred to constantly by merely lifting the front of the pad." The blotting-paper can always be renewed, it is kept in its place by an elastic band, and tucked into the leather corners of the pad.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.*

THE author of these recollections was a man of no common order. As the teacher who was a pioneer in that system of national art education which has spread over all the kingdom; as one of the decorators of the South Kensington Museum; as designer and painter of the extensive series of wall-paintings at Wallington Hall and Penkill Castle; as the connoisseur whose collection of engravings is still remembered; as the writer of the *Life of Albert Dürer* and a book on *The Little Masters of Germany*; and last, not least, as a poet who from childhood to old age found in verse a natural vent for thought and feeling, both of which were singularly personal and sincere, William Bell Scott has many claims to consideration upon his own account. Yet, although he was a man of varied gifts and decided character, his reputation was always confined to a somewhat narrow circle, and these volumes will be sought for what they have to tell of others rather than for the details of his own history. No two characters could be much more dissimilar than those of Leigh Hunt and William Bell Scott; but in some respects they were alike, both interesting as gifted and self-directed men, but yet more interesting from their intimate association with others greater than themselves.

It is pleasant to think that these two men met and were friends somewhere about 1837, when Leigh Hunt was living at Chelsea. Leigh Hunt was then over fifty and Scott under thirty—one, in fact, about double the age of the other. The book contains a pleasant record of their short acquaintance in an etching by Scott, in which we see Hunt in dressing-gown and slippers, with a vase of primroses at his elbow, talking to Scott, George Henry Lewes, and his own son Vincent. He was always charming, says Scott, whose account of him is charming also, and has no touch of that *amari aliquid* with which he too often savours his reminiscences of old acquaintances. One result of their intercourse was the publication of Scott's poem of "Rosabell" in the *Monthly Repository*—a poem which suggested Rossetti's famous but never finished picture of "Found," and also, according to Scott, his poem of "Jenny."

But Scott had long before this come into contact (though very slight contact) with a greater man than Leigh Hunt; he had submitted a poem or poems of his to the great Sir Walter, who seems to have received him with geniality and—got rid of him as soon as possible. He also submitted his early verses to the mighty Christopher North, who seems to have taken more interest in them. At the house of the Rev. J. Thomson (of Duddingston) he met the great artist, Turner. When he came up to town he appears to have obtained introductions to the then leading artists, the best of whom Scott thought was Poole, whom he describes characteristically as "a man with a strain of the savage in his blood, and a good hater, with other qualities allied to genius." He had the horoscope of himself and his intended wife drawn by John Varley. He entered the competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and has something to say of Haydon and Eastlake, of poor Richard Dadd and John Leech, and a dozen more notable men. Nearly the whole of the first volume is occupied by what may be called Scott's pre-Preraphaelite period—*i.e.* from his birth to 1848, when he first made the acquaintance of the P.R.B. Unfortunately he has not much to say that is worth saying, and says many things which had better have been left unsaid.

On the other hand, with regard to himself and those he specially loved, his brother David (that melancholy, one-sided genius), W. A. Shand, and Thomas Sibson, two men of evident promise who died young, his record is full and interesting enough. Scott was no doubt a remarkable boy. Brought up in that strict, ungenial home, of which we have already had a glimpse in his memorials of his brother, his young mind was soon set to work upon itself, and he developed early a habit of introspection which helped to turn him into the "somnambulist" and "ruminant" (as he calls himself) of his later life. When quite a boy, besides some other remarkable writings of a mystic kind, he produced a poem on an Angel who searched even heaven in vain for God. Such profane agnosticism was scarcely capable of further development, but it remained unchanged through life, in strange company with a most constant and deep sense of the supernatural. The world by which he was surrounded thus became a series of phenomena, without even a hypothetical beginning or an imaginable goal, in the watching of which a man could have no reasonable concern beyond amusing himself in a subdued and reverent way at the strange combinations and developments produced by the unseen force men call God, working with an evident but unintelligible purpose upon men and things.

Such an attitude of mind, if interesting and remarkable in a boy, does not tend to make the record of a long life inspiriting, and by the end of the first volume many readers will have had almost enough of the nebulous philosophy to which it gave rise, and will be ready to welcome the appearance on the scene of men whose views of life were more ardent and whose natures were less lymphatic. The pages which relate to his new acquaintances (the P. R. B. and their friends) are full of interest, especially those which record the long, warm, and friendly intercourse between himself and Rossetti. It is no doubt probable that many of their details will be questioned, and that Scott's opinions and comments will not pass without challenge from more quarters than one; but there can be no doubt of the sincerity or value of the records, which contain some minor poems and several letters by Rossetti himself, to which there yet clings an imperishable charm, as if still warm with the rich nature and strong with the intellectual force of the writer. Of the additions made by Scott to what may be called "the Rossetti-legend," perhaps the most extraordinary is the account of the effect on his abnormally sensitive mind of the now more than ever notorious articles on "The Fleshly School." We know not what discretion was allowed to the editor of these "Notes," but surely here (as in many other places) the scissors should have been used. Another sad but less painful story may be told in Scott's words. The incident occurred at Penkill in 1868 or 1869:—

> 'Mounting the ascending road towards Barr, we observed a small bird, a chaffinch, exactly in our path. We advanced, it did not fly, but remained quite still, continuing so till he stooped down and lifted it. He held it in his hand; it manifested no alarm. "What is the meaning of this?" I heard him say to himself, and I observed his hand was shaking with emotion. "Oh," I said, "put the pretty creature down. It is strange, certainly; it must be very young, perhaps a tame one escaped from a cage." "Nonsense!" was his reply, still speaking *sotto voce*, "you are always against me, Scott. I can tell you what it is, it is my wife—the spirit of my wife, the soul of her—has taken this shape; something is going to happen to me." To this I had nothing to reply; but when we reached home in silence, by a chance which often takes place in life—incidents of similar kinds falling together—Miss Boyd hailed us with the news that the housemaid had had a surprise—the house-bell, which takes a strong pull to ring it, had been rung, and rung by nobody! Rossetti inquired when this had taken place, and, finding it must have been just about the time when we met the bird, he turned his curiously ferocious look upon me, asking what I thought now.'

We cannot see why this incident indicates the subversion of reason itself, as Scott says. That the soul of his wife should have entered the body of a bird, and come to warn him, may appear absurd to people who do not know and appreciate Malvolio, and that there should be any connexion between a chaffinch and a door-bell may appear more absurd still; but many more obviously absurd things have been believed by persons of whose sanity no one ever entertains a suspicion. Mrs. Rossetti was dead, and Rossetti was alive; but otherwise there is little more contrary to experience in this story than in another to the truth of which Scott himself and Miss Boyd (to say nothing of a stranger who was present on the first occasion) would doubtless have been ready to swear to—namely, that Rossetti's own well-known voice was daily heard reciting his poems in a room at Penkill long after he had left that place for London.

These and other memories, amusing anecdotes of Carlyle and other persons, and some very interesting letters from Mr. Holman Hunt, give much animation and permanent value to the latter half of this autobiography, which contains also some illustrations, including portraits of Swinburne and Rossetti, of little artistic value indeed, but vivid and vigorous. Notwithstanding, however, the variety of amusement and suggestion which these volumes supply, it is impossible to be satisfied with them as a whole. Their tendency, with a few exceptions, is not to dignify the persons of whom they treat, and there is no one whom they belittle more than the author himself.

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* *Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott*, H.*R.S.A.*, *LL.D.*, *and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends*, 1830 *to* 1882. Edited by W. Minto. Illustrated by Etchings by Himself and Reproductions of Sketches by Himself and Friends. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

Fortunately there are many persons still living who can correct and add to this portrait of Scott as drawn by his own hand. Despite Mr. Swinburne's recent denunciation of Scott and all his works, there is no doubt that throughout Scott's life he was regarded with great esteem and affection by Mr. Swinburne himself and a large circle of acquaintance, including many men and women of high character and distinguished gifts. Unless Mr. Swinburne reserves exactitude for prose, the splendid praise of the memorial verses which appeared in the *Athenæum* after Scott's death, and were printed with his permission at the end of the second volume, cannot be regarded as mere sentimental rhetoric. White does not become black because Scott thought that Swinburne rode a long-tailed pony, or even because he treats great men like Turner and Mr. Ruskin in a regrettable manner. Scott's sympathies were no doubt imperfect, but they were very warm when they were quickened; he was a loyal and generous friend, kind to old and young, open-minded and high-souled, of unquestionable honour and sincerity. Both his verses and his pictures were deficient in technical dexterity and in sense of form; but they were both prompted by a genuine and personal impulse, both inspired by poetical feeling and elevated thought. Too independent to follow, and not strong enough to lead, he remained somewhat isolated and passive in the midst of more active energies. Such men are apt to think themselves centres of movement, and to over-estimate their influence on their fellows. They are patient in waiting for that recognition which they think the years will bring surely, if slowly; and when it does not come, or coming fails to reach the level of anticipation, then disappointment comes instead, and retrospection not seldom tinged with bitterness. This was probably the case with Scott, and at all events it is a great pity that he reserved the task of rewriting the notes of his life till his ambition was over, his young enthusiasms chilled, and his memory and perhaps his sensitiveness towards others dulled somewhat by old age.

But if such changes (common to humanity) affected his view of the past, they scarcely touched his outlook on the present. To the end this was cheerful and kindly. He wrote verses as fresh and spontaneous as ever, he read with interest and generous appreciation the new productions of others; he still wrote those charming letters to his friends, without some selection from which no biography could do him justice. In short, both heart and mind were alive and alert to the last, sustained, in spite of great bodily suffering, by his patience and courage and the devoted companionship of the greatest friend of his life, Miss Boyd of Penkill.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILY OF MINET.*

THE founder of the Camberwell Free Library has printed for private circulation an account of the family to which he belongs, and the volume is one to give satisfaction to the lover of books as books. It is a handsome quarto, clearly printed on paper that yields pleasure alike to sight and touch; the margins are ample without being obtrusively suggestive of waste, the portraits and other illustrations are appropriate and excellent in execution, and the binding has a severe richness that seems symbolical of the history it incloses. We have only noticed one misprint; in the last word on p. 24 an *f* has been taken for a long *s*. "Saith" is in this connexion meaningless; the word should be "faith." Nor are the contents unworthy of the casket. The Minet family have not produced any men of conspicuous genius or position, but their annals show with what kind of blood the Huguenot refugees enriched the English middle class.

There stands in the Place d'Armes of Calais a building still known as the "Maison du Chat," from a stone effigy which surmounts the highest peak of the building, and represents a cat looking down upon the life of the street with that philosophical spirit which the cat, at its best, has in all ages displayed. Tradition, with its unhappy desire to account for things, asserts that during the famine at the siege of 1347 the site of the house was sold for a cat destined for those culinary uses, from which its congeners do not always escape even when there is no pressure of famine to drive the cook to despair for want of the materials of his art. Whether the house gave its name to the family or the family to the house may be left undetermined, but in the seventeenth century the stone cat was a rebus for the name of the owners whose patronymic was Minet, a French equivalent for "Puss." There lived a prosperous Protestant citizen, Ambroise Minet, and his wife Susanne de Haffrengue, and there, between 1648–69, his ten children were born. He died before that act of religious bigotry and political stupidity, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was perpetrated, but his widow and some of his descendants were exposed to its evil effects. Isaac—who, though a younger son, was by force of character the virtual head of the family—escaped to England, where he prospered in business, and was both able and willing to help sundry relations who had been less lucky. The fortunes of the family are traced to the present century, and elaborate tables are given of the descents and alliances. The letters and other documents printed by Mr. Minet have been so judiciously arranged that the varied characteristics of different members of the family are brought out sometimes in amusing fashion. Thus Hughes, a grandson of Isaac, had a passion for scribbling autobiographical fragments in books and on the backs of engravings, and confides to these unsealed receptacles many derogatory remarks on his relations and connexions. He was no great admirer of Milton, and, though he allowed that the *Paradise Lost* showed "transcendent ability," yet he doubted "which of the two is the most execrable and admirable, Milton's profaneness or his absurdity." Mr. J. L. Minet evinces great interest in the "air balloon," which in 1784 was a novelty. In the same year he had the good fortune, as we should now esteem it, to see Siddons; but he is not enthusiastic—"cannot say she answered my expectations, but that I suppose because I am no judge of the matter." The reason assigned is probably as true as it is modest. Whilst one Minet served in the army, and died a lieutenant-general, another was a studious and painstaking country parson, and others have shown their interest in research by membership of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, the family has in the main been contented with the important, though inconspicuous, duties that belong to the commercial middle class.

Apart from its value, which is considerable, as family history, the book contains, in the "Relation" of Isaac Minet, a graphic contribution to the understanding of the methods by which, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the French clergy hoped to convert their Protestant fellow-citizens. Mgr. de Breteuil, the Bishop of Boulogne, was exceedingly anxious for "Nos frères toujours égarez et comme perduz dans l'affreuse solitude de l'erreur," and as soon as the Revocation was signed he caused the destruction of the Huguenot temple at Gruînes where the Minets worshipped. The Bishop himself baptized in the Catholic Church the child of Jonas Duriez and Marie Cassel, "faisans profession de la Religion Prétendue Réformée." It was not so easy to make Catholics of the adults, but the efforts made for that purpose were not wanting in strength and directness. The corpse of a woman who had died without receiving the Roman sacrament was first carried to prison, and then fastened by the feet to horses, and dragged through the streets, whilst the mob stoned the dead heretic. The body was finally "staked" at a crossway. Guards were placed at the gates of the town to prevent escape of the Protestants, who had begun to emigrate. Guards were also placed at each house. Isaac Minet, having made his guard drunk, escaped, and with his mother was hidden by friends. An arrangement to leave the town was devised; but, whilst Isaac got away, his mother was unable to reach the appointed place, having been recognized and conveyed to prison. Isaac's hiding-place was also found. "I buryed myself in hay, and heard a great noise below, and at last they came up and said 'trust y^r swords in ye hay, its noe matter if ye kill y^t heretick.' I layd wist till they moved some hay and found me." In prison he was told that if he did not "sign" to be a Roman Catholic he would be burnt. There were 140 prisoners who were kept for thirty-nine days in a foul and noisome place; they could with difficulty obtain victuals, and were "very often solicited by ye priests and threatened by the intendent very rudely as if we had been doggs." This combination of sacred and profane persuasion had its effect, and they were taken by the dragoons to church, and whilst protesting that it was against their consciences *did* abjure the reformed religion. They were then permitted to go to their home—which had in the meantime been despoiled by the soldiery.

> 'The manner of being dragoond was thus:—Mr Pillart a merchant had 8 men & horses at discretion in garison at his house for about a monthe who were soe kind as to suffer him & his wife to take rest, but by reason of their being to easey they were discharged 20 foot soldiers putt in their place who being told y^t they should be relived in 24 houres soon gott drunk & abused their Land Lord & Lady who were old persons, did not suffer them to sleep, sent for ye fidlers, forced them to dance, sold all y^t they found in ye house, & spoiled all ye goods, ye lady made her escape out of ye garet window & gott to a nighbours house who out of compation conceald her, ye man was struk on his side by one of ye souldiers & layd as dead & a surgeon being sent for he

* *Some Account of the Huguenot Family of Minet from their coming out of France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes MDCLXXXVI.* Founded on Isaac Minet's "Relation of our Family." By William Minet, M.A., F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. London: Spottiswoode & Co.

was lett blod & recoverd, one need noe more than consider wt a sober person is exposed to when he is left at ye discretion of 20 drunken souldiers, sd Mr Pillart being tyred & not being able to suport any longer the cruell usage of the souldiers he submited to make his abjuration which was in feby 1686 abt 8 at night. I was desired by mr Adrien Lernoult mercht at Calais (neveu to sd mr pilart) to go with him to sd mr pilart's house & I did go in order to prevent ye souldiers caring goods away, but being there we found nothing worth carying away for every thing was soe broken & cutt & destroyed yt it was a lamentable sight, in a room up stairs was spread 5 or 6 bedds & blankett in such a dirty condition as if beastes had layen there. That is ye methode yt was made use of by ye popish church to make converts to theire religion by wch meanes they could show the abjuration of many hundred thousand persons under their hands.'

Theological controversy has still an unpleasant side, but we may at least hope that the method so graphically described by Isaac Minet has become obsolete.

TWO BOOKS OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

THERE is something fascinating in a new science, and we are taken with Mr. Horace Martin, who proclaims himself a castorologist. His volume contains such an extraordinary amount of miscellaneous information about beavers and their history that we are perhaps unreasonably provoked with him for not solving a difficulty which has long troubled us. When Spenser, in the *Faery Queen*, makes Guyon address the gracious Alma, he tells us that

> The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
> That her became, as polished ivory
> What cunning craftsman hand hath overlaid
> With fair vermillion or pure *castory*.

We have always wanted to know what colour "castory" was, and now that in the process of time we meet with a real, live castorologist, behold he throws no light on the question, for which omission let

> His beavered brow a birchen garland wear.

We are bound to admit that there seems no other matter connected with his subject upon which Mr. Martin is unable to supply some sort of information. He treats the beaver from every point of view, but is not always quite exact. He is not very strong in folk-lore, and to say that "the Greeks called the animal castor from *gastro*, the stomach," seems rather wild. We are tempted, like Sydney Smith, to ask whose. Surely κάστωρ was merely an attempt to write phonetically in Greek character the Indian or Malay name of the animal, just as *fiber* was the Latin equivalent of the Gaelic *beabhar* or *befr*, from which our *beaver* is also derived. Mr. Martin says the Latin name was "*fibre*, corrupted from *fibrum*, signifying that the animal dwelt on the banks of the rivers," but we do not follow him. He is on safer ground when he discusses the chemico-medical properties attributed to the beaver, and analyses a rare and curious treatise on Castorologia published at Augsburg in 1685. He proceeds to deal with the importance of the beaver in trade, the history of tallies and tokens, the decline of the usefulness of the animal, the supplanting of beaver felt by modern and cheaper substitutes. He has an amusing chapter on hats. In short, he supplies a great deal of information, and displays a considerable acquaintance with his subject. It is a pity, however, that he should not have arranged his material more carefully, and his accuracy as a transmitter of facts is by no means above suspicion. It would, however, be ungracious not to admit that his volume gives us a fuller mass of notes about the beaver than is to be found in any previous treatise.

The rather unpleasant subject of Mr. Cooke's little volume is the fungi which are found as parasites on the bodies of insects. The "vegetable wasp" proper, which gives its name to the class, *Cordyceps sphecocephala*, is a pallid fungus, with a tough, tall stem sprouting from the abdomen of the insect, and terminating in a club-shaped head. When this strange form was first observed, by a Spanish naturalist in 1754, it led to a good deal of romantic speculation. It is now understood to be a kind of exaggerated dry rot, which first kills the wasp by drying up its body, and then expands until its root occupies the whole cavity of the insect's shell. These entomophytes, as they are called, plague a great many species of hymenopterous and other insects, and their study forms a curious little backwater in botany. Butterflies, with a solitary exception, are not known to be affected by them, but almost all the hawkmoths appear to be particularly liable to parasitic fungi. The New Zealand "vegetable caterpillar," *Cordyceps Robertsii*, is a very odd freak, the original larva feeding on at its favourite sweet potato with this black plant growing out of it like a horn, until the caterpillar dies, and turns imperceptibly and entirely into a vegetable substance. The varieties of these horrible, lethal fungoid growths, leprous and pulpous and bristling and scaly, remind us of all the dreadful things which invaded the garden in the third fytte of *The Sensitive Plant*. Mr. Cooke seems to have a rare knowledge of the singular department which he has chosen to illustrate, and his plates and cuts are excellent.

* *Castorologia; or, the History and Traditions of a Canadian Beaver.* By Horace T. Martin. London: Stanford.

Vegetable Wasps and Plant Worms. By M. C. Cooke. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

ETRUSCAN ROMAN REMAINS IN POPULAR TRADITION.*

EVERY one must do his own work in his own way. Mr. Leland's way is to collect at great pains the remains of popular tradition in La Romagna Toscana, to illustrate it by curious multifarious reading, and then, if we must speak plainly, to "haver" around it. Mr. Leland's industrious research is very praiseworthy; he has read much out-of-the-way lore; his conclusions in the mass are probably correct. But his manner of wandering along in disjointed talk about everything that comes into his head makes his book immensely long and, to our taste, a little tedious. His conclusions are these, and they do not surprise us. In certain parts at least of Italy Christianity has not crushed, but co-exists with, the ancient religion. But that ancient religion is not so much the official classical faith as the belief in spirits of minor kinds, mainly in a sort of capricious and extremely amorous brownies. Almost all the supernatural beings of whom he has found the traces are spirits of the vineyard, the cornfield, the hearth, the graveyard. Almost all are incubi of the sort known to the respectable mother of Guibert de Nogent. A great deal is said about this aspect of their activity, which is little heard of in connexion with Northern brownies and *lutins*. There is also plenty of witchcraft, which has a more or less classical colouring, though in essentials very like all other witchcraft. The more esoteric of these beliefs are dying out; they are chiefly known to the old, and to professional witches, of families in which magic is hereditary. The Italian brownie does the housework, as in England and Scotland; but he is also the paramour of the maids. In one case Mr. Leland knew some one who had seen and spoken to a forest or wood spirit, which was in the guise of an old woman. But the more esoteric spells are little known, carefully guarded, and possibly on the point of extinction. They are known as the Old Religion, and believed in by some who "hae their doots" about the saints. The saints themselves are sometimes older figures of an older faith, in the disguise of the new ecclesiastical name, and are addressed in prayers which are really heathen spells. These phenomena occur all over Europe, among Celts, and modern Greeks especially. The peculiar interest in Mr. Leland's cases is the classical, we may say with him the Etruscan, survival. Everywhere it is plain that "the lesser people of the skies" survive more vigorously than the great official Olympian figures. It is probable that the "folk" of classic times never took very strongly to the high gods, except Dionysus and Demeter. It is even not unlikely that the high gods were only the little gods magnified and adorned by priests, poets, and artists —that they, too, represented a new religion in the eyes of the peasants. In any case their great temples could be destroyed, their public sacrifices put down, their endowments confiscated, just as the Catholic Church was put down in Scotland, while names and popular rites lingered, as in Martinmas and Hallow E'en and Yule. This is the normal course of affairs. In the very home of Etruscan paganism, in remote and uneducated districts, we expect to find exactly what Mr. Leland has discovered.

Another writer, in Mr. Leland's place, would perhaps have begun by a statement as lucid and succinct as possible of Roman and Etruscan religion, especially rural religion. He would then have exhibited his treasure of survivals, spells, incantations, legends, in an orderly manner, with illustrations, such as Mr. Leland gives from vases and metal mirrors. And he would have kept personal anecdotes and remarks on all things in general "out of the memorial." But this reticence is not Mr. Leland's way, and so his book is less valuable to the student of myths and religions, though perhaps more entertaining to some readers. On one point Mr. Leland seems rather sore. His *Algonkin Legends* have been spoken of by some writers on folk-lore with some show of distrust. For our own part, we are very certain that Mr. Leland reported his stories correctly; but we do

* *Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition.* By C. G. Leland. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

think that several of them had passed through a European medium, perhaps were derived by the Red Man from European sources. There had, we think, been "swopping of stories," and that at no distant date. But that is no fault of Mr. Leland's. In Italy his method, or part of it, was to ask such questions as this:—"Did you ever know such a word as Lar, Lares, or Lare?" No. "Did anything with a similar name haunt churchyards?" No, but there are the *Lassie*, or *Lassi*; and they are "the ghosts of the ancestors of the family." So Mr. Leland concludes that the *Lassi*, are the *Lasa* in the song of the Arval Brothers. However this may be, would it not be better to ask, "Does anything haunt churchyards; if so, what is it called?" The Lasio and the Lassi occur in the versified part of a story, rather like "The Heir of Lynne." The plan of asking if certain names are familiar is akin to a leading question. However, Mr. Leland himself was not much led, for he did not read Preller's *Romische Mythologie* till after he had made the acquaintance of the Lassi, and there he found a story of a Lar and a treasure akin to that which he recovered from tradition. His recoveries of names are numerous, as Tina, Etruscan, a thunder god, Tinia, a spirit of thunder and hail, still addressed by the peasantry. Turms (Hermes) Teramo, a spirit of messengers, thieves, statesmen, and a very handsome and amorous being. The Etruscan Aplu (Apollo) retains his old name, a spirit of music, hunting, and learning, prayed to for wits and luck. Feronia is now a spiritual stroller—"when she was dead she became terrible." Silviano is Sylvanus, a mischievous wood-spirit. Pales is Palo, a spirit of the vines. When a light goes suddenly out people say "Esta did it," Esta = Hestia (?) Carmenta still answers to Lucina, or the Bona Dea; this is vouched for by a rhythmical spell or prayer. Fuflunus, "the Etruscan Bacchus," is Fuflon, a tricksy spirit who lives in the vines. The populace know him better as Fardel or Flavo; witches call him Faflon. Mr. Leland prints a hymn to this god, which may, in spirit, be older than the admission of Dionysus among the Olympians. Losna, believed to be a moon goddess, occurs on an Etruscan mirror which Mr. Leland picked up, and he finds her as a spirit of sun and moon, protectress of incest in tradition. The Eskimo *märchen* of sun and moon and their misconduct is familiar.

Dusio, an incubus, survives Dusius; Mr. Leland collected a tale of his recent appearance in a known place and family. We only offer a few of the more striking among his parallels, and leave the special professors of Etruscan and Italian specialists in folk-lore to deal with his facts. The names strike an observer as being almost too little altered in the course of time and in the changes of language. Among his minor spells the most curious is the Italian variant of the English "witch's ladder," an arrangement of feathers and rope, *guirlanda delle strege*. One of Mr. Leland's witches recognized an object from a Swiss lake-dwelling as an amulet, or magical article, still used in Italy. Mr. Leland's book is one which the folklorist must have; we have ventured to indicate that it might have been more succinct and less garrulous.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE four "notices" which M. Jules Simon's latest volume (1) contains, and which are all of the obituary kind, were delivered at the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. They are devoted to the late MM. Caro, Reybaud, Michel Chevalier, and Fustel de Coulanges. All are written in that masterly, if not always quite masterful, French which is rapidly becoming a dead language, and the secret of which will perish like that of "heather-ale," if somebody does not in time catch M. Simon or M. Boissier, or some other of the rapidly dwindling number of persons who can write it, and set him teaching others. All display M. Simon's independence of mind, his political good sense, his sound morality, and his contempt for the empty and frivolous paradoxes and perversities which are eating away the French character at the same time as the French language. But one of them is a little disappointing, even when we remember the audience which M. Simon was addressing, and the point of view which he was obliged to take. Three out of his quartet were persons of great talent who "carried the lamp" well, each in his own course, and handed it on bravely to others. M. Caro wrote well and thought well, and, though his mind was not exactly original, was, no doubt, a little hardly treated by the satire which fixed on his amiable weakness for being a philosopher of the Salons. M. Michel Chevalier was a great economist of a generation which held that its predecessors knew nothing about economy, and which now, like other "Prêtres de Némi," is paying the penalty by being told by its successors that it was at least equally ignorant. M. Fustel de Coulanges was, perhaps, the most brilliant French member of that neo-historical school which arrives with solemn pomp at generalizations wherein most that is true is practically not new, and most that is new is very doubtfully true. But Reybaud was a man of genius. He wrote, M. Simon tells us, about a hundred volumes on all manner of subjects, whereof his genial censor confesses that fifty are not worth reading at all, and that nearly all the others may be forgotten as soon as read. But of *the* book, the hundredth, M. Simon speaks in a way which is either for him unwontedly ironic or which seems to us inadequate. He acknowledges the brilliancy of *Jérôme Paturot*, says that *le personnage est bien vivant*, and so forth. But though, or perhaps because, he himself was a contemporary, he thinks that it is not "eternal," that the subject is *loin de nous*, that Louis-Philippe and the National Guard are not LOW amusing. Perhaps this is Socratic; but we certainly think it is mistaken. No doubt *Jérôme Paturot* is, as M. Simon says, not the equal of *Don Quixote* or of *Gil Blas*. But it is of their company; it is the representative, *sub specie æternitatis*, of a certain phase of everlasting humanity, and it will live. It will, like everything else, be neglected, returned to, neglected again, and so forth. But, if we have any skill of criticism, its place is booked; there is no fear of its being left out of the Library of the Land of Matters Unforgot.

The fact of the popularity of M. Figuier's *Lendemain de la mort* (2) is not likely to be contested by any one, though there might be less unanimity as to its nature and value. He himself argues that it must have been a good and great book, because it was attacked both by the orthodox and by the materialists. This kind of argument is an old friend, but it is exposed to the trifling inconvenience that either of two contradictory conclusions fits the premiss equally well. The present book—which has a frontispiece representing a little winged boy of astonishing plumpness, clasped in the middle by a sentimental, but not very pretty, nursemaid in nightgown-sleeves, and a skirt of clouds—tells the old tale in a new way. *Les bonheurs d'outre-tombe* are exhibited by the indirect process of pointing out that this side of the tomb things are often very uncomfortable; that several distinguished people have died quite quietly; that *bouillabaisse* (of the supply of which in "outre-tombe" M. Figuier adduces no valid proof) is excellent; that it is also excellent to be *vertueux* (poor, dear old eighteenth-century drum, art thou to be beaten again?); that we shall, perhaps, be able to finish *là* books which we can't complete *ici-bas*. There are some Dialogues of the Dead which are not so amusing as Fontenelle's, not nearly so amusing as Lucian's. It is important apparently to the *bonheur d'outre-tombe* to be certain that it was a Frenchman who first applied steam to navigation, and that the doctrines of *Le lendemain de la mort* are a great improvement on *la légende Chrétienne*.

The stories in M. Corbin's *Vertige* (3) are above the average, though we think two of them might have been made better than they are. The first deals with a murder—or, strictly speaking, with what is not murder by either French or English law, the deliberate abstention from preventing a man from unintentionally killing himself. The sort of *peine du talion* which follows, and the retribution even of that, are imagined with some power; but the tale is rather clogged with unnecessary detail. So also is the second, *Le Professeur Joseph Saxinus*, which unfortunate and learned person plays the least part in it; but it also has merits. *Marion*, the third, much shorter than either, has no room for padding, and tells vigorously how a rustic lover regained, by an evasively risky expedient, the favour of his mistress. He threw himself in front of a train, and she pulled him off the line, being then sure that he loved her better than her suitor of higher degree. Risky, we think, very risky; requires too many qualifications of mind and body in the young person. *Le roman d'un sous-lieutenant* (4) is a very fair novel of an ordinary type—old *noblesse*, gambling, American heiress, and bowers of bliss. *The Poet's Mystery* (5), translated from Signor Fogazzaro, is a largely sentimental monologue in the first person.

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(1) *Notices et portraits.* Par Jules Simon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Les bonheurs d'outre-tombe.* Par Louis Figuier. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

(3) *Vertige.* Par Ch. Corbin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Le roman d'un sous-lieutenant.* Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Le mystère du poète.* Par A. Fogazzaro. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IRISH IDYLLS, by Jane Barlow (Hodder & Stoughton), comprises sketches of life in one of the poorer districts of Ireland, a land with a thin soil and abundant stones—so abundant that they trip up the husbandman as "he stumps between his struggling potato-drills, and grin maliciously at him through the sparse, stunted tangle of his storm-tossed oats," and wherever he may look "he can read, written large, an answer to his demand for bread." The scene of these Irish idyls is about as grim and unlovely as could be conceived. It serves as an effective setting to the sketches of the inhabitants and the simple record of their lives, in which the author shows such power and observation as entitle her to rank among nature's sternest painters, yet the best. The studies of character in "A Windfall," "A Wet Day," "Herself," "Got the Better of," and "Between Two Lady-Days" are excellently drawn. In the first of these idyllic sketches the widow M'Gurk is a delightful character, and reappears, to the reader's content, in most of the succeeding idyls. Her windfall consists of a remittance of fifteen shillings from the United States, which produces a prodigious sensation among her neighbours, who all wish her good luck "wid her disthribited fortune." Old Mrs. Kilfoyle, who is not less admirably portrayed, gives her good advice. "If I was in your coat, Mrs. M'Gurk," she said, "I've a great notion I'd be gettin' meself three or four stone, or maybe half a barrel, of male—oaten male, I mane, ma'am, not the yella Injin trash that's fitter for pigs than human craturs—God forgive me for sayin' so." But Mrs. M'Gurk, although of the same mind, lays out her money in purchases of all the good things her poorer friends desire, and distributes her disthribited fortune among them. Even the children are not forgotten, and a carnival of joy is celebrated in the district. And when the subject of the meal is discussed, "Male is it?" she exclaims. "Sure was it breaking me own back or the girl's I'd be carrying a load of male that far?" The good creature pretends she didn't care for the meal, and declares "a good hot pitaty's a dale tastier any day." In the other sketches we have other examples of the cheery temper, the healthy social instincts and general self-denial of the Irish peasant, together with illustrations of humour and generosity that agreeably lighten the darker background of the pictures.

Mr. Walter Crane's collected essays and addresses—*The Claims of Decorative Art* (Lawrence & Bullen)—deal with art and society, the training of artists, and other subjects, and are altogether extremely discursive in range, though the point of view is ever the same. Mr. Crane takes the Socialistic standpoint, and he does battle with the bugbear "Commercialism." There is no other incubus than "Commercialism in Art." When Mr. Crane treats of art and the training of artists as an artist merely, and without the horrid spectre of "Commercialism" before him, he has much to say that commands our sympathy. We cannot but agree with him that it is a mistake to train students "from first to last solely with the pictorial view," and that it is a most injurious blunder "to cultivate the imitative powers and neglect the inventive powers." But Mr. Crane's politico-social arguments in "Art and Social Democracy," which are inconclusive in themselves, do not tend to practical reform of academical methods.

Mr. Henry S. Salt's essay, *Animals' Rights* (Bell & Sons), treats of a subject that teems with difficulty with a determination to miss no possible aspect of study which is decidedly commendable. There is no shirking or hesitancy in Mr. Salt's very far-reaching consideration of man's duties towards animals, domesticated and wild, and the so-called "principle of animals' rights." We do not think it is possible to set forth the difficulties that attend the definition of that principle or the nature of the rights of animals more clearly than Mr. Salt has done in this very interesting little book. Mr. Salt, to do him justice, is as fully sensible of the obstacles to a practical realization of his ideal of man's relations to animals as any of his opponents may be. We want, he remarks, a comprehensive principle which will cover all the varying instances of "human inhumanity" given in the chapters headed "Murderous Millinery," "Experimental Torture," "Amateur Brutality," "The Care of Wild Animals," and so forth. But, when he comes to shaping this principle definitely, he does not avoid, as he owns, a "perilous vagueness" of language (p. 106), for then he is confronted with the practical difficulties of the subject.

Finn and His Companions, by Standish O'Grady (Fisher Unwin), is a charming addition to the "Children's Library." This series of Ossianic tales is in all ways excellent. Many of the stories are now Englished for the first time, and all are admirably typical of the heroic age of Finn and Ossian, Diarmid and Caelta, and the inspiring legends in which they figure. The stories are most effectively told, and in a style admirably adapted to arouse and interest all imaginative persons, whether children or older folk.

Mr. Robert Richardson's *Willow and Wattle* (Edinburgh: Grant) is a volume of verse reprinted from various periodicals. It contains not a few lyrics that reveal decidedly pleasing and individual impulse and expression. The ballades, in particular, are delightfully free from the merely perfunctory character and the evidence of labour that too frequently belong to examples of this metrical form. "A Ballade of Wattle-Blossom," for example, has the charm of freshness, and is a strain of natural singing, not an exercise in verse.

Writ in imitation of the Elizabethan dramatists is *The Tragic Circle*, by William Mathie Beith (Digby, Long, & Co.), and anything more remote from the writer's ideal than this "play in three acts"—save, perhaps, in the way of burlesque—could scarcely be conceived.

Mysticism of an impenetrable kind is the chief characteristic of *The Lifting of the Veil; and other Poems*, by C. Branco (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) It is a mysticism more baffling than that of the late Mr. Heraud; for although we must assume the veil is lifted after we have mastered an obscure "Council of the Seraphs," there still remains nothing but the murky inane. In some of the shorter pieces in rhymed lyrical measure, the poet's voice is clearer and stronger, as when he is denouncing certain "Barbarians":—

> A moonlight cauterwaul,
> So some have termed
> The seeking higher
> Things in poetry.

We would applaud the poet who seeks "higher things" for the sake of the search, yet would urge the advantage of clear presentment of the objects sought for. And this is what the present bard does not effect.

This Wicked World (Hutchinson & Co.) is a volume of essays by the late J. Hain Friswell. They deal with, or rather touch upon, many themes of human interest in an easy colloquial style, and are fluent and light, as moral discourses seldom are.

A Woman without a Head (Hutchinson & Co.) is by the late Mrs. Mackarness, the author of a popular story with the alluring title *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*. We fear there is nothing at all engaging about the present story. The young men and maidens with whose fortunes it is concerned are exceedingly uninteresting, and mostly extremely silly, people. In short, the story is unquestionably dull and tedious.

In Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s "Golden Treasury" series we have new editions of Mr. Andrew Lang's prose translation of *Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*, and Mr. F. T. Palgrave's *Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry*.

Palæontology (*A Catalogue of British Jurassic Gasteropoda*. By W. H. Hudleston, M.A., F.R.S., P.G.S., and Edward Wilson, F.G.S. London: Dulau & Co. 1892) has now become so wide a subject that, as the authors observe, even to make a catalogue requires a more varied knowledge than any one man can be expected to possess. In the present volume they have restricted themselves to a single class of the Mollusca, and to a limited range, giving references to the geological distribution of the species and the localities in which these have been found. The authors recognize in the Jurassic beds of Britain, including the Rhætic, 1,015 species of Gasteropoda, and have drawn up lists of other species which they either reject or regard as of doubtful occurrence. They have executed a very laborious task so as to deserve the gratitude of geologists, which, it is to be feared, will be their only reward.

From Mr. Murray we have received a handy abbreviated edition in one volume of the *Life and Letters of Darwin*, edited by Francis Darwin. It includes the autobiography and a selection of the correspondence.

We have also received Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, new edition, Vols. II. and III. (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *Japan and its Art*, by Marcus B. Huish, new edition (Fine Art Society); *The Scenery of the Heavens*, by J. E. Gore, second edition (Sutton & Co.); *Lyrics from the Hills*, by C. Armstrong Fox, cheaper edition (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Modern Views of Electricity*, by Oliver J. Dodge, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *The Units of Exchange and a Free Currency*, by G. T. Carruthers, M.A. (Stanford); *Verses of Love and Life*, by R. E. Irroy (Reeves & Turner); *Farm Produce Realization*, by D. Tallerman, second edition (Simpkin & Co.); *Mediterranean Winter Resorts*, by E. A. Reynolds Ball, second edition (Stanford); *Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens*, translated by E. Poste, M.A., second edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Essays of Montaigne*, translated by Charles Cotton, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, new and revised edition, three volumes (Bell & Sons); *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, edited by E. Dowden, Vol. I. "Aldine edition" (Bell & Sons); *The Dawn of History*, by C. F. Keary, enlarged edition (Innes & Co.)

Amethyst, by C. R. Coleridge, new edition (Innes & Co.); *Mr. Witt's Widow*, by Anthony Hope, new edition (Innes & Co.); *Ida's Mistake*, by V. G. F. (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *The Art of Practical Whist*, by Major-General Drayson, new edition (Routledge).

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. THE interest of this day week's papers, as concerning home politics, centred in two letters, one from Lord LONDONDERRY, rebutting Mr. MORLEY'S attempt to convict him of inaccuracy on Irish crime, and the other a kind of manifesto from Sir EDWARD REED, of great length, dealing with the question of Home Rule, and capable of being summed up in five words:—"Who goes home to Adullam?" Perhaps Sir EDWARD is not the most important of politicians, and perhaps in the process of Cabinet-building his polished cornerstone was unkindly rejected. But a vote is a vote, and a cave is a cave, and a honeycombed gun is apt to burst. The Cardiff Home Rulers, as was to be expected, raged terribly against Sir EDWARD, who, as was also to be expected, vehemently disclaimed all soreness about that Lordship of the Admiralty. It was announced that the marriage of Princess MARIE of EDINBURGH to the Crown Prince of ROUMANIA is to take place on the 10th of January, and the CROWN PRINCE himself arrived next day. The Victoria Cross had been conferred on Lance-Corporal GORDON of the West India Regiment, for bravery on the Gambia last March.

Political, or at least House-of-Commons, intelligence in Monday morning's newspapers was pretty plentiful. Besides the unseating of Mr. DAVIES, noticed below, two other vacancies were announced; one in Liverpool, by the death (feared for some days) of Mr. CROSS, and one at Burnley, by the application of Mr. SPENCER BALFOUR for the Chiltern Hundreds. The East Aberdeenshire polling had been going on on Saturday in the face of great difficulties from snow and evil weather generally, and the result was not known till the middle of Monday. When the numbers came on that day they showed that Mr. BUCHANAN had prevailed—as, indeed, nobody doubted that he would. The reduction in the Gladstonian majority from sixteen to thirteen hundred was accounted for, with some plausibility, by the bad weather and the consequent or coincident reduction of the total poll. But he must be a very sanguine Gladstonian who derives much comfort from this, when it is remembered that in one of the most faithfully "Liberal" constituencies in the country the four last elections have seen "Liberal" majorities of (in round numbers) 3,400, 2,400, 1,600, and 1,300. The progress is surely a little steady for an accident, and things are not now quite "as in '85," which saw the first of the numbers.

Lord ROSEBERY was the chief speaker at the National Liberal Club on Monday, when that institution "memo-"rized," not "another Golgotha," but another portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE, "full length" say the reports, adding that the length is six foot ten. Now Mr. GLADSTONE himself is said to have remarked the other day, pleasantly enough, that he had lost several inches of stature since his prime, so that he must have been a very ANAK then, if he is six foot ten now. Lord ROSEBERY was good, as he always is after dinner. But right well did he remember the wisest of all proverbs, that the least said the soonest mended. Mr. BRYCE at Manchester was less canny than his countryman, and sketched a scheme of Home Rule which, unless the Gladstonian waverers can be braced up very notably before February, will set the Government majority "barking and fleeing" very soon.

Election Petitions. Mr. Justice CAVE and Mr. Justice WILLIAMS unseated Alderman DAVIES at Rochester, though they acquitted him of all personal misconduct, because of the indiscreet acts of his agent; and, as at Hexham, because of the injudicious "pooling" of his interests and proceedings with those of a political association. They "suspected" that corrupt practices had extensively prevailed, and, indeed, it had been made pretty plain during the trial that it was six of one side and half a dozen of the other. The Finsbury Petition belonged to a different class from the others tried hitherto, and the procedure consisted in the rather tedious business of examining one by one votes objected to as technically bad. The chief interest in this is derived from the fact that it is never actually certain for whom a vote has been given until it is finally either allowed or disallowed, when, and when only, the ballot-paper is examined. Hence it is quite possible, and, indeed, happened more than once in this very case, that a candidate should succeed in knocking a vote off his own side. Finally, the process seeming endless, and Mr. NAOROJI'S tiny majority, though fluctuating, not being merged, the petition was withdrawn on Wednesday. On that day judgment was delivered in the Montgomery case, and Sir PRYCE JONES kept his seat, though by a

narrow chance; the judges disagreeing, and the statute, in such a case, leaning to mercy's side. Mr. Justice WILLS agreed with Mr. Baron POLLOCK as to Sir PRYCE'S personal innocence, and no general imputations were made on the constituency. But the junior judge was of opinion that a too convivial imitator of the habits of Prince SEITHENYN (who, indeed, was a neighbour to Montgomery), one Mr. THOMAS JONES, had done enough to jeopardize his employer. The Stepney inquiry began on Thursday.

Uganda. Captain LUGARD addressed meetings at Norwich on the Uganda question on Monday, and next day a long, a rather pessimist, and, we venture to think, an unnecessarily fidgetty letter from Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH was published on the same subject. The Captain's answer to French charges also appeared in summary on Tuesday, and seems to us to be satisfactory enough. Indeed, we never thought that there was much to answer.

Ireland. On Monday judgment was given in the East Clare election petition, and Mr. REDMOND kept his seat—another heavy blow, though of a different kind, for the priestly and anti-Parnellite party. On the same day, at a sitting of the Land Commission, Mr. Commissioner LYNCH delivered himself with extreme faithfulness on some *obiter dicta* of the LORD LIEUTENANT'S Eviction Commissioners as to the action of Mr. LYNCH and his own colleagues in reference to the PONSONBY estate. Not only did Mr. LYNCH remind Sir JAMES MATHEW pretty briskly that he, Sir JAMES, was a "temporary," and had better not speak ill of permanencies, but he pointed out that Sir JAMES'S facts were as inaccurate as his expressions were unusual.——Two members of the Eviction Commission sat at Youghal on Wednesday to continue their inquiries into the PONSONBY estate. A letter was published from Mr. MORLEY to Sir THOMAS ESMONDE on Thursday morning declining to extend the period of payment by instalments under the ASHBOURNE Act.——At the opening of the North Meath petition on Thursday a remarkable turn was given to the case by the offer of the respondent's counsel to "come down," in consequence of the decision in the Southern part of the county. Mr. Justice ANDREWS, however, did not think proper to accept this offer, as the Court was not the same, Mr. Justice JOHNSON having taken Mr. Justice O'BRIEN'S place, and the case proceeded.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The principal event of last Saturday's foreign news was the resignation of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, Procureur-Général of the French Republic, and his appointment as President of the Court of Cassation. This very able magistrate is hated by a certain section of anti-Republicans for the part he took in the BOULANGER matter, and by the majority of Radicals as being a law-and-order man. His official career was not quite blameless, but his choosing to resign rather than countenance the arbitary conduct of the Panama Committee seems to be quite honourable. In Germany AHLWARDT had been condemned to five months' imprisonment on the libel charges against him. It was said that there had been a fresh disaster in the Congo Free State. The chief good news was that the Colorado silver mines (which were certainly much better placed when undiscovered) were being closed. Unluckily, the slightest recovery of silver is sure to see them opened again.

It was announced on Monday that Mr. RENNELL RODD, a promising youngster in diplomacy and literature, has been appointed *locum tenens* to Sir GERALD PORTAL at Zanzibar during Sir GERALD'S absence in Uganda. The Panama ghouls had got their Baron REINACH up. Count D'AUBIGNY had at last left Fez, and, it was admitted, *re infecta*, in so far as political objects were concerned. Whether this added to the polite heartiness with which his diplomatic colleagues of other nations are said to have escorted his departure is not recorded. The Army Bill (German) was being debated in the Reichstag, and in Spain Señor SAGASTA had formed a Ministry, the best known member of which is the Marquis DE LA VEGA DE ARMIJO, who takes Foreign Affairs. Political parties in the Western United States were fighting vigorously over a batch of elections which will give the control of the Senate.

The principal items of French news on Tuesday morning were another long interview between Prince BISMARCK ("If he be he, but oh! how fallen, how "changed!") and another French journalist; and some facts, or fictions, about the last hours of Baron REINACH—the fact of whose death, at least, the ghouls seem to have established. In Spain, Señor SALMERON, a noted Republican, had given fresh evidence of Republican taste and sense by shouting for the Republic, in full Cortes, when his colleagues were shouting for the Queen and King. The Monetary Conference was discussing plans each of a totally new kind, if it can be called discussion where each member seems to have a plan, and all the members consider all the plans except their own foolishness. There had been a Socialist-and-police fight at Ghent. Reports came from India of a success of the NIZAM-UL-MULK in Chitral over the intruder SHERE AFZUL; and from America of a strange Trade-Union scheme, partially successful, to put death in the pot of the Homestead blacklegs. It is genuine Trade-Union policy, but still seems hardly credible.

Wednesday morning brought a fresh development of the Panama inquiries; the persistent allegations about the dealings of M. ROUVIER (Minister of Finance under both the LOUBET and RIBOT Governments) with Baron REINACH having caused that official's resignation, and a scene in the Chamber between him and M. DÉROULÈDE the irrepressible. At the Monetary Conference a scheme was mooted for pig silver warrants, on some such scheme as that well known in the iron trade, and England and India dwelt not together in unity, the Indian delegate, Sir GUILFORD MOLESWORTH, going so far as to ascribe an "obstructive attitude" to the home representatives. The Army Bill debate in the Reichstag was continuing, and Herr VON BENNIGSEN, leader of the National Liberals, a party once prevailing, now sadly minished, was rather conciliatory on the subject. The Canadians were angry with President HARRISON; but what do the words of a President under notice to quit matter?

On Thursday morning it was announced that Russia had, with her usual generosity, been raising chicanes about the passage of Bulgarian war-ships through the Dardanelles, and that the German Army Bill had been referred to a Committee.

Much space was occupied yesterday morning by accounts of the debate in the French Chamber on the question of giving additional powers to the Panama Committee. This proposal was the subject of more than one division, and finally the RIBOT Government, which made its rejection a question of confidence, escaped destruction in its cradle by the narrow majority of 271 to 265. But the end of these things is clearly not yet. It was said that the Congo Free State is again pressing England to allow it access to the Nile; to which the only answer should be, "Not for "an hour!"

The National Conservative Union. We deal elsewhere, and in more than one place, with the very successful meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Sheffield, which was addressed twice by Mr. BALFOUR on Tuesday, and passed resolutions approving of a return to Protection. On this subject Mr. BALFOUR did not, however, touch, but devoted himself chiefly to Ireland and Mr. MORLEY. On the following day Mr. BALFOUR, with more especial reference to

certain election petitions, impressed on his hearers the importance of being "professional politicians" as far as technical points go. And certainly the amateur agent has done us very ill turns.

University News. On Tuesday Lord SPENCER, as Chancellor of the Victoria University, opened the new buildings of University College, Liverpool. Mr. BRYCE, as Chancellor of the Duchy, attended, and announced a contribution of 4,000*l.* from HER MAJESTY, the Duchess; while Lord DERBY, though too ill to attend personally, sent a promise of another 1,000*l.*——In the newspapers of the same day appeared a curious and ingenious example of the shoddy in which a certain class (by no means all classes) of Nonconformists delight. "Mr. ——, M.A., senior student of Mansfield "College, Oxford, has accepted a unanimous call "from," &c. This is exactly and ingeniously modelled on the usual form of announcing the appointment of a member of one of the Universities to a benefice. Yet it is, whether intended or not, a mere *suggestio falsi.* There is no "Mansfield College, Oxford," except in the sense in which a blacking manufacturer at that ancient city might call his establishment "Coll. SS. Diei et Martini, Oxon." if he chose. There are no "senior students," as generally understood, at "Oxford," except at Christ Church; and, wherever Mr. —— got his M.A., Mansfield College had no more to do with his getting it than the College of Cardinals. It will be said, of course, that no deception is intended. Then why adopt such a form?

The Law Courts. Yesterday week Mr. Justice NORTH granted an application for bringing the SUTHERLAND heirloom jewels into Court.——Judgment was given next day in the curious case of CHRISTY *v.* DAVEY, in which two neighbours at Brixton accused each other of unreasonable and unseasonable noises. The plaintiff got his order for peace, and was held free of the charge of retaliation against the cornets, flutes, harps, sackbuts, psalteries, and dulcimers of his neighbours.——The grand jury at Warwick threw out the bill against the two soldiers, WELCH and KING, who were charged with the murder of a man at that place.——A prominent builder and contractor, Mr. HOBBS, and a lawyer, Mr. WRIGHT, were charged at Bow Street on Monday with forgery in connexion with the Liberator Building Society, and bail was refused. The man MANKLOW, who murderously assaulted Miss PHILBRICK and Miss WOOD at Chiselhurst last August, was ordered, at Maidstone Assizes, proof of his insanity being given, to be confined during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure. An order of a similar, but minor, kind was made on the same day at Windsor by the magistrates in the case of Mr. WILLIAM WATSON. Mr. WATSON'S name has been very much in the papers lately, and he recently received a *douceur* of 200*l.* for his verse from the Royal Bounty Fund, which has been the subject of some controversy. He endeavoured to stop the horses of the Duke of EDINBURGH'S carriage, and, being taken into custody, exhibited, in the opinion of the doctors called in, symptoms of undoubted insanity, which is said to have been partly constitutional, and partly the result of being "thrown off his balance" by excessive critical eulogy. For the critic is always in the wrong; and when he is not killing KEATS with blame, he is unhinging Mr. WATSON with praise. Truly a pestilent creature!——The LONG probate case (in which the artist's will, or rather a codicil, had been the subject of family jars) was happily settled on the second day of trial.——In the Missing Word Competition case Sir JOHN BRIDGE decided on Tuesday that the thing was a lottery, and inflicted a nominal fine, judgment being stayed to allow appeal if the parties decided on it. The decision has brought about a curious state of things, large sums of money being impounded, it is said, in consequence. The Blackburn murderer of a little girl was found guilty, with a curiously imbecile recommendation to mercy on the ground that the crime was not "planned"—that is to say, in plain language, that the poor fellow only meant rape, and committed murder as an accidental means to that virtuous end.——On Wednesday a court-martial sentenced Paymaster HARRIS, of H.M.S. *Nymphe,* to eighteen months' hard labour and dismissal from the service, with disgrace, for embezzlement. Miss MAUDE, the unlucky girl whose mother, since dead, induced her to obtain goods from tradesmen on false pretences, pleaded guilty, and was next day sentenced to three months' hard labour, a sentence which seems decidedly excessive.——In a most extraordinary divorce case, ABDY *v.* ABDY, the Court was satisfied that the alleged delinquents had never even met, except at the trial, and the petition was dismissed.

Sport. The football-match between the two Universities on Wednesday was, owing to the weather, only a kind of rough and tumble between "dragons of the prime That rolled and wallowed in the "slime" (*v. l. ap. cod. ined.*), and ended in a draw. It is very satisfactory to hear that the New York Yacht Club has accepted Lord DUNRAVEN'S challenge to race for the *America* Cup unconditionally. Let us hope that the last has been heard of the unpleasant fencing and finessing which for years has surrounded this race.

The London County Council. Yesterday week the London County Council settled, not even to its own very decided satisfaction, the Rate Improvement Bill for larnin' landlords to be twoads. The Council's *employés,* by the way, have resolved to form a Union—a resolve over which it is impossible for the profane mind not to chuckle. The Council was occupied on Tuesday with its fair wages scheme. On Thursday Lord ROSEBERY and a body calling itself the London Reform Union took the Council up at Exeter Hall, and clamoured among other things for the extinction of the hated Corporation, which only governs well, and robs nobody, and minds its own business, and is generally uninteresting.

Miscellaneous. This day week Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON distributed the prizes to the students of the Royal Academy Schools.——A bad colliery accident occurred at Wigan on Wednesday owing, not to any of the usual causes, but to a fire in the underground engine-house.——On Thursday the Society of Authors held a meeting, which was addressed by Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK and Mr. WALTER BESANT.——The Duke of YORK opened the new buildings of the South London Ophthalmic Hospital.

Obituary. Mr. BURBIDGE was a member of the famous Surrey Eleven of forty years ago, and one of the chief veterans of county cricket.——Mr. H. P. GILBEY was the senior partner in a firm which has become famous for supplying more bottles of wine and spirits to more persons than any other in the world.——It is difficult to believe that Sir BERNARD BURKE is dead, and the announcement sounds rather like that of the decease of the Clerk of the Weather or of Mrs. GRUNDY. Early in the forty years during which he held the post of Ulster King-at-Arms Sir BERNARD became a name—a sort of eidolon symbolizing genealogy and heraldry, and the like coloured arts. Nor had he ever lost this prestige or the half-mythical atmosphere and quality it conferred. Sir BERNARD was, indeed, none of those ungracious heralds and genealogists who unsettle pedigrees and query arms—he was not the man to disturb a *gratissimus error,* but would rather give it an amiable touch of paint, a becoming patch here and there, if necessary. Still, his learning and competence were undoubted, and in the discharge of his various offices he showed equal courtesy and discretion.——Had the death of M. JOHN LEMOINNE occurred fifteen or twenty years ago, it would have

made much more sensation both in France and England; but the very difference makes it all the more instructive. M. LEMOINNE used to be the great battle-horse of the advocates of signed articles in England. "Ah! if we only had articles signed by men like M. "JOHN LEMOINNE!" the reader was supposed to sigh, and "Ah! if my name were only before the public "like LEMOINNE'S!" the writer was supposed to moan responsive. The lesson of time has not exactly justified either plaint. M. LEMOINNE was always a brilliant and well-informed writer, but by mere repetition of publicity his name lost its magic, and during the last twenty years of his life, though he was "disdamaged" by a life-senatorship, he exercised nothing like the influence which under the anonymous system would still have been his through the newspaper for which he wrote.

The Theatres. Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S *Widowers' Houses*, apparently a rather silly play by a rather clever man, which may be either worship or satire of IBSENIUS the Great, was produced by the Independent Theatre Company at the Royalty yesterday week.

Books. The most important book of the week by far is Mr. ALFRED MILNER'S *England in Egypt* (ARNOLD), of which we write more fully elsewhere.

MR. BALFOUR ON IRELAND.

THERE is much, no doubt, in Mr. BALFOUR'S second speech at Sheffield on Tuesday which resembles a slaying of the slain. The character, for instance, of Sir JAMES MATHEW'S proceedings had already been pretty sufficiently exposed by a variety of hands; while, as for Mr. MORLEY'S extraordinary—well, let us say paradox about the composition of the Evicted Tenants Commission, that is even more obviously a case in which Mr. BALFOUR has been anticipated. The learned President of the Commission may be said to have committed political suicide on the day when he opened its proceedings; but Mr. MORLEY'S "paradox" was absolutely stillborn. To say that the Commission, "if "packed at all," was packed in the interest of the landlords, was like saying that the late Mr. JAY GOULD, "if "he concerned himself in railways at all," did so in the interest of the shareholders; and the one dictum was received very much as the other would be. People, that is to say, stared at it, laughed at it, or were indignant at it, as their respective moods of mind suggested; but nobody ever for a moment thought of seriously asking himself whether he ought or ought not to believe it. Curiosity, to be sure, was not quite so early extinguished in the case of Sir JAMES MATHEW'S performance. Even after the memorable speech in which he observed on the fact that Lord CLANRICARDE had no backing among his brother-landlords, and, in fact, had better agree with his defaulting tenants whiles he was in the way with them, there still survived a certain amount of sensational interest in "what was coming next"; and as the English public have, no doubt, to some extent failed through want of technical acquaintance with the subject-matter to understand precisely what it was that did come next, Mr. BALFOUR'S review of the subsequent course of the inquiry was by no means superfluous. But, considering into what utter discredit the inquiry has long since fallen, the reviewer of this its subsequent course, for the purpose of pronouncing upon it the indignant condemnation it deserves, can hardly help resembling him who slays the slain.

To one, however, of the learned President's sallies, and Mr. BALFOUR'S justly severe comments thereon, even this qualified criticism does not apply. So far as we are aware, the outrageous observation which Sir JAMES MATHEW is reported to have made on certain of the purchase cases on the PONSONBY estate has passed entirely unnoticed in this country. It appeared to us at the time that the English public in general, and even the English press, must have failed to catch the drift of the Presidential remark, so completely has it failed to create the scandal which otherwise it must certainly have caused. No doubt it was difficult, if not impossible, to believe that an English judge would deliberately recommend the repudiation of a contract, and it is, therefore, not unreasonable perhaps to suppose that English readers must, as a rule, have concluded either that Sir JAMES MATHEW had been misreported, or that they must have misunderstood him. There can, however, be no question of the accuracy of the report of his words, and one, at any rate, of the functionaries whom they most nearly concern entertains no doubt of their meaning. In the course of his dealing with one of the applications before him the other day, Mr. Commissioner LYNCH quoted textually this observation of Sir JAMES MATHEW to the effect that, "in reference to the other contracts "entered into by former tenants on the PONSONBY "estate, we are all of opinion"—that is, all we members of the Commission "packed in the interests "of the landlords," as Mr. MORLEY will have it—"that "the tenants would do well to be guided by profes-"sional advice as to their liabilities under these con-"tracts"; and went on, as might be expected, to express "the very great surprise and unfeigned regret "with which he had read this utterance of the "President's." The "remarkable announcement," as the Commissioner with reason called it, has not been long in bearing fruit; for a petition has since been presented to the Commission by certain of these tenant-purchasers, praying them "to take into con-"sideration and hear evidence as to the circumstances "under which the agreements above alluded to came "to be signed, and also whether such agreements are "of an equitable nature or otherwise." Mr. LYNCH, moreover, is not unnaturally struck by the anarchic anomaly, to which we drew attention at the time, of a Commission which is a mere creature of the Executive thus presuming to overhaul and override the orders of a statutory body. He was not aware, he said, "by "what authority this temporary Commission assumed "the privilege of intervening in the proceedings of the "Land Commission, which was one of the permanent "tribunals of that country, whose proceedings were "regulated by statute and general rules, and whose "orders could only be reviewed by the ap-"pellate tribunal constituted by the 29th Section "of the Act of 1891, or the Supreme Court of Appeal "in that country." Of course Sir JAMES MATHEW and his colleagues have no sort of authority to interfere with these contracts, whether they are pleased to consider them "of an equitable nature or otherwise," and no finding or recommendation which they could possibly make would be worth the paper it was written on. This does not, however, in any degree affect the justice of Mr. BALFOUR'S criticism of their interference as a "scandalous transaction"; and apart from all questions as to the other proceedings of the Commission, this flagrant usurpation of authority ought, at the earliest moment possible, to be brought to the notice of Parliament.

The ill fortune which attended the efforts of the Anti-Parnellites to make good their victory at South Meath has followed them in their attempt to oust Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND from his seat at Clare. Almost from the first there could have been little doubt as to the conclusion at which the election judges would arrive. It was natural, of course, that the Clericals should be anxious to make out that the secular terrorism of brickbats and blackthorns had been as effectually

employed by their opponents in Clare as spiritual intimidation by themselves in South Meath. But, unfortunately for them, their contention broke down in two particulars. In the first place, the victims of the brickbat and blackthorn can do, and did, what is impossible for the sufferers under ecclesiastical coercion. They can "hit back," and, on occasion, they can even hit first. And, in the second place, it could not be shown, in the case of the former, that, as was abundantly proved in that of the latter, the terrorists succeeded in their object. It would, indeed, have been an everlasting reproach to the country if this could have been made out. The Irishman is notoriously amenable to the menaces addressed to his soul, but he would think scorn of himself to be afraid of a broken head. "*Je crains* "*Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte*"—certainly not of the shillelagh. However, the strongest point perhaps in the case of the respondent was that the partisans of Mr. REDMOND'S opponent undoubtedly gave his supporters as good as they brought, and, in some instances, a little better. They would have been but degenerate natives of historic Clare had it been otherwise; and the men of Feakle in particular—that Irish Sweet Auburn, in which "there is always a "meeting"—would have been unworthy of their political privileges if both sides had not fought with equal gallantry and resolution. So in the result Mr. REDMOND holds the seat, and the game of election petitions still stands at "one, love" in favour of the Parnellites.

OPINIONS ON PANTOMIME.

SOME "enterprising" person has been boring all and sundry with a list of questions about pantomime, and has published his results in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The answers were, it seems, to be published as advertisements, so as to get this gentleman and his pantomime talked about. Why do people answer these questions, which are among the pests of modern life? Every enterprising character sits down to waste the time of people who never heard of him, and they suffer him gladly. The wastepaper-basket was invented for the purpose of containing such queries. Of course there may be persons who regard the publication of their answers as advertisements also; and so the affair works round, and, on this theory, is accountable. There is no discourtesy in taking no notice of such "speering deevils," any more than in disdaining to furnish the address of one's hatter to an inquisitive stranger. However, a good many busy men answered the enterprising one.

The clergy do not care for pantomime; but that is only because they never saw it in proper time. What strange childhoods theirs must have been! Of course, if you catch an adult archbishop, and drag him to clown and pantaloon, and the ballet, and the halls of splendour, and if he has no memories of a day when the clown was funny and the fairies fair, he is likely not to enjoy himself. The Archbishop of YORK and the Bishop of GLOUCESTER know nothing about pantomime. Their condition, as many modern pantomimes go, is the more gracious. Modern pantomimes, or too large a proportion of them, are made for the delight of 'ARRY, and are the mothers of the New Humour. The Bishop of OXFORD is sorry that he only once saw a pantomime; it was *Blue Beard*, a capital topic, the *Othello* of childhood. Dr. JOSEPH PARKER and Mr. STEAD never went to a pantomime together; in fact, they never went to a pantomime at all. This is lucky for their domestic peace, as they might have fallen in love with all the nymphs of Fairyland.

The Bishops of DURHAM and MANCHESTER "never "see," or never saw, a pantomime. Mr. BRYCE thinks the humour of pantomimes "beneath contempt." Yes; because these are the new 'Arryfied pantomimes. Mr. RUSSELL (of the *Liverpool Daily Post*) thinks pantomime should have more plot and less vulgarity. We entirely agree with him. Make pantomime a fairy play, with the story well told, and well acted, drop the rhyming couplets, have a good transformation scene and clown for old sakes' sake, and children will enjoy themselves, while bishops and other grown-up people will be happy enough. All the good fairy tales are good to act. *Cinderella* is a great favourite, so is *Blue Beard*; *Hop o' my Thumb* is almost too poignant; *Puss in Boots* is delicious, so is the *Sleeping Beauty*, *Sauce Robert* and all. Children are fond of improvising plays on these themes, also on some of the *Arabian Nights*, as *Aladdin*, and *Morgiana and the Forty Thieves*. "The most vivid pleasures of childhood," as Miss BRADDON says, might be revived. We also need a new Miss VICTORIA VOKES. But bad puns, dismal horseplay, odious, dreary, and meaningless buffooneries, may be left to humourists; they are not wanted in pantomime. They puzzle children, who now only get pleasure from the fairies and the glitter, they vex the judicious, they keep bishops and Mr. STEAD at a distance; nay, they almost make one wish one was at a Greek play on the amateur stage. We cannot put it more forcibly than that pantomime should be the drama of childhood, not of the rowdy music-hall frequenter. The tradition of the nursery represents pantomime as a fine thing—as it once was, but is no longer. It should be brought back to its golden prime, and 'ARRY should be left without his favourite boisterous incoherencies. Meanwhile it is pleasant to see that the "speering body" did not, apparently, get many copious and well-considered answers in return to his inquiries. If such questions are never answered, this form of advertisement, in which copy is gratuitously supplied to strangers, will be discouraged, and may cease to trouble.

EGYPT AND UGANDA.

THERE are more reasons besides the simple *honoris causa* why we should recommend to our readers Mr. ALFRED MILNER'S remarkable *England in Egypt* (ARNOLD) here rather than in our review columns. In the first place, the intention of the book is distinctly political, though in no sense party-political; and, in the second, it is, as Mr. MILNER himself ingenuously confesses, by no means a regular history of Egypt under England. It is a "discourse" on that history—almost a *plaidoyer*, if we may adopt the harmonious language of that great nation which during the period has played such a magnanimous and chivalric part in reference to Egypt. Its general conclusions and results will not be new to any reader of the *Saturday Review* during the decade. For we think we may say that we have here urged beforehand almost all Mr. MILNER'S contention and taken most of his views. The chief exception (which is made of less importance by the fact that he is not a man of war, but of finance, that he was not in Egypt at the time, and that, financier as he is, he not obscurely pleads, as we are ever pleading, for the reversal of the scuttle policy now) is his approval, not indeed of the senseless shilly-shally which allowed the HICKS expedition to go to certain destruction, but of the two subsequent orders for the evacuation of the Soudan, and even of Lower Nubia. We put Mr. MILNER'S opinion on this point down partly to the causes already mentioned, partly to a perhaps natural desire not to appear "Jingo" (for we must remember that this able and fortunate young official has some old leaven in him), and partly to an interesting and amiable admiration for Lord CROMER. For our parts, we are unable to think of a

happier instance of that change of titles which is habitual in England and which causes such confusion abroad than this. When Sir EVELYN BARING is "wanted" for those two horrible blunders (or for the first of them; he was, we believe, less to blame for the second), he will be able to plead that he is not Sir EVELYN BARING, but Lord CROMER, and that Lord CROMER'S record is spotless.

Mr. MILNER has delineated the slough of despond in which we found Egypt in 1882, when two squadrons of English cavalry, after a hand-gallop of forty miles, took the City of Victory—the "Babyloine" of the Middle Ages—without a soul of its strong garrison and its great population offering resistance. He has shown the chaos of the finances, the worse chaos of foreign jurisdictions and immunities, with which we had to deal. He has indicated how, with true British aversion to "thorough," deepened by the idiosyncrasies of the Government of the day, we did all we could to get out of the business; how the *fainéantise* of France, and the natural unwillingness of other nations to meddle, forced our hands; and how for three or four years we had a dog's life of it, with the Soudan troubles on our own hands, with everybody in Egypt suspicious or recalcitrant, with a millstone of debt around the neck of the country, with the SULTAN in an agony of touchiness and fretfulness, and with constant attempts at trickery and treachery from certain Powers. He has shown how we have brought order out of that chaos; how we have abolished the *corvée*, made the fellah a match at even numbers and weapons for the dervish; purified justice; restored, or rather for the first time organized, the irrigation system of the country; found ways, at any rate to some extent, out of the ungenerous restriction imposed by interested parties; checkmated the foreign swindler, and brought the Unified debt (the conversion of which at 80 was only seven years ago not agreed to, simply because nobody thought it would ever be worth as much) within two points of par. There is no brag about Mr. MILNER'S story, and he is as careful as he can be not to speak too harshly about the conduct of France, even in such disgraceful matters as the protection of the *Bosphore Egyptien* and the opposition to the redemption of the debts. But the facts which he has to relate speak for themselves, and we are certain that no fair-minded man can read his setting forth of them without a great deal of satisfaction, and, perhaps, a little relief, at the thought that Englishmen still know how to govern.

We have said that Mr. MILNER unmistakably, though with proper caution, expresses his opinion that Egypt ought by degrees, and as she can afford it, to attempt the restoration of order and the recovery of the territory along the Blue and White Niles, at least to Fashoda and Sennaar. He uses arguments in no way different from those which have frequently been used here, and particularly that about the danger of allowing any Power, which may at least conceivably know more about engineering than the KHALIFA, to have the control of that Nile which feeds or starves Egypt. This part of his book is, of course, only an episode; but it furnishes a useful text to remind readers of the intimate connexion between the great work already done, or in course of doing, by Englishmen, which is so excellently described in this book, and the smaller but still important work which fools and fanatics would have had us decline, but of which, it is to be hoped, the mission of Sir GERALD PORTAL will be the beginning. The occupation of the countries at the sources of the Nile is the necessary complement to the organization of those at its mouth. The Egyptian rulers who attempted, and to some extent achieved, control of the whole course of the river, made terrible blunders of detail, but they made no mistake in fixing on the importance of the general fact. We, too, have made mistakes enough, but there is an excellent opportunity for repairing them. With English forces working from Mombassa in one direction, and Egyptian forces working from Wady Halfa and Souakin in the other, not many years should pass before the entire river, with its cradle lakes and feeding waters, shall be under the control of England and England's *protégé*, and the immense region of the Eastern Soudan be what it rarely has been—prosperous, and what it never has been—peaceful.

JOHN LEMOINNE.

THE late M. JOHN LEMOINNE will always be remembered as the man who first forced a way for journalism into the French Academy. The word is unfortunately, as things go, susceptible of an application which would by no means be to his honour. But with him it did not mean that he first made the Academy the subject of interviewing, tittle-tattle, and advertisement, but that he won his place in the only literary society of unquestioned eminence in the world purely by work done for the press. The younger generation of journalists, abroad as well as in France, has been accustomed to hear him quoted as a model for all such as write leading articles. Some, not of his own country, have, it is believed, been stimulated to translate him, in the hope of discovering his secret, with results which were not happy. It was found that what really constituted the journalistic force of the writer had evaporated in the process of translation, and that what remained was bald leading article. But the test was unfair. Journalism, by the nature of it, is written in the day and for it, in and for given surroundings. Nothing is more disappointing when it is collected into volumes, or taken from its proper atmosphere. In the first case it is subject to that comparison with the permanent work of the great masters of political literature which MACAULAY noted as the reason why Mr. FONBLANQUE'S collected articles seemed so inferior to their reputation. In the second it suffers that shrinking and collapse which befalls a piece of sea-weed when taken out of its native salt water.

Still, though journalism, being condemned by nature to be temporary and local, can never be literature, in the full sense of the word, it can be literary in form. The journalism of M. JOHN LEMOINNE was emphatically literary. That knowledge of this country with which he was credited in France appeared to Englishmen to be much less profound than it was thought to be in Paris. That quality of English humour, refined and adapted to the meridian of *la ville lumière*, with which he was also credited by his countrymen, was apt to appear in our eyes to owe its existence to the agility of the logical French mind jumping, as its manner is, too hastily to over-large conclusions from the undoubted facts that he was born here and knew our language. The truth is that, though M. LEMOINNE knew better than to call Sir JOHN SMITH Sir SMITH, could distinguish between Lord TOM NODDY and Lord NODDY, and could spell Whig, his comments on English affairs were distinctly those of a Frenchman who saw through French spectacles. His knowledge of English and of England did, in truth, little more for M. JOHN LEMOINNE than give him his first sure footing in the *Journal des Débats*. In this paper, and for more than half a century, he fought the political battles not so much of a party as of the whole body of Frenchmen somewhat vaguely described as respectable people. We do not know that any definite body of doctrine could be extracted from his writings. He was listened to not because he taught a theory, but because he commented upon the movement of the world with the

feelings, and from the point of view, of the *honnête homme*, in a style which was always attractive and individual. He handled French, which is the small sword of languages, with neatness of movement and surety of touch. When, late in life, the respect which was universally felt for his character had predisposed the Academy to elect him, the literary reputation he had earned by journalism made his election appear quite appropriate. He was a journalist according to the strict definition of LOUIS VEUILLOT—the most competent of judges; that is to say, he was not merely a man who wrote articles in a paper, but one who sat, pen in hand, watching whatever passed in the world, selecting the event of the day for comment, and writing that comment from a certain point of view, and in the interest of a cause.

One passage in the life of M. JOHN LEMOINNE would alone explain the respect with which he was regarded in his later years. He was one of the staff of the *Débats* which held its ground in Paris for the first three weeks of the Commune, offering a creditable and dangerous, though inevitably futile, opposition to that outbreak of criminal insanity. The last number of the paper which appeared before its temporary suppression contained a signed article by him in which there is a characteristic passage. Remarking on the number of grey-haired men to be seen in the Communard ranks, he breaks off to point out that "aujourd'hui les jeunes "gens sont chauves, ils n'arrivent pas aux cheveux "blancs." The jest was not of the highest order of wit; but, such as it was, it was snapped in the faces of the young scoundrels, mad with unsatisfied vanity and greed, who shot the hostages. It was written with his life in his hand. The tone, too, was characteristic of the class of Frenchmen to which M. LEMOINNE belonged. If the "respectable people" had acted with any spirit, they might have crushed the Commune at its beginning. Respectable Frenchmen always shrink from such horseplay—and yet they can almost always produce a man who will endanger his life for the sake of a sneer at triumphant blackguardism.

IN THE DUMPS.

"ON entering the 'straight,' and when fully half a "mile from home, his jockey was observed to be "'riding' him." We are quite sure that, if Lord ROSEBERY were to see a racehorse in the predicament thus described, he would augur ill for the animal's chances of winning the race. Yet he does not seem to be aware of the close resemblance of his behaviour at the National Liberal Club the other night to that of the jockey in the case supposed, or to suspect the inferences which will inevitably be drawn therefrom with regard to the prospects of his very awkward-tempered mount. The Gladstonian party has not, in one sense of the phrase, entered the straight, and never will; but it is still a considerable distance from the post, and Lord ROSEBERY nevertheless is beginning to "ride" it already. What other construction, at least, can be put on such an exclamation as "Woe to those "who were returned to support the Government and "who yet on the first occasion turn them out! I, for "one, shall not be afraid to abide by the vote of "Parliament, but still less shall I be afraid to abide by "the vote of the country"? In other words, "Mind what "you are about, gentlemen. The country, in return-"ing you to Parliament, intended you to support the "Government, and the country whose vote I, for one, "am not afraid to challenge will inevitably punish you "by exclusion from Parliament and selection of some "more trustworthy adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE in your "place." Surely this is "taking up the whip" a long way from the post with a vengeance. It is either a very premature warning to give to a still unwavering band of followers, or, as will be the commoner interpretation of it, it indicates a very early suspicion on Lord ROSEBERY'S part that the Ministerial majority is not to be relied upon for even the shortest space of time. There is reason, according to him, to fear that they will seize "the first occasion" to turn the Government out. Can things be really so bad as that?

Even if they are, it is rather surprising and very unlike Lord ROSEBERY'S usual discretion to make such disconcerting avowal of the fact. There are at least no traces of this nervous despondency in the speech which was delivered the same evening at Manchester by Mr. BRYCE. He holds it to be the first and most urgent duty of a Liberal Government, while not neglecting "the claims of Scotland and Wales," to "press forward "with all their available strength a broad measure for "giving self-government in Irish domestic affairs to "the Irish people." It is true that the germ of anxiety lurks in that little word "available," the question being what amount of the reputed Ministerial "strength" will be found to answer to that description. But there is nothing in Mr. BRYCE'S more cheerful remarks to suggest that he agrees with Lord ROSEBERY in suspecting that the available strength of Ministers will on this very "first "occasion" prove insufficient to save them from Parliamentary defeat. We are afraid, however, that the hopefulness of the CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY OF LANCASTER will not go far to correct the disheartening effect produced by the too manifest depression of the FOREIGN SECRETARY. His gloomy hints at the probability of Ministers having to take the "vote of the "country" again at an early period may be compared with Mr. MORLEY'S melancholy declaration at Newcastle that he "does not despair" of passing a Home Rule Bill. The very words chosen by these two distinguished members of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet are fraught with discouraging associations. Their talk is of "woe" and "despair," of the difficulties which beset their proposed legislation, of the doubts which surround the fidelity of their followers. Never within our recollection have the representatives of an Administration which has not yet met its Parliament, except ceremonially, been seen in such doleful dumps, a whole month and more before the day of ordeal arrives. Let Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. MORLEY take heart of grace. Their majority, it is true, is small—and shaky; but still it is for the present a majority, and they need not run to meet misfortune half way. If Ministers are going to "funk" in this fashion, it will be a great disappointment to all Unionists who have been looking forward to a Session of lively conflict. There will be no pleasure in defeating the Government if they are going to take their defeat in this poor-spirited way. It will be like beating a beast of burden.

FRANCE.

THE belief which has been expressed here and there of late, that the present discreditable confusion in the French political world is a mere conflict among the Deputies which is without serious danger, must have been greatly shaken within the last few days. There is danger, and that of a grave kind. It has been shown that the Ministry has no real authority in the Chamber. M. RIBOT and his colleagues have surrendered completely to the Committee of Investigation into the Panama scandals. The autopsy on the body of Baron JACQUES DE REINACH has been conceded, and his papers have been sequestered, although the Ministers have declared within the last three weeks that both measures were illegal. A very narrow majority has for the present, if not for good, stopped M.

POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN'S Bill conferring judicial powers on the Committee; but this has now become a detail of little importance. The Cabinet has put itself so completely at the disposal of the Committee that this body can safely dispense with further legal powers. In the present mood of the Chamber, it is as nearly certain as anything can be in French politics that any attempt on the part of M. RIBOT'S Cabinet to resume the attitude taken by M. LOUBET will be followed by its instant destruction. The most entire ignorance of the political history of France in this century is required by those who wish to persuade themselves that, with Ministries who possess neither character nor principles nor authority, a Chamber angry and hopelessly divided, and an irregular body such as the Committee at work feeding a growing popular excitement, we have not before us all the elements of a possible national crisis.

The nature of the evidence—using the word in a lax and conversational way—which has been given before the Committee of Investigation within the last week is undeniably calculated to confirm, and even to increase, the belief that there has been corruption. The report of the doctors who are conducting the autopsy on Baron DE REINACH cannot be published for some weeks; but it would be an affectation to deny that all the published evidence points to suicide, caused by fear of what would be revealed in the trial of the Panama Directors. Neither can there be any longer any doubt as to what it was that Baron DE REINACH feared. It is possible that the precautions which have been taken to conceal the names of the persons with whom he had dealings, behind those of brokers and agents, may prove successful. Even so it has been amply shown that he stood with many Deputies on a footing which made corruption possible, and can, indeed, hardly be accounted for except by corrupt motives. There is a sentence in his conversation with M. ROUVIER which is at once comic and exceedingly significant. "I asked him," said the Minister, "if he had committed any offence "against the law, if he had bribed any Deputies or "Senators?" He replied, "No. I realized profits "which I shared with my friends." M. JOURDAIN'S famous demonstration that his father was not a clothier occurs irresistibly to the mind on reading this extraordinary justification, made by a man who, in the same conversation, confessed that he was "lost." Nor did M. DE REINACH want for friends with whom to share his profits. The undignified self-defence of M. A. GRÉVY has been followed by the no less undignified justification of M. DEVÈS, Senator and ex-Minister, who confesses that he accepted money to start a newspaper.

The relations of M. ROUVIER himself with the late financier are at least not creditable. He had, no doubt, a perfect right to entertain feelings of personal friendship for M. J. DE REINACH—and yet it is not to be wondered at if the world is asking how it came to pass that a Minister and a Deputy in the position of M. CLÉMENCEAU should be found running about in a cab to implore M. CONSTANS, an ex-Minister, to stop newspaper attacks on Baron DE REINACH. Then, too, we have the sudden appearance of M. CORNELIUS HERZ of the Legion of Honour, who is understood to be a German naturalized as a citizen of the United States. He has had business relations with M. CLÉMENCEAU, and has been otherwise active in the financial-political world of Paris. In fine, every day adds something to the evidence that Senators did stand on relations of take with capitalists who displayed a benevolent, but not very financier-like, disposition to share their profits with friends. The world will be hard to persuade that there was no give corresponding to all this take, or that German-Jew financiers scatter their money right and left out of pure love of doing good. Nor will the world be wrong. Where it is proved that politicians were engaged in perpetual Stock Exchange speculation, and eager to court the society of those who could give them useful information, it is neither unreasonable nor unjust to suspect the presence of *tripotage*. The mere suspicion of complicity in this has driven M. ROUVIER from office—and M. ROUVIER is one of those Ministers who are supposed to have been kept in office by that Russian Alliance which is now found to be such a useful explanation of everything.

WINTER GOLF.

SOMETHING called golf may be played in winter at the headquarters of the ancient sport, but it is a game of chance, like baccarat, rather than of skill, like whist. In the first place, there is usually a howling tornado blowing, in face of which a ball soars like a towering partridge, and then gracefully descends behind the player, like the fabled boomerang. At best, the smallest "slice" carries the ball careering away "into "the whuns," where there is a great chance of losing it for ever. This kind of atmospheric pressure, however, is too common at St. Andrews in all seasons of the year to call for remark. The water on the links is another affair. The links usually resemble a map of the parish of Assynt, in which there are two hundred lochs. A level hole, like the First or the Ninth, is a sheet of gleaming mirrors, reflecting the flight of wild geese, that wail as they pass to the mouth of Eden or Tay; and glassing all the towers from St. Rules to the Yew Pei, or United Presbyterian spire, which is often useful to play on.

This is all very picturesque; but it is little joy to see a well-hit ball land with a splash, like a cannon-ball in the sea, while the bunkers are deep ponds. You may observe caddies strapping two clubs together so as to reach a ball deeply immerged, and then leaning forward, clasped hand in hand across the abyss. Of course it is impossible to play out of bunkers every one of which is four or five feet deep in water. A landing-net on a long telescoped handle is an indispensable part of the golfer's equipment. The scene changes when a night's frost has made the links more available for curling or skating than golf. You have to stand on glassy ice to play a ball in a hollow, and nails are worse than useless. The infatuated amateur's heels are in the air in a moment, and his head on the ice. Then you have to putt across a glistening expanse of ice, with holes in it, and where the ball may end its career is an incalculable problem. In playing, each round frozen hummock dashes itself against the ball, which may cannon off in any unexpected direction, or perhaps come back and take you in the eye. This is particularly likely to happen when you are playing off the ice in a bunker. The ball catches the frozen edge of the bunker and carries death and dismay among the caddies or players. Still, it is often possible to get a very long drive off the smooth and springy surface of the frozen bunker, in cases where the outer wall is low. A ball hit low may also go to marvellous distances where there are no hummocks, flying merrily along the iron soil. But in a dry bunker escape is next to impossible, for you cannot "tak' plenty o' sand," you might as well try to take plenty of iron. The sand is as hard as adamant. Nor can lofted shots, with irons, be properly managed when the turf totally declines to be "skelped," in the modern fashion, and divots cannot be sliced out. The old baffy spoon that was good enough for DUNCAN FORBES of Culloden, and for Prince CHARLES (who never played the President at this game), would now be serviceable.

Things are worst of all when a *verglas*, or skin of

frozen new-fallen rain, covers the whole surface of the links, showing white cracks when tapped with a club. Golf now becomes a game for the Alpine climber. In ascending one of the countless hummocks your front foot slips, your rear foot does not catch, and you may see players glissading prone down the hills and wondering where they are likely to stop, whether some friendly bunker will receive them, or whether they are to land on one of the little ice-covered lochans. In descending the greatest care is necessary, otherwise you fall with all your weight on ground as hard as marble. Shoes with india-rubber soles are perhaps the least treacherous; but sawdust, to secure the footing as on a wet cricket-ground, is sadly needed at the tees. When a man plays golf on a slide the results of his endeavours are precarious. As a matter of simple fact, the links can be skated over in days of *verglas*; but golf is no longer played, as in Holland of old, on skates. The amount of white ice and hoar-frost causes balls to be lost at every hole; players behind the party which hunts for its balls are detained, and every one is chilled to the marrow. The one thing still worse is snow, when red balls may be used; but playing in snow is the last defect of noble minds, who may also be observed driving on the sands, and losing their balls in the midst of the wash of the waves. The only compensation of winter golf is that the links are not crowded. The mere difficulty of putting discourages many; for on a frozen green a touch may send the ball careering in every direction round the hole, or a frozen lump may stop it dead in a yard. But, even if there be few players, one conscientious old potterer in a red coat studying his putts for half an hour, or taking twenty-five "waggles" as he addresses his ball, will delay the whole green as much as a crowd does. Yet men still play—a striking proof of the merits of the game, or of lack of other resources.

THE GLADSTONIAN BILL OF FARE.

THE National Liberal Club received, not Mr. GLADSTONE, but Mr. GLADSTONE'S portrait, on Monday, and offered it semi-divine honours. It has been painted by a Canadian artist, and, being constructed on the scale on which things are usually done in the Western world, it is several sizes larger than life. With a due sense of harmony, the eulogies which were passed on its great original were of corresponding magnitude. Whether the portrait, following sacred precedent, winked or nodded approval and acceptance of the homage of its worshippers does not appear. Lord ROSEBERY, who was the hierophant of the Gladstonian mysteries, confessed that he himself saw it very indistinctly. The clouds of smoke which were sent up before it—for the National Liberal Club appears to have been holding a sort of Tobacco Parliament—wrapped it as in a veil. Here, too, we may trace a sort of symbolism. The features of Mr. GLADSTONE himself are sometimes scarcely discernible through the wreaths of incense which mount up to and wind about them. To this obscuring but magnifying medium Lord ROSEBERY himself is no inconsiderable contributor. With his eulogy of Mr. GLADSTONE it is not our purpose here to deal. It differed from the tributes usually paid to the great Liberal chieftain, as Lord ROSEBERY differs from the ordinary Gladstonian; in his case, love or some other emotion has apparently cast out fear. He actually played with the awe-inspiring being, poked even a little fun at him, indulged a vein of irony and badinage. The arrangement is a happy one by which Lord ROSEBERY at one end of the kingdom has followed Mr. JOHN MORLEY at the other. Mr. MORLEY is cheerful with an effort, and the effort is usually more apparent than the cheerfulness. Lord ROSEBERY, unlike the typical Scotsman, is serious with difficulty and jokes with much apparent spontaneousness. Between these two intimate counsellors Mr. GLADSTONE occupies the position of the Roman Emperor between his two Court poets. If the heart of the Gladstonian is depressed with fears under the influence of one of Mr. MORLEY'S sombre discourses, the mist is dispelled when Lord ROSEBERY appears.

Lord ROSEBERY, it must be admitted, had no very reassuring statements to make to the very cosmopolitan politicians who have assumed the pseudonym of National Liberals. But, through a certain buoyancy of temper and charm of manner, his forebodings are more enlivening than Mr. MORLEY'S encouragements. His accoucheur and monthly nurse metaphors were, perhaps, scarcely more happy than those which last month Lord KIMBERLEY derived from the poultry-yard and hen-roost. But they conveyed the impression that a still-birth was possible. Quitting the society of Mrs. GAMP, he expressed the misgiving that the work to be done was too much, and the workmen—that is, the majority which now reaches, now falls below forty, as the election judges decree—too small to do it. He is apparently apprehensive of strikes in the House of Commons and locks-out from the Cabinet. The essence of Lord ROSEBERY'S speech—the statement which he is empowered to make in the name of his chief and colleagues—is contained in nearly its concluding sentence. There may be no dinner. But there will most certainly be a *menu*. Though particular dishes may be wanting at the Parliamentary banquet on which the expectation of members has fed, "yet," says Lord ROSEBERY, "I "think we shall have a bill of fare which will do credit "to"—all the noble qualities, too numerous to recite, which honourably distinguish the Liberal party from its opponents. The Liberal party may be able to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast. But we doubt whether it will enter into the spirit of this Barmecidal joke with the good humour of its original victim. A bill of fare is a very good preface to a dinner, as a table of contents to a book; but the bill of fare without the dinner, and the table of contents without the book, are alike unsatisfactory. As a rule, the imagination of a feast is found to stimulate rather than to allay appetite. Mr. BRYCE, who was speaking at Manchester while Lord ROSEBERY was taking his fun out of the National Liberals, recited some of the items of this bill of fare, on the preparation of which the seventeen cooks of the Cabinet appear to have been engaged. We need not repeat its several items. Practically, they will resolve themselves into one dish, the Irish Home Rule Bill. The question is sometimes asked, what book a man cast upon a desert island, if he could choose only one, would prefer to have with him. If this question were put to Lord ROSEBERY, we are sure he would be superior to the hypocrisy of saying SHAKSPEARE or the Bible, and would demand a cookery-book, out of which he could construct a bill of fare every day, regardless of expense and trouble.

THE LONDON REFORM UNION.

A PLEASANT vein of poetry ran through the speeches made at the meeting of the London Reform Union on Thursday—for which let thanks be chiefly given to Lord ROSEBERY. He drew a quite touching picture of the County Council of the future, endowed at last with full powers and the money of other people, engaged in turning London into a real land of Cockayne. The children of the poor, the destitute, and too often persecuted alien, our own lads and lasses "flocking daily from the country to the "towns, like moths to those lights of London which a "poet of our time has sung of with all the power and "pathos of THOMAS HOOD," passed before the pro-

phetic eye of the SECRETARY of STATE for FOREIGN AFFAIRS, who aspires to become "Citizen ROSEBERY," as he told the enraptured meeting. Lord ROSEBERY (we are afraid we must still give him the old title) looked not only to the future. He turned a longing eye back to the golden age when "the immortal Sir "WILLIAM WALWORTH" was Lord Mayor, and pathetically sighed for his return. Sir WILLIAM might, indeed, find himself at home in one respect—for the recurrent WAT TYLER is with us. Nor will we assert that there would be no occasion for the use of those expeditive methods which the "immortal" man took with the municipal reformer of his time.

But all this straining towards the golden age which lies before us covered a matter of business which is by no means poetical. The London Reform Union was, in fact, at its game. It was engaged in casting about for means of getting money to carry out the municipal Socialism of the Progressive majority of the County Council. The taxation of ground-rents is, for the present, a little under a cloud. Progressive persons have schemes for imposing the taxes, but they differ in what is probably a confusing manner. From the alacrity with which Lord ROSEBERY resigned the task of choosing among them to his audience, it is to be presumed that he has not found it convenient to make a choice himself. And yet money must be got somehow. If the workman is to be elevated, if the contractor is to be got rid of, and if the ratepayer is not to be shorn actually to the point at which he will rebel, something must be done. Lord ROSEBERY cited the effort now being made to get rid of the contractor as one of the efforts for the elevation of mankind on which the Council is now engaged. With that air of candour which sits so well on him, he allowed that it is an experiment which may fail. In fact, there are qualms in Progressive breasts at the thought of the consequences which may follow from the policy of doing your work at the dearest possible rate, and Sir THOMAS FARRER has shown signs of recalcitrancy. Yet, as Lord ROSEBERY said, with a simplicity which was at least admirably assumed, "If a great body like the London County "Council are not to try an experiment like this, how "are the experiments ever to take place?" Lord ROSEBERY, who has a kind of dry Scotch jocularity, was perhaps amusing himself by trying to reduce the view of the Progressives to absurdity. His hearers were plainly convinced that he had only fairly stated it. Experiments must be made; it does not signify that they are contrary to all experience; it is a matter of no moment that, if unsuccessful, "we may "be reluctantly compelled to retrace our steps"; it is a mere detail that the loss will be heavy. The one thing needful is to make the experiment. That is the aspiring Progressive view.

Experiments mean money, and rates raised beyond a certain point may mean loss of seats. To do the one thing needful, and yet avoid the possible inconvenience, no way seems more promising than the annexation of the City. Of course this is to be done all for the City's good —for all its goods and chattels. Lord ROSEBERY longs to absorb the Lord Mayor into the loving bosom of the County Council, together with all the property of the City Companies. He feels that it would be so much better for the Mayor and the Companies. It is to be feared that so much tender solicitude will meet but an ungrateful return. The City, which is not even treated with the politeness shown to the traditional ducks, but is told with exactly what sauce it is to be eaten, will, we fear, object. And it is in a better position than those animals who have been so useful for purposes of illustration. The County Council will not be able to keep them to the question. Before it can absorb the City it has to get a Bill through the House, and it will be easier to drive six omnibuses abreast past one side of the Griffin than to do that as things go. Mr. JOHN HUTTON, dropping in a moment of forgetfulness into plain Radical politics, did indeed talk of turning "for encouragement and "strength to that grand old leader of theirs." Lord ROSEBERY, who is perhaps better acquainted with the powers of that grand old leader just at present than Mr. JOHN HUTTON, was very enigmatical when they asked him how soon a Bill might be looked for. He remembered that he was a Scotchman, and wanted to know how long the Ministry would last. Speaking as County Councillor, Lord ROSEBERY thinks they ought to have it now; but, going to the other side of the room, he asks, in the character of Scotchman, whether they do not wish they may get it. We wonder if the earnest Progressive remembers anything so frivolous as Pooh Bah!

TERMINABLE FRIENDSHIPS.

IT is commonly accepted that no gift bestowed by the gods is more excellent than the gift of making friends. The possessor of this quality ensures to himself invitations to the pleasantest houses, the best place at public pageants (if he has a taste that way), the most desirable position at a "shoot." If the owner of the "gift" is a woman, she secures (without a tip) the pick of seats in her railway-carriage, the prompt attention of her dressmaker, and, better than all, eager excuses for her shortcomings of mind or manner. Solid benefits are likewise not unknown to the woman with the art of making friends.

Now all these things are good in their way, and not to be despised by any one; but is there nothing to be said on the other side—on the art of dropping friends, as well as making them? And lest we should be thought to be tainted with the cheap cynicism of the day, let us hasten to say that the word "friend" is not to be understood as describing the elective affinities of our souls, to whom we cling through evil report and good report, but rather in its ordinary and misapplied acceptation of a person whom circumstances thrust across our path a trifle more frequently than somebody else.

What a gay place the world would be if we only associated with the people we liked, and if the people we liked were always those who liked us—which, alas! is by no means an invariable rule! Instead, however, of this ideal state of things, do we not all pass through life chained to a vast assemblage of human beings with whom we have nothing in common except the fragment of a past? On each side, perhaps, the bond has become heavy; yet neither has the courage to break it, or, yet more often, only one is conscious of the weight of the chain. These fetters have in many cases been forged for us by our parents in childhood, quite regardless of all they themselves have suffered from a similar cause. What child has not felt its heart sink from the announcement that a small cousin, or the son of somebody "mother knew when she was a little girl," was coming to spend the day, and to "be made friends with"? Now, the sense of justice, which is keen, if not articulate, in every childish breast, warns him that there is some fallacy in this reasoning as applied to himself. If he had been merely told that he must try to amuse the little stranger, he would have done his best; but his whole soul rebels at his friends being thrust upon him ready-made, instead of his being allowed to "achieve" them. He is dimly conscious that his parents' argument—the fact of the newcomer being born in the same year as himself—would not be considered as necessarily producing a sympathetic companion in the case of his elders, and he has observed that they are not in the habit—at any rate, without making an outcry—of entertaining their acquaintances for such lengthy spaces of time. Accordingly, he determines silently to dislike that newcomer, and never to go near him of his own free-will; and it is to be remarked that in the majority of cases, though circumstances may modify his resentment, they never entirely remove it. Of course many of our childish companions came to us without this disability, but are equally unfitted to be our friends in after years. We lived next each other, or went to the same school, or were good at the same games, and a certain *camaraderie* grew up which is

never wholly lost sight of. To the end of our lives we shall always be glad to meet one of these old comrades in the street, though our affection is not strong enough to stand the test of a morning call upon him, still less a journey by train to see him if he lives in the suburbs. However, these are duties that a man can generally perform vicariously by means of his wife and daughters. If people would only be content with these "greetings in the market-place," and not insist on their old acquaintances "knowing them at home," as schoolboys say, how much fewer wrinkles there would be on our faces and cares in our hearts. And yet, though we never feel the need of half our *amis de circonstance*, or ever wish to see them, we do not know how to drop them, for they will not be dropped. All ordinary observances may be omitted. We may never ask them to dinner—for either the husband or wife is impossible—we may resolutely ignore their "At Home" day, as printed on their cards, and call at lengthy intervals when they are tolerably certain to be out. Their invitations and their cards are showered on us with as much frequency as if there had been scrupulous reciprocity of action in the matter.

Among the friends that many of us would be anxious to drop there are often to be found inherited friends. No doubt these may be charming and interesting beyond our deserts; but then, again, they may not. Who has not suffered from the acquaintance of a large number of people whom circumstances rather than choice have thrust upon his parents or other old relations, and who in their turn are thrust upon him? They call upon his wife after his marriage, not in the least because they wish to do so, but because they consider it a solemn duty owed to the family. They are not favourably impressed by the young pair, or by what may be termed their Progressive manners, though these are as far as possible removed from being "fast." They get up a dinner party for the young people, not from any festive feelings that animate their bosoms, but from a sense of responsibility towards their deceased friends, the young couple's parents. A similar reverential idea prompts the acceptance of the invitation, and the hapless creatures pass their evening as best they can, uneasily conscious all the while that the heavy, ponderous City magnates who make up the party look on them suspiciously as cuckoos in the nest. On the supposition that every woman is a mother by instinct, whether she is one by nature or not, the ladies entertain the wife with descriptions of their own children, while the husband tries to take an interest in the fluctuations of the stocks or the prospects of the crops. Art, literature, the drama, even philanthropy, he might have managed, but then his hearers would have been dumb. Now who is the better or the happier for the prosecution of this acquaintance? Yet, if the young people attempt to drop it, it is at once decided that they give themselves airs. And a deeper depth still has to be sounded than the one they have reached; for the inherited friends must be invited back, and (though it is generally pretty easy to find a partner for the commercially-minded gentleman) what man can fairly be sacrificed to the maternal lady?

It should be understood in social circles that certain friendships must be suffered to hibernate, on pain of being dropped altogether. There are various houses to which we are all charmed to go in the summer-time, when we can lie about under trees, and we find it soothing, when forgotten by the midges, to listen to the rustling of reeds by the pond, and to gaze dreamily into the depths of the water. But it is quite another thing to visit the same place in the depth of winter, when the days close in, and a sharp run before a late lunch is all that can reasonably be looked for. If the guests are provided with fires in their bedrooms there are hopes of escape for every one concerned; if not, whose intellect and temper can stand the long hours of conversation that are bound to ensue before even the most brazen and elaborate of her sex can pretend that it is time for her to dress for dinner? Winter should be a season of gathering up, of repose. Our minds should be filled and recruited as well as our bodies, and then, when summer comes round again, the results of the apparently fallow months would be dazzling in their brilliancy.

The summing up of the whole matter lies in a nutshell. If it were possible only to follow our instincts, to disregard conventional ties and throw off artificial trammels, and only to consort with those whose interests and aims were identical with our own, existence would speedily become Arcadian. But in that case we should have nothing to try our tempers or to teach us self-control, so perhaps, after all, weary dinners and unsympathetic acquaintances are not without their uses.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the Report of the United States Secretary of the Treasury, transmitted by President Harrison with his Message to Congress, it is stated that "the Treasury has a difficulty in keeping a sufficient stock of gold, and that if the shipments continue at the present rate gold will be diminished below the reserve line." It is not surprising that this statement has made a great impression in the United States, and that immediately a Bill was introduced into the House of Representatives for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act of 1890. The general expectation in the United States appears to be that the Bill will pass the House, but that it will be talked out or thrown out in the Senate. That, we need hardly say, will depend upon the course of events between now and the 4th of March. But we need not speculate upon the chances of the Bill; what we wish to call attention to is the growing alarm in the United States caused by the purchases of silver, as demonstrated, firstly, by the admission of the Secretary of the Treasury; secondly, by the introduction of the Bill; thirdly, by the general expectation that the Bill will pass the House; and, fourthly, by the very strong demand all over the Eastern and Middle States for an immediate stoppage of the purchases. The present House of Representatives in the summer had a large silver majority, so much so that, in the early part of last session, a Bill for the free coinage of the metal was carried. But events have travelled so fast since that the majority in the House has been changed. In the Senate the majority rests with the West and the South, and it is thought that the West and the South are still intent upon increasing the currency. Even the West and the South, however, must give way if there is a crisis; and, as we have just seen above, the Secretary of the Treasury himself at last admits that a crisis is not improbable. The danger of the situation is this. The Treasury of the United States on the 1st of November held in free gold—that is to say, in gold not ear-marked for special purposes—about $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling, and there were outstanding at the same time about $51\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling of new Treasury notes and National Bank notes, which may be presented at the Treasury for redemption in gold, and there were besides about $65\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling of silver certificates, which, though not redeemable in gold, have hitherto been exchangeable for other kinds of paper which are redeemable in gold. Thus there were about 117 millions sterling of various kinds of paper for which the Treasury is liable circulating in the United States, and to keep this vast amount at the legal par the Treasury held only $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling in gold. Since then the paper in circulation has been increased by the issue of new Treasury notes in purchase of silver at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ounces every month, while the gold has diminished, and now the export of gold from New York to Europe has begun again. If it goes on, as the best informed expect, the whole of the free gold may disappear from the Treasury, and then the holders of the notes may take alarm. It is quite possible, of course, that they may not do so. They may have full confidence in the ability of their Government to keep faith with all its creditors. But it is possible, to say the least, that they may take alarm. If they should, they will present the notes at the Treasury for redemption in gold, and the Treasury has not the means to redeem them. Probably the danger of alarm would be removed if the silver purchases were stopped at once. The public would then know that the paper in circulation would not be increased in future, and they would feel that their own Government has sufficiently good credit to borrow any amount that may be necessary to fulfil its engagements. But if the Silver Purchase Act is not repealed, the paper in circulation will be increased every month, and people may argue that it is no use borrowing, since the gold will be taken out again as fast as it is bought by the Treasury, and that thus the country will simply pile up debt without improving the currency. Thus every day that passes is increasing the danger of a crisis. Large exports of gold, by weakening the Treasury, will tend to create alarm. If alarm arises—if gold goes to a premium, and there is a run upon the Treasury—nobody

can foresee what may be the consequences. It may safely be said, however, that credit will receive a very great shock, and that prices upon the Stock Exchange must fall disastrously. The exports of gold on a considerable scale at the present time are themselves evidence of widespread distrust. Just as the end of the year is approaching there is usually a very strong demand for banking accommodation, rates of interest and discount are high, and in ordinary times the tendency is for gold to be imported into New York. Ordinary experience, however, is now contradicted, and gold is being exported, which can only be explained on the assumption that the owners of the gold fear that, if they were to employ it in the United States, they might not be able to obtain it by-and-bye, and that they judge it expedient, therefore, to bring away the gold to Europe while there is yet time.

The value of money continues to decline, notwithstanding the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange this week and the near approach of the Christmas holidays and of the end of the year. The rate of discount in the open market is only about $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. All business is paralysed by the silver crisis, which every one now sees to be imminent, and it is difficult, therefore, for either bankers or brokers to keep up rates. Yet we venture to think that the Directors of the Bank of England are making a mistake, for at any moment there may be a serious disturbance of markets; and, if the United States Government should borrow gold to strengthen its reserve, as is not at all improbable, not only would the shipments from New York be stopped, but there would probably be very large withdrawals from London.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to $38\frac{1}{8}d.$ per oz., and recovered on Thursday to $38\frac{1}{4}d.$ per oz. The India Council sold its bills at 1*s.* $2\frac{5}{8}d.$ per rupee, which is the minimum which had hitherto been accepted. The opinion is growing general that there must be before long a heavy fall in silver—indeed, the price for future delivery is very considerably lower than for immediate delivery. The Brussels Conference can do nothing, as ought to have been evident from the first, and it is reasonably to be expected that the Silver Purchase Act will be soon repealed by the United States Congress. When that happens a serious fall seems inevitable. In the United States strong efforts are being made by leading operators to restore confidence, in the hope that they may be able to sell before the crisis comes. But there is very little probability that they will succeed. The Americans see as well as all the rest of the world how grave a mistake has been committed by their Government, and that trouble must ensue. In Europe it is certain that an active speculation at the present time is impossible. Besides, the action of the Board of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company is causing uneasiness. It has already bought a New England line, which is only too likely to involve it in a quarrel with the New York Central Company; and there are reports that it is contemplating other amalgamations and combinations, which may end in a war of rates, not only with the New York Central, but also with the Pennsylvania. The general depression is increased by the resignation of M. Rouvier, and the fear of other disclosures as the Panama Inquiry continues. M. Rouvier had acted with such vigour and decision at the time of the collapse of the Comptoir d'Escompte that he had won golden opinions from the financial and business classes in France. It had come to be considered that he was an indispensable Finance Minister. Bankers trusted him and him alone amongst Republicans, and the general public regarded him, not only as a man of high ability, but of great integrity. His resignation has weakened the Cabinet, and is inspiring political uneasiness. The silver crisis, too, is weighing on the Paris Bourse. At the opening of the Brussels Conference the Belgian Finance Minister stated that there are 160 millions sterling of five-franc legal-tender pieces circulating in the Latin Union, and that most of these are held by the banks. Up to the present, the nations of the Latin Union have been able to keep up the artificial value of the five-franc piece; but if the American purchases are stoppod, and there is a further great depreciation of silver, people are asking anxiously, Will the Latin Union be able to succeed in the future? and if not, how will the banks be affected? In Germany the debates on the Army Bills are likewise causing apprehension, while the imminence of the silver crisis makes it very improbable that Austria-Hungary can raise the contemplated gold loan in the early future. Over and above all that, the Panama Inquiry and the silver crisis together make it impossible for either Russia or Spain to borrow. The Bank of Spain is in a most critical position, and if the Government cannot raise money to reduce its debt to the Bank, the latter may find itself in sore straits. At home trade continues to fall off. There is no prospect of an early termination of the cotton lock-out, while the apprehended strike in South Wales is growing more probable.

From the Report on the French Budget for next year we take the following statement, partly estimated, of the total debt of France at the present time. The Perpetual Three per Cent. Rentes amount, in round figures, to about $15\frac{1}{4}$ milliards, and the Four and a Half per Cents to somewhat over $6\frac{3}{4}$ milliards. The total Perpetual Debt is thus somewhat over 22 milliards. The Redeemable Three per Cents somewhat exceed 4 milliards; consequently, the total amount of Rentes, Perpetual and Redeemable, is somewhat over 26 milliards. Various other liabilities, such as guarantees to railways, floating debt, and annuities, raise the total debt to somewhat over $30\frac{1}{2}$ milliards, or not far short of $1{,}224\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling.

The reconstruction of the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India is proceeding satisfactorily. Practically the 15,000 shares of the new bank offered for subscription have been applied for.

The movements on the Stock Exchange have not been numerous or noteworthy this week, there being stagnation rather than active alarm. Home and Colonial Government stocks have altered little, and in the Home Railway market there is not much change, with the exception of Metropolitan Consolidated stock, which closed on Thursday at $87\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the previous Thursday of $1\frac{1}{4}$. The company has secured 1,300*l.* increase with $51\frac{3}{4}$ miles working, compared with $35\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the second half of 1891, and a decline in dividend is looked for. Brighton A closed at $150\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{3}{8}$. Midland closed at $157\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$, and Great Western closed at $163\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{5}{8}$. In the American market the only noteworthy change was in the shares of the Illinois Central Company, which closed on Thursday at 102, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $2\frac{3}{4}$. There has been little change in Argentine Railway stocks. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 78–80, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; but Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 122–4, a fall of 1. The Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at $70\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at $69\frac{3}{4}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Chilian Four and a Halfs closed at $91\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Uruguayan Three and a Halfs closed at $36\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. French Three per Cent. Rentes closed at $98\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Greeks of '81 closed at $68\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. The '84 Loan closed at 66, a fall of 1, and Hungarian Fours closed at $96\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. The Transvaal loan, brought out recently at 90, has been dealt in at $100\frac{3}{4}$, and Chilian 5 per Cent. loan, introduced at 95, has advanced to 98.

V.D.

At last the recipients of the Volunteer Decoration, which, no doubt, has been anxiously looked forward to by many Volunteers, the anxiety probably being in an inverse ratio to the merits of the recipient, have been gazetted. The Volunteer Force stands alone in the world. There is, as every one knows, nothing like it in any country other than those where British subjects make their home under the British flag. It is not understandable of the foreigner, who, when seeing the work done at Easter manœuvres, or even when looking on at an inspection, is apt to say "What fools!" He cannot for the life of him comprehend the nature of men who devote time, money, and brains to military service without any recompense in the way of pay, and very little in any other shape. Volunteers are kittle cattle to deal with, and we are not overstating the case when we say that but few Regulars, especially those in high places, to this day understand them, notwithstanding their three-and-thirty years' existence. The everyday circumstances of the Volunteer are so totally dissimilar from those of the Regular, the training of the one so different from the other, and the reasons which prompt a man to be the one or the other

so unlike. The Volunteer is very generally the victim of one or other of two great mistakes. He is either looked on in the light of a soldier—a regular soldier—or as a civilian; both equally erroneous ideas. It is just that blending of the two elements, without becoming the one by relinquishing the other, that makes a Volunteer. You cannot draw a hard-and-fast line where the civilian leaves off and the soldier begins. The man who tries to do so must fail most signally; but there is such a line, subtle and wavy though it must be, which can be recognized by those who take the pains to do so, and are endowed with all the manifold attributes embodied in that one small word "tact." There is no keener soldier than a keen Volunteer, and the more soldier he is, the more he recognizes the civilian side of himself. This savours of a paradox, but we believe it to be true.

One naturally asks oneself, of what fighting value is the Volunteer force? Who can tell until it be tested by the hard rough-and-ready experience of war? It is practically recognized as our home line of defence. We have Volunteer Artillery, Engineers, Rifles—yes, and Railway and Transport Engineers, and Submarine Mining Engineers—all and each told off to their posts now, at this moment. We have brigades, with full complement of brigadiers and staff; we have camps and manœuvres; but, with all this, we can only form an idea, a very general idea, of what the real value of the force may be. Good physique, plenty of brains, and unlimited desire to do their duty, are the chief advantages the Volunteers would take with them when mobilized, together with a certain amount of military training and some capability of shooting. We have no intention whatever of disparaging the Volunteer; on the contrary, we believe in him as capable of any development; but, take him as he stands, the case is much as we have stated it. What he would really be worth in war must at present be very largely a matter of conjecture. That he is capable of development in soldiering, as we say he is, is evident to any one to whose lot it has fallen to command or be associated with him for even a few days; but that the minimum amount of drill, &c., required by the War Office to render a man an "efficient" Volunteer can without further training—without more, indeed, than he can get—turn him out a thoroughly trained fighting man, we cannot subscribe to. We are, of course, referring to the Volunteers as a whole; for we know that, individually, excellent soldiers are to be found in their ranks—commissioned or otherwise.

The shooting of the Volunteer is a serious question. We are always being told that all training of a soldier is directed to one end—viz. to teach him to "kill." The vehicle by which an infantry soldier fulfils this laudable desire is a rifle; and if he cannot use it with effect, the object for which he exists is not attained. We have no hesitation in saying that Volunteers as an aggregate body do not excel in shooting; though, by reason of the extraordinary excellence of some, a certain glamour is thrown over the whole of them. Many a Volunteer team can beat many a Regular team, but the average Tommy Atkins can, metaphorically speaking, shoot the head off the average Volunteer. Here lies one of the great difficulties with which Volunteers have to contend. They have the greatest difficulty in getting to the targets. When a man goes to "fire his class" it means expenditure of time, money, and often a slice out of a scant holiday; while Tommy, with the rest of his company, is struck off all duties to enable him to devote his intellect to the theory and practice of musketry without the terrific distraction of sentry-go, &c. The War Office is right in requiring from the Volunteer shooting of a fairly decent standard; but it should—in fact, we consider it is bound to—give assistance such as may be reasonably necessary in the way of range accommodation, ammunition for practice, and ample allowances for expenses incurred in travelling to and from ranges.

What a contrast we find between the state of things to-day and thirty-three years ago! The drill and military discipline generally are very different now from what they were in those good old days—for good old days they were. The social position of most men in the ranks is not what it was then, though we probably have not less good soldiers in them than in former times. There is, we suppose, hardly a middle-aged man of the middle classes now alive who was not proud of being a full private. Banker, shopkeeper, and clerk trudged cheerily along side by side, enjoyed the mysterious and varied contents of each other's havresacs during the intervals of the raging of the battle on Brighton Downs at Easter, and thought nothing of leaving home for that seat of so much bloodless war at 3 A.M.—not returning until the same early hour on the next day. Those were the days when little boys made mirth over the supposed slaughter of four-footed domestic animals by the errant marksman, and when the kindly pencil of poor Charles Keene used weekly to portray the eccentricities and misfortunes of "Buffles" and his fellows.

Through these years have the Volunteers lived—lived down ridicule—and lived to earn a definite place in the armed forces of the Crown, and now the Queen has instituted a decoration to recognize their merits. We could have wished that a second grade of the decoration might have been granted to sergeants, who traditionally are the backbones of their companies. We also could have wished that, if the decoration be granted at all, it might have been so hedged round by reasonable restrictions that to receive it would have necessitated exceptionally good work done, and not merely twenty years' qualifying service. We do not wish to detract from the value of the decoration, or to appear to treat lightly or with contempt an honour which the Queen herself bestows. The fact that the Prince of Wales, the Commander-in-Chief, and other Royal Princes have been granted the decoration should suffice to remove any impression, should such exist, that it is valueless; but its value would be enhanced by requiring special service to earn it. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact that the regulations governing its issue result in men appearing to have all done something exceptional to become recipients of the distinction; while actually the case is that the man who has "loafed" through twenty years is not to be distinguished from him who has done good suit and service. In fact, the decoration seems to bear a somewhat too close affinity to the medal for long service and good conduct. The Volunteers deserve well of their country, they serve a useful purpose, and they certainly have earned honourable recognition of some kind at the hands of the State.

DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.

A VISIT to any London music publisher, or even the cursory inspection of his shop-window, will disclose the names of an army of composers whose mere existence none but the curious in these matters would suspect. These composers, who remain absolutely unknown in the musical world proper, must enjoy a vogue of some sort among some sort of people. They are the manufacturers of drawing-room or parlour music as advertised, and their works must find a sale somehow and somewhere, or they would not be printed. Nothing can be more disheartening than the great bulk of these compositions. It has been the writer's melancholy duty to wade through batches of what is called in the newspapers "New Music." Here and there a ray of brightness illumines the reviewer's path. Now and again a false relation of an unusually appalling and audacious character lends a momentary excitement to a disgusting task. Once, or twice it may be, you shall come across a really clever piece, or an inspired strain from the pen of one whom you had never heard of, and whose work you will very likely not encounter again. But, as a rule, there is nought but a dead level of commonplace, spiced by incompetence and the conscious or unconscious appropriations of other people's music, which is "marred in the stealing." So much so, that one cannot but speculate in desperation as to why such things are perpetrated, and as to who in the world can want them.

Comparatively early in the present reign there were a good number of more or less wholesome ballads which ladies used to sing to the gentlemen when they had disengaged themselves from their wine and walnuts. That was the period of the Book of Beauty, in which marriageable girls with "rounded arms" used, in the sagely selected parlance of the day, to "touch" the harp. Their singing was, no doubt, generally superior to their proficiency as instrumentalists; but we do not believe that anything quite so silly was ever sung by them as is to be heard not only from the mouths of modern amateurs, but even on the concert platform of to-day.

Shortly after the "harp" period the "ballad" period supervened. The ballad period has not yet been superseded in the middle-class drawing-room. Time was when "Go,

forget me, why should Sorrow," "Who shall be fairest," and so forth, ruled the roast. "She wore a wreath of roses," a ballad of this kind, excited the enthusiastic admiration of Balfe, and there was a comparatively recent epoch when popular songs were not necessarily regarded as beneath contempt from a musical standpoint. Arthur Sullivan was, however, actually forced to compete at first with such rivals as Virginia Gabriel, and the like, and it was only after many years of honest and strenuous endeavour that he established his position as a writer of songs by the sheer force of his "taking" quality, combined with a perfect musicianship which the general public only acknowledged unconsciously.

Regarded from a certain point of view, Sir Arthur's facility may be held to have been disastrous to the interests of drawing-room music. While he unquestionably wrote some of the finest English songs of this century—"Orpheus with his lute" and "My Dearest Heart" being hitherto unapproached, if ever approachable, of their kind—he opened the door to a crowd of scribblers who, as it were, said to themselves, "We, too, can write what shall please everybody." The consequence was, and is, that the market is glutted by composers, not only tiresome and unnecessary, but also ignorant and unqualified. To the making of a pair of satisfactory boots an apprenticeship of some sort to the trade is generally considered necessary. But there is hardly a fashionable lady in London having musical aspirations who has not published songs or dances of "her own composition," and these may be purchased (at any fashionable publisher's) to the exclusion of serious or grammatical music. Apart from the question of fashion, there are at large a great many so-called "composers" who, while making handsome incomes by their songs and pieces, would be as little capable of writing a four-part harmony when divorced from their piano, as they would be of scoring their "works" for orchestra. Meanwhile, the town is deluged with silly and spoilt reminiscences, by trivial and futile apings of the intense, by vulgar and pretentious scramblings after a vague originality.

We have met with bad music in France and in Germany. But only in England shall you find an entire shopfront frankly devoted to Trash. As an example of the apparently hopeless state of things which obtains in this country, the following gross instance may be quoted.

At a small dance, where a professional pianist formed the entire orchestra, we once noticed in a popular waltz a combination of fifths and octaves so mischievous and abominable that we drew the performer's attention to it during a pause in the proceedings. To the suggestion that by altering one note in the bass he might spare the susceptible much pain, the musician replied that to do so would be to destroy the "character" of the passage. The man was perfectly in earnest, and actually enjoyed the vicious combination. He tried the alternative conscientiously, if *sotto voce*, and in sheer good faith professed his preference for the music as printed. This was as though one complained of a smell of drains in a house, and an agent or surveyor were to say, "To remove it were to destroy the *character* of the place."

This true story shows that the composer, the publisher, and the performer of the piece in question were supremely ignorant of, or indifferent to, the rudiments of musical construction. Also that the musical ear of the performer, at least, was either naturally callous, or had become brutalized by the systematic abuse of that organ. We cannot believe that the composer and publisher—as, indeed, every dancer present—would not have welcomed an obvious and beneficial change in the bass, had it been only indicated to them. But the fact remains that horrible music is habitually played, and sung, and applauded by the unthinking. Solo vocalists are not the least offenders. For they frequently dignify the most appalling stuff by their practised methods and specious phrasing, achieving by such means a cheap personal triumph at the expense of the highest interests of the art which they are supposed to represent.

THE THEATRES.

MR. EDWARD TERRY has been on the stage for a good many years, for several years past he has managed a theatre, and yet his experience has not taught him to avoid producing such a play as Miss Florence Warden's *Uncle Mike*. This is both strange and sad. Mr. Terry has studied the careful and excellent work of Mr. Pinero and other writers of ability, but has apparently learnt but little from it. This lack of perception is inexplicable. Miss Warden, if she had any intention at all in writing the piece, seems to have intended to show that a really kind-hearted man may have a reputation for harshness and for the want of that kindly feeling with which he really overflows. That, at least, is the only idea we can derive from the work; for Uncle Mike is the idol of his cousin's children, he is found wrapping up tea, sugar, and shawls for the poor at Christmas, and doing various benevolent actions, while all the time he is adding to his character as a usurer in the City. But we cannot believe in the excellence of his disposition, because usurers do not grow wealthy on benevolence, and kindly people do not pay cabmen less than their dues, or so economize coal that their dependents freeze. In point of fact, there is no character at all, and why the excellent or execrable Mr. Quaife is sometimes pleased to be known as Mr. Ventriss is a gratuitous puzzle. If it were worth while to inquire into the mysteries of the play, we might ask—without the slightest expectation of receiving a satisfactory answer—why Quaife submits to the slights and insults of the pretentious cousins to whom he has lent money, why he chooses to be regarded as a poor relation when he is very rich?

Mr. Wyndham has revived at the Criterion what we regarded on its production as an inadequate play, and a second attendance at *The Silent Battle*, as Mr. Isaac Henderson's composition is now called—it was formerly known as *Agatha*—does not alter this opinion. The plot of *The Silent Battle* shows how the Marchesa Loreno seeks to prevent her husband from gratifying the illicit passion which has been conceived for him by Mme. da Vigno. We find no romance in the play. The theme appears to us to be vulgarized by the bluntness with which Mme. da Vigno, as represented by Miss Olga Nethersole, pursues her object in spite of actual discouragement from the man. A mutual passion may be made, and often is made, an effective groundwork of a play; but there is something repulsive about a woman who is bent on seducing a half-willing man. The Marchesa is made a somewhat pathetic figure by Miss Winifred Emery, whose refinement, however, only throws into relief the disagreeable tone of the play. Miss Mary Moore, not concerned in the main episode, plays prettily as an Italian *ingénue*, the betrothed of John Dow, of Boston, a part filled by Mr. Charles Wyndham.

THE SHEFFIELD CONFERENCE.

WE live in an age of conferences. You cannot take up your morning paper without seeing a report of a conference about something or other going on somewhere or other in the world. Within the last three days there have been at least three of some importance: the Agricultural at London, the Monetary at Brussels, and the Conservative at Sheffield. Sometimes our friend appears under the name of congress, but his nature is not much changed by his change of name. There is something comforting in the word "conference." It is suggestive of taking sweet counsel together, and of paths of pleasantness and peace. And yet conferences are connected with beginnings and endings of strife, and are identified with burning questions around which rage the hottest controversial fires. Probably under no other circumstances does the frailty of human nature, as exemplified in our little personal weaknesses, so conspicuously assert itself as at a conference. Only at the recent Church Congress at Folkestone the green was bestrewn with clerical wigs over vivisection, and wrangling over a word in a resolution or amendment will run gaily on for hours. Conferences, however, have their uses, and not infrequently serve a useful purpose. Let us just consider for a moment the Conservative Conference held this week at Sheffield. Let us begin by seeing of what its component parts consist. There are throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales Conservative associations and clubs, all in a more or less degree interested in organization, in political education, and political affairs generally.

Each of these associations and clubs sends representatives to the conference. Then we have a contingent of members of Parliament, with one or two members of the Upper House. The Representative element is made up of many and various kinds of men, differ-

ing much socially, in practical knowledge and in brain-power. Some are hard-headed thinking men, capable of taking their part usefully in the consideration of things political of whatever description; men who can give good expression to their opinions, and whose opinions are worthy of attention. Then we find the "one-subject" enthusiast, so to speak. Whatever may be his special craze, you are certain to hear it ventilated. If he does not move a resolution on it himself, he will inevitably drag it in by the head and shoulders, no matter how apparently unconnected with the subject under discussion. Again there is the man who, having time and money at his disposal, utilizes the conference as a holiday; and of course there are those who really go to listen and learn. The members of Parliament, or some of them, are glad of a good advertisement and of the opportunity to air some special pet idea of their own. With materials such as we have described it is obvious that there is always the prospect of some "divarsion," and that prospect is generally realized. The bill of fare is as varied as are those for whom it is provided. Questions varying from the position of the parish pump at Little Pedlington to those affecting the greatest Imperial interests are put down on the agenda, and all alike find eager supporters and opponents. While fully recognizing the desirability and usefulness of the discussion of such questions, we venture to enter our protest against any vote which may be taken being accepted by the world at large as necessarily indicating the general feeling of the country, and still more strongly do we protest against principles which may receive the imprimatur of a conference being necessarily adopted as dogmas of the Conservative faith. We do not mean that due heed and consideration should not be given to the result of the deliberations at these conferences—on the contrary, they are emphatically worthy of attention—but we wish to guard against an undue and fictitious importance being attached to them. After the discussions comes the mass meeting, and herein we recognize usefulness; for is it not the opportunity in the off-season for a party leader to attack his opponent's or defend his own policy, as the case may be? Moreover, such great gatherings are locally of use. It does not fall to the lot of many towns to frequently receive a visit from a leading statesman, and the various party functions incident to his visit distinctly encourage his own workers, if they do no great amount of conversion of the other side. A mass meeting, especially in the North of England, is a moving sight and an experience to be remembered.

There is another side to the conference—the social—and of that side little except what is good can be said. At a reception such as that given by Sir Henry Watson on Monday political workers of all classes from all parts meet together, make new acquaintances, and renew old ones. So, also, at an impromptu smoking concert, after the day's serious work is done, men mingle one with another, and so establish such relations as tend to bind together the units of the party whose principles they one and all profess. It may be that the particular units are few, but many a helping hand in an uphill fight has been first found on occasions such as this; and many possible local frictions have been healed or avoided by the personal intercourse of the very men who, had they not so met, would possibly have been at loggerheads indefinitely.

It is well ordered that the Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations should be migratory; and, if the Union and its Conferences continue to be well governed and arranged, it cannot fail to be of great value as a political organization.

RECENT OPERAS.

On Thursday, the 8th, after many postponements, *Irmengarda*, a grand opera in two acts, music by Herr L. E. Bach, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. No good purpose will be served by a detailed analysis of this work; by the time these lines appear in print it will probably have been relegated to the limbo reserved for the failures of vaulting ambition. The book appears to have been written originally in German, but an Italian version was used in performance, and an English translation—mostly in the baldest of verse, but occasionally breaking into prose—was printed in the Book of the Words. Some idea of the delicious naïveté of the libretto may be gained from the following stage-direction:—"Orchestral interlude, during which the several characters indicate their respective feelings in dumb show, leading up to the chief dramatic situation of the story. Kunibert signifies his love to Irmengarda by passionate gestures, while Lucas endeavours to draw her away." A work in which "the chief dramatic situation of the story" is represented in dumb show may indeed be said to mark a new departure in opera. No wonder that Lucas—who evidently knows that this is an innovation to be resisted—resents the "dumb show" of the audacious Kunibert by exclaiming:—

> Think'st thou one woman will lend her ear
> To thy proposal? *I fain would see her!*

The book is so bad that it would require a composer of the very first rank to make it tolerable. Unfortunately, Herr Bach's music is not much better than the words he has set. It consists mostly of a *pot pourri* of scraps of commonplace tunes, strung together with the most extraordinary lack of continuity, and orchestrated in a way which shows that the composer has learnt but little beyond the rudiments of his art. An attempt at originality is aimed at by a perfectly feverish series of changes of key, but the result is only to add to the dreary confusion of the whole. The careful way in which *Irmengarda* was mounted, and the trouble that had evidently been taken in securing a good performance, could not avail to make it at all tolerable, though it is only fair to state that it was received with much applause by the audience, who—for the sake of the reputation of a London public—it is to be hoped, consisted principally of the composer's friends. No one would be so ungenerous as to grudge Herr Bach the congratulations to which he is entitled at having an opera produced upon so important a stage as that of Covent Garden; but at the same time it is impossible to dismiss *Irmengarda* without severely commenting upon the fact that so immature a work should be thought worthy of being brought forward in an opera-house with any reputation to lose. If *Irmengarda* were the only instance of the want of musical discrimination of the present management, it might be passed by as an error in judgment to which every one is liable. But unfortunately this excuse cannot be pleaded; for no great effort of memory is required to recall other recently-produced operas, which have been brought forward with—to use the mildest terms—a lamentable want of discretion, and utterly regardless of the fact that the management of one of the principal operatic stages in Europe has more than a local reputation to maintain. New operas of real merit are, of course, very rarely to be met with; but they should not be sought from obscure composers of no experience, unless a manager has sufficient musical knowledge to enable him to sift the good from the bad. It is only mistaken kindness to give a composer a hearing at a house where he must of necessity be judged by a high standard.

It is a more agreeable task to turn from this unfortunate production to the excellent performance of Gluck's *Orpheus* given by the students of the Royal College of Music at the Lyceum Theatre last Saturday. Though to a certain extent the work had to be mounted with makeshift scenery—which in the case of the scenes in the Elysian Fields and the Temple of Hymen was hardly appropriate—the opera was put on the stage with a degree of artistic feeling and regard for the text which has not been hitherto equalled in London. The mounting was in pleasant contrast to the tawdry vulgarity of the way in which the opera has always been staged at Covent Garden, and approached very nearly the beautiful performances by amateurs at Cambridge some years back. As instances of the way in which scenes which can easily be made ridiculous may, by a little care in grouping, costume, and lighting, become effective, especial mention should be made of the opening of Act ii., in which the flitting forms of the Furies, with their purple, bat-like wings, were dimly seen before the lurid glare of the entrance to Hades. Equally good was the pantomime of the incident of the Wandering Spirit, which was adopted in place of the conventional ballet in the Elysian Fields, an interpolation which—though it has no warrant in either the original Viennese or the Parisian version of the work—was, we believe, first introduced when *Orfeo* was revived for Mme. Viardot-Garcia at the Théâtre Lyrique. The

part of Orpheus, in which the whole dramatic interest of the opera centres, was played by Miss Clara Butt, a young contralto, whose successful appearance at the Albert Hall was chronicled in these columns last week. The favourable opinion then expressed of her singing was more than confirmed by her performance last Saturday. Her voice is at present hardly fully developed in the lower register; its quality more nearly approaches that of a mezzo-soprano than of a true contralto, but it is extremely beautiful and even in tone, and shows signs of having been carefully trained. Miss Butt's singing was throughout artistic, and her enunciation was very much better than at the Albert Hall. At present she is deficient in style, but this is a quality which is rarely to be found in young English vocalists, and can only be attained by further study. In her gestures and acting there were also signs of inexperience, though her whole performance was marked by great intelligence. She is much the most promising pupil that the Royal College has so far produced, and her future career should be a brilliant one. The subordinate parts of Eurydice and Eros were carefully sung by Miss Purvis and Miss Cain, and the choruses, though rather weak in volume and tone, were given with a regard for the composer's intentions and a due observance of light and shade which were most praiseworthy. The orchestra, under the first-rate conductorship of Professor Stanford, played with correctness and spirit, though occasionally the energy of the young players of whom it consisted would have borne toning down. The whole performance was by far the best that the College Students have hitherto given, and reflected great credit upon all concerned.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. Arthur Severn, on view at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, is chiefly composed of studies of landscape and "sky effects," some of which may be said to present various aspects of interest, other than the interest that is artistic. These examples may well invite the curious investigation of the meteorologist, while the student of cloud-forms may appreciate the fidelity and learning of the artist's drawings of sunset, indifferent to a certain hardness and lack of aerial quality in the presentment. Then the intelligent tourist, in the Lake District, or the Riviera, if he values associations as Mr. Ruskin does, cannot fail to observe the local or topographical veracity these drawings reveal. The "Island, St. Honorat, Cannes" (24) is an excellent example of this description of study, since it is not, as others are, overloaded with body colour and laboured in effect. Mr. Severn's drawings supply an instructive commentary on an anecdote of Mr. Ruskin, printed in the preface to the Catalogue, which illustrates the critic's pleasure in the subject represented, and his abhorrence of the representations of subjects he regards as unlovely and distasteful. We must assume, on the strength of this anecdote, that Mr. Ruskin would designate as "beastly subjects" such drawings as the "Lambeth Pier, early Morning" (59), or the "Barges from Vauxhall Bridge" (58), even while he admitted the saving grace of truth in the picture. Yet these are among the happiest inspirations of the artist. In these admirable studies of the Thames in winter, with its chill, murky atmosphere, snow-clad barges and dark water, we have the record of a harmonious totality of impression. Admirable, in the like sense, are the "Entrance to Loch Torridon" (23), "Moonlight Waves" (22), and "Cornish Boats, Moonlight" (69).

Historic houses, picturesque mansions and castles, deer-parks, and old gardens are the subjects treated by Miss E. Hart Dyke in a series of water-colours, somewhat oddly styled "Recollections of Country Visits," on view at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street. Not a few of the subjects attempted by the artist present problems of light and shade, and of form and texture, that would prove excellent tests of the powers of the professional painter, and it must be admitted that Miss Hart Dyke has overtaxed her technical skill in the more ambitious examples here shown. In the smaller architectural studies, such as "The Little Court at Knole" (20), and the "Gateway, Cobham" (1), and in the capital sketches of woodland (33 and 34), the artistic attainment is far more considerable. At the same Gallery Miss M. R. Hill Burton exhibits some twenty water-colours of "Scotch and Irish Scenery," under which title are included studies of landscape and of the figure, which are full of charm and refinement, and distinguished by a sense of colour that is at once deep and sensitive.

CONCERTS.

MR. A. CARLI gave a guitar and vocal recital at Steinway Hall last week, when an instrument recently become fashionable, the Æola-Concertina, played a somewhat prominent part in the programme. It was heard to the least advantage in an obbligato accompaniment to Tosti's song, "Beauty's Eyes," sung by Mr. A. Carli, although this fact is to be attributed to the unsuitability of the instrument and not to the playing of Miss Edith Drake. The same instrument in the same skilful hands was more effective in the inevitable "Intermezzo" from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, though this seemed to be due partly to the absence of power in the three guitars played by Messrs. A. Fisher, A. Couldery, and A. Carli. Here, again, the deficiency lay rather in the guitars than in the performers. In the stillness of a summer night the guitar, no doubt, is an extremely pleasing and expressive instrument, but in a London concert-room its music is far too discreet and confidential to impress any but the few in its immediate neighbourhood, and numbers do not seem capable of reducing this objection to any appreciable extent. In a solo by Miss Edith Drake, two Spanish dances by Moszkowski, the Æola-Concertina asserted itself with a good deal of force and sweetness. It is a very flexible instrument, extremely pure in its upper notes, and combines in various degrees the qualities of piccolo, flute, and violin. In outward appearance, it seems to be a more sumptuous form of the instrument which makes Bank Holidays hideous up the river and at other popular resorts. In the interpretation of the lively dance-music Miss Drake turned it to excellent use. Songs were also given by Miss Cattermole, Miss Edith Gibbs, and Mr. Edwin Wareham, Mr. Arthur Lawrence contributing, among other things, a most melancholy recitation of "The Revenge."

Last week also Mr. François Noijè, the American baritone who made so brilliant a success in *Ivanhoe*, gave his first morning concert in the Victoria Rooms of the Savoy Hotel. Miss Esther Palliser sang two solos, the "Alleluia" of Massenet, and one of the famous Chopin mazurkas, "Aime-moi," adapted to the voice by Pauline Viardot, and in both obtained a happy success. M. Martinus Sieveking, a young pianist sent to us from Holland, played very well in two of his own compositions—Minuet and Valse Capriccio—and, in response to recalls, played a Saraband, by Rubinstein. This artist's touch combines the qualities of force, delicacy, and surety, and he ought to go far. Miss Estelle Burney and Mr. Murray Carson, of the Garrick, recited a little piece written for the occasion by Messrs. Parker and Clark. Mr. Noijè himself, who was taught, we believe, by young Lamperti in Dresden, was at his best.

The French monologue does not, as a rule, commend itself to English taste—a fact which is not altogether to the credit of English taste. Mr. Paul Berton has the credit of having overcome prejudice to the extent that the concert given by Signor Aramis at the Steinway Hall on Monday night was greatly brightened by two recitations given by a master of *technique*. Apart from his technical excellence, Mr. Berton is an artist whose capabilities remind us that art knows no nationality. The "Mr." which precedes his name in the programme is no doubt intended for a compliment to the country which cannot claim him as her own.

REVIEWS.

LORD LYTTON'S *KING POPPY*.*

IF the late Lord Lytton had written no poetry except *King Poppy*—his posthumous work lately published—that work alone would have put him in the foremost rank of poets of exquisite fancy and equally exquisite insight. Allegory in the very best sense of the word, humour of the finest kind, passion, the very ring of poesy, the keenest touch of satire—all these are included in *King Poppy* with that indefinable yet insistent charm

* *King Poppy*. By the Earl of Lytton. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.

that belonged to Lord Lytton's poetry as it did to his public and private life.

The scheme of *King Poppy* is, as Lord Lytton himself was, daring, unconventional, and beyond all measure delightful. To begin with, it is true poetry, and of that there is certainly not too much nowadays. It may be that the satirical parts, with which we are not the most in love, will be the least easily understanded. And yet they have their reason and their effect. We prefer, however, to concern ourselves more, for the present at least, with the many passages of pure and perfect fantasy with which the book abounds, and in which Lord Lytton was supreme.

The poet took what is, in these days, a new departure in appending to the poem itself a marginal rubric. He did well; and for all explanation of that, for the moment, we quote his own very terse and very pregnant "Note" prefixed to the book:—

> 'Throughout this book, the rubric running by the margin is to the text as a catalogue to a gallery of pictures. For when some painter has embodied in the images of a man and woman his conceptions of strength and beauty, then says the catalogue, "This is Mars, and that Venus"; adding, perhaps, that the divinities so named are there represented in the persons of the King of France and the Queen of Navarre. As much, and indeed much more, is said by the picture itself. But the picture says it in one language, and the catalogue in another: and of those who interrogate the picture, some, it may be, would miss the answer to their question, did they not read it in the language of the catalogue. Yet neither can the catalogue tell them all they ask.'

Much more, indeed, does the picture say in one language—though the poet himself evens them—than the Catalogue in another. And it is certainly very true that the Catalogue cannot "tell them all they ask." Yet the Catalogue is an undoubted help even to him who thinks with the thinker and dreams with the poet. It helps him, among other things, to the inner meaning of the fight between Classicism and Romanticism, and the identity of the wondrous and wonder-working Pilgram. There is no space for telling, nor would it be right to spoil the reader's enjoyment by telling, the plot, so to call it, of a poem of extraordinary beauty, force, and knowledge of human nature. Thus much, however, we may say, before justifying by quotation and citation the very high opinion we have formed of the work, that the blank verse is true blank verse, neither too pedantic nor too free, and the few lyrics interspersed are of that complete and perfect fineness that few poets have known to mix in a poem written almost entirely in blank verse. As an instance of this we may refer specially to the lines beginning (on p. 237) with:—

> *King's Daughter, King's Daughter, beware*
> *Of the world where thou goest, for there*
> *Not a pleasure there is but it turns to a pain,*
> *Not a sweetness that hides not a snare.*

But this passage is too long for quotation in full, and to take here a piece and there a piece would be to mar its symmetry, meaning, and rhythm. Yet one more extract we must venture to give, as showing the beautiful flow of the thought and the language that seems to have sprung up spontaneously to interpret it:—

> *Wealth we have flung to thee, sciences sung to thee,*
> *Mingling with all that is purest in heaven*
> *All that is fairest on earth, we have given*
> *Gift upon gift to thee. Safe they belong to thee.*
> *Give them not thou to the hands that would stain,*
> *Desecrate, shatter, and thanklessly throw us*
> *Our gifts back again!*

Two more short lyrical passages, and we will turn to other characteristics of the book. These occur in the Idyl on the mysterious island. The Princess hears a voice singing through the silent distance:—

> *Maiden*, it sang, *a boy's heart sent me hither*
> *To answer thine, whose voice hath spoken to it.*
> *Come! Let us wander, he, thou, I, together*
> *The wide world thro'! For short is song's way thro' it*
> *From heart to heart: and, that way, soul meets soul,*
> *Safe tho' between them all the wide world roll!*

And presently a song answers the singing of the shepherd's heart:—

> *A maiden's soul*, it sang, *hath sent me hither,*
> *Shepherd, to find in thee the mate 'twas needing.*
> *Come! Let us wander, she, thou, I, together*
> *The wide world thro'. For safe where song is leading,*
> *Wide tho' the world that holds them far apart,*
> *Soul beckons soul, and heart goes forth to heart.*

As we have before hinted, the part of the book which deals in political satire is not, to our thinking, either the best designed or the best executed. Here, indeed, there is something more than a suspicion of mistiness and confusion, insomuch that, after a beautifully-contrived automaton has been put in the place of the spirited-away Princess, a person in a frivolous mood might say "Which is the doll and which is the Princess, it more than sometimes puzzles us to guess." Yet there are naturally compensations here; for Lord Lytton had to a marked extent the invaluable gift of humour as well as of wit, and in many places the two combine to admirable purpose. On one, a foreign envoy has answered the Princess that it is his first visit to Diadummiania, and she replies—

> *Then you must find things here a good deal changed.*

With diplomatic tact he returns for all comment a bow—polite, courtier-like, and pregnant with any meaning you please.

> The envoy, for the tact he had display'd
> On this occasion, by return of post
> Received the sky-blue ribbon and grand cross
> Of Knight Commander of the Uncatchable Carp.
> The blazon of that order was a fish,
> Between a fish-hook and a frying-pan
> *Passant*, the motto of it *Point de zèle*."

For pure fairy-tale fancy going hand-in-hand on one side with deep meaning, and on the other with humour, it would be very difficult to overmatch the cutting of the Dragon's teeth, which are jewels. The passage itself is too long to quote, but there are subtle touches in the much shorter rubric which accompanies it:—

> 'While Beauty sleeps and dreams in the self-unconsciousness of childhood, marvellous treasures for her adornment when she wakes are secretly accumulated and prepared by the wonder-working Power that protects her slumbers. . . . To make a diadem for the King's Daughter, all the years of Childhood and all the influences of Nature contribute crown jewels. And the last seems ever the best.'

The last seven words strike us as strangely charged with much significance in small compass.

Another passage, in the opening "Legend," shows the author inspired with a different and a powerful spirit. The Poppy, returned to earth, "poor crownless monarch of a realm denied," calls on the Æther to help him to his regal robe and crown. Favonius, having warned him that "the stern Fates punish the presumptuous by granting their desires," calls on the Petrel to waken Khamsin, the Fifty-fold, the dry wind of the great desert. But

> not to serve
> The ambition of a mortal, Khamsin roams
> Ægypt, and Æthiopia, and the lone
> Arabian desert, and the Libyan wilds.

Sirocco is sleeping in the South, his "pale bride Pestilence" with him. Simoom is holding revel in Persepolis, Harmattan is in Guinea building travelling towers of dust against the sun. "Shrouded and sudden as a glaring ghost, Harmattan pass'd me, and I saw no more." For Monsoon, borne

> On sable clouds, whose swollen darkness flew,
> Scourged white by whips of fire, he pass'd away
> To his Uranian halls. And there he waits
> To speed the downfall of the avalanche.

Then Favonius cried:

> "What of Typhoon?" The Petrel rose and scream'd,
> "Look yonder at Orion, and beware!
> Typhoon is coming. Way for King Typhoon!"
> Then, lashing with her sharp wing the white crests
> Of the roused waves, the Prophetess of Storm
> Fled fast before the coming of her lord.
> Over the rocking seas and ravaged lands,
> In fulgent state, with trump sonorous march'd
> Typhoon's insulting majesty. The tops
> Of tallest forests underneath him crouch'd,
> And crack'd, and trembled like the grass o' the field.
> Aloft he brandish'd in his livid grasp
> The streaming rags of the rent thunder-clouds,
> And shrill he sang, "Both robe and crown I bring!
> The crown of terror, and the robe of wrath,
> A spoil'd world's gold and purple! But for whom?
> Where is the giant destin'd to support
> This weight of glory?" A faint infant voice
> Lisp'd eager, "He is here, and I am he!"
> Low stoop'd Typhoon, and search'd long while the ground.
> "Thou! Who art thou, pert pigmy?" "One that claims
> For what is strongest upon earth—Desire,
> The robe and crown," that lisping voice replied,
> And loud and long the savage Storm-King laugh'd.

Presently Typhoon asks scornfully

"Who granted thee the strength
Thy miserable aspect so belies?"
"'Tis Phantasos," the Poppy said. "Behold!
Not empty, as thou deemest, is my head.
Seest thou these lucid beads—in each, a world
Of beauty, sweetness, and sublimity?
These are my treasures. And as they in me
Are living now, so ages hence in them
Shall I be living. Thou dost boast of realms
Made deserts by the desolating breath
Of thy dread nostril; but not all thy power
Can overthrow the kingdom I command.
Down from the rockt mast's windy rigging hurl
The sleeping seaman to his ocean grave,
And in the fearful moment of his fall
He will have deem'd that him some wing divine
Is bearing to the bosom of the gods.
I call back smiles to the sad lips of her
Whom thou hast widow'd in the midnight storm.
Mine is in all the world the sole domain
Death cannot enter. Kings my subjects be,
And in my lap they cast their cares away.
I gather up the fallen leaves of life,
And in a moment make them green again.
I breathe upon the worn-out hours of time,
And round the paths of unarisen suns
My breath sustains their renovated flight."

Typhoon answers sullenly that the Poppy's vanity has doomed him to destruction, strangles him, twists off his head, and then soars up "Beyond the watch-fires of the Universe." Thence he scatters "the silver seeds of golden dreams," which turn from flowers to stars, and in their multitude are "by wondering mortals call'd 'The Milky Way.'" So, after all, the ambition of the Pale King of Dreams works on to fulfilment.

It is a labour of love to dwell on a work of such poetic genius and art as King Poppy; but, as we have said, it is not possible, or desirable, to attempt a revelation of its whole scheme. We end, then, where we began, adding, what is already indicated, that all lovers of what is truest and most beautiful in poetry will be very much more than repaid by reading the book. Itself an exquisite and powerful poem, it aims, for one of its objects, at plucking out the very heart and mystery, not only of *what* Poetry is, but also of *why* it is. And it succeeds. No more need be said by way of a last word of appreciation.

NOVELS.*

THE over-subtle reader, who sees through the millstone and discovers at the back objects which do not always exist, might very well ask himself now and then while reading Mr. W. E. Norris's new story, *His Grace*, whether the book had been written to sell, not only itself, which is a matter of course, but also a credulous and admiring public. Mr. Philip Martyn, who tells the story in his own person, gives himself at times the air of a solemn hoax. The story could be so stated as to confirm this idea. Mr. Martyn is a young gentleman of mercantile connexions (and they failed at that) who finds his talents insufficient to master the mysteries of a solicitor's office, and receives the "sack," as Mr. Norris puts it, from his uncle in the first chapter. He then turns his attention to an old schoolfellow who has recently become a young Duke, and enters his service as a species of amateur bailiff at Hurstbourne Castle. Mr. Martyn's young and pretty sister becoming an orphan soon after, her brother accepts the Duke's offer of a home for her under his roof, and the two actually live in the castle at the Duke's expense, ride his horses, enjoy the "luxuries belonging to wealth," and go into the neighbours' "congenial society." As a matter of course and juxtaposition (and what, asked Clough, "is juxtaposition"?) Nora Martyn falls in love with the young Duke, and, after some hesitation, he with her, and the upshot is they are married. Now, does not that course of events look exceedingly like the arrangement of a couple of adventurers? Sincerely, we do not believe the author so intended, nor meant Mr. Philip Martyn to pose as a hypocrite. But in this story—partly owing to being hampered by the narrator's temperament—Mr. Norris has not been at his best. The cynicism which always underlies his wit and humour, but is mostly concealed by them, has got the upper hand. Nora Martyn is ready to dispose of herself by marrying a vulgar old widower whom she avowedly ridicules, until she sees a chance of captivating the Duke. Miss St. George, the other heroine, is a vulgar young woman, who rampages in drawing-rooms and calls people "every bad name she could lay her tongue to." Mr. Philip Martyn is willing to act as the Duke's bully as well as his bailiff, and there is a queer scene where the two against one take by force a paper they have no right to which the Duke's cousin threatens to use against him. Mr. Norris cannot help being clever, and the novel is clever, but it might easily be more pleasant. Every one knows, and has long known, that Mr. Norris has a bright style; but he has not on this occasion handed it over to Mr. Philip Martyn.

There is nothing colonial in the atmosphere of *A Knight of the White Feather*. In spite of the name "Tasma" writes under and of her personal knowledge of Australia, the tone of the story is Parisian. The events pass in Melbourne and in the Bush, except just at the close, when Paris becomes the actual as well as the mental stage; but the thoughts, feelings, and interests of Linda Robley and her ill-fated husband, her father, her second mother, Lesbia Wiseman, and her lover, Captain Greville, are thoroughly French. It is a powerful book, full of life and interest, eager and animated in style, and one is only hindered from calling it fresh because the treatment of passion, the passion of love, is modelled on the lines we are so familiar with in French novels. The retrospect of the early intrigue between Linda's father and Mrs. Wiseman is carefully told without coarseness or needless detail, but there it is; it is an intrigue which the obtuse Captain Wiseman is able to ignore, but which withers the life of Linda's mother. Then Linda herself appears, fresh from a quite modern school of training in Paris, a lovely creature "with the brain of a man and the soul of a child," a Positivist and a Freethinker, brilliantly accomplished, and with all her learning knowing very little of the realities of life. She falls into a sort of intellectual love for John Fullerton, who shares her tastes and ideas; and an incident happens on their wedding-day which reveals to her that her husband is a physical coward. We will not spoil the interest of the reader by describing this incident, nor that by which the unhappy "Knight of the White Feather" redeems the fault he is not responsible for; nor need we trace the outlines of the affair between Linda, now the mother of two children, and Captain Greville, beyond remarking that it could from the author's point of view have had but one termination, save for the tragic event which interrupted it. This is merely the outline of a story well conceived and brilliantly told. The philosophy of it may not be to the taste of all; it is of the garden rather than of the porch; but the story must interest every one.

Lady Lindsay has a graceful talent for telling short stories with touches of pathos and humour which lift them above the ordinary level, or what was formerly the ordinary level. Short stories stand now well forward in the ranks of literature. But the talent is of the kind that should not be strained. In *A Tangled Web* the tension has been too long and too severe. The story is romantic. Lady Griselda—a beautiful young wilful Scotch heiress—takes it into her head to mystify folk and masquerade for a while in London as a plebeian colonial girl. Of course she meets the unknown aversion, with whom she has a sort of family matrimonial entanglement, and of course they fall in love. On discovering the truth, Wilfrid goes off in an angry pet to India, and Grisel pluckily follows him. The best part of the little novel is that devoted to Miss Lisbeth, the ancient Scotch spinster. "Alone! And you have never forgot?" says Grisel, when the old lady has told the old story of her youth and her dead soldier. "Nay, child; and what for should I forget?"

There is something pathetic in the old-fashioned old-world simplicity and earnestness with which Mrs. Jeannie Lockett, or Miss Jeannie Lockett, as the case may be, for the title-page saith not, has set herself to write her romance *Judith Grant*. The situations are so known, so worn, so faded; the manner of writing so ponderous and roundabout, the descriptions of places which every one knows so minute and detailed; and the author's belief in it all so sincere, that it is not easy to laugh at it. To state the plot is practically to laugh at it, looked at in the light of these rapid realistic days. Mr. Robert Dene has been severely jilted, and cannot get over it. For sixteen years he goes about meditating on his wrongs, finally makes up his mind to retire from the world which witnessed them, and remembering having seen in Australia a pool which seemed suitable for the purpose, proceeds to that country to use it. He arrives at midnight by moonlight, and is just divesting himself of superfluous

* *His Grace.* By W. E. Norris. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

A Knight of the White Feather. By Tasma. 2 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

A Tangled Web. By Lady Lindsay. 2 vols. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1892.

Judith Grant. By Jeannie Lockett. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Alston Crucis. By Helen Shipton. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

How Like a Woman! By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

garments when "another lion gives an angry roar," or, in other words, another would-be suicide arrives. This is Judith Grant, a girl of eighteen, whose life under a stepmother and three weird sisters can no longer be supported. Miss Grant and Mr. Dene converse, reason on the situation, and finally enter into a compact to postpone their common deed for three years, being free then to carry it out if they choose. Mr. Dene, who is now Sir Robert Dene, and possessed of an income, takes the girl away to be educated, but is obliged by an unromantic father to go first through a form of marriage with Judith. This is the venerable sentimental idea over again of a marriage which is not a marriage. Then we go to Germany and describe Heidelberg and other obscure spots, as if we had invented them. At the end of three years Robert and Judith are madly in love; but, of course, the "form of marriage" is an impassable barrier. They are man and wife, therefore they must part for ever. So they get back separately in the last chapter to Dead Man's Pool, again at midnight, and again by moonlight; but, in place of jumping in, they fall into each other's arms, and swear an eternal affection. They then walk comfortably back arm-in-arm into the world, and are, we hope, happy ever after. Mrs. Jeannie Lockett has what was once considered an imposing and important style. The humour of the book is supplied by making Germans say English sentences arranged in the German construction, and the trick so pleases the gentle author that there are pages and pages of it. But her knowledge of German has not helped her in correcting her proofs. Nearly every German phrase is a blunder.

The gipsy "lay" as the basis of a novel is rather exhausted, and it needs more intimate knowledge of the race and their hidden life than has been brought to the writing of *Alston Crucis* to revive and set it up. The gipsies of *Alston Crucis* would hardly be admitted by Mr. Leland. They may be named Herne, and talk of their ken and speak of themselves as Roms, and wear scarlet handkerchiefs, but they are stage gipsies after all. It seems a pity that the author should have adopted such a worn-out plot and filled it in with theatrical characters like the Malrewards and Hernes, for her power of writing, her ease in dialogue, and grace of description might have been, if employed in less hackneyed service, more successful. Harold Malreward, the son of an English squire, but grandson of a gipsy woman, is, however, drawn with some originality. Instead of being ashamed of his Romany blood, he is proud of it, boasts of belonging to "the nation," and loves to exercise the qualities, the quick observation, the alert grace, the agile limbs, he has inherited from it. Clearing his dead father's memory from an unjust accusation of murder occupies Harold through three volumes of very ancient "business," as they say at the theatre, and gives him some melodramatic chances, of which he freely avails himself. Almost all the usual parts in a story of the kind are here, including the lawyer villain, who murders, forges, and indulges in many other forms of crime and vice during a long, happy, and prosperous life, and finally, having had his back broken by a fall from his horse, calls every one around his couch and makes a dying confession.

Miss Florence Marryat's novels have not had of late years—if, indeed, they ever had—much literary value. Her last, *How Like a Woman!* will not raise her standard. It concerns the fortunes of the Honourable Rachel Saltoun and Mr. Geoffry Salter, who hold long conversations with each other during three volumes, and are married at the end. Miss Saltoun had a nature "thoroughly opposed to everything that was mean, uncharitable, or untrue." She did not, however, extend her charity to other women, and "did not believe in the friendship of her own sex at all." Miss Saltoun's manifestations of character, until she is crushed by overwhelming love, are not agreeable. She is arrogant to her equals, insolent to her dependants, birth-proud and purse-proud, and given to most wearisome panegyrics on herself and her family. Mr. Salter is an eminent artist, and the son of a hosier in the City; irresistible as a lover, but not eligible as a husband for the Honourable Rachel. The wand of the novel-writer, however, can arrange greater difficulties than this. "No waiter! but a Knight-Templar!" No Slater! but a Saltoun! And so they married, and could brag together of their common family dignity to the end of their days.

CERVANTES.*

WE hold it very stuff of the conscience to do no contrived personal criticism, but it is permissible to consider an author "in the abstract" as a producer of books. Looking at the author of this new Life of Cervantes from that point of view only, we have no hesitation in saying that he must be a very young gentleman. It is given to some men to remain, in a literary sense, very youthful to the end of a long chapter. There is, to begin with, a readiness to condemn others for small slips in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, which shows a want of experience of the ease with which they are made. Even poor Haedo is rebuked for such a "monstrosity" as "rambien" for "tambien," and it is noted that "the four forms of 'Ceruãtes,' 'Cerbãtes,' 'Ceruantes,' and 'De Ceruantes,' testify to the careful manner in which he, in common with most contemporary writers, corrected for the press." Yet, in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's own preface, we hear of "the more recent work of Mr. Henry Watt," which, says our author, "vidi tantum." Is the misspelling of the name of Mr. H. E. Watts a proof of care in correcting for the press? These are small slips, to which all men are liable, but for that reason they should be moderate in condemning other men for them. A writer about books of the seventeenth century might also remember that at that time the spelling of names was not fixed, and so abstain from attributing carelessness to Haedo. Another proof of extreme literary youthfulness in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly is a taste for decidedly gaudy eloquence and painfully clever epithets. Such a sentence as this:—"The halo of the glorious days of the great Emperor—for, to the Spanish imagination, the figure of Charles assumed, and still very pardonably assumes, heroic dimensions—which had radiated over his immature youth with all the magnificence of an iridescent afterglow, heralding the night like some seraphic poursuivant, had almost faded out of memory"—is mighty flatulent. The context shows that the glorious days which were an iridescent afterglow and a seraphic poursuivant had radiated over the youth of Cervantes. Grammar requires that the Emperor's glorious days should have radiated over his own immature youth. It is quite common with Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly to call a Moorish rais "a debauched proconsul," to speak of Cervantes as the "agonarch" of a theatrical performance, to call disbanded soldiers "grim pretorians," and courtiers "papillonaceous." These things are only pardonable in those who are not of literary age to know better.

But where the extreme youth of the writer is most clearly shown is in the vast sweep of his surveys of literature. It would take an industrious man eight hours' reading a day for twenty years to master all the books of which Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly speaks with the easiest familiarity—and then he would be incomparably more modest in his judgments. At the word "drama" the author rushes from Æschylus to Molière, and he pours out learning at the word "pastoral" in imposing torrents. Henryson is not too early for him, nor Florian too late, nor the Germans too obscure. Readers of some experience will not be surprised to find a sense growing on them that all this—or, to be just, very much of it—comes from text-books as they turn over these pages. The assertions are too sweeping, and the references in the notes are suspicious. It sounds very well informed to say that in the middle ages in Spain "Song had no time wherein to dress its wing for a sustained flight, and the national conflict of ages remains mirrored to us only in the fleet strong lyrics of the Romanceros." Yet the poem of the *Cid* is not a lyric, while the "Archpriest of Hita," "Juan de Mena," and "Ausias March" were abundantly copious. In many cases Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly escapes correction by being judiciously general in his terms. But at times he can be brought to book, and then the result is rather disastrous to any claim he may make to have read with care.

> 'Egg-throwing and tumblers, marionettes and hoop-jumping, blackguard songs, giants, dwarfs, monstrosities, menageries, and exhibitions of naked women, were highly popular. A pig let loose among a crowd of blind men (who, armed with swords, hacked each other to pieces in the vain attempt to kill the brute) afforded æonian enjoyment to the general.'

The authority for these two sentences is given as Pellicer, i. pp. 2, 5, 8. Now, that industrious writer quotes the pig story as an exceptional case which happened in 1144, at the marriage of Urraca, daughter of Alfonso VII., to Garcia of Navarre. There is not one word about exhibitions of naked women, though Pellicer does quote an Archbishop of Toledo who, in 1324, called the attention of a Provincial Council to the scandalous conduct of nobles, and even bishops, who invited troops of hired women (*soldaderas*) to their feasts, where they made a display of themselves. Of course the *soldaderas* were Moorish, or semi-Moorish, dancers and acrobats. A few pages further on Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in a note, quotes Pellicer's description of certain actors who appeared naked and outraged decency, as if it applied to the Spanish actors of the sixteenth century. The passage in question, as moderately careful examination would have shown, the author

* *The Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.* A Biographical, Literary, and Historical Study, with a Tentative Bibliography from 1585 to 1892, and an Annotated Appendix on the "Canto de Calíope." By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1892.

applies wholly to the Roman theatre, and has nothing to do with the Spanish. Pellicer is speaking of what the Fathers, the early Councils, and the Satirists had said of the Mimes. Such quotation as this proves either great carelessness or a very superficial knowledge of Spanish. It would be tiresome to examine any of the numerous excursus into historical criticism which abound in this book as much as the literary. Pages are wasted on an account of Philip II.'s treatment of the Duke of Alva, though it has nothing to do even remotely with the Life of Cervantes. All these passages have the same schoolboy fluency, the same superficial knowledge stretched till it crack, and reveal the same underlying ignorance.

If we appear to have taken an inordinate time to arrive at what Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has to say about Cervantes himself, our excuse must be that he has overlaid his proper subject with inappropriate or superfluous matter. This is a pity, because when the author can keep to his text he discourses of it not altogether badly. If Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly could learn not to become elevated with his own flow of eloquence, if he could subdue his passion for tinsel brilliancy, if he could abstain from dragging in utterly irrelevant matter, from japes at the *Christian Year* and from imparting to us his "amused surprise" at the supposed neglect in England of Messrs. McMasters and Parkman, he could write a by no means contemptible Life of Cervantes. Whether another biography was required is a question we do not ask. A book on any subject is justified if only it be well enough written. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, who began his before Mr. Watts's was published, was not bound to give up his enterprise because another writer had gained the start of him. He has some idea of what is evidence and what is not, has read Cervantes, and even a good deal besides, and knows the latest speculations or discoveries of the Cervantists. Moreover, he does not find it necessary to deny all merit to Don Miguel's rivals; he can even see some qualities in Avellaneda; but he has not abstained from the errors we have named, and therefore we have to say that his Life is not redeemed from the charge of superfluity by any intrinsic merits. The English reader cannot be recommended to take this Life of Cervantes in preference to Mr. Watts's. That being so, we need not enter into the discussion of particular points, through the temptation to do so is considerable.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES.*

MR. BAIN'S translations from the *Skazki* of Polevoi (themselves edited from the collection of Afanasiev) are called "Fairy Tales," but fairies are conspicuously absent. Marvels and supernatural beings are here in plenty; but, as is usual in all *Märchen* not derived from the artificial versions of Mme. d'Aulnoy and her followers, fairies are scarce enough. Mr. Bain says that scholars who know both Russian and German stories "give the palm, both for fun and fancy, to the former," the Russian. With those scholars we cannot agree. Whether by dint of editors, or by the natural genius of the narrator, the German *Märchen* are far more coherent than these Russian examples; the human interest is much stronger, and the supernatural is not lavished with a disenchanting profusion. Some of the Russian stories tax the credulity of childhood and rather weary the older amateurs. As a rule, of course, we find old friends in a new dress. It is always the despised peasant lout, the useless one, the youngest, who wins the king's daughter. It is always the king who is loth to keep his word, and puts the lover on fresh and more difficult labours. It is always the poor man or girl who is kind to spirits in disguise, or to beasts, and who, by their aid, succeeds, while the scornful brother or sister fails and comes to sorrow. As the stories have been edited for the nursery, there is not much use in comparing them with other tales for the purposes of folk-lore or minor mythology. Besides, we are passing weary of that work. Everything worth knowing and capable of being known is known now in this matter. Unless we can find some more Egyptian papyri, or tap some remote unheard of new people, what advance can be made? All races are in the same tale. Savages tell it savagely; Perrault tells it in as civilized a fashion as he may; rustic peoples make it more or less barbarous in proportion to their civilization. The ancient Epic poets took up these tales, and introduced them into permanent poetry, as in the Odyssey, the *Kalewala*, the Argonautic song, the *Cypria*, and other Cyclic poems, the Sigurd lays of the North, the *Volsunga Saga*, the *Nibelungenlied*, *Beowulf*, *Berthe aux grands pieds*, and so on. Most of the plots of these heroic poems are only popular *Märchen*, expanded, artistically handled, and slightly coloured with historical legends and divine myths. All this may now be regarded as certain; but for the question who first invented the primitive plots, and where and when, we are as much in the dark as ever. Thus the opening of the Jason story occurs in Grimm; it is "Asterinos and Pulja" in Romaic, Castren found it among the remote Samoyeds. The second half contains the *Märchen* of the Gifted Companions, Keen Eye (Lynceus), Keen Ear, the Harper (Orpheus), the Strong Man (Heracles), whom we meet in Mr. Bain's book in the tale of "The Flying Ship." Then, in the Jason Cycle, comes the *Märchen* of the Friendly Daughter of the Giant, or God, or Wizard, which occurs in Samoa, in North America, at the Cape, everywhere, and of which there is a very vague reminiscence in Mr. Bain's much modernized "Golden Mountain." A closer parallel is Mr. Ralston's "Tzar Morskoi." All these tales are fused and localized in the story of Jason. In the same way the *Nibelungenlied*, with the treasure, rests on the *Märchen* of the man who finds the parties quarrelling about a treasure which includes a tarnkappe, "helmet of Hades," cap or cloak of darkness, and who secures the cap and the treasure. Here this occurs in "Tsarevich Ivan." Siegfried is the hero of the adventure in the *Nibelungenlied*. Thus the "main stock" of all national epics, except the Iliad, is the *Märchen*, but whence the *Märchen* came, how the class was diffused to America and Southern Africa, or whether some stories were independently invented in different quarters, we know not, and probably never shall know. If an ancient papyrus containing most of them were found in Egypt, or deciphered out of Aztec, or Maya, or Hittite, we should still be in the dark as to original *provenance*. Thus our comparings now take us no further on the road, we can only notice differences of manners and of national taste. Here, for example, in "Tzarevna Loveliness Inexhaustible" we have a glimpse of the Sleeping Beauty, who, in epic, is Brynhild. Here, also, in "Kuz'ma Skorobogaty," we have "Puss in Boots," Puss being a Fox, as in Zanzibar he is a gazelle, and in India a jackal. The *Arabian Nights* incident, measuring gold in a bushel, occurs here. The bathing scene is introduced, but not the ogre. Perhaps the most amusing tale for children is "Go I know not Whither, and Fetch I know not What," which includes the Bird Bride, with a happy conclusion. "The Woman Accuser" is not a *Märchen* of the supernatural, but a droll, and is very good. "The Prophetic Dream" will also fascinate children. The book has a pretty cover; the illustrations, by Mr. Gore, are hardly adequate, but they are simple and unaffected, and the child is fortunate who finds the book in his library. There are no notes to perplex his intellects, and the type is excellent.

* *Russian Fairy Tales from Polevoi.* By R. Nisbet Bain. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

THE EMPTY PURSE.*

THE reviewer who happens to know Latin, and therefore understands the meaning of *Cui bono*, must always be rather tempted to apply that venerable but ill-treated phrase in reviewing a volume of Mr. Meredith's poems, supplying not *fuit* but *erit*. Whom will such a review profit? But to enter into such inquiries only leads to madness. It is better to cultivate the garden simply and *sans phrase*. In the present volume there are a dozen or fourteen poems—four of which occupy some five-sixths of the total space. Supposing that some one—a competent some one—opened it without having ever read any of the author's verse before, he would, like a well-conducted person, read the first poem first. It runs thus:—

WIND ON THE LYRE.

That was the chirp of Ariel
You heard, as overhead it flew,
The farther going more to dwell,
And wing our green to wed our blue;
But whether note of joy or knell,
Not his own Father-singer knew;
Nor yet can any mortal tell,
Save only how it shivers through;
The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew.

He would then (always supposing him of competence) experience a great delight and an almost greater puzzlement. He would say, "Those last two lines are perfect; allow for a little mannerism, and they cannot be improved. You can't beat them: it is only too probable that you can't equal them. The mood of *ivresse* with beautiful objects, natural or artistic, is described there once for all as it has not been described before, as it will not be described again. This is the kind of man you can recommend to

* *The Empty Purse; and other Poems.* By George Meredith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

a friend to delight him or to an enemy to confound him. I shall have no small joy of this book." And then he will put the said book down and begin to doubt and shiver. "Yes," he will say, "9 and 10 are superb; 1 and 2 are all right, so are 7 and 8. But how about 3-6? Of course I know what they mean; of course they mean the right thing; but is there not something wrong about the expression? Is not the phrase of 3 clumsy, the imagery of 4 *outré*, the grammar of 5 awkward, the matter of 6 doubtful and irrelevant? Why these conundrums? Is the poet unable to express himself simply and greatly? Is he able, but chooses out of mere wilfulness to hide and distort his expression? Is he doing it of malice prepense to puzzle one kind of fool? Is he doing it of weakness to please another kind?" And so our competent innocent is left in shallows and in miseries of doubt till the last couplet comes once more to his relief, and assures him that this Todgers's can certainly do it when it chooses. There is no possible mistake about that.

We half envy and half do not envy the successive sensations of the hypothetical reader as he proceeds with the somewhat short gross of pages which make up the book. We do not think that he will have much doubt about Mr. Meredith's meaning anywhere. Just as we never succeeded in discovering that obscurity of Mr. Browning which was so much vaunted and decried by turns, seeing that every person of brains could understand Mr. Browning well enough, and that the fools did not matter, so we are unable to blame this new cryptographic style for concealment of meaning, much less for meaninglessness. The meaning is there all right enough. "The Empty Purse," for instance, itself, the title poem, the longest and the most Meredithian in superfluity of verbal gymnastics, is a straightforward, and, on the whole, a sound criticism of life enough, if you must have criticisms of life in poetry. It is led up to and its meaning is helped by a second partly exquisite lyric, "The Youthful Quest." We would undertake to paraphrase it all in prose which the wayfaring man might read, without missing a point, and at no very exorbitant length. Even the wayfaring man cannot mistake "Jump to Glory Jane," and he must be a very chuckleheaded wayfaring man if he cannot understand "Youth in Memory," for all its mannerism. "The Comic Spirit" may puzzle him a little more; but we can assure him that it also is not *plus raide que ça*. You have got but to unhusk and unshell it, and there it is.

"But," says our innocent (and really we do not know what to answer), "why this unconscionable allowance of shell and husk? Why give me my poetry like this; why, when my breast is a shell that tingles for sounding, my blood a dew that is ready to burst into light, apply your plectrum and your torch in this fashion of all others?—

But first, that the poisonous of thee be purged,
Go into thyself, strike Earth.
She is there, she is felt in a blow struck hard.
Thou findest a pugilist countering quick,
Cunning at drives where thy shutters are barred;
Not, after the studied professional trick,
Blue-sealing; she brightens the sight. Strike Earth,
Antaeus, young giant, whom fortune trips!
And thou com'st on a saving fact,
To nourish thy planted worth.
Be it clay, flint, mud, or the rubble of chips,
Thy roots have grasp in the stern-exact:
The redemption of sinners deluded! the last
Dry handful, that bruises and saves.
To the common big heart are we bound right fast,
When our Mother admonishing nips
At the nakedness bare of a clout,
And we crave what the commonest craves.

"O Mr. Meredith!" *innocens loquitur*, "you remark yourself,

Does it knock too hard at thy head if I say

something? I reply: No, it does not knock too hard. But why are we to be on these knocking terms? Why, instead of comfortably feeding me with the beef of which you have such good store, chuck it at me, bones and all, as if you were a Dane in a byrnie and I were Archbishop Alphege? You have celebrated generously the virtues of good wine. Would you be grateful to any one who took a bottle of '51 port, of '70 claret, and whirled it, bottle and all, about your brains? Let us in the name, not of Mars, but of Bacchus, Apollo, and virorum, have our wine decanted and our poetry served ready to sip!"

Sic innocens. We have no doubt Mr. Meredith knows what to reply to him; we very frankly admit that we do not. We can only say that he must take his Mr. Meredith as he finds him, and that he may be, on the whole, thankful that he gets him. For ourselves we would, even if the kernel were worse than it is, read ten "Empty Purses" for the sake of one "Wind on the Lyre," and a dozen odes to the "Comic Spirit," even if they contained less fine things than this, for the "Night of Frost in May." Let anybody find fault who will with the following passage; but let him know at the same time that his fault-finding is due to wretchlessness of most unclean desperation in him at never having felt what Mr. Meredith describes:—

In this shrill hush of quietude,
The ear conceived a severing cry.
Almost it let the sound elude,
When chuckles three, a warble shy,
From hazels of the garden came,
Near by the crimson-windowed farm.
They laid the trance on breath and frame,
A prelude of the passion-charm.

Then soon was heard, not sooner heard
Than answered, doubled, trebled, more,
Voice of an Eden in the bird
Renewing with his pipe of four
The sob: a troubled Eden, rich
In throb of heart: unnumbered throats

Flung upward at a fountain's pitch,
The fervour of the four long notes,
That on the fountain's pool subside,
Exult and ruffle and upspring:
Endless the crossing multiplied
Of silver and of golden string.
There chimed a bubbled underbrew
With witch-wild spray of vocal dew.

It seemed a single harper swept
Our wild wood's inner chords and waked
A spirit that for yearning ached
Ere men desired and joyed or wept.
Or now a legion ravishing
Musician rivals did unite

In love of sweetness high to sing
The subtle song that rivals light;
From breast of earth to breast of sky;
And they were secret, they were nigh:
A hand the magic might disperse;
The magic swung my universe.

But can we possibly rebuke in terms as harsh him who should object to more than one passage, or one score of passages elsewhere? We really do not think we can. The sense, as was said above, is sound enough. But the cookery of the sense—the expression—is all wrong. It is as either done too much or not done enough.

We are very glad to see in this book two military-political pieces—"To Colonel Charles" and "England before the Storm"—which have the root of the matter in them, and are frankly and forcibly put, the second especially. "Tardy Spring" is only inferior to the "Night of Frost in May." In short, there is nothing bad in the book; there is only good *per se*, and good in masquerade.

It is, probably, quite hopeless to ask Mr. Meredith why he chooses to masquerade at all. It may be a just punishment for the fools who long ago would neither understand nor admire him. It may be an ungodly private satisfaction to him, as to many, to say "Pape Satan" and "Rafel Mai," and other things not understanded of the people. It is, no doubt, a great joy to the other fools—the old fools turned inside out—who gape after everything that Mr. Meredith chooses to say, and are all the more convinced of the blessedness of Mesopotamia the more absolutely unbathed they are either in Tigris or in Euphrates. But is it not rather a pity, even from these points of view, as well as a much greater one, and a great injustice to boot, from a point of view much better worth taking? What did the fools who erst (and, partly, now) would not buy or read Mr. Meredith matter? They punished themselves; not him. What do the fools who now go into ecstasies over his weakest points matter? Their admiration does him considerably more harm than the others' contempt; and, besides, even if he were intelligible with ease, it would make very little difference to them; they would not understand him any the more. Lastly, it has been observed of the ancients that it is not good perpetually to say "Pape Satan," and so forth, for there comes a time when you find a difficulty in saying anything else.

On the other hand, there is now, we believe, a not inconsiderable body of tolerably elect persons who have the highest appreciation of what Mr. Meredith chooses to give them, as he can give it when he chooses; and who, while perfectly able to understand what he chooses to give them when he is in the other mood, are sincerely vexed to see an Englishman, with a faculty for letters not often excelled in our time, play tricks with his genius instead of putting it to the worthy work which it can do so well. If Mr. Meredith really thinks that he cannot speak well, except when he makes "surprise packets" of his speech, he is the most unfortunate, and the most signal, instance of misplaced modesty that we ever met, nay, that we ever heard of. We have

known people who would persist in doing what they could not do, but it is very seldom that one finds a man who deliberately abstains from doing what he can do, or prefers to make a *chef d'œuvre inconnu* of it when he has done it.

OUR WHERRY IN WENDISH LANDS.*

SOME years ago we had a pleasant cruise with Mr. Doughty in *The Friesland Meres*, and we are glad to ship again in the *Norfolk Wherry*. This time the skipper groped an adventurous course through a network of neglected canals to the Mecklenburg Lakes, and thence up the Elbe into Bohemia. He has the credit of exploring a country that is absolutely unknown to tourists, although at the same time he made flying trips by rail to the Harz Mountains and many of the picturesque old cities of Northern Germany. We may doubt whether many more wherries will go quanting in these waters, for the passage of the North Sea is perilous, and a friend who sought ambitiously to follow Mr. Doughty was brought to shipwreck and signal grief. But there can be no better programme for the independent canoeman, and if poor McGregor of the *Rob Roy* had been yet alive, he would have regretted the missing such magnificent opportunities. In this case *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Once transport your wherry safely to Holland, and you voyage comfortably in your house-boat through provinces where inns are conspicuous by their absence. We cannot add that it is all plain sailing; for the maps and charts are generally as untrustworthy as those of the Admiralty that wrecked the *Howe* when following the flagship into Ferrol Harbour. More than once Mr. Doughty navigated himself into a *cul de sac*; not unfrequently he was in difficulties in shallow water, when a few inches, more or less, made all the difference in his calculations. But the wherry, although sufficiently commodious, with her sliding keel and light draught, was the very craft for such embarrassing circumstances. Sometimes Mr. Doughty had to try back; but in the end invariably he pulled through, thanks to drawing freely on an inexhaustible stock of patience. No one who has not gone into training on the stagnant Norfolk Broads ought to try his fortunes in the treacherous channels which lead to the Mecklenberg Meres. The *Gypsy* made her start from Leeuwarden, and once beyond the frontiers of Holland the worries of her sailing-master began. Canals were laid down on the maps; but it was a question how far they were constructed or navigable. The frequent locks and bridges were free of toll, but consequently the guardians took their time about opening, and sometimes the *Gypsy* had to await their pleasure while they were fetched from their haymaking or the village beerhouse. Moreover, the scenery in the duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg was tame in the extreme; although, indeed, very little of it was visible from the deck of the wherry, as the canals and rivers were for the most part embanked. It was a relief to get out and stretch the legs in quest of eggs and milk from the cottagers, and a still greater relief to indulge in the excitement of a rail excursion to some museum of mediæval archæology. But when they had reached their goal in the lonely lake-district of Mecklenburg, the explorers were richly repaid for all they had previously endured.

The stately Schloss of Schwerin, towering above the roofs of the Ducal capital, was the first striking sight that greeted them. The Ducal family is one of the oldest in Europe, and its descent from the Pagan Wendish kings is lost in the twilight of semi-mythical history. Schwerin's Dom church is the sublime of massive brick building in the characteristic Baltic-Gothic style. There, and in such Hanse towns as Lübeck and Bremen, the merchants and hereditary sovereign seem to have rivalled each other in the magnificence that displayed itself in ecclesiastical architecture. The population was housed, more or less luxuriously, in the quaint, many-storied, step-gabled dwellings with which travellers are familiar in Nuremberg and Augsburg. Sometimes whole venerable quarters have been swept away by fire, as at Hamburg; most of the cities have suffered severely from sack and siege in the Thirty Years' War or the campaigns of Napoleon. Yet there are exceptions, like Schwerin and Lüneburg, which are still mediæval, down to the smells and the lack of sanitation, and the cobble paving of the tortuous streets. Mr. Doughty revives for us many interesting memories of the customs and quaint ceremonies of the middle ages. Nothing, for example, is more curious than the story of the embassy which was sent on each St. Martin's day from Lübeck to Grand-Ducal Schwerin. The Lübeckers and the Mecklenburg Dukes were on excellent terms, but the latter stood strictly upon illusory rights which were tacitly recognized by the practical municipality of merchants. An envoy was selected who united various qualifications. He must have all the precedents and traditions at his finger-ends; but more especially he must possess the digestion of an ostrich and a head that was absolutely liquor-proof. He was charged with the delivery of a butt of Rhenish, which one party presented as a gift and the other accepted as a tribute. And as he went through all manner of formalities, and delivered any number of speeches, so he scarcely left the festive table for his bed during the whole period of his embassy.

As for the Duchy, if we may judge by Mr. Doughty's report, it was, and is, more picturesque than profitable. He sailed through no fewer than fifty-seven lakes, of one size or another. They stretch through sandy or gravelly soil, where the villages are scarce and the farmsteadings are scattered. As for country seats, though many of the Mecklenburg nobles are large landed proprietors, only one or two of these were seen. On the other hand, there is an almost endless extent of woodland, and Mr. Doughty declares he never saw a Mecklenburg forest which is not beautiful. The woods swarm with game, which, under the protection of strict Game-laws, is scarcely put out of its way by the passing tourist, and becomes an intolerable nuisance to the peasant-farmer. Very often from the deck of the *Gypsy* they saw a herd of red-deer come down to the lake to drink in the gloaming, and they would hear the splashing of the wild-boar when indulging in a nocturnal bath. The roe were so tame that they would bark angrily and paw the ground when a stranger ventured to intrude on their privacy. The sedgy and reedy lakes swarmed with duck, coots, and water-hens, and with "sea-gulls," which build on the islands and seldom go near the sea. We get an admirable idea of the charm of these sylvan water scenes from the drawings of Mr. Doughty's daughters, who are wonderfully accomplished artists. There is one delightful bit of landscape, for instance, where, looking down the arching vista in a forest glade, we see the wherry floating on a lake in the distance; although, indeed, the ladies equally excel in depicting the florid glories of the picturesque mediæval buildings. And all about were the refreshing signs of a backward or semi-barbaric civilization. You are carried back to the far historical past, for "the country looks as England might have looked long centuries ago." Rustics who might be Wendish serfs go shuffling about in "sandal-like soles kept on merely by a strip of leather across the toes." Their wheelbarrows have no legs; the ploughs are more primitive than the comb-scraping harrows; and the women do the worst of the field-work, as the men, in what is at best a scanty population, are drained away to serve with the colours. That glance at Mecklenburg gives a good idea of what Germany, especially in the more poverty-stricken parts, suffers from having to stand on the defensive.

We cannot follow the *Gypsy* through the pretty Havel district whither the Prussian sovereigns retire from their dreary capital with its dismal sandy surroundings, or up the rapid Elbe-stream through the Saxon Switzerland, beyond the borders of the more mountainous Bohemia. All that is in the beat of the ordinary tourist, though Mr. Doughty has much to say that is interesting about the fortresses of Spandau and Brandenburg, and the often-stormed Magdeburg. Yet we must not omit his mention of the *Kette*, which is by far the longest and strongest iron chain in the world, and which represents the capital of an important River Navigation Company. It reaches from the near neighbourhood of Hamburg to Melnik in Bohemia, and is in fact an extension of the chain system in common use on the river-ferries. Altogether the volume is a delightful one, and we are always grateful to any one in the mob of travellers who strikes out original lines of his own.

* *Our Wherry in Wendish Lands—From Friesland through the Mecklenburg Lakes to Bohemia.* By H. M. Doughty, Author of "Friesland Meres" &c. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1892.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.*

ON the back of the half-title of this book there are two notices, both of which we see with displeasure. The one states that it has been "printed and bound by Messrs. Blank & Co., of Blank Street, Strand, London, at their works in Amsterdam, Holland," whereas we prefer that English books should be printed and bound in England. The other notice is "All rights reserved," and this we observe with even less satisfaction. For we cannot but regard the idea of writing a handbook to American railways as a good one, while the execution of the work before us is so phenomenally bad that we could wish the idea were still public

* *American Railroads as Investments.* A Handbook for Investors in American Railroad Securities. By S. F. Van Oss. London: Effingham Wilson. 1893.

property, and the actual book unwritten. Books for English readers, even though they be printed and bound in Holland, should at least be written in English. Mr. Van Oss writes a language of his own. "Social institutions," he tells us, "must be in sentiment with the tastes of the nation that calls them into existence." "Small railways," he assures us, "have become parts of one system, like the two great cotton cities are parts of one Empire." One can guess what he means by the "rentability of investments"; one can even attach a meaning to the statement "Not only was railway business expected much of," or to the assertion that "from excessive competition there arises a mutual animosity entirely unknown in any part of the Old World, and resulting in war being the natural state of these enterprises"; but when Mr. Van Oss undertakes to "trace to its origin the public indignation provoked by an abuse of power and a reckless disregard for the wishes of the public—an indignation which culminated in intolerable conditions, and resulted in an exceedingly hostile attitude of the majority of the people—which at one time threatened to involve a vast interest in grave dangers, a repetition of which, though unlikely to occur, is by no means altogether impossible," we can only abandon in despair the attempt to follow him.

That a statement must be true because it was in print was the ingenuous belief of most of us in our childhood. Mr. Van Oss has retained this childlike faith in mature years. He gravely presents us with facts as to American railways vouched for by that eminent authority, Mr. Henry George. English statistics, used for purposes of comparison, are quoted, not from the Board of Trade Returns, but from *Hazell's Annual*. On pages 110 and 111 he compares the speed of trains in England and America. Farrer and Foxwell's *Express Trains, English and Foreign* is an accurate and accepted authority on this special point. Mr. Van Oss has, however, thought proper to procure his English figures from Barker's *Facts and Figures for* 1892, whatever that may be, and his American figures from the *Tribune Almanac*, and he has fallen into numerous and egregious errors in consequence. Another statement—namely, that the New York Central is "the only four-track railway in the world"—Mr. Van Oss has, if we mistake not, taken from the persuasive advertisements of that excellent and enterprising Company; the fact being that the Pennsylvania has 171 miles with four tracks as against 297 on the New York Central, while, in proportion to the length of the respective systems, our own Midland and North-Western Companies have, we imagine, a larger "four-track" mileage than either of them. To take one more sample at random from the heap, Mr. Van Oss carries his childlike faith in printed figures so far that he can believe, on page 83, that English goods rates are on the average $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per ton-mile, because Mr. Jeans says so; while on page 119 he accepts without question the assertion of Mr. Dorsey that the amount is $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ The difference, being only a matter of some seven millions sterling *per annum*, is no doubt unimportant; but neither in the one place nor the other does Mr. Van Oss show any sign of consciousness of the fact that both Mr. Jeans and Mr. Dorsey are merely guessing, and that actual statistics on the subject are absolutely non-existent.

So much for the author's facts. But we confess to regarding his facts as much more correct than his economic theories. He uses, for instance, the word "discrimination" with no idea what he means by it. He tells us that railway rates "must make no difference between individuals or localities by discrimination." Now discrimination between individuals, charging A a sovereign and B a guinea for identical services, is, in plain English, cheating. But there never was, and there never will be, a railway which does not discriminate between localities; which does not, to take one instance, have to accept lower rates where it comes in contact with water competition than where it has a monopoly. "Competition," says Mr. Van Oss, "is the soul of trade all the world over; but competition in transportation is the foundation, the first and foremost necessity, of commercial and industrial life." It will puzzle Mr. Van Oss to explain how competition is possible without discrimination. The Great Western, say, has a route from London to Exeter 194 miles long. The South-Western route is only 171 miles. Evidently, if the Great Western is to compete for Exeter traffic it must discriminate in its favour—must charge traffic, that is, which it carries for 194 miles as though the distance were only 171. Again, to take another instance, Mr. Van Oss is much exercised to decide whether "a railway can expect good returns upon its capital if this is fictitious to a very great extent, and whether rates should provide for interest upon 'water' or solely upon genuine investment." He may make his mind quite easy. A little reflection will show him that railways, like other tradesmen, charge, not what they like, but what their customers will pay; and the fact that a grocer has lost 100*l.* on the Derby really supplies no motive to induce his customers to pay an enhanced price for their tea. Mr. Van Oss is probably aware that the South-Eastern Railway was mainly built for cash, while the Chatham capital is largely "water"; yet, as a glance at *Bradshaw* will show him, it costs no more to go to Ramsgate or Dover by the one line than by the other. Again, Mr. Van Oss takes as the text for a sermon the well-known railway phrase "Charging what the traffic will bear," and tells us, with a *naïveté* that almost disarms criticism, that "of late a new maxim has been adopted—namely, to charge as *little* as possible . . . the experiment has attracted an amazing amount of attention in railroad circles." And yet it is not so novel after all. For the primeval applewoman who sold three apples for a penny when her customers refused to pay a halfpenny for one apple, applied, perhaps unconsciously, the principle by the aid of which "the Norfolk and Western has succeeded in developing a great business in the Pocahontas coal district." We have found in this portion of Mr. Van Oss's treatise one sentence with which we gladly record our entire agreement. We commend it to Mr. Van Oss's serious attention. "Rates undoubtedly are the most difficult part of railroading. . . . To understand them requires a vast amount of experience, of labour, and of investigation, of knowledge and of patience."

We have said that we like Mr. Van Oss's railway economics less than his railway history. But we feel constrained to add that we prefer them both to his railway law. "In England," he tells us, "the issue of securities by railway companies was regulated as comparatively early as in 1866, when the Railway Securities Act was passed." We had hitherto fancied that railway companies in this country were wholly the creatures of statute, and that no railway, from the Surrey Iron Railroad Company of 1801 down to the Great Northern and City Railway of 1892, ever had power to issue securities except so far as authorized by the statute calling it into existence. Again, he says that Congress, in 1887, "followed the example set in England and forbade pooling," and, in support of this assertion, cites the case and quotes some words from the judgment in Charlton *v.* The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, which had to do, not with pooling at all, but with an attempt at a virtual amalgamation. We commend to Mr. Van Oss's attention elementary works, such as Browne and Theobald's *Law of Railways*, from which he will learn that pools are not forbidden by law in England, and Sir George Findlay's *Working and Management of an English Railway*, from which he will learn that they are quite common in practice. Or, as he prefers to follow Lord Coke's advice, *petere fontes magis quam sectari rivulos*, we would invite him to peruse Lord Hatherley's judgment in Hare *v.* The London and North-Western Railway, and the pooling agreement set out in the report of that case, an agreement which, if we recollect right, was the result of an arbitration by that rising young statesman, Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

But we have said enough, and we must leave Mr. Van Oss, though we have not dealt with a tithe of the inaccuracy which we had marked for quotation in the first 100 pages of a book containing over 800 pages. The remainder of his book we do not here deal with. It is concerned with the detailed history and position of the several American Companies. Information to check its accuracy is not easily accessible in England. It may, for all we know, be as accurate and valuable as the introductory and general chapters are the reverse. But we like not facts which come to us vouched by so questionable an authority as Mr. Van Oss has shown himself to be. In leaving Mr. Van Oss we admit that his subject is one of extreme intricacy, which would require for its adequate treatment an author possessing quite unusual qualifications. But though it may be difficult to write a good book on American railways, it ought to be impossible to write a book as bad as that with which Mr. Van Oss has presented us.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

FROM Messrs. Marcus Ward we have received some delightful pocket-books bound in russia leather. No. 2 is a card-case and diary, the size most useful to a lady; No. 3 the same thing, but a size larger; and No. 6 is an excellent note-book, with card-case. His Calendars are prettier and with more variety than ever this year. The prettiest of all is the Fan Calendar; on each stick is a different month, with the days of the week and of the month, with their corresponding flowers or landscapes; then there are the "Ivy Wreath" Calendar and the "Garland of the Year," with their pretty quotations; "Time Flies," with quotations from Shakspeare; the "Mizpah"; "Watchwords," with a line from the Bible for each month; and a pretty Calendar to stand on a writing-table in a metal frame—all these are as ornamental as

they are useful. Of the more ordinary kinds to hang up on a wall, "The Shakspeare" Calendar will be, perhaps, the most popular. There are, also, the "Every-Day," with selections from celebrated authors; "Our Daily Portion," with helpful texts for every day in the year; "Our Daily Guide," with a text from the Bible for each day, and an "Office Calendar," with a few lines for memoranda on each day's page. The Grandfather's Clock Calendars take the prize for quaintness. They are charming in every way. Amongst Messrs. Marcus Ward's Christmas cards, Nos. 437 and 336 are pretty specimens of folding cards in fancy colours and patterns, with landscapes and appropriate verses inside; a folding card, with a fan in the middle (No. 253), opening to disclose a little bird on a branch of oak, gorse, or ivy, as the case may be; No. 251, with a Japanese cupboard, whose doors opening show a tiny landscape; No. 328, plain, with a seal—verses and flowers inside; No. 212, a pretty card, with a very small folding card, full of hearty greeting, in the middle; No. 250, cards with Japanese screens in the middle, with pretty bunches of flowers behind them; No. 255, horseshoes and forget-me-nots; No. 312, fancy pink folding cards, with verses and flowers inside; No. 230, very pretty cards with Christmas in plain gold letters, and a spray of ivy and verses inside—all these are, with many others, among the best of Messrs. Marcus Ward's collection. In No. 257 are humorous animals; in No. 111 the policemen and naughty boy scenes.

Amongst a variety of attractive booklets, "Precious Things," "Bells across the Snow," "From Glory to Glory," "Kept for Jesus," all by Frances Ridley Havergal; "On the Threshold of the Year," "Christmas Morning," by Sarah Doudney; "A Garland of Blessings," by Georgiana M. Taylor; booklets illustrating Mrs. Hemans's "The Sunbeam," Burns's "Scottish Songs," "Songs from Shakspeare," and "Auld Lang Syne" are perhaps the best.

Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's collection of Christmas cards, calendars, and booklets shows originality and beauty in design and execution. Among the "cut-out show-cards," those of the life-size cat and dog carry off the palm. Amongst the others, Nos. 96, 97, 87, 273, 344, 347, and 359, designed by C. G. Noakes; Nos. 327 and 379, designed by B. D. Sigmund and C. G. Noakes; Nos. 108, 208, 214-23, and 285, designed by Miss H. M. Bennett; Nos. 308 and 340, designed by B. D. Sigmund; Nos. 336 and 342, designed by Miss A. L. West; No. 404, designed by Mrs. J. P. Sunter; No. 132, designed by H. Dixon; No. 122, designed by C. G. Noakes and Ernest Wilson, are the prettiest that we have seen, whilst for originality we single out No. 139, by Savage Cooper, a saucepan with a nigger boy inside; No. 205, designed by Miss B. Potter, a field-mouse's nest, with mice inside; and No. 175, designed by W. H. C. Groome, an omnibus and a cab loaded inside and out. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner have a charming variety of Pocket Calendars, and among those to hang up, the "Wise Saws," a Shakspearian calendar, "Stolen Moments," with lovely groups of children, and "Loving Hearts," with groups of tiny child-lovers, are all fascinating. The best of the booklets sent us are "Sketches round Derwentwater," illustrated by B. D. Sigmund; "When every Month is May," and "A-hunting we will go!" by Fred. E. Weatherly, illustrated by Harriet M. Bennett, and "Rambles round the Trossachs," illustrated by B. D. Sigmund. There is also a pretty Calendar Blotting-book. The same firm have sent us "A Book of Poems and Pastorals," illustrated by the late Alice Havers, Gertrude Hammond, and Harriet M. Bennett. This is a beautifully got-up book, its photogravure illustrations are really good, and the poems and pastorals well chosen.

WRIGHT'S COWPER.*

IF, from those shades out of which he adjured Lord Chesterfield, under the style and title of "Petronius," to send some message of regret for his earthly misdoings, William Cowper could to-day communicate with the world he quitted in 1800, it is to be presumed that he would express some gratification at the attention he continues to receive from a proverbially ungrateful public. Not only, of late years, has an excellent selection of his letters (reviewed by us in July 1884, and recently re-issued in cheaper form) been given to the public by Canon Benham, but he has been honoured with a Concordance, a compliment which he shares with Burns and Pope and Shelley, but which has not yet, as far as we are aware, been accorded to Byron or Keats. Lastly, an enthusiast, merging the repute of the poet's residence in his name, has written a pleasant semi-historical, semi-antiquarian description of Olney as "The Town of Cowper"; and now once more the same writer, who is the Principal of the Cowper School in Cowper's Town, has produced a laborious, exact, and sufficiently comprehensive "Life," which should be "final" for at least another half-century. It is clearly and systematically arranged, and, as we are, perhaps, entitled to expect from a schoolmaster, plainly and unpretentiously written. Moreover, it is copiously, and even superabundantly, illustrated. There is a map in which you may distinguish the now "translated" Peasant's Nest, and Weston, and Emberton, and Yardley of the oak; there are many views of Olney (some borrowed, we fancy, from the writer's earlier volume); there are portraits of "Dear Taureau"—otherwise Bull of Newport Pagnell—otherwise the

> smoke-inhaling Bull,
> Always filling, never full;

of William Unwin and his mother; of Lady Hesketh and Lady Austen; nay, there are even authentic representations of Cowper's chair, Cowper's shoe-buckles, Cowper's coffee-pot, and Cowper's poker or "pokerette." Had we but his slippers and *bonnet de nuit*, even the most ardent votary of the Buckinghamshire bard might own himself content! Meanwhile the "pokerette" has peculiar characteristics of its own, being in the picture like no other known poker, poetic or otherwise, and resembling rather some curious and barbaric weapon of savage warfare.

But we have said that Mr. Wright is an enthusiast; and of the enthusiasm which produces so meritorious a biography we have no desire to write flippantly. It may be, perhaps, that we do not attach quite as great importance to some of Mr. Wright's discoveries as he would appear to claim for them. For example, in the matter of that disastrous dream which he holds to have played so potent a part in Cowper's life-delusion, it is impossible not to remember that in Cowper's temperament, occupations, inherited tendencies, and habit of life generally, there were perpetual provocations to melancholia, which make it needless to trace that malady to any one event or circumstance. Indeed, in his preface, Mr. Wright himself admits that "it will of course be held, and rightly held, that this dream is only a specific instance of an habitual morbid frame of mind." But there can be no doubt that Mr. Wright has been a most diligent, indefatigable, and fortunate collector of Cowperiana. He has had access to many unpublished letters, and, we are glad to note *en passant*, contemplates the publication of a complete and consecutive correspondence; he has unearthed the curious and important Diary (1791–4) of Samuel Teedon, "the self-opinionated and infatuated schoolmaster of Olney" who exercised so extraordinary and baleful an influence over Cowper's later years; he has ransacked the parish registers of the town, hitherto neglected by the biographers; and he has consulted diverse and numerous sources of information, local and otherwise. He has even discovered two new, or practically new, poems, one of which is a blank-verse description of a thunderstorm, the other a set of Latin Alcaics beginning *Heu quam remotus*, of which the theme is as sombre as the versification is indifferent. It is not easy, however, to estimate the majority of the additions which Mr. Wright makes to the literature of the subject. There is, as he says, something new on almost every page; and the fact speaks much for the patient and unwearied industry that has collected it. In charm of narrative, in that even flow which bears the reader on insensibly, it cannot be said that Mr. Wright's work excels or supersedes the Life of that master-biographer, Southey. But "fame's great antiseptic—Style" has a hard battle to fight in these days against the inroads of fresh light and fresh facts. Not only are new sources of information open on all sides, but the methods of biography are everywhere more conscientious, more definite, more instructed than of yore. Thus it comes about that those who wish to take their Cowper "up to date" will have to study Mr. Wright's painstaking and attractive monograph.

* *The Life of William Cowper.* By Thomas Wright, Principal of Cowper School, Olney. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.*

AFTER prolonged expectation of an event, the heralds of which have been both numerous and convincing, it would be affectation to express an overwhelming sensation of surprise when the event is forthcoming. Mr. Burnand's revelation of the real Robinson Crusoe we had long since come to regard as inevitable, and we are inclined rather to wonder that it had not followed more immediately the new and real Sandford and Merton. But it has arrived at a congenial hour, at the very height of the Christmas tide of adventurous literature, and at a propitious time, when the modern biographer is exceedingly busy with "the real," "the

* *The Real Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.* By F. C. Burnand. Illustrated by Linley Sambourne. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Ltd. 1892.

true," and "the new," all terms of single and simple import with the historical truth-seeker. Mr. Burnand's subject, indeed, is so tempting, and his object so useful and necessary, as all must admit who uphold the new historical school, that the publication of his work causes gratification rather than surprise. The thing had to be done, and Mr. Burnand, as all past examples prove, was elect to the purpose. His revelation of the life and surprising adventures of the real Robinson is as revealing and surprising as any true relation should be. And here we must note a curious bi-loquism of style in this true relation of the genuine Crusoe. That portion of the story which deals with Crusoe's naughty career as a youth, his infant experiences with his brother Billy, and his first voyage, is set forth in a style of narrative that is strongly reminiscent of that of the other Robinson, who concocted, as we gather from Mr. Burnand's elaborate editorial introduction, the previous history, under compulsion. Now the real Robinson is not so compelled. He is represented as making a clean breast of his roguery just for the humour of it. Yet from the start, and for a certain space, he assumes the style of his so-called false narrative, as the reader of the earlier and touching chapters on the Crusoe family must be thoroughly convinced. But when once he takes to a life on the ocean wave and to keeping a diary he adopts another style, a tone that is gay, a speech that is crisp, natural to one who had shed the sham and was free to speak the truth. The following extract from the real Robinson's diary is little suggestive of the Defoe style of "true relation," whatever else it may suggest:—

> 'Worked at tent all the morning. Can't make much of it. Dragged sails over rocks to shore. Tired. Lunch. Cat and dog absent. Soup hot, cutlets *à la soubise*, rolled tongue, bottle of old Madeira, glass of hot whisky and water; then pipe.'

The whisky, we fear, is something of an anachronism. It is strange, however, that the Editor and "Recorder of Robinson," whose notes show a keen eye for such evidences of truth as these veracious documents supply, does not call the attention of the reader to the still more remarkable evidence of this change of style. It was only natural that the old style should not be put off at once, and the gradual lapse into the new and true is an admirable feature of this pleasant history. What boys will say of the real Robinson, the real Friday, and the real Will Atkins is scarcely conceivable, and should be left to Mr. Linley Sambourne to express. The artist should have drawn for us a picture of the real schoolboy reading the *Real Robinson*. Mr. Sambourne's illustrations are richly humorous and spirited. His portrait of the "Other Robinson," his drawing of Robinson discovering the footprint, of "Sara Gossa" and her two adorers, of Robinson's collapse after the carouse that followed the "Captain's Song"—an excellent song, by the way—are examples of the most captivating and irresistible drollery.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

V.

AMONG the illustrated gift-books of the season the Very Rev. Dr. Spence's *Cloister Life in the Days of Cœur de Lion* (Isbister & Co.) may be commended for its attractive treatment of a suggestive theme. It is a handsome volume, well illustrated by Messrs. H. Railton and A. Quinton. In designing these sketches of eminent ecclesiastics of the picturesque twelfth century the Dean of Gloucester was happily inspired, and he has carried out the project with his wonted clearness and insight. He has vividly retold the story of the lives and labours of Hugh of Lincoln, and of the founder of Bury St. Edmunds, and of that Abbot Samson concerning whom Carlyle wrote the most impressive of lay sermons. With Church history and archæology the Dean is naturally not less concerned than with these imposing historical figures. His history of the noble Abbey of Tewkesbury and his sketch of the foundation of the "vanished abbey" of Evesham are very brightly written. Under the heading "The Finding of a Lost King" he gives an interesting account of the opening of the tomb of Osric of Northumbria, in Gloucester Cathedral, "one never-to-be-forgotten night" last January, when it was conclusively proved, as Dr. Spence finds, that Leland's statement as to the removal of the King's remains to "a fayre tomb of stone on the north side of the high aulter" was as correct as it is explicit. *The Pilgrim's Way*, by Julia Cartwright (Virtue & Co.), illustrated by A. Quinton, is another pretty volume. From Winchester to Canterbury, along the ancient track which pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas were wont to follow, is the varied and picturesque route described and illustrated in this pleasant book. Mrs. Ady is an excellent topographer and chronicler. She gives a capital record of matters of interest that occur in the course of the pilgrimage, while observing at the same time a close attention to the way and its occasional deviations from the heathy Surrey hills and the North Downs. A charming book, with a clumsy title, is the selection of articles, poems, and pictures entitled *Tales of Adventure and Stories of Travel of Fifty Years Ago* (Sampson Low & Co.) Extracts from the "Annuals"—the *Keepsake*, the *Forget-Me-Not*, and the rest—comprise this delightful revival of fashionable and elegant literature and art. The "annual" should be perennial that included such exquisite poems as the "Youth and Age" of Coleridge. In the present volume we have his "Garden of Boccaccio," and contributions by Roscoe, Sir Harris Nicolas, Scott, Thackeray, and others. And among the illustrations are engravings by Miller, Cousens, Willmore, and Wallis, after Turner, Leitch, and other artists, with Woodbury reproductions of other illustrations. In *Othello*, illustrated by Ludovic Marchetti (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.), the water-colour drawings of the artist are skilfully reproduced in colour and very well printed by Messrs. Gilbert Whitehead & Co. Signor Marchetti's work is more successful in illustrating the picturesque aspects of the play than the dramatic elements. The black-and-white designs, especially those of a decorative kind, are excellent, and the volume altogether is handsomely got up. The new "popular" edition of Carey's translation of *Dante's Inferno*, with Doré's marvellous designs, just published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., is a book that needs no commendation. The present re-issue possesses the advantage of a more handy form than the original folio, for which the reader, at least, should be grateful. *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, illustrated, with introduction by the Rev. John Hall, D.D. (Marcus Ward & Co.), is a pretty picture-book, with something of pictorial feeling in its somewhat conventional illustration of Burns's sentiment, yet entirely deficient in the finer artistic qualities.

The new volume of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) is as attractive and well furnished, as regards illustrations and varied comment and criticism, as it has been in the past. Of the etchings, the most notable are Mr. Courtry's "The Kind Confessor," M. Chauvel's "Watering Place," after Troyon, and Mr. Dobie's "Circe," after Mr. Waterhouse's painting. Among the original designs, the foremost place unquestionably belongs to the spirited and imaginative drawings of Mr. Arthur Lemon, for Maurice de Guérin's "Centaure." In the new volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.) it is announced that this old-established periodical is to enter upon a new phase of development next year. It is to join in the "forward movement" to which journals just now are so inclined or compelled. It will "concern itself with the artistic ideas of to-day"—which is precisely what its chief object has long been, to judge by the present "new series" now expiring. Open the present volume where we may, we find the art of the day discussed in articles on the artist in his studio, the amateur at home, Mr. John Charlton, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Professor Herkomer's School, Mr. Logsdail and Lincoln, and so forth. A journal could scarcely be "more up to date." The etchings and other illustrations in this year's volume are quite equal to those of previous years, and the literary contributions as interesting and varied. *Cassell's Family Magazine* for 1892 is a prettily illustrated volume of stories and sketches, verse and music, by various well-known writers. A capital feature of this excellent magazine is an illustrated record of discoveries, inventions, new books, &c., which deals with multifarious novel matters of current interest, and is aptly entitled "The Gatherer." As a full index to this entertaining miscellany is provided the monthly instalments of "The Gatherer" will be found both useful and easy for reference. *The Peep of Day* (Nelson & Sons) is a book of religious instruction for infant minds. It contains a course of simple lessons, and is illustrated by resplendent chromos and other pictures. "Not in size, but in the humility of its contents," its aim professes to be "the superlative degree of littleness." "It desires to be among books as the humming-bird among birds." The contents of this very humble volume comprise paraphrases of Gospel narratives which we cannot regard as exemplifying humility of aim.

Mr. Ballantyne's "tale of the Scottish Covenanters," *Hunted and Harried* (Blackie & Son), is a rousing and picturesque story, told from a rigidly Cameronian point of view. In a book written for boys a controversial tone in dealing with matters of controversy is to be deprecated. Mr. Ballantyne sees nothing but a monster in Claverhouse. He expresses much indignation that a recent biographer should not see as little, or as much, as himself. He is surprised as well as indignant. We note, also, that though he writes in proper terms of the cowardly murder of Archbishop Sharp, he refers to that affair on another page (p. 81) in language that is decidedly euphemistic. Here,

speaking of a certain "edict" which Sharp had drafted and designed, Mr. Ballantyne remarks that "he (Sharp) was on the point of going to London to have this edict confirmed "when his murderous career was suddenly terminated." Mr. David Ker's *Cossack and Czar* (W. & R. Chambers) is a very spirited story of the struggle between Charles XII. and Peter the Great, and of Mazeppa and "dread Pultowa's day." *In the Queen's Navee* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), by Commander C. N. Robinson and John Leyland, sets forth the adventures of a colonial cadet on his way from Australia to the *Britannia*. Philip Chancellor is a long while getting to Dartmouth, but his voyage proves to be anything but tedious. He falls among savages in Oceania, is wrecked on an iceberg, fights with the Peruvians against Chili, and has some exciting days ashore in Chili and in Mexico. Mr. W. W. May's illustrations are excellent. *A Cruise in Cloudland*, by Henry Frith (Blackie & Son), is an unplausible story of preposterous incidents. The hero quarrels with a schoolfellow, who in revenge resolves to damage a boat belonging to the hero's father, but is accidentally carried out to sea, and comes ashore on a small island in the Atlantic. Then the hero by an accident is blown out of England to sea in a balloon. The aeronaut gives chase on a locomotive as far as the coast. The hero pursues his wild career, and is fired upon with rifle-bullets from some vessel merely because he had dropped "a small ballast-bag" on one of the crew and stunned him. Eventually he drifts on to the small island aforesaid, and finds his father's boat. And these are only a few of the rank absurdities of Mr. Frith's book.

Not less calculated to open the eyes of the young, though far more skilfully devised, is *The Priceless Orchid*, by Percy Ainslie (Sampson Low & Co.) An old gentleman who possesses all varieties of orchid known save one only—a truly wonderful collector—commissions a youth who is entirely ignorant of the subject, to find the priceless example. It is found, of course, and it is found by the merest chance, and not in the one very circumscribed region where it is known to exist, but in a land far remote. These are but small matters to the unquestioning faith of boys with a taste for the marvellous. The story will enchant such boys. The hero passes through the most appalling adventures in the forests of Yucatan, and finds genuine relics of Cortez and Montezuma, and other wonderful things. *The Grand Chaco*, by G. Manville Fenn (Partridge & Co.), is descriptive of the adventures of an exploring party on the Parana and Paraguay, and is one of the best stories Mr. Fenn has written. The pictures of forest scenery, and of wild animal and vegetable life, are excellent. Without a touch of extravagance, and with a consistent respect for nature and truth, the story is thoroughly interesting and exciting. By the same practised writer we have a story of Australian life in *The Dingo Boys* (W. & R. Chambers), which is entertaining also, if less admirably executed on the whole. *The Bushranger's Secret*, by Mrs. Henry Clarke, M.A. (Blackie & Son), is a story of buried treasure, the proceeds of a bank robbery, which the thief had buried in in the bush, and reveals the secret when dying to a young fellow employed on a cattle run. The story of the search and discovery is well told, though there is nothing remarkable in its invention. *Lost in the Wilds of Canada*, by Eleanor Stredder (Nelson & Sons), deals with the adventures of a boy who meets with an accident while hunting, is lost by his friends and found by an Indian chief, through whom he is brought into active relations with other Indians, both Crees and Blackfeet. This is a bright and pleasing book, well suited to the tastes and capacities of younger boys. The "Fifty-two Library," edited by Mr. W. H. Miles, published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., includes some capital collections of short stories by various experienced writers. *Fifty-two Other Stories for Boys* and *Fifty-two Other Stories for Girls* are miscellanies of fiction as attractive as any previous volumes of the kind. *Fifty-two Fairy Tales* is made up of stories, new and old, from many sources—French, German, Swedish, and English, with a selection from Hawthorne's *Wonder Tales*. It is a capital book for children.

The effective blending of history and fiction in Mr. W. J. Gordon's clever and spirited story of Louisbourg, *Englishman's Haven* (Warne & Co.), may be traced, in part, to the romantic nature of the historical material that is woven into the writer's very ingenious plot; but it is only just to acknowledge the admirable art Mr. Gordon reveals in his persuasive and lifelike story. Very few boys, we suspect, have heard of Louisbourg, and of the first expedition against that "Key of Empire" by the New England colonists, and of the second siege, in which Amherst and Wolf and Boscawen were concerned. Mr. Gordon's exhilarating book deals with some of the strangest exploits and episodes in the history of the struggle for dominion in America between French and English, and both the deeds and the men who wrought them live again in this vivacious story. *The Thirsty Sword*, by Robert Leighton (Blackie & Son), has a more remote historical basis. It is a story of Norse pretensions to rule Scotland, and of the invasion of Norsemen, under Hakon, of the Western Isles, which ended in his disastrous defeat at Largs. Mr. Leighton's study of this critical period of Scottish history has borne good fruit in his striking story of the strife between Norse and Scot, and the feud between Alpin of Bute and his uncle MacAlpin, the assassin of his father. The maps provided should prove very useful to the schoolboy reader. *True Stories from Roman History*, by Alice Pollard (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a skilful compilation, with good woodcuts, illustrative of the Roman conquests of Gaul, Numidia, Carthage, and the East, and of the great military leaders of victorious Rome.

Longfellow's poems continue to attract artists. In *Evangeline*, illustrated by F. O. C. Darley (Longmans & Co.), we have a charming reprint of the most popular production of the poet, and an illustrator who is completely sympathetic with the poet's sentiment and subject. The Christmas Numbers of weekly and monthly journals make a brave and variegated show. *Harper's Monthly* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.) is unusually full of interest, and, as usual, beautifully illustrated. The newly-found drawings of Thackeray for "Lord Bateman," with Mrs. Ritchie's account of the discovery of this treasure-trove and comments upon the artist's work, are foremost in the several attractions of an excellent number. The drawings are exceedingly comic and thoroughly characteristic. "Giles Corey, Yeoman," a little drama by Mary E. Wilkins, is a powerful play that strongly suggests Longfellow's "New England Tragedies," both by its subject and its dramatic spirit. *The Century* (Fisher Unwin) puts forth a strong Christmas Number, with papers on Browning by Mr. Stopford Brooke, on Jenny Lind by Ronald McNeill, extracts from Signor Salvini's autobiography, notes on "Gipsy Land," by Mrs. Pennell, and an interesting paper by M. G. Van Rensselaer on "Picturesque New York," all of which contributions, with others, are very well illustrated. *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.) includes a good retrospect of stage history and famous actors in "Lear on the Stage," by Mr. F. Hawkins, with reproductions of old prints of Mrs. Cibber, Garrick, Barry, and Dancer, and portraits of Kean and Macready; "Pickwickian Topography," by Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Grant Allen's "Tennyson's Homes," and Mr. Joseph Hatton's account of "An Historic Pharmacy," are other readable contributions. The Christmas Number of *The Monthly Packet*, edited by Miss Yonge (Innes & Co.), comprises short stories illustrative more or less—some of them very much less—of the old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." *The Illustrated London News* issues two excellent reproductions in colour of Mr. F. Morgan's "A Willing Hand," and Mr. C. T. Garland's "Tally-ho!" and is altogether a Christmas Number of the good seasonable kind. In *Father Christmas* we note some amusing drawings of cats and masquerading birds, with a brightly tinted plate, "Our Christmas Goose," which will yield vast delight to children. *Pears's Annual* is composed of the perennial "Christmas Carol" of Dickens, with drawings by Charles Green, and four large and very good coloured plates after designs by De Blaas, Hayne Williams, Maynard Brown, and Focardi. We have also to note "Cassell's Christmas Annual" *Yuletide*, which this year is of a politico-social character, with diverting illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss, both in colour and black and white; *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, with a good selection of illustrated stories and sketches; and *Phil May's Annual* (Haddon), edited by Francis Gribble, with clever drawings by Phil May, and a variety of papers or stories by Messrs. Archibald Forbes, Conan Doyle, Morley Roberts, and others.

Vanity Fair Christmas Number clearly exemplifies the present ascendency of the short story, the literary supplement comprising short stories of great variety of treatment by many writers. Mr. James Payn's case of conscience in "A Novelist's Dilemma" is divertingly presented, whether or not it possesses the autobiographical interest which the story-teller seems to imply. Mr. Marriott Watson's sketch, "That Ruffian, the Highwayman," is also concerned with dilemma, and dilemma of an exceedingly repellent character. In "An Old Grandmother's Story" Mr. W. H. Pollock tells of "a curious thing that happened" to two young persons by chance associated in a two-part comedietta at private theatricals, through which accidental relation a very different and unsuspected relationship is brought to light. The curious thing is, in fact, one of those surprising and apparently capricious imaginings that seem proper to stage-land or the comedian's invention, yet may very well happen in the world of all of us; as is set forth, with ingenious art, in the story. The supplementary illustration of *Vanity Fair* is composed of a series of charming portraits, a constellated group of beauties seven, of

whom the Princess May forms the central bright, particular star. Leading Cabinet Ministers are figured in the clever cartoon of "Spy," and never has the artist's skill been more happily exhibited than in the extremely characteristic portraiture of Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon. The rest are good, indeed; these are transcendent.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE interest of the second volume of M. Bardoux's Life of La Fayette (1) is decidedly inferior to that of the first, and, to do M. Bardoux (who is a sensible man) justice, he knows it. La Fayette himself no doubt enjoyed the last part of his life almost, if not quite, as much as the first; but, though he had already proved himself a failure when he crossed the frontier, it would have been better for his chance of an heroic reputation if he had been shot by accident, or had died in that uncomfortable imprisonment of his at Wesel, Magdeburg, and Olmütz. It *was* uncomfortable; and the petty privations of it were discreditable to his gaolers. But an imprisonment in which you are allowed to have your wife and daughters with you (as he was after a time), in which, even after partially successful attempts to escape, there is no actual severity, and in which the worst tortures lie in the fact that the eating utensils are not very clean, that new clothing is grudged, and that the food tastes of tobacco, is not so very serious. And as "Wyndham le plus fougueux des Tories" (we suppose M. Bardoux means Windham, a good, though patriotic, Whig and a most humane and generous Englishman) said bluntly, "It is a pleasure to see those who have begun revolutions drinking to the dregs the cup of bitterness they prepared for the lips of others." At any rate, La Fayette was liberated after some five years. When he wished to return to France the First Consul, whose strong point was not generosity, at first had doubts about admitting him, but very soon discovered that he was not dangerous, and let him alone during the whole of the Empire. La Fayette rewarded him by moving divers anti-Bonapartist resolutions of the old windy type in the Chamber after Waterloo. He joined the "conjuration de quinze ans" under the Restoration, and when Charles Dix was driven out, he was made first a figure-head and then a fool by astuter persons than himself. There are few people of whom it is harder to make a hero, and also few whom it is more difficult to treat harshly, than La Fayette. He had excellent intentions. He always meant to behave like a gentleman, and generally did so behave. He was perfectly brave, and engagingly adventurous; nor did he whine when he was down. But he had very scanty intellectual powers, and in particular understood as little of politics as any chrisom child. Although he was one of the first to be shocked at the horrors of the Revolution, he probably did more than any one man to bring them on; and years afterwards, when he should have been tamed by age and the sharp lessons of fortune, he showed under four Governments that he had learnt little or nothing. "Grandison-Cromwell" was, after all, far too lofty a name for him; he was not so very much more than a Grandison-Masaniello.

Julien Decrais (2) appears to have been admitted to the sacred precincts of the *Deux Mondes* in order to tell the readers of that distinguished periodical the facts about England. It cannot be superfluous for Englishmen to see what he has got to say. He is very careful; he seems to be laboriously impartial; he should be instructive. His essays are five—on "Darkest England," on the Welsh Tithe Agitation, on a Trade-Union Congress (that of two years ago), on the Conway Murder Trial at Liverpool, on the Immigration into England of Pauper Aliens. It would be impossible in a short notice to indicate the various points which make us disable his judgment. We must confine ourselves to two. In his preface, M. Decrais, as a Frenchman, remarks that "en France où la richesse publique est si heureusement repartie, nous ne connaissons guère ces détresses." Perhaps some Frenchmen do not; others do. We seem to remember French accounts of "dénuements effroyables" even in Paris, and we seem also to remember opinions from such an unsuspected mouth even as Mlle. Louise Michel's as to the effect of our much-abused Poor Law system in preventing these *dénuements*. The other is more interesting. M. Decrais throws out the suggestion that the grand jury system prejudices the prisoner. He could have done nothing better suited to show that lookers-on, when they don't play the game, sometimes see not most but least of it. On paper this might be the effect of a grand jury. In practice it never is. We are well aware that this particular member or division of the palladium is not exempt from indigenous grumblings. It wastes time; it is useless; it is a hardship on the grand jurymen. But nobody ever said, and nobody who knows the facts could ever say, that it prejudices the prisoner. In small cases it not unfrequently saves him the trouble and ignominy of a trial at all; in great ones it provides at rare intervals the opportunity of a public declaration of his innocence much more striking and effective than the most triumphant acquittal. But it simply never works the other way. Petty jurymen, Heaven knows, are often stupid enough; but their very stupidity saves them from the least idea that they ought to bring in a verdict of guilty because the grand jury has found a true bill. The intelligent foreigner is exposed to these little mistakes, and M. Decrais has fallen into more than one of them.

Diane de Puymal (3) is not a book for the young person, and its hero is—though he has occasional better moments—a pleasing mixture of a coxcomb, a snob, and a prig. But it has some power; the heroine shows marks of observation, and as a "delicate female," as our ancestors used to say, who divides her time between flat burglary and offences less robustious and mentionable, she may be regarded as ingeniously devised.

Among school-books or books of instruction we may note an extraordinarily compressed—too much compressed, we think—*Guide-programme du cours d'histoire d'art*, by MM. Lhomme and Rocheblave (Paris: Alcan), and an edition of Corneille's *Polyeucte*, by Dr. Braunholtz (Cambridge: University Press), uniform with others of French plays which that good scholar has produced, and possessing the same merits. M. Siepmann's *Intuitive French Reader* (Hachette) is oddly and awkwardly named, suggesting some Hamiltonian, or other, quackery. It is, however, a useful book enough of the ordinary kind, though we would it had not a glossary, which is the enemy. MM. Hachette also send us two useful selections from individual books for the same purpose—Xavier Marmier's *Le protégé de Marie-Antoinette*, by M. Belfond, and M. Daudet's *Le petit Chose*, by M. Pétilleau. The former has a vocabulary; the latter not.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AFLOAT and Ashore in the Mediterranean, by Lee Meriwether (Sampson Low & Co.), is a record of travel in Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Egypt, and has nothing of a nautical flavour about it, despite the promise of the title. A little yachting, indeed, Mr. Meriwether did accomplish in Sicilian waters and in the Ægean; but he seems to have depended more upon his bicycle for the gratification of his locomotive disposition. The account of his journeying is marked by the qualities of observation and method that characterize most modern American travel-books that treat of European experiences. The advantages of being an American citizen must be considerable, to judge by the frequent proclamation of his nationality by the American traveller in foreign parts. Mr. Meriwether, who is greatly interested in "Labor questions" and prison systems, inspected many foreign prisons, and has collected much curious information as to their inmates and their various systems of government. He held some converse also with foreign Trades-Unionists and agitators and anarchists, who apparently had forgotten or were ignorant of the admirable dispatch with which the American Government dealt with the Chicago "martyrs." From his recent official connexion with the system of convict labour and penitentiary government in the State of Missouri, Mr. Meriwether was inspired to study these matters in European countries. The spirit of inquiry involved him once or twice in tight places. At Barcelona he found himself shut in the prison, to his great indignation, under some stupid rule of the establishment, and the Spaniards seem to have been convinced that the "Americanos" were merely visiting some of their "friends" in gaol. But Mr. Meriwether was too intrepid to be baulked by obstacles of any nature, and by sheer pertinacity obtained a good deal of useful information. His pictures of Spanish and Portuguese prisons, and his notes on the condition of foreign workpeople, are interesting, and occasionally gruesome. These matters, modestly termed the "ballast" of the traveller's book, are effectively relieved by sketches of a lighter and brighter character.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis is an American traveller of another type—perhaps we should say of an entirely new type. Mr. Lummis journeyed from Ohio to California, and every mile of the way he footed it. This remarkable achievement is chronicled in *A Tramp Across the Continent* (Sampson Low & Co.) For the pure physical delight of walking—a delight that few men fully enjoy—did Mr. Lummis walk 3,507 miles in 143 days. There was, he remarks, no wager in it, and, excepting some fifteen

(1) *Les dernières années de La Fayette.* Par A. Bardoux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *L'Angleterre contemporaine.* Par Julien Decrais. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Diane de Puymal.* Par Max Ellyan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

hundred miles, when his faithful dog accompanied him, Mr. Lummis walked alone. That an American should prefer walking to riding is strange, but stranger still is the confession of an American that "he was ashamed of knowing so little of his own country as he did, and as most Americans do." Mr. Lummis styles his book "the simple story of joy on legs," but this, like the enterprise itself, is only his fun. It was just for fun, he says, that he walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, and if he enjoyed his trip as much as we have enjoyed his account of it, he was well repaid. His book has such heart in it, such simplicity and strength, it is as good to read as any story of adventure may be. He had some pretty sharp perils to face on the road. If there was any joy on legs when his life was "saved," as he puts it, "by his own shadow," it was a fearful kind of joy. On the road to the Grand Cañon of the Arkansaw he overtook some hundreds of convicts belonging to the Colorado penitentiary at work, and unfettered, with armed guards watching them. He had never seen prisoners loose in this fashion. "I grew interested," he says, "and trotted like any other fool along the sidewalk, gazing curiously at the vicious faces of the hundred jail-birds who were at work on the two-foot wall at my very side." He was stepping westward with the bright morning sun behind him. Suddenly, something seemed to drag his eyes down to the light, smooth dust in front of him, and he saw there a clear, sharp, long shadow beside his own—"the shadow of a larger burly figure swinging a heavy stone-hammer above my very head." Stupid before, as Mr. Lummis says, he was wide-awake now, as he took a tremendous leap into the roadway, and turning covered the convict with his "forty-four." Up charged the guard, on a black horse, and some very strong language followed, though by no means too strong. Mr. Lummis certainly should have known "better 'n to sashay along in reach o' them fellows, with a gun sticking out handy-like."

The World of Music, by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont (Gibbings) comprises three pretty volumes of sketches devoted to "Great Composers," "Great Singers," and "Great Virtuosi." They are inspired by the excellent moral of Longfellow's "Lives of great men all remind us." It is hoped that they may stir the "idle artist" to emulation of the masters. The sketches are somewhat slight, and those of the singers, in some instances, decidedly inefficient. No mention is made of the incomparable Leonora of Mlle. Titiens, for example. The composers and virtuosi fare better, though Auber is styled the greatest of French composers. But Berlioz is not included in the list of sketches. In the notice of Meyerbeer there is an opera cited as *The North Star*, which can only mean the Polar star, not the Star of the North—a very different thing.

The sketches collected in *Notable Women Authors of the Day*, by Helen C. Black (Glasgow: Bryce), are described as "biographical," though they contain an infinitesimal amount of biography and a tolerably prodigious quantity of the material that interviewers love to spin. However, the work is decidedly good work of the kind. We could wish that the photographic originals of the portraits had not suffered a "process" change that is in many instances too dreadful for description.

There are few stories for children as good as Hoffmann's exquisite phantasy, *Nutcracker and Mouse King* (Fisher Unwin), of which a capital translation by Mr. Ascott Hope forms the latest addition to the "Children's Library." The present version appears to be from the version which the great Dumas signed and for which he wrote a preface. The familiar illustrations, though their origin is not stated, are by the ingenious, the peerless Bertall. Those who know the inimitable creations of this delightful artist need no reminder of their quality. In a word, they are in this instance Hoffmannesque.

In the series of class-books known as "Epochs of American History" we have a compact and well-ordered historical epitome by Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart—*Formation of the Union*, 1750–1829 (Longmans & Co.)—which, if used in the spirit of the excellent "suggestions for readers and teachers" that are prefixed to the work, cannot but prove a volume of practical educational value. Copious references to historical and critical authorities are given with each chapter, and the maps are well designed and truly illustrative.

The new editions of the Waverley Novels, having received due review of the opening volumes, call for a brief note of further stages of their issue. In the "Border" edition we have two volumes of *Guy Mannering* (Nimmo), illustrated by excellent etchings by Mr. Ansted, after Mr. McWhirter's "Ellangowan Castle," a fine example; by Mr. C. O. Murray, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. F. S. Walker, and other artists. Mr. Andrew Lang's notes and introduction are full of suggestion and illustration. The *Quarterly* Reviewer, by the way, was not the only critic who thought the Scotch novels would be improved if translated into English. Lost to fame, we fear, is the name of the "immortal idiot," as Mr. Lang calls him, who complained of Scott's "dark dialect of Anglified Erse."

Mr. Gordon Browne illustrates *Guy Mannering* in the "Dryburgh" edition of Messrs. A. & C. Black. His selection of incidents is well chosen, and there is no lack of spirit in his pictures of Mr. Pleydell's "High Jinks," "Salmon-Leistering," and Meg Merrilies addressing Ellangowan. But we have seen older portraiture of Dirk the smuggler that is more taking than Mr. Browne's.

In the "Scott Library" we have *The Book of Marvellous Adventures*, edited by Ernest Rhys (Scott), being a second and final instalment of the *Morte d'Arthur*, forming, with the previous volume of the Library, the complete text of Malory's work. This is a very handy reprint, both as regards the type, which is clear, and the book-form, which is convenient.

The *Bret Harte Birthday Book*, compiled by Mme. Van de Welde (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), comprises a good portrait, a well-selected calendar of quotations in verse and prose, and in type, paper, and binding is an attractive volume.

Manual training being now an object much desired and discussed, there should be many young people who are ready to profit by the instruction set forth in Mr. John A. Bower's practical handbook *How to Make Common Things* (S. P. C. K.) The common things of which Mr. Bower treats are all very useful things, such as quick intelligence and clever hands may readily turn out, if they observe the very clear and simple directions given in this capital little book. Boys with a turn for the handicrafts will discover a mine of interesting and valuable matters in Mr. Bower's volume. It is fully illustrated by diagrams, as all such books should be.

Farthings, by Mrs. Molesworth (Wells Gardner & Co.), is the story of a stray and a waif, and is told with a simple and natural pathos which is a frequent charm in the writer's stories of children. The book serves also as an effective object-lesson of the charitable aims and achievements of the Church of England Society for providing Homes for Waifs and Strays.

The *British Almanac and Companion* for 1893, published by the Stationers' Company, includes, among the permanent features of an old-established annual, reviews of the progress or events of art and science since its last publication. Mr. Monkhouse deals with art with characteristic discretion and sympathy. Mr. Langton Cole reviews architecture and engineering, revealing an optimism we can but envy in treating of the former subject, and Mr. Joseph Knight discusses the drama of twelve months with excellent judgment.

Dr. William Kingsford's *Early Bibliography of Ontario* (Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison) comprises much curious information concerning early-printed books in Canada, and will be found interesting by bibliographers in general, as well as by Canadians and others concerned in the books and newspapers produced in the early years of the Dominion.

Books, like children, have a way of growing, and the second edition of Mr. Jukes Browne's *Building of the British Isles* (George Bell & Sons) is no exception to the rule, for it is increased by about one hundred and twenty pages. Many sections have been rewritten, and the whole is carefully brought up to date. Alterations also, in some cases important, have been made in the maps. Probably Mr. Jukes Browne's conclusion will not in every case command universal assent; but that is inevitable in dealing with a subject in which the materials for inductive treatment are often scanty. These, however, are carefully and generally fairly discussed; though in one case the argument against which he decides is not quite accurately stated. This, however, is a trifling blemish; the book will be useful to all geologists and of special value to younger students, as showing them how the bones (often very dry) of stratigraphical geology may be made to live.

We have also received the fourth and revised edition of *Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible* (Eden, Remington, & Co.), by the late Bishop of St. Andrews; *Church-Lore Gleanings*, by T. F. Thiselton Dyer (Innes & Co.); *The Problem of Reality*, by E. Belfort Bax (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Empire and Papacy in the Middle Ages*, by Alice D. Greenwood, an Introduction to the Study of Mediæval History for use in schools (Sonnenschein & Co.); Dr. F. J. Worshoven's *Lehr- und Lesebuch der Siamesischer Sprache*, with German-Siamese vocabulary, &c. (Vienna: Hartleben); *Short Studies on Important Subjects*, by "Tum-o'-Dick-o'-Bob's," sketches in Lancashire dialect (Manchester: Heywood); and *Ghost-Lore, and other Stories*, by "Owlet" (Digby, Long, & Co.)

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. HOME political news at the end of last week was almost non-existent, and the details of the Stepney and North Meath Election petitions were of an unexciting character—the latter, though lively enough in themselves, being merely a repetition of what was already known as having happened in the Southern division of that ancient kingdom. There was little revival at the beginning of the present week, but there were the usual rumours about the extent to which Ministers had made up their minds before separating for the Christmas holidays.

On Wednesday morning men looked for the result of Sir EDWARD REED'S meeting with his constituents at Cardiff, and were not surprised to find Gladstonians and anti-Gladstonians interpreting it rather differently. The first, of course, dwelt on Sir EDWARD'S disavowal of any mutinous tendencies; the second on his repeated refusal to pledge himself to any Abracadabra that happens to be signed W. E. G.

Yesterday morning there were rumours of Ministers and ex-Ministers sitting i' the sun; but the only voices crying in the political wilderness at home were those of Mr. COURTNEY and Mr. LABOUCHERE. The Gladstonian newspapers quote the former as repeating his approval of the Eviction Commission, and of Mr. Justice MATHEW'S qualifications, but ingeniously omit his statement that this was what he *had* thought, and his addition that the whole thing was "a dismal "disappointment." As for Mr. LABOUCHERE, we have been trying for years to find out what noble character of ancient times he resembles, and have only now discovered it. Mr. LABOUCHERE has written to some one that he is very much against pauper immigration into England, and that the occupation of Uganda is horrid. This is "Delenda est Carthago" pure and simple; and Mr. LABOUCHERE from henceforth is, for us, CATO.

Ireland. During the early part of this week Gladstonians, taking their cue from Mr. MORLEY, were *totidem verbis* pleading "Let bygones be by-"gones" in regard to certain Donegal prisoners. So sweet-sounding a petition at Christmas-time, of course, ought not to be neglected—especially when the first "bygones" means "Murder of the most brutal kind "committed on an officer of the law whose only crime "was executing his duty on a mischievous clerical "agitator."——On Monday good Unionist meetings were held in Northern and Southern Ireland respectively —Colonel SAUNDERSON speaking at Lurgan, and Lord CASTLETOWN, Mr. PLUNKETT, and Mr. SMITH BARRY at Cork. Both were cheerful, and the fact is that a heaven-born Irish leader might just now make Ireland Unionist. But where is he?——The Eviction Commission sat again in Dublin on Tuesday, and Sir JAMES MATHEW took another hand in that not particularly dignified game at long bowls round the corner with the Land Commissioners which he had originally forced on Mr. Commissioner LYNCH.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Yesterday week the blow which had been so long suspended fell upon the Panama Directors. Either to show their own innocence or, more probably, frightened by the narrowness of the majority the day before, M. RIBOT'S Government ordered the Directors' arrest. M. DE LESSEPS himself is understood not to be in a condition for any step to be taken against him; but his son, M. CHARLES, M. MARIUS FONTANE (whom the papers, doubtless remembering NAPOLEON'S Minister, presented with an unnecessary final *s*), and M. SANS-LEROY were arrested, others escaping by accidental or designed absence. Somewhat contradictory news came from Lagos and from French sources as to the state of things in Dahomey. The Italian Ministry had secured a large majority for its financial proposals. In Russia four men had been sentenced to death and nearly fourscore to terms of imprisonment for participation in the cholera riots at Mariapol. The NIZAM-UL-MULK, the Chitral "rightful "heir," was said to have established himself in that country, and to have invited the presence of an English Resident.

Very gloomy accounts of crop prospects in Madras came on Monday morning; but order was said to reign in Chitral. The country inland from Souakim was reported as quieting down again. Some revulsion of feeling seems to have taken place in Paris as to the Panama Directors, their arrest being regarded as a purely selfish move on the part of the Government. An agitation was being got up in Germany against the reported intention of BILLY their Emperor to raise instead of "'bating" the tax upon beer. The Monetary

Conference, one of the most futile gatherings of modern times, adjourned, nominally till May 30.

The news of Tuesday morning was again very small, concerning chiefly Panama and the failure of Newfoundland (which seems to be, for a small community, gey ill to live wi') to come to any understanding with Canada.

Panama further relieved foreign telegrams for readers on Wednesday morning. The matter had at last assumed full "South Sea" proportions. Leave was asked for the prosecution of five Senators and five Deputies, half of whom have been Ministers, while almost all are very well-known men. In the Chamber itself M. ROUVIER—the chief, as far as official position goes, of the accused—took a decidedly Coriolanian line, and a violent scene, with promise of divers duels, followed. M. COTTU, the absent Director, returned and surrendered, and, generally speaking, the plot thickened considerably. It has long been known to those who watch French life narrowly that, under the Republic, a large proportion of politicians and pressmen has become utterly corrupt, and the only question is whether the proportion is not too large to allow of a thorough exposure.

It was reported on Thursday that there was a very uneasy feeling in the Paris press, which (see above) is not surprising; that Chitral was settling down, and that fresh deaths have resulted from the blackleg poisonings at Homestead.

The first of the duels above referred to, that between those two noted fire-eaters MM. DÉROULÈDE and CLÉMENCEAU, came off on Thursday, and was—what French pistol duels usually are now. The ferocious combatants, after a great squabbling of seconds, were placed twenty-five yards apart, without leave to advance, and exchanged shots—three say some, six say others, apparently on the conscientious ground that two bullets, one from each pistol, go to a shot. Nobody was hurt, and the whole thing cost only the time and the cartridges. M. ANDRIEUX—a decidedly formidable person, and much more *fort* than most Frenchmen of the day, though not exactly of statesman calibre—gave evidence before the Panama Committee. In America true bills had been found in the Homestead *Affaire des Poisons*, and a Bill for suspending silver purchases had been introduced into Congress before it rose for the Christmas holidays.

Election Petitions. The Stepney inquiry was on Monday remarkable for an *obiter dictum* of Mr. Justice CAVE'S, when evidence had been given showing that the petitioners were men of straw, and the whole thing a "put up" one. The judge remarked that this did not matter, as they were only there to ascertain the truth about the charges. This is a noble sentiment, and, as a judge says it, no doubt it is law till a higher judge or more judges shall say differently; whether it is for the public advantage that things should be so may, with the utmost respect to the Court and the completest disclaimer of any prejudgment of the facts, be doubted. The "Heads I win, tails you lose" manner in which petitions are now being brought, and the undue protection which abstention from claiming the seat confers upon sporting petitioners, are very gross evils. Of them, however, more hereafter. For the present it mattered little. Mr. Justice CAVE and his colleague, who had in former trials this winter shown themselves rather "hanging judges," were in a lenient mood this time, and declined to unseat Mr. ISAACSON; regarding his own conduct as blameless, and that of his agents, though illegal, as of the kind which the law leaves it to the discretion of the judges to pardon. As the agent's indiscretion extended even to the perilous practice of destroying accounts, he is rather lucky; though certainly it would have been hard on Mr. ISAACSON had it gone otherwise.

Non-Political Speeches. Mr. BALFOUR spoke at Manchester on Monday on Technical Education. On the same day the Duke of CAMBRIDGE distributed the Volunteer Decoration for the Home District, and addressed the recipients.——On Tuesday the PRINCE OF WALES presided at a meeting of the Royal Naval Fund, that very satisfactory result of the Naval Exhibition.

Correspondence. On Monday it appeared that some ingenious person had kindly sent Mr. RIDER HAGGARD a parcel of what were alleged to be human ashes, as a subject for romance. Bone dust is fertilizing to vegetables; but its inspiring effect on the human brain has to be proved. A poem, look you, it might have yielded; but hardly a romance.——An astounding correspondence was published on Tuesday morning, from which it appeared that Mr. FRANK JAMES, who though, as it is called, unseated, is still "M.P." for Walsall till Parliament meets, had received an offer of letting him off the costs of the other side if he, on his part, would procure the seat to go by default to the Gladstonians. Of course Gladstonian authorities made haste to deny the charge, but denial is not disproof. From a letter published yesterday by Mr. DUIGNAN, the Gladstonian named—a letter as astonishing as all the rest—it would appear this person did make the offer, but not authoritatively.——It was stated, in a letter published on Wednesday morning, that the Board of Trade does not intend to hold any inquiry on the loss of the *Roumania*—a statement strange if true.——Another singular correspondence has been made public in a rather piecemeal manner regarding a statement alleged by Mr. H. M. HYNDMAN to have been made to him some years ago in a drawing-room by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to the effect that his, Sir WILLIAM'S, criterion of the existence of popular distress was shop-lifting and stack-firing. This doth Mr. HYNDMAN affirm, while Sir WILLIAM, denying, adds that he knows not the man. And, as there is no other evidence on either side, it will all depend upon what estimate is held of the personal credibility of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. HYNDMAN respectively.

The Booth Inquiry. The self-appointed Committee for inquiring into the management of what is called the "Darkest England" Fund (by which is probably meant that its existence illustrates the darkness of its subscribers' intellects) has reported on very limited references and with a somewhat uncertain sound. It is probably not an unfair summary to say that the Committee have not discovered any malversation, but they have discovered that there are no safeguards against it. It is very satisfactory to learn that both HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES have refused to divert any of their usual Christmas charities into the hands of Mr. BOOTH.

The Universities. Dr. LUMBY, Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was elected to the vacant Lady Margaret Professorship in the same subject on Tuesday.

The Head-masters' Conference. The two subjects discussed at the usual Christmas Head-masters' Conference on Thursday were both of importance; but on neither, we fear, can any very practical results be attained. In the present state of the laws and of public feeling, religious teaching must be the special subject of a head-master's personal tact and discretion. As for rich men's sons winning scholarships, that has been from the first seen to be an inevitable drawback of the competitive system—not its only one by any means nor its worst.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week judgment was given in the higher Courts in several cases of importance, the decision of most public interest being, perhaps, the new trial ordered by the Court of Appeal in the

remarkable case of BLAIR and GIRLING *v.* COX. Some remarkable evidence was given at Bow Street in connexion with the forgery charges against Messrs. HOBBS and WRIGHT. The first case in the new London Chamber of Arbitration was decided this day week by Sir ALBERT ROLLIT.——On Monday the case of GEDDES *v.* STEPHENS, which turned on a quarrel between two patent-medicine vendors, and had occupied a most unconscionable amount of time, was decided for the plaintiff with 300*l.* damages. Dr. SANDERS, who had pleaded guilty to divers forgeries in connexion with the defunct Lyric Club, was sentenced to six years' penal servitude; and a noted railway-station thief to the same amount. A married couple, of whom the woman was 66 and the man 22, were examined and remanded on a charge of manslaughter of the kind which the French, with rather ogreish delicacy, call "angel-making."——Mr. Justice KENNEDY having returned to Northampton on purpose, the man MACRAE, whose trial was postponed in consequence of the indiscretion of a juryman, was once more brought to the bar. But, by one of the oddest examples of that odd thing called coincidence, another juryman fell ill, and the jury had to be yet again discharged and resworn with a fresh member before the trial could begin. The "Missing Word" money was ordered into Chancery, and at Bow Street, in the same (or rather another instance of the same) affair, the newspaper proprietors who had been fined declined to appeal, so that the illegality of this little "flutter" is not likely to be further questioned. The affairs of Lord AILESBURY were considered, but again adjourned, to the very cold comfort of the unfortunate Savernake tenants, who are waiting for a personal and solvent landlord; and Messrs. DE MURRIETA were, if we may coin a word, "unbankrupted" on the discovery of a technical flaw. The Westminster Abbey pickpocket, by a rather Cadi-like stretch of judicial authority on the part of Sir PETER EDLIN, after being acquitted of stealing, was convicted of attempting to steal, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.——More motions were before the Courts on Wednesday, in the dispute between the Duke of SUTHERLAND and the Dowager Duchess. On the same day the COMMON SERJEANT distributed some heavy sentences in a "long "firm" case; and some of those nuisances, the false-news criers, were also laid by the heels.

Sport. A football match under Rugby rules was played, this day week, at Richmond, between North and South. The South, a very strong team, won by two goals and three tries to nothing.

The London County Council. The London County Council proceeded, yesterday week, with its scheme for fixing the unfixable—to wit, wages; and further signs were given of "the thieves falling out."——On Tuesday the Council persevered, against the remonstrances even of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, in its discreditable conduct in stinting the salary of Sir PETER EDLIN (who is probably the hardest working judicial person in England) because he is *persona ingrata* to the Labour agitators.

Miscellaneous. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE inspected Sandhurst yesterday week, and impressed on the cadets that "to obey is the first duty of the "soldier." It is not a new doctrine; but it is an exceedingly true one and, unluckily, it is especially necessary for these times.——This day week the PRINCE OF WALES (who was received by the Duke of YORK as President of the Hospital) laid the foundation-stone of the Clarence Memorial Wing of St. Mary's Hospital.——On Sunday a jewel robbery of the usual during-dinner kind took place, with the usual success, at Leigh Court, near Bristol, and a great deal of Lady MILES's jewelry was carried off.——On Monday Captain DUNDAS, R.N., gave the Geographical Society an interesting account of his travels up the Juba and in Somaliland. On that day the shareholders of the Imperial Bank agreed to amalgamation with the London Joint Stock, in accordance with the general tendency of small banks nowadays to be absorbed in larger ones.——The affairs of the Liberator Building Society have continued to attract a great deal of attention both in and out of the Courts this week, a very excited meeting of shareholders and depositors being held on Tuesday.——The Cape mail steamer *Nubian*, entering Lisbon Harbour on Tuesday afternoon in a fog, ran on a rock, and, the passengers and mails having been landed, sank next day. There has been very bad weather in the Atlantic.——The Bishop of LONDON on Wednesday presided over a meeting for co-operation in charitable relief, which was attended by representatives of the chief charitable Societies. It is a very important subject, and there is, unfortunately, no doubt that at present an immense amount of effort is wasted or wrongly directed.

Obituary. At the end of last week one of the greatest publishing houses in France lost its senior partner. M. GEORGES HACHETTE was understood to have been particularly interested in those geographical publications for which the house had few rivals in Europe. M. SIMÉON LUCE was one of the chief French authorities on the history of the later middle ages. His work on BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN was an unusual combination of enthusiasm, accuracy, and literary form; but his greatest achievement was the monumental edition (not, we think, yet absolutely finished), in which for the first time he arranged and exhibited the various "states" of FROISSART'S Chronicles.——Sir RICHARD OWEN, who had all but reached the age of ninety, was one of the few men who are really "of "European reputation," and who, even in science—the most *ondoyant* and *divers*, if not the most fickle and faithless, of all branches of intellectual occupation, ever apt to cut up the sun of to-day into the old moons of to-morrow—retain something like primacy to the last. He was not much liked by the evolutionists, less probably because he followed them not than because his dissent was an unpleasant reminder of the mortality of little systems. But his palæontological work in particular was work of the kind that is done once for all, and can never be poohpoohed.

Books. The chief books of the week are Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS'S *Round London* (MACMILLAN), the late Dr. CHURCH'S *Cathedral and University Sermons* (same publishers), and a life (HODDER & STOUGHTON) of that odd but rather striking personality of the middle of the century, Mr. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Scotsman, critic by profession, and by natural aptitude effusive discoverer and heralder of new poets.

THE CONFUSION IN FRANCE.

WHEN we said last week that the French Ministry had become subservient to the Committee of Investigation, we understated the case. M. RIBOT'S Cabinet had rather decided to substitute itself for the Committee. Our error, if error there was, has been very common. M. RIBOT'S action did, as a matter of fact, cause as much surprise last Saturday in Paris as in London. It had been understood that the Ministry would find it necessary to show energy in forwarding the inquiry; but nobody had expected that it would endeavour to free itself from the rivalry and the oppressive superintendence of the Committee by taking that body's work out of its hands and undertaking to do it itself. This, however, was precisely what M. RIBOT'S Cabinet was meditating on the Thursday of last week, and what it put in execution on the Friday afternoon by ordering the prosecution of MM.

C. DE LESSEPS, FONTANE, COTTU, and SANS-LEROY for corrupt practices. By this step it endeavoured to convince the world that the Committee was of no further use, since it had supplied the Government with evidence on which to proceed against offenders, and since light was at last about to be thrown on dark places by a regular judicial inquiry. So eager, indeed, was the Ministry to prove the austerity of its virtue, that it appears to have taken care to let the world know that it had provided for applying the at no time tender judicial and prison systems of France to the prisoners with the utmost rigour.

For the moment the Ministry seemed likely to secure the reward of its manœuvre. It received that praise for vigour which is commonly enough given to anybody who lays about him with fury in a mob. But vigour which is directed to no other purpose than to clear a temporary space round the person who displays it, is commonly found to end in intensifying, or at the best in only very slightly varying, the prevailing uproar. Vigour must be directed to some definite end, and in ways which are likely to succeed in breaking the mob up. The Spanish General whose remarkable feat of clearing the Puerta del Sol, nearly single-handed, was witnessed and described by Mr. BORROW, would certainly have failed if he had only imitated the actions of the rabble in possession of the square. The course of events during the week has been of a character which at least does not prove that M. RIBOT'S vigour is not of the sterile order. It was a serious deduction from his first success, or appearance of success, that he totally failed to induce the Committee of Investigation to dissolve. Some members of this body were inclined to think that the zeal of the Ministry in hunting down delinquents had rendered further labours on the part of the Committee unnecessary. M. BRISSON was able to convince them that this was a too modest view. He insisted—as, in fact, he was well entitled to do—that it was the Committee which had driven the Ministers to act, and he drew the deduction that it must continue to meet for the purpose of keeping Ministers up to their work. The result has shown that M. BRISSON was right. The evidence of M. ANDRIEUX is quite in the old style, and will be most effective. Indeed it is a significant fact that an ex-diplomatist and Prefect of Police can come forward in France and openly acknowledge that he has been engaged for years in collecting evidence of the corruption of his fellow politicians. With two rival bodies in existence, one for the purpose of discovering delinquents, and the other compelled to hunt delinquents out, lest it should become subject to the ruinous suspicion of sympathy with delinquency, French politics have naturally become the subject of an auction. There has been a repetition of the immortal and recurrent strife of Demagogue and More-Demagogue, to outbid one another in the favour of the voter. Having begun by instituting proceedings against the Directors of the Panama Company, for corrupting Senators and Deputies, and having the fear of the Committee of Investigation before its eyes, the Cabinet has been compelled to go on to accuse Senators and Deputies of allowing themselves to be corrupted. Five of each Chamber have been chosen. It, of course, remains to be seen on what evidence the Government has acted; but, as far as it has been published, it appears to be somewhat flimsy. In the case of the Senators and Deputies, as in that of the Panama Directors, the utmost severity has been shown to the prisoners. In their excitement lest they should be accused of endeavouring to screen offenders, both the Senate and the Chamber gave leave to prosecute the accused without waiting to hear them. The vigorous denials which some of them have uttered since have, it is said, been heard with sympathy. Such sympathy is for the present barren enough, but it is a sign which ought to have weight with the Ministry. The men who first hand over their colleagues to the accuser without hearing them, and then applaud when those whom they sacrificed unheard yesterday protest to-day, will be capable of tearing down the Ministry which is now serving their selfish fear, if it is proved to have brought its accusations on frivolous grounds.

Of the speeches which have been made by the incriminated Senators and Deputies, one only was more than an eloquent, or at least melodramatic, assertion of the speaker's innocence. M. ROUVIER did say something to the purpose in his bitter and capable little speech. With more spirit than regard for the feelings of his colleagues, M. ROUVIER hit out when his back was against the ropes. He declared roundly that he had drawn on the pockets of his friends for electoral expenses, which the Secret Service fund could not supply, and added, with a truth which pointed the taunt, that if he had not done so, many of the Deputies who were now looking at him with an air of virtue would not be sitting in the Chamber. This does not even remotely mean that M. ROUVIER has confessed to the charge of personal corruption. He has only revealed the very transparent secret that the French Ministry, in the course of its conflict with General BOULANGER, formed a "campaign fund" for the usual purposes. The gravity of the confession lies in the fact that one of the charges made by M. DELAHAYE was that the Ministry of the day had bled the Panama Company for the purpose of fighting General BOULANGER. We have M. ROUVIER'S word for it that this sort of thing was done. The affectation of surprise and the severe air of reprobation with which M. ROUVIER'S words have been received are mere manifestations of human stupidity. Everybody knows that the campaign fund is an indispensable, though unrecognized, part of the machinery for working the Constitution of the United States of America. Canada has one, as some recent "scandals" have proved. We shall have one in our turn when the management of elections is in the hands of the professional politicians who can alone be trusted to drive the party coach through the Corrupt Practices Act. We have had such things before. As much may be said of M. FLOQUET'S frank acknowledgment of the fact that the French Government also has its reptile fund.

But, if indignation and surprise at every recurrent demonstration of the truth of Mr. CARLYLE'S great doctrine—that Parliamentary government cannot be conducted without some form of corruption—are unintelligent, there is no doubt that they are real. The *bourgeoisie* and peasantry of France are always made angry by every new revelation of the old truth. Anger makes them believe that their money has gone into the pockets of the Deputies, and is very likely to provoke measures of a more serious character than the good-natured piece of amateur theatricals performed by MM. DÉROULÈDE and CLÉMENCEAU on the St. Ouen racecourse. The knowledge that this is their belief reacts on the Chambers. A majority of the members are frightened into a disposition to do anything to clear themselves of suspicion. A minority act on the popular prejudice by scattering furious charges of corruption as MM. DELAHAYE, DÉROULÈDE, and LAUR are doing now. Between the two is brought about a condition of things which the Republicans of the first growth would have described in their sham classic style by saying that the Chambers were given up to the Gods of Hate and Terror. Now M. DE CASSAGNAC remarks that the Chamber has pulled on the boots of the Convention, and M. DE VOGÜÉ makes a heartfelt appeal to M. CARNOT to save France by playing the man in the interest of morals and the Russian alliance. Then M. DE VOGÜÉ tells us that he is going to soothe his

harrowed soul by reading *Cosmopolis*. We should be sorry to be called upon to decide whether the confusion in the Chamber or the windy gabble of the companions of the New Life out of it is the better sign of the political incapacity of France.

"THE MISSING WORD."

THE "Missing Word" competition which has engaged the attention of Bow Street and the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice still goes on, in spite of the adverse decision of those august tribunals. It has transferred itself from the field of literature to that of politics. The News Agencies and the less scrupulous and more enterprising newspapers are on the look-out for the "missing word" cf Gladstonian policy. Downing Street, on Friday and Saturday of last week, was thronged by a small body of vigilant observers, resembling closely in appearance and demeanour a Trades-Union picket, who watched attentively every one who went in and came out, how soon and with whom they arrived and how late, and with whom they departed. Every Cabinet Minister, at least every member of the Sacred Six or Seven, is shadowed by a figure popularly supposed to incarnate the police protection which ensures the liberators of Ireland against the gratitude of Irishmen. It is really an emissary of some News Agency or newspaper, bent on gathering from gestures and visage the secret of the Gladstonian policy, or of spelling the missing word as it shapes itself on the moving lips of the absorbed statesman. Of Mr. GLADSTONE nothing is ever reported except that he is in good health and high spirits. These epithets follow him with a Homeric pertinacity. Nothing has yet been picked up from the countenance or conversation of any lesser statesman. The reason probably is that as yet there is no secret to be disclosed. The Cabinet Committee of six or seven are themselves in search of the missing word. They would be very glad if anybody would disclose it to them. Mr. GLADSTONE himself carries with him to Biarritz, not the secret, but the quest of the secret.

For one part of the business which Mr. GLADSTONE has in hand we would recommend a word once efficacious, and which may not have lost all its original force. An inclination to disperse is visible among his followers. Sir EDWARD REED has shown somewhat of a falling-off disposition. Sir EDWARD may have no following; he may be not only a rat, but even a rat without a tail. Nevertheless, if one may trust the first witch in *Macbeth*, a rat without a tail may "do, and do, "and do" to very mischievous purpose; still more, several rats without tails. Mr. GLADSTONE needs not only to keep his present adherents together, but to make additional recruits. The word *ducdame* may have lost its original virtue. But we cannot think of anything better. We can imagine Mr. GLADSTONE reciting effectively the invocation of the melancholy lord-in-waiting on the banished duke:—

> If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease,
> A stubborn will to please—

(that is, quitting his proper pursuits and interests to humour Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule obstinacy)—

> Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame,
> Here he shall see,
> Gross fools as he,
> And if he will come to me.

But the word *ducdame*, even if it should be effective for its original end as "an invocation to call "fools into a circle," does not answer all the purposes of the missing word. When it has brought the fools into the circle, they may simply find it a ring for them to fight in. In fact, that is the purpose for which the present occupants of the enclosure are using it. The missing word on Home Rule will settle the question of gas-and-water Home Rule, or Fenian Home Rule; of an Irish Parliament or Four Provincial Councils and a Senate; of the retention of Irish members at Westminster, with the right of voting on Imperial questions, so as indirectly to affect English and Scotch legislation by determining the fate of the Ministry of the day, or their exclusion and the formal repeal of the Union. In short, the missing word will have to decide so much, it will have to take such an immense responsibility on itself, that if it is a prudent word it will keep out of the way. It will remain the missing word.

ILL MANNERS AT MADRID.

DILIGENT readers of their newspapers may have noticed during the last week or fortnight a succession of telegrams and paragraphs usually headed "Religious Intolerance in Madrid." The plain and hardened man generally knows what to understand by this title. It means, as a rule, that somebody, generally an Englishman, has been more or less grossly insulting the religious conscience or manners of some other country, and has got more or less (generally much less) than his deserts. But in this particular case there was the peculiarity that no less a person than the Archbishop of DUBLIN in the Disestablished Church of Ireland was concerned. Now the Archbishop is not an ordinary person. He is one of the two heads of a considerable, though at present ill-faring and not too well-doing, branch of the Church Catholic; he would have been a Lord Spiritual of the Realm of Great Britain and Ireland but for fate and too physical aid; and he is a Peer of Ireland as it is. In his two actual, and his one might-have-been, capacities, he ought to know how to behave. For a time it was possible to hope that the affair had been misrepresented. All doubt, however, has been set at rest by a letter of immense length, published in the *Times* of Thursday, from the Archbishop himself, wherein Lord PLUNKET, though he seems to be uneasily conscious of the possible application of the word "intrusion," takes credit to himself as a noble vindicator of civil and religious liberty.

There is, it seems, a body which is called, or calls itself, the Spanish Reformed Church. We dare say it is a very respectable body, though somehow these Reformed Churches in Latin nations have had bad luck. At any rate, it is a schism from the Church which retains the allegiance of ninety-nine Spaniards out of a hundred who believe in any Church at all, while it also seems to have been unable to get on with the general body of "Old Catholics." For a time it would appear to have worshipped in hired houses; but it now wants a temple of its own, and, according to Spanish law, it seems that it was entitled to one. But the dominant Christian community of Madrid naturally did not like this. We should have said that, if there ever were a case in which foreigners ought not to interfere, this was one. Lord PLUNKET thought differently. As the "Old Catholic" bishops themselves would have none of the "Spanish "Reformed Church," the Archbishop of DUBLIN was applied to. Of what particular good, either on the strict "Catholic" or the strict "Protestant" theories of episcopacy, the services of a foreign bishop in Lord PLUNKET'S peculiar position could be, we do not exactly know. To speak as much by the card as we can, we should have thought that Catholicism would have restrained him from intruding on another's diocese; that "Protestantism" would not have cared about his ministrations, and that Erastian courtesy combined with worldly wisdom would have reminded him that episcopal functions, in connexion with what he,

most unwisely in the circumstances, calls "the *Anglican* "communion," are usually exercised on the Continent of Europe only by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Gibraltar, and their delegates. It is possible that Lord PLUNKET'S unattached position may have diminished his sense of responsibility, and he would not be wholly to blame for that. But he did far more than this. He took with him the person who is called Père HYACINTHE—that is to say, M. LOYSON—an unfrocked and married *ci-devant* Roman Catholic priest. We own to being simply aghast at this conduct. The rules of decent behaviour are not abrogated by religion, and it has been, perhaps profanely, remarked that the much-disputed English of "charity" is really "be-"having like a gentleman." It is no business of ours to judge M. LOYSON, who, no doubt, acted, twenty years ago, with the highest and purest motives. But, if we were a bishop, and in a foreign town were consecrating, without any popular ferment or objection, a strictly Anglican church in the most, regular way in the world, we should emphatically *not* take with us even an English convert from Roman Catholicism who had been admitted to Anglican orders. In this case the insult to Spanish susceptibilities was infinitely worse. Lord PLUNKET had, in strictness, no business where he was, and his own presence was, in the state of indigenous Catholic feeling, a very doubtful exhibition of Christian brotherly love. But he must needs admit to his train probably the most offensive person now living to the Roman Catholic Church throughout Europe. It is possible, of course, that Lord PLUNKET may be annoyed by the bad taste—it is sufficiently bad, in all conscience—of this same Roman Catholic Church in his own country and province. It is possible that he may be so convinced of the errors of Roman Catholicism that any stick may seem to him good enough to beat it with. But in the former case he has certainly forgotten his Sermon on the Mount; and in the second, he has forgotten the charge which those with whom he sympathizes most frequently bring against those with whom he does not sympathize, that they are careless of means so long as they can secure ends. Lastly, as the word "Anglican" has, without the smallest authority, been used both by the Archbishop himself and by some newspapers, and as the *Times* has extended its approval to Lord PLUNKET, we think it would be as well if some one who really represents the Church of England would intimate disapproval of a singularly unmannerly intrusion.

HANWELL TO WIT.

A CLERGYMAN or other gentleman who means to commit suicide in the vicinity of Hanwell may not unnaturally endeavour to vindicate his sanity. Why he should have any care for his intellectual reputation is not perfectly obvious. There are saner things to do than shoot oneself, though many Romans and others in perfect possession of their wits have purposely gone to investigate the shades. One dog is said to have committed suicide, but no one alleged that he was a mad dog. Even so a sane clergyman may take his own life; but no sane clergyman would leave such a silly letter on the subject as somebody has left in a bag at Hanwell Station. The letter looks like a joke as conceived by a New Humourist—that is, it is not very like a joke. But it is still less like the epistle of a sane suicide. We are rather inclined to believe that a lay lunatic is at large than that a parson is *felo de se*; but of the three chances we prefer to lay seven to four on the humourist. The note was found in suspicious company with "a "clerical collar," a book of sermons, the poetical works of P. VIRGILIUS MARO, a copy of Magna Charta, and other articles of clerical furniture. The writer observed, "I go hence. I would be no more seen," and he has been no more seen. He insisted that he was sane, but intended to "depart" on the cold heath, or on the river, or by way of the railway, which, we imagine, he finally selected. What ailed him was "the damnable "sin of gambling," but for which he "might have "been a power in the Church." He advised young men to shun the bookmaker—excellent advice. "Fare-"well, chums of Magdalen," he added, but did not say which Magdalen. He remarked that he was related to a Duke, a Marquess, and a Bishop, and he wound up, "O my poor marchioness mother!" This settles the question. He was either mad or trying to be funny. There is always that difficulty about the performances of the New Humour. It is gibberish, that is certain, but whether he who gibbers does it through a horse collar or in madhouse cells, only the experienced critic can determine. The poor lifeless body has not been found, but the point of the joke may be found by the persons who usually find it.

HOME RULERS AND THE HOME RULE BILL.

IT is interesting to learn, on the authority of a News Agency, that among the special Committee of the Cabinet now engaged in drawing up the Home Rule Bill "there is complete unanimity as to all the "clauses that have been considered." Our debt to the purveyor of this intelligence, who appends it to a story which produces a somewhat different impression, would be completed if he could tell us how many of its clauses come within the category in question. "Be it "enacted by the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty, by "and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiri-"tual and Temporal and Commons in this present Par-"liament assembled, and by the authority of the same, "as follows":—That the "complete unanimity" of the special Committee extends far enough to cover the above declaration we are prepared to believe, though we should not be surprised if the assent of one or two of its members even to this proposition was reluctant. But does the complete unanimity reach any, and, if so, how much, further? On that point the well-informed News Agency can give us no information, and its previous statements do not, as we have said, encourage the belief that this perfect accord among the members of the Committee has carried them over all the difficulties of the Bill. For what we are there told is that the PRIME MINISTER, the LORD CHANCELLOR, Lord SPENCER, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, and Mr. BRYCE sat last Saturday for no less a spell than four hours, and that even then they had not sufficiently "matured their consideration of "this measure to lay it before Saturday's Cabinet." This must have been a disappointment for Saturday's Cabinet, because it seems that "most of the Ministers "attended the Council expecting that the Home Rule "Bill would occupy the prominent part in their deli-"berations," whereas, in place of this stimulating intellectual diet, they were put off with the remainder biscuit of "one man one vote." And since this particular Council had been specially summoned by Mr. GLADSTONE in view of his approaching departure from England, it is to be presumed that he himself expected that the Committee would be in a position to submit the Home Rule Bill, at any rate, to the inspection of the rest of their colleagues.

What amount of disagreement is indicated by their failure to achieve this position we cannot say; but that such a failure should be the only result of four hours' discussion makes it pretty evident that complete agreement on the vital provisions of the measure is far from being yet attained. The probability is, indeed,

that the position of parties on the Committee towards each other is very much like that of the two groups of the Irish faction from whom the Committee takes its orders. Their mutual attitude was touchingly described the other day by Mr. JOHN REDMOND, who observed that "two years ago Ireland was united and "determined, and England feared her," but that "now "she was torn and distracted with parties which hated "one another; and it was his opinion that, until some "man came—and he believed it would be in their gene-"ration—strong enough to unite Irishmen as PARNELL "did, England would cease to pay attention to the "demand for Home Rule." These are words full of encouragement for Unionists; and, coming as they do from a speaker so well qualified to form a correct judgment on the situation, they are worth a good deal more than any number of vague rumours of Nationalist reunion. The latest of these has reference to the stubbornly contested dispute over the Paris Fund, and in some quarters has taken the form of a circumstantial account of the terms on which these moneys are to be released and vested in the joint trusteeship of two representatives of those two parties which, according to Mr. REDMOND'S candid avowal, "hate each other." If anything could widen the breach between them, it would probably be this attempt to co-operate in the administration of a fund over which another body—the Evicted Tenants Association—evidently intend to keep a very watchful eye. At a meeting of this Association the other day, the secretary expressed a significant hope that the fund, if released, would be "placed in the "hands of independent trustees, and impartially admi-"nistered, and added that the money at present being "collected was not being properly distributed. Grants "should be given to evicted tenants, irrespective of "politics." That last sentence has an ominous sound, and altogether the notion of, say, Mr. DILLON and Mr. REDMOND combining to distribute this fund among evicted tenants, "irrespective of politics," is a delightful one. If it is carried out, we shall, by the blessing of Providence, have worse Nationalist "ructions" than ever.

THE AMERICAN LAUREATESHIP.

THE dismal "boomings" of various pressmen who want to appoint a Poet Laureate, and the crop of second-rate rhyme which the occasion has brought forth, do not frighten the *New York Herald*. That enterprising journal has mooted the question whether America should not have a Poet Laureate of her own? It is like asking whether she should have an Academy. Where such things are old institutions, a lichen of history grows over them, and makes them, if inconvenient, picturesque. But "happy are they that know "them not," and so escape the jealousies, the intrigues, the vulgarities, the carpings, of all such literary competitions. The immortal garland is to be run for, indeed, not without dust and heat, but not with the dust from newspaper offices clinging to the bays. The Americans are sensible enough to understand all this as far as a Republican Laureate is concerned, much as we understand it about an Academy. However, it suits newspapers to stir up these void and vain discussions, and to illustrate them with portraits of gentlemen who have no responsibility in the matter. Thus Mr. BRET HARTE, Dr. HOLMES, Mr. ALDRICH, Mr. RILEY, Mr. STEDMAN, Mr. WINTER, all apparently conceivable Laureates of America, decorate the *New York Herald* with their effigies. If a foreign vote were to be taken, if poor islanders might indicate a preference, probably it would be for the author of *The Heathen Chinee*. Some of his verses are household words here, which is more than can be said with strict accuracy about the poems of Mr. STEDMAN, Mr. ALDRICH, Mr. WINTER, and the rest of them. The gifted critics, like Mr. HABBERTON and Mr. STODDARD, who have uttered their oracles in compliance with the *Herald's* desire, seem not to yearn much for a Poet Laureate, and Mr. MARION CRAWFORD thinks him a monarchical kind of creature—which is absurd. PETRARCH was not peculiarly monarchical, and a Republic may have a Laureate if it can afford the usual small allowance; but perhaps the most constitutional thing would be to have a Laureate for every separate State. There would not be enough Laureateships to go round even then, for we calculate that America is much richer in poets than we are. Some years ago an American editor found some sixty-five living bards in the States, to a poor eighteen in England. Now recent calculation demonstrates that we have at least seventy, as an ordinary allowance for the waning and waxing of such stars. America, therefore, must possess about two hundred and eighty; thus each State may get up a pother in its local newspapers over its local candidates.

But the creator of "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" (Mr. PAGE) writes, "I don't think we want any Poet "Laureate. We are too much given to blowing, "anyhow." Certainly if the new institution would cause an increased supply of "blowing," that seems an additional reason for doing without a Poet Laureate in America. Indeed, the average crop of poets does not appear to be so remarkable for quality as for quantity. Dr. HOLMES is a witty and amusing writer; he is far too sincere a humourist, probably, to regard his verse as more than a by-work. The Muse of Mr. BRET HARTE is usually silent, more is the pity; of all poets he is perhaps the least self-conscious. The other gentlemen (who are not to be blamed for the freedom with which their names are discussed) are doubtless more adequately known at home than abroad, nor would we venture to distinguish between their degrees of merit. Still, it can hardly be said that any one of their voices has echoed across the Atlantic as POE'S did, or LONGFELLOW'S, or even WHITTIER'S or WHITMAN'S. These are lean years in poetry, and we may as well admit that it is so; and that it does not become any nation to "set the trumpet "to its lips and blow," as far as the charms of its contemporary minstrelsy are concerned. There is a respectable level of talent (of course there is an exception in England, and the peaks of Parnassus are not absolutely without a tenant), but the poets in general dwell on the plain, and cultivate modest gardens, among which it is impossible to make a choice. This condition of affairs may go on for centuries—as long as the interval which separates TASSO from LEOPARDI. No amount of newspaper discussion will produce a poet, and the subject might conveniently be dropped.

A "COURTED" INVESTIGATION.

THERE has seldom, so far as we are aware, been any instance of a man who, when injurious charges were made against him (and he has remained in the country to meet them), did not "court investigation." Of course, there *are* men who have been the victims of a conspiracy of appearances which deterred them from courting it—men, indeed, who have even displayed a coy reluctance to be courted by it, to the extent sometimes of placing the Channel or the Atlantic between themselves and their importunate wooer. But, as a rule, it is considered the correct thing for an incriminated person, whatever the gravity of the accusation against him, always supposing it not too trivial for inquiry at all, to do the courtship himself; and Mr. BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, whose generalship has always been good enough to give him a sort of brevet claim to his assumed title, was quite acute enough to perceive that the correct thing was, in his case, the judicious thing. People had begun to ask each other what had become of the immense sum of

money which had been entrusted to Mr. BOOTH's administration for charitable purposes by a confiding public, and he immediately felt that there was but one thing to be done—to court investigation, and, for choice, investigation of some charge which nobody had made. Accordingly the General—for in this particular connexion we feel we *must* give him his fancy title—addressed his critics, and said to them in effect:—"You object to my having received a hundred thou-"sand pounds worth of subscriptions, and wanting "more, without having explained to you what has be-"come of the money. That means that you accuse me "by innuendo of having converted it to my own use. "Then I court investigation of this charge, and I demand "inquiry into it—and into nothing else—by a Com-"mittee of competent and impartial persons." So a Committee of undoubtedly impartial, and reputedly competent persons inquire into this charge, and into nothing else, and they duly find that Mr. BOOTH has not misappropriated the money. And then Mr. BOOTH turns triumphantly to the public, and exclaims, "There, you "see! What more do you want?"

And we dare say that they do not want any more. It is quite possible, and even probable, that, to that order of mind to which men like BOOTH appeal with success, the Report of Sir HENRY JAMES and his colleagues will appear to be quite conclusive as to the prudence of flinging more good money after the bad which has already been sunk in the pretentious Darkest England scheme. Confusion of ideas does not, it is true, invariably accompany weakness of practical judgment; but the power of shutting the eyes to evidence is among the most constant of its companions, and if Mr. BOOTH calculates, as probably he does, that by establishing the irrelevant fact of his personal integrity he will have satisfied his subscribers of his financial and administrative capacity, he may very likely be right. At any rate, he knows—he has proved himself to know—his public so well that we should deem it the height of presumption to dispute his estimate of their folly. He has figuratively "felt their bumps," and has measured the various contents of their heads—or, at any rate, that portion of their contents of which he can make use—with a quantitative accuracy to which the phrenologist only pretends. He reckons, it may be with confidence, on their remaining quite unmoved by the information that the Darkest England scheme, after having absorbed over 100,000*l.*, is between 60,000*l.* and 70,000*l.* in debt, and that the new demands which are being made upon them is in effect for money to repay the Salvation Army fund its advance to this amount. He apparently thinks—and, if so, he is, no doubt, right in thinking—that the people who sent him their guineas for the furtherance of the Farm Colony scheme and the Oversea England project, and all the other patent nostrums for the cure of evils which are as much beyond Mr. BOOTH's reach as original sin, will go on sending him their guineas still, and proportionately diminishing the receipts of those less ambitious charities which have been content with doing good in their own limited sphere for generations, and giving alms without beat of big drum or blast of the trumpet of the Pharisee. And, as we have said, if Mr. BOOTH thinks thus, he is, no doubt, right in so thinking. For human fatuity is a country of unknown extent, and Mr. BOOTH, as its greatest explorer in our own days, speaks with unequalled authority as to what one may expect to find there. We should guess that he is much more concerned about the well-deserved snub just administered by General PONSONBY on behalf of the QUEEN and by the PRINCE OF WALES's representative to Mr. "Commissioner CADMAN"; for so curiously are the minds of his admirers constructed that these incidents are likely to exercise a more disquieting influence on them than a hundred exposures.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AND MR. HYNDMAN.

IT would be idle, and even impertinent, to enter upon the inquiry in which Mr. HYNDMAN invites the public to engage. Before selecting the tribunal to adjudicate upon his dispute with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, he should have considered whether he himself could possibly claim *locus standi* on the question at issue before that or any other Court. Having made an assertion as to a matter of fact, which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT denies, Mr. HYNDMAN is "quite content to "leave it to the public at large to judge as to which "of us is the more likely to tell the truth about a "matter of this kind." Contentment is a virtue in any one, and Mr. HYNDMAN is to be congratulated upon it; but he will have to cultivate it still further. He will have to resign himself to hearing from "the "public"—or, at any rate, the well-bred and sensible portion of them—that they decline to allow themselves to be constituted judges for the trial of an issue which Mr. HYNDMAN had no sort of right to raise. Whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did or did not say to Mr. HYNDMAN, or in his hearing, in a certain lady's drawing-room, that he did not believe in "any-"thing serious" in the discontent of the unemployed "until he heard of shops looted and ricks fired," is a question with which the world at large has really no more concern than it has with the (equally disputed) question whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT ever spoke to Mr. HYNDMAN in his life. If the former had proposed to submit this last issue to the judgment of the public, the latter would, no doubt, have perceived and protested against the absurdity of the appeal. He must now endeavour to grasp the truth that there is an equal absurdity—and, if possible, a greater impropriety—in his own attempt to procure a public arbitration on a dispute which it was a breach of private confidence on his part to have provoked.

If, however, we could imagine ourselves legitimately called upon to determine whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did or did not make the observation attributed to him, we should say that we find it difficult to believe that Sir WILLIAM, the originality of whose political genius is indisputable, could have been guilty of so flagrant a plagiarism from his revered leader. For the *Grund-Idee* of the remark is too obviously borrowed from that illustrious statesman's ever-memorable allusion to the uses of the "Chapel Bell." To tell the unemployed that, if they wished to persuade him that their discontents were serious they must loot shops or burn ricks, is too manifest an equivalent of the immortal reminder to the Irish that the way to convince England of the reality of their grievances was to blow up a prison. Not that it is at all improbable that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is very much of Mr. GLADSTONE's way of thinking on this subject. At the particular time at which Mr. HYNDMAN professes to have been the recipient of these confidences of his Sir WILLIAM was Home Secretary, and while holding that office he is understood to have been as fully sensible of the logical force inherent in the *argumentum ad terrorem* as any statesman of our time. Only we cannot think it at all likely that he would have made open avowal of his sentiments in this matter, least of all to Mr. HYNDMAN. It is far easier to believe that, if he said it, or anything like it, he did so by way of a joke. That it would have been an indiscreet and, for a Minister, an indecorous joke is not conclusive against the supposition that it was jocularly intended, any more than is the fact that it requires from him who would succeed in laughing at it an invincible determination to be amused. For it would not be the first time that one of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's "epigrams" has acted as the nurse of this manly virtue among its auditors. Of the two it is rather the im-

prudence than the feebleness of the jest that discredits Mr. HYNDMAN'S recollection of having heard it. A Home Secretary so solicitous on private as well as public grounds for the preservation of the QUEEN'S peace would hardly have let fall a remark of such a kind to an agitator who would, as he declares he actually did, take occasion to repeat it afterwards, with its authority, to a mob audience. Of course, if it was said, not to Mr. HYNDMAN, but unconsciously in his hearing, the case would be materially altered; and this may perhaps be the explanation of the utterance—if utterance there was. All that would then be necessary to complete the account of the transaction is to frame the hypothesis that, among Mr. HYNDMAN'S other political illusions, is to be added the hallucination that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT enjoys the honour of his acquaintance.

A WATER-FIRE-FÊTE.

AMONGST the most picturesque of all ancient fêtes that survive in these prosaic days is the Loi Katong, or fire festival in honour of the dead. Originally established in India—probably on the Godaveri river—the custom found a ready acceptance and a congenial home in the territory of the Siamese, whose religion, compounded almost equally of Brahmin and Buddhist elements, is grafted on a wild stock of idolatrous superstition, in which spirits of all sorts, and particularly the ghosts of the dead, play a most important part. The many and goodly streams which water this fertile country present an inviting opportunity for the celebration of the rite, which is as essentially connected with the element of water as with that of fire. Accordingly, in all the towns and villages which cluster along the rivers and line the banks of the broad canals connecting them, the inhabitants, both great and small, engage annually with unabated fervour in this agreeable form of spirit-worship, which enables them without suspicion of sin to combine the pious observances of their ancestors with the superstitious practices of a still more remote age. Although almost all traces of the festival seem to have been lost in India, it flourishes vigorously in Siam, and calls forth a display which, for real beauty as well as quaint originality, deserves the notice of every traveller in search of curious scenes.

At full moon in October, and again at full moon in November, the three-days' show is held, and for some time previously the houses of grandees and peasants, the markets and bazaars, show signs of preparation for the coming event. The humblest style in which the ceremony can be performed is yet pretty enough. The broad strong leaf of a plantain is bent or folded into the shape of a boat or raft. Into the middle of this simple structure a tiny taper is fixed upright. The "katong," or raft, of which this is the simplest form, is then kept ready in the house until the auspicious moment—predicted by the family priest—has arrived. Then at this moment, when the water is silvered over by the beams of the broad rising moon, the taper is lighted, and the tiny raft is launched upon the waves. Very slowly, at first, it makes its way along the edge of the ebbing tide; then, wafted gently by the still evening air into the swifter current, it drifts further and further away, until only a bright speck of light distinguishes it from the rippling surface all around. When the night is fine, thousands of these little stars of light may be seen twinkling on the broad bosom of the Menam, all winding their silent way towards the boundless sea, all bearing silent messages to departed friends who have already gone to the great unknown land.

The more well-to-do people send their short messages by more elaborate means of transport. An infinite and ever-increasing spirit of invention devises the most various and grotesque vehicles for the conveyance of such greetings. Now it is a mimic steamer, built of paper, with varnished hull and painted funnel, and spars, masts, and rigging, all complete. In another house the funnel is discarded, and the older form of ship or junk is imitated. Various animals, more or less appropriate, are pressed into the service. Here it is a great, gaudy duck, with paper wings expanded, and an impossible beak and tail reared aggressively in front and behind. There a giant centipede sprawls his sham legs over the water, and is impaled with a murderous-looking pin, on to which the lighted taper is fixed. The fish—evidently in allusion to Vishnu—is a favourite bearer of the mystic torch. He is almost always green, spangled with gold, and, though invisible even at the distance of a few feet, bears his taper manfully above the waves. Many of the rafts, made altogether of plantain, are round, with a flat top, and look exactly like Twelfth-cakes, with their little ornaments of sham or real flowers and fruits, and coloured tapers, and perhaps a flag or two. But the most pretentious rafts are of a much larger size. Occasionally a veritable barge is chartered, and upon it is mounted a square table with a tall canopy of leaves and silk. On the table, and all about the poles and the barge beneath, are massed wreaths and bouquets and offerings of fruit and flowers. Whole hours are spent in equipping this portly vessel; and the treasures with which it is freighted, instead of ever reaching the Manes, find their way, after a short voyage, into the hands of a pack of hungry priests.

The princes and greater magnates are expected to do something more even than this. They prepare a long toy-boat, with gilt prow and ornamented stern and cross-benches all complete, and sometimes a pinnacled dome incrusted with gold tinsel and paste jewels. On the benches are placed well-dressed dolls in the uniform of the owner, armed with mimic paddles. Instead of the humble taper large candelabra are fixed up, blazing with wax lights, and showing off the splendour of the ship and its crew. Such "Katong" as these are launched in the Royal presence, at one of the palace landings, and float along between a line of guard-ships flaring with oil-lamps, amidst the discharge of rockets and fireballs, and with limelight shining upon them from some gunboat or Royal yacht. The floating of these boats (for the word *loi* means to float) is not really "to the dead," but only in honour of them; for after a short journey they are recaptured and restored to their princely owners. But they add an imposing feature to the night's display, and doubtless yield to their proprietors, and to all who have a hand in the business, a comfortable conviction that by the whole proceeding they have "made merit" as good Buddhists. It is a rather strange coincidence (if it is a coincidence at all) that the date of the "Loi Katong" corresponds nearly in all years, and almost exactly this year, with the old Catholic *fête* connected with the *jour des morts*.

MONEY MATTERS.

AS every well-informed person expected, the Brussels Monetary Conference has broken up without doing anything. It was perfectly certain that neither this country, nor Germany, nor Austria-Hungary, nor Russia would adopt bimetallism, and therefore the real object for which the Conference was called together was palpably unattainable. There was a faint chance at the same time that some temporary arrangement might have been recommended, though whether it would have met with favour from the Governments was another question. But even that faint chance disappeared when the result of the Presidential Election in America became known. President Harrison goes out of office at noon on March 4. Clearly he could not undertake to bind the United States to a new policy, as the incoming Administration has views opposed to his on so many points. Therefore the American delegates met the Conference with nothing to suggest but bimetallism, and, as already said, that was doomed to rejection. The proposals made by some other delegates were too crude to stand even a superficial examination. It is quite true that formally the Conference has been adjourned to May 30; but it is extremely improbable that it will ever meet again, for the settled resolution of so many Governments not to tamper with their currencies has been too definitely announced. The Conference will not have met in vain if it convinces the bimetallists that their agitation is hopeless. But that, we fear, is too much to expect. At the same time it is reasonable to anticipate that the general public of all countries will be convinced that it is useless to try to bring about a universal bimetallist agreement, and, therefore, we seem justified in assuming that the agitation will now gradually die out. Meantime, the

end of the Conference brings nearer the crisis which has been threatening for so many months. In the United States there is widespread distrust The banks are calling in loans and making fresh advances only on condition that they are to be repaid in gold. Money in consequence has become so scarce in New York that at times as much as 40 per cent. has been charged for accommodation. The President is said to have consulted the Secretary of the Treasury whether something ought not to be done to stop the gold shipments, and at any moment, therefore, there may be a panic Under the circumstances one would naturally expect an immediate repeal of the Silver Purchase Act, and yet it is very doubtful whether the repeal can be carried. The present Congress does not come to an end until noon on the 4th of March, and in it hitherto there has been a large silver majority. It is possible that, under the stress of events, the majority may break up and the repeal of the Act may be carried; certainly it will if the opinion of the Eastern and Middle States prevails. But it is to be recollected that the West and the South outvote the Eastern and Middle States, and the West and the South are in favour of silver. They may hold that the scare in New York is artificially manipulated by bankers anxious to secure the single gold standard, or they may be deliberately of opinion that a silver standard is preferable to a gold one, for the adoption of a silver standard would unquestionably raise prices. If, that is to say, the American public deliberately allowed gold to go away, and contented itself with a silver standard in future, prices would be regulated by the value of silver, and therefore would rise considerably. It is possible, therefore, that the West and the South may resist the repeal of the Purchase Act. However that may be, we are greatly afraid that a crisis of some kind must occur. If Congress will not repeal the Silver Purchase Act, the shipments of gold will continue, banks will be compelled to call in loans, men of business of all classes will be alarmed, there is sure to be a heavy fall upon the Stock Exchange, and there may be numerous, and even serious, failures. On the other hand, if the Silver Purchase Act is repealed, the American Government will have to borrow gold to increase its reserve and restore confidence; borrowing in gold will create a fear in Europe that large amounts of the metal will be taken from London. That will disturb the money market here. Every measure necessary to protect the reserve of the Bank of England will have to be taken, the business classes will fear that rates will rise inconveniently, and apprehension, therefore, will increase. A disturbance of markets, therefore, seems only too probable, whatever may be done by the American Congress; but the nature of the disturbance will be largely determined by the action of Congress.

The silver crisis is weighing more and more every day upon all departments of business. All through the year the Eastern banks have been restricting their engagements. They are in the habit of discounting very large amounts of bills in this market; but the fluctuations in the price of silver and the uncertainty regarding the future have compelled them for a long time past to reduce the volume of their transactions more and more. It is estimated in the City that at present the reduction, compared with this time last year, exceeds 25 per cent., and, with the exception of American bills, there is the same kind of reduction going on in all other directions. Bills consequently are exceptionally scarce, and, in spite of the distrust that exists, the rate of discount, therefore, is declining. It is somewhat under $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. at present—a most unusual quotation on the eve of Christmas. But the ease is quite deceptive, and at any moment the market may be disturbed by accidents abroad.

The price of silver in London this week, allowing for freight, insurance, and commission, has been about half a farthing per ounce higher than in New York—a curious phenomenon, explained by the unwillingness of dealers to buy silver for future delivery. The demand for India creates a certain amount of business from day to day, but no one is willing to buy even for delivery a fortnight hence except at a considerable reduction below the market rate, and even then no one will buy much. This means, of course, that the opinion of the market is that, before very long, there will be a considerable further fall On Tuesday the price here went down to $37\frac{15}{16}d.$ per ounce, little business being done. On Thursday there was a recovery to $38\frac{1}{16}d.$ per ounce.

Dealings on the Stock Exchange have been almost suspended during the week. In the American department prices have given way, yet not so much as might have been expected. At times during the week Stock Exchange borrowers in New York have had to pay as much as 40 per cent. for loans; but it is to be recollected that the charge was made only where borrowers offered discredited securities. At the very same time borrowers with good security were able to obtain what they wanted at from 10 to 15 per cent., and for the week the average has been about 8 per cent. Even these latter rates are very high, and show how general is the distrust. It is reported that the banks are calling in loans in very large amounts, and that where they renew advances or make fresh ones very many of them stipulate for repayment in gold—clear proof that they are expecting gold to go to a premium before long, and immediately afterwards to be hoarded on a great scale. There has been, in consequence of this state of the money market, a very sharp and serious fall in what are called "Industrials"—that is, the securities of whisky, sugar, and other Trusts. Railway securities have given way likewise, but not as much as might have been anticipated. For the moment it is hoped that the gold shipments are stopped; but they are almost certain to begin again early next month, when there will probably be a further general heavy fall. The events in Paris have likewise had less effect upon the stock markets than might reasonably have been looked for. That the state of affairs is very grave nobody doubts; but the financial classes in Paris hope now that the danger of an early revolution is past. They believe that M. de Freycinet will not be driven from office, that the army will obey his orders, and that, therefore, actual resistance to authority is out of the question. But if the attacks upon him should be renewed, or if President Carnot should be compelled to resign, there would unquestionably be a great fall upon the Bourse. In any case, inter-Bourse securities are very likely to go lower, not only because of the events in Paris, but because, likewise, nearly every country in Europe is more or less embarrassed. The bankruptcy of Spain is only a question of time; the Italian Government, after proposing to renew the privileges of the note-issuing banks for six years, has suddenly turned round, and promises now a searching inquiry. Austria-Hungary cannot hope to raise the contemplated loan. Both politics and trade are in an unsatisfactory state in Germany. And from Russia the news is most gloomy. In the Far East trade is greatly depressed. The crisis in Australasia is not yet at an end, and at home there is general depression and discouragement. Everywhere the year is ending in gloom.

There has been little change during the week in Home, Indian, and Colonial Government securities, but Home Railway stocks are all lower. Great Western closed on Thursday at $162\frac{7}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{5}{8}$; London and North-Western closed at $172\frac{1}{4}$, also a fall of $\frac{5}{8}$; North-Eastern closed at $153\frac{5}{8}$, a fall of 1; London and Brighton Undivided closed at $160\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of as much as 2; and Brighton "A" closed at $147\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $2\frac{7}{8}$. American railroad securities have also declined, but the fall in New York has chiefly been in securities not quoted here, such as the so-called Industrials. Lake Shore shares closed on Thursday at $134\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$; Illinois Central closed at $102\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and Milwaukee closed at 78, a fall of $2\frac{1}{8}$. The Argentine railway market is also weaker. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference stock closed on Thursday at 21–3, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 6, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 77–9, a fall of 1. Argentine Government Five per Cents of 1886 closed at $69\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$, and the Funding Loan closed at $68\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$. In International securities, in spite of the impression made by the Panama Inquiry, and the arrests of Deputies and Senators, there has been exceedingly little change; indeed, in some cases quotations are as high as they have ever been. But Italian closed on Thursday at $92\frac{5}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Greek Bonds of 1881 closed at 68, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Greek Rentes closed at 49, a fall of 1.

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER CROMWELL.

ON Saturday, December 23, 1654, Cromwell's first Parliament, which had been sitting since September, resolved "to sit on Monday morning next"—that is, on Christmas Day. The members had been debating throughout the month two exciting topics, "the business of Religion" and "the Bill touching the Government." Assuming that they had inherited the powers of a "Summus Episcopus" which had been exercised by the Long Parliament, they discussed "the Publique Profession which shall be agreed upon by the Protector and Parliament"; the degree of liberty to be allowed to "tender consciences"; "the enumeration of damnable heresies" to be proscribed; the best "provisos against Atheism, Popery, Prelacy, and Blasphemy"; and the establishment of the new Creed, or "Fundamentals in Religion," which had been collected out of the Bible by twelve "godly divines," mostly Independents, whom the House had commissioned for that work.

Richard Baxter has left us an edifying account of the proceedings of these twelve Parliamentary apostles, of whom he was one. Archbishop Usher, whom Cromwell had allowed to preach in the Temple Church at Selden's funeral on December 14, was nominated by Lord Broghill as one of the twelve. The venerable Primate of Ireland naturally refused the monstrous function, and Lord Broghill then nominated Baxter, who came up from Kidderminster to London shortly before Christmas to sit in this queer Convocation, where all but himself were hot Calvinists. "The two over-orthodox doctors, Owen and Cheynel," says Baxter, ruled all the rest. "Dr. Owen was the great doer of all," and the three notable Independents, Mr. Nye, Dr. Goodwin, and Mr. Sydrach Sympson, were his assistants. Their main anxiety seems to have been how to secure that the new "Publique Profession" should be as narrow as possible. Baxter proposed that they should "recommend the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments to the House, as Fundamentals." His proposal was rejected by the majority with scorn. "A Socinian or a Papist," said they, "will subscribe all this." "I answered them," says Baxter, "so much the better."

The new Cæsar was resolved that he alone, and not his Parliament, was the proper "Summus Episcopus" of the three nations. The Parliament had included all his chaplains, except Hugh Peters, Lockyer, and Sterry, amongst the new creed-makers. But he was indignant when the House voted, a few days before Christmas, that his Highness should "have a negative to Bills for penall lawes to compell to the Publique Profession," but that he should "have no negative to Bills for suppressing heresies." The House, unconscious of the fate hanging over it, spent day after day in discussing the extent and limit of the powers it would allow to its master. Three weeks after Christmas he dissolved his own short-lived first Parliament as abruptly as he had dissolved its predecessors—the Rump and the Barebones. And so their queer new Church, and the much-debated "Twenty Articles" of their new sectarian Apostles' Creed, though they were "printed and published by Order of the House," were also "dissolved, and came to nothing," as Baxter says, "and that labour was lost."

On the same Saturday, December 23, there was a "proclamation by drum" at Portsmouth for all to go on board the ships of the great fleet under Penn and Venables, whose unknown destination was the cause of so much speculation and anxiety both in England and abroad.

On the next day, Sunday, December 24, which would ordinarily have been Christmas Eve, some of the members of Cromwell's first Parliament attended Westminster Abbey, where a sermon was preached to them by Richard Baxter, who remained in London over Christmas in order to attend the meetings of the Parliament's creed-makers. There is no mention of this sermon in his profuse autobiography. He must have preached it *ex tempore*, and it must have been very lengthy, as we find from a tract of his in the British Museum called "Humble advice; or the Heads of those things which were offered to many Honourable Members of Parliament by Mr. Richard Baxter at the end of his Sermon, Decemb. 24, at the Abbey in Westminster." It is dated "December 25, 1654," which shows that Baxter must have spent a great part of Christmas Day in writing or dictating his recollections of his Sunday sermon. His "heads" are a curious medley of liberality and intolerance. As compared with Owen, Nye, T. Goodwin, and Cromwell's so-called "Court-Independents," Baxter was a liberal thinker; but as compared with Archbishop Laud and the deprived and persecuted bishops, Baxter was a narrow bigot. In one part of his sermon he entreated the legislators "to accept as Fundamentalls the two ancient Creeds of the Church: that of the West, called the Apostles'; and that of the East, called the Nicene." This had possibly been suggested to him by Archbishop Usher, whom he consulted during the sittings of the Parliamentary creed-makers; but it was rather like using the opportunity of his sermon to steal a march upon his fellow-assessors, and to advise the members to adopt his view, instead of their view, of "fundamentals." In another part of the sermon he urged his hearers to be more strict in enforcing the observance of their Sabbatarian edicts. He told them that he had observed, from his Worcestershire experience, how unprofitable it was to put a Sabbath-breaker in the stocks. His neighbours, who evidently retained the liberal views of the evicted bishops and parish priests concerning Sunday, sympathized with the man in the stocks, for they thought Sabbath-breaking to be no sin. Neither was it profitable, said he, to fine Sabbath-breakers, for they were often too poor to pay the fine. The best punishment for this sin, he told the legislators, is "the rod. Authorize the officers to whip those that cannot pay."

Baxter knew that his Parliamentary hearers were as anxious to "enumerate damnable heresies" which they must suppress as they were to "enumerate the fundamentals of religion" which they ought to establish. Early in December, when they were considering this "enumeration of damnable heresies," two books by John Biddle, "the father of English Unitarianism," had been denounced to the Parliament. The House ordered Dr. Owen to examine Biddle's books, and see if they were heretical. Owen, who was a born inquisitor, and who had recently handed over two Quakeresses at Oxford to the secular arm to be flogged, found Biddle's books to be full of "blasphemy." Hereupon the House ordered the books to be burnt by the common hangman, which was done on December 14 in two places, "at the Palace Yard, before Westminster Hall, and at the Old Exchange, in the City of London." Biddle was sent to the Gatehouse Prison to await his trial. Baxter told his Parliamentary hearers that they had not yet burned enough books. "Burn some more of this nature," said he in his sermon, "specially Hobbs, his Leviathan."

The most interesting event of that Christmas Eve to the mass of the English people, although they did not hear of it until some days afterwards, was the robbery of their exiled King at Cologne. The newspaper-men, who knew what subject was most attractive to the ordinary English folk, wrote much about this burglary. "We receive certain letters from Collen," said the *Certain Passages of Every dayes Intelligence* for January 5-12, 1655, "that on Christmas Eve last some desperate theeves broak into the house of the poor titular King of Great Britain, and carried away all his plate. But the Protestant princes have furnished him with a cupboard again." There are many signs in the newspapers of an eagerness to represent Charles II. to his English people as the foe of Popery, and as friendly with Protestants. They praise him for the zeal with which he rescued his young brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, from the plots of the Jesuits, the Queen Mother, and Cardinal Mazarin. The *Faithful Scout* of the same date, in a letter from "Cullen," puts in print as much devotion to the absent King as it dared. It calls him "The King of Scots," and after describing the burglary by the "company of rogues," pathetically exclaims, "O Villains! What, rob the Spittle? Certainly it is a sin unpardonable!"

John Camm and John Audland, the two Quaker missionaries, in their account of the riots at Bristol in 1654, give a glimpse of the love of the "commonality" to their King in exile. When the proclamation was read in the name of the Lord Protector, commanding every one to go home, they cried out, "What do you tell us of a Protector? Tell us of King Charles." Another writer from Cologne, with a view to suggest that Charles Stuart was a favourite of the Papists, asserted that "Masses were caused to be said to St. Anthony of Padua for recovery of the plate."

On Christmas Day the House duly met in the morning, according to its order, and was "this day again resolved into a Committee of the whole House upon the Bill touching the Government." So reports the *Perfect Diurnal*. "Monday, December 25," says the *Mercurius Politicus*, "the House spent wholly in the Grand Committee."

They "resolved" on Christmas Day "that the Government shall be (a monarchy) in a Single Person and a Parliament; that the title of the Single Person shall be Lord Protector; and that it shall be elective." The eager debate continued throughout the two succeeding days, which the House spent wholly, says the *Faithful Scout*, "in consideration of the Bill containing their resolves upon the Government, the House making dispatch that it may be compleated, and presented to His Highness."

The Protector's Council of State had met for business on Christmas Eve, although it was their Sabbath. Cromwell himself was absent, and only seven members attended, one of whom was Dryden's Achitophel, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the future Earl of Shaftesbury. On Christmas Day, and the two following days, the Council of State took a holiday.

We find in the newspapers some glimpses of the way in which the great Single Person occupied himself on the Christmas Day of 1654. The day had been expressly chosen, according to the not very trustworthy writer of *The Great and Bloody Plot against His Highness* (published on January 8, 1655), as the day on which the Protector was to be murdered. The supposed "conspirators had agreed how a great and dreadfull blow should have been given on Christmas Day." It was their "resolution to have put a period to the happy constitution of this Government on Christmas Day," says the writer, "by surprising of the Guards at Whitehall, St. James's, the Mewes, and other places." The imaginary plotters had sworn to murder on this day "not onely the Lord Protector and the honourable Lords of his Council, but also divers members of Parliament and officers of the army." The author showed his own ignorance of his contemporaries by his absurd report that "some who involved themselves in this conspiracy are Quakers." There were Quakers in the prisons all over England throughout the winter of 1654–1655, as we learn from Fox and Burrough. The innocent George Fox was seized by Colonel Packer, and sent up to London, under suspicion of being a political conspirator against Cæsar.

Cromwell himself was in no fear of "the great and bloody plot." He quietly wrote or dictated letters on Christmas Day. One of these, which was addressed to General Monk in Scotland, is probably lost; we know from Monk's answer to it that it contained orders for summary dealing with plotters who were no mere creatures of the fancy—namely, the anti-Cromwellian Republicans, Anabaptists, and Fifth Monarchy fanatics amongst the English soldiery in Scotland. A second Christmas Day letter was addressed by the Protector to "Our trusty and well-beloved Colonel Barkstead, Lieutenant of our Tower of London." It contained instructions for recruiting his company "with 300 more to make them up in all to twelve hundred private soldiers."

His Highness gave a grand dinner on Christmas Day. This must be regarded as another of those acts of "apostasy" for which he was being denounced by Feake, Rogers, and those other spiritual directors of his old Ironsides who spent the Christmas of 1654 as his prisoners. It is a pity that no *menu* of this banquet is extant, so that we might know whether the new Cæsar went so far in wickedness as to allow prelatical mince-pies to be put on his table at Whitehall. The most distinguished of the Protector's Christmas Day guests, according to the *Perfect Account*, was "the Vice-King of Norway, Ambassador from the King of Denmark." Count Hannibal "Sesthead," the Viceroy of Norway, had married the King's half-sister, and was employed in many diplomatic affairs. As he could speak English fluently and often dined with Cromwell, "who was much taken with his company," according to Dr. Bates, the Protector doubtless got useful foreign political information out of him. Bates says that he "was a very debauched person," and when his immoralities grew notorious he was no longer admitted to Cromwell's table. In 1656 he was in correspondence with Charles II.

It was on Christmas Day 1654 that Cromwell's old henchman, Major-General Harrison, the military darling of the Fifth-Monarchymen and the Republicans, was brought prisoner to Whitehall. But it does not appear that he had any interview on that day with the master who owed so much to him.

Evelyn, in his Diary for Christmas Day 1654, states that "there were no public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so as I was constrained to celebrate it at home." In London, however, sermons were preached in some parishes, according to the newspapers; and people even ventured, in spite of the prohibition, to decorate the churches with evergreens. The country throughout the Christmastide was kept in agitation by rumours of plots. The newspapers report arrests of plotters in the counties of Derby, Leicester, Stafford, Worcester, and Norfolk. "Twenty-three popish priests," who were probably sequestered Anglican priests, according to an Ipswich informer, were "to be employed at Christmas in gentlemen's houses" in the county of Suffolk. "In Somersetshire," said John Bingham, who came up to Whitehall to inform the Protector, "the Cavaliers have kept great Christmases, with sets of fiddlers; a fine way to draw in the people in time of need." The *Weekly Post* reported that "The stately hawthorn tree at Glasenbury in Somersetshire was full of white blossoms on Christmas Day; which a Canaanite perceiving, took an ax, and went to cut it down. But the first blow he strook rebounded, and cut his leg asunder. For this bold attempt he is now in danger of a most despicable gangrene. More I could say," adds the writer; "but the time is not convenient." The *Faithful Scout* tells the same story, and calls the Puritan iconoclast "a hot firebrand of hell."

SIR RICHARD OWEN.

An extremely conspicuous figure in the zoological world passed away a few days since in the person of Sir Richard Owen. Sir Richard had considerably exceeded the usual span of life, for he was born so long ago as 1804; few of his contemporaries have survived him, the only distinguished zoologist of his time who is still with us being Professor Westwood, of Oxford. Owen was led to the study of zoology and comparative anatomy through medicine, which was the usual way with the older generation of naturalists. He abandoned the active practice of his profession before he was thirty, and turned his attention exclusively to science. About this time the Zoological Society of London had just been founded, and the first scientific meeting of that Society was held on November 9, 1830. On that evening the then secretary, Mr. Vigors, led the way with a description of the American quail, and Owen followed with a paper "On the Anatomy of the Orang Utan." From that year to 1885 no less than one hundred and fifty memoirs, many of them of great length as well as importance, were contributed by Owen to the publications of the Zoological Society.

He is, perhaps, better known popularly for his account of the gorilla (first described as a "new species of chimpanzee") and the great wingless birds of New Zealand—the Dinornis, or Moa. When Owen was able to reconstruct from a single bone this huge and apparently impossible creature, and when the discovery of complete remains established the justice of his conclusions, people began to think that there was something in zoology. The structure of these remarkable birds, and of the anthropoid apes, furnished Owen with the material for a long series of elaborate memoirs; and they were, perhaps, his favourite groups. But it must not be inferred from this that the rest of the animal kingdom was neglected. It was said of him when he received the distinction of a K.C.B. that he had thrown light upon the whole animal kingdom, from sponges up to man; and another writer humorously remarked that a person who could throw light from a sponge was undoubtedly entitled to the highest honours that the Crown could confer.

As a young man Owen became acquainted with the great Cuvier, and it was perhaps a result of his acquaintance with the founder of the science of palæontology that he began to investigate fossils. The immense tomes which he published upon fossil reptiles, leaving aside a multitude of scattered papers, indicate quite extraordinary industry and intelligence. If the facts accumulated by Owen could be obliterated, the very foundations of zoology would be taken from us. This being the case, it is obviously impossible here to give more than the faintest notion of the breadth and extent of his work; but any one who cares to turn over the leaves of the Royal Society's Catalogue of Scientific Papers will get some notion of the variety of subjects over which his pen ranged. If Owen's reputation had rested entirely upon his careful and painstaking descriptions of anatomical fact, he would have still been, un-

questionably, in the very front rank of zoologists. The mere recording of facts is in the long run the most important work that a naturalist can do; and it is apt to be forgotten that the promulgators of brilliant theories have in every case established their right to theorize by patient and long-continued observation of detail. Owen is no exception to this rule; and it would be impossible, in giving an account of his work, to pass over his contributions to the philosophy of zoology. The knowledge which his investigations gave him of the details of osteology led to a conception of the vertebrate skeleton somewhat like that of Goethe and Oken, and his views were given to the public in a book upon the subject. This work does not, it is true, find favour with the younger generation of naturalists. But we have before us instances of so many abortive or obsolescent theories in the domain of comparative anatomy, that we can afford to recognize the ingenuity and brilliancy of some of Owen's theories without pinning ourselves down to their literal acceptance.

ST. GILES, EDINBURGH.

EVERY visitor to the "grey metropolis of the North" must remember the striking effect of St. Giles's crown rising above the clustering roofs of the old town. The church, though popularly called a cathedral, was really only one of the "collegiate churches," several of which were erected in Scotland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It became a cathedral when King Charles I., in pursuance of his episcopalizing policy, created the bishopric of Edinburgh in 1633. The bishops of Edinburgh had not a long lease of office, as the see was, of course, abolished on the re-establishment of Presbytery in 1691. The church suffered horribly on several occasions from structural alterations made both within and without; and, finally, in the earlier years of this century, was given over to the hands of an architectural spoiler named Burn, who destroyed every external feature of interest, except the grand old tower and crown, and left the interior parcelled out into three more or less hideous conventicles, full of narrow pews, louring galleries, coarse paint, and glaring whitewash. So things remained until the restoration was undertaken in 1871. The moving spirit in this enterprise was Dr. William Chambers, the elder brother and partner in the well-known publishing firm of William and Robert Chambers. Those who remember the interior of St. Giles twenty years ago would not recognise it now. All the lumbering divisions and galleries have been swept away, and the church has been opened up in choir, nave, and transepts, from end to end, according to its original design.

In the old days it contained many interesting monuments of distinguished Scotsmen, almost all of which had been smashed to pieces during the alterations and destructions, which culminated in the performances of Mr. Burn. Among these was a fine monument to the Regent Murray, the only relic of which that now remains is a brass tablet containing the "good Regent's" epitaph, written by George Buchanan. The body of the great Marquess of Montrose was, after his execution, dismembered in the brutal fashion of the time, and his head and limbs were exposed to view in different Scottish cities; the rest of his body was buried among the bones of the felons who perished on the gallows at the borough muir. After the Restoration these scattered remains were collected and reverently placed in the Abbey of Holyrood, thence they were conveyed in solemn procession to St. Giles's, and interred beneath the floor of the church. The exact spot is believed to be in the vault under the aisle called "Chepman's aisle," from the fact that a shield bearing the arms of Walter Chepman, its founder, was discovered there during the process of restoration. It is interesting to observe that a brass tablet in this aisle now bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of Walter Chepman, designed the Scottish Caxton, who, under the auspices of James IV. and his Queen Margaret, introduced the art of printing into Scotland, 1507; founded this aisle in honour of the King and Queen and their family, 1513; and died in 1532; this tablet is gratefully inscribed by William Chambers, LL.D., 1879." No traces of the great Marquess's remains could be found, save a few small pieces of bone which were carefully gathered together, enclosed in a casket, and deposited in the vault, in the floor of which was inserted a marble tablet inscribed "Montrose 1661." Those (and there are not a few in Scotland) to whom the memory of Montrose is dear were not satisfied that there should be no other memorial of the noble patriot and loyalist than this curt inscription. Accordingly the clan Grahame, and many who sympathized with their design, raised a stately monument, worthy of his name and fame, over the spot where he had been buried.

At Inveraray Castle, before the fire, two pictures hung side by side in the armoury—the original portraits of Montrose and of the Marquess of Argyll; the one the victim of the Covenant, the other of the Restoration. The Marquess of Argyll, after his execution, was carried to the Magdalene Chapel in the Cowgate, where the table still is shown on which his decapitated body was laid, while the head was fixed on the spike at the adjacent Tolbooth, from which that of Montrose had been recently removed. His body was ultimately laid in the family vault at Kilmun. After the erection of the monument to Montrose, it was suggested that the memory of his great rival should not be left without commemoration in St. Giles's, although it was not the place of his actual burial.

The idea was cordially received, and a committee, representative of almost all ranks and classes in Scotland, was formed—the Duke of Argyll appropriately at its head. Nothing can be more fitting than that two men so hostile and bitterly divided in life, yet both such striking types of Scottish character, and so devoted to what they believed to be the national good, should be commemorated together in the venerable church which has witnessed a greater number of the notable scenes, pageants, and tragedies of Scottish history, than any other in the Northern kingdom.

EXHIBITION OF STAGE RELICS.

COMPLETE or incomplete, a judiciously-chosen exhibition of mementoes of the English stage from the time of Shakspeare to the present day must necessarily present features of great interest to a theatre-loving public. Such a collection is now on view at the Royal Westminster Aquarium. What seems to be the most important item in the catalogue is a portrait of Shakspeare, lent by the Earl of Warwick, and said to be the work of a contemporary painter. No evidence is, however, offered in support of this remarkable statement, which surely requires support of some kind. There is, perhaps, less reason to doubt the genuineness of a chair represented as having belonged to the poet, and bearing an inscription to that effect. An exhibit of a similar character is a Bible with a note on the fly-leaf signed by David Garrick, wherein he states that the volume had been bought at the sale of Lord Oxford's library, which began January 13, 1745, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, by Mrs Ann Mostyn, and sold to him. The date of the Bible is 1640. The exhibition is particularly strong in prints and pictures. Photographs, too, abound, but can scarcely be said to deserve particular recognition; photographs of young actors and actresses who have yet to attain a position on the stage, though some of them may have achieved notoriety off it, can hardly come within the definition of mementoes as applied to a show of this kind. No objection need be taken, however, to some of the paintings, with which, either in the originals or in reproductions, the public are already fairly familiar. Mr. Sargeant's imposing picture of Miss Ellen Terry as Camma, in *The Cup* (not as Lady Macbeth, though at first sight the mistake is natural enough), has certainly earned its place, as have the paintings of Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Charles Wyndham, by Mr. Pettie, and Mr. Willard, by Mr. Smart.

As a portrait of an actor by an actor, Mr. Henry Irving's portrait as King Charles I., by Mr. Compton Coutts, possesses the highest and most legitimate interest. Various relics of Mario, Mrs. Siddons, Garrick, Macready, John Kemble, Peg Woffington, Miss O'Neill, George Frederick Cooke, and Liston, and many others of equal, or nearly equal, note are scattered about without any very intelligible plan, and there is a very large collection of old playbills. It is not, perhaps, fair as yet to say a great deal on this head, as apparently something remains to be done before the exhibition can be regarded as complete, and we can quite understand the anxiety of the directors to open it before the rush of Christmas entertainments. We have one word, however, to say about the programme, which should have been useful in making the confusion somewhat less confounded. The apologies

tendered by the management on account of typographical errors in what is obviously a rough proof disarm us on that head. On the cover we are rather ostentatiously told that the document has been compiled and arranged by Mr. E. A. Du Plat, B.A. (St. John's College, Cambridge). We have no hesitation in saying that we have never encountered a more slovenly compilation. To say that the introduction is a mere schoolboy production would be to offer a grievous insult to the average schoolboy, and the various biographical notes sandwiched between the numbered items in the most inconvenient and distracting manner are full of every kind of error. To take a single instance haphazard, Fechter is accorded six lines—a space within which reasonable accuracy at least might have been possible. Yet we find him robbed of his second Christian name, Albert; and we are told that he was born in 1873 (no printer would have mistaken 1824 for 1873), and that his first success was in *La Dame aux Camélias*. At the period he was the first *jeune premier* in France. A reasonably intelligent auctioneer's clerk could not have failed to do the work better.

"PHAROE'S MOUSE."

THE animal called by the Old-World naturalists Pharoe's mouse, Pharaoh's rat, the rat of India, or ichneumon, is perhaps best known in these days by its Indian name mungoose. It was so intimately connected with the crocodile in the minds, and consequently in the books, of these writers, that, having recently written on crocodiles, we feel that our subject is hardly complete without some account of this animal and of the marvellous stories which surrounded it.

The ichneumon, or mungoose, is a terrible enemy to "mice and rats, and such small deer," a fact which was emphasized by Belon in his *Portraits d'Oyseaux*, &c., in the following quatrain, under the woodcut of this animal:—

> Voy le portrait du Rat de Pharaon,
> Qui chasse aux Rats, comme fait la Belette;
> Au demeurant fort cauteleuse beste,
> Qui autrement est nommée Ichneumon.

But it is not so much in this capacity as in that of a destroyer of snakes and other reptiles that it has always been and is to this day famous. Every one has heard and read histories of fights between mungooses and cobras, and stories of how when struck by the snakes the animals run off into the jungle, and eat some plant or root which acts immediately as an antidote to the poison, and enables them to return and renew the fight none the worse for their wounds. And many long and learned disquisitions have been written on the same subject, and different plants named as affording the antidote. Yet all these stories are without foundation, the truth being that the mungoose is victorious owing to his wonderful agility and watchfulness, or, as Belon has it, to the fact that he is "fort cauteleuse beste"; and if he is unfortunate enough to be bitten he dies as certainly and as quickly as any other mammal. And in this the ancient writers were far nearer to the truth than many of the moderns, for they ascribed the victory of the ichneumon over the "Aspis" to his cunning. The story as related by Aristotle, and repeated by Pliny, runs as follows in the words of the learned Philemon Holland:—"There is mortall war between the Aspides and the Ichneumones, or Rats of India. A beast this is well knowne to the Aspis, in this regard especially, that it is bred likewise in the same Ægypt. The manner of this Ichneumon is, to wallow oft times within the mud, and then to dry it selfe against the Sun: and when he hath thus armed himself as it were with many coats hardened in this manner, he goeth forth to combat with the Aspis. In fight he sets up his taile, and whips about turning his taile to the enemie, and therein latcheth and receiveth all the strokes of the Aspis, and taketh no harm thereby: and so long he maintaineth a defensive battell, untill he espy a time, turning his head a to-side, that he may catch the Aspis by the throat, and throtle it." Topsell mentions this story, but adds that, in his opinion, "this combate is better expressed by Oppianus. For, saith he, the Ichneumon covereth her body in the sande as it were in a grave, leaving nothing uncovered but her long serpentine taile, and hir eyes, and so expecteth her enemy. When the Aspe espyeth her threatening rage, presently turning about her taile, provoketh the Ichneumon to combate, and with an open mouth and lofty head doth enter the list, to her owne perdition. For the Ichneumon being nothing afraid of this great bravado, receiveth the encounter, and taking the head of the Aspe in his mouth, biteth that off, to prevent the casting out of her poison: afterwards tearing her whole body in pieces, although gathered together wound in a circle, for the successe of these two combatants, lyeth in the first blow. If the Aspe first bite the Ichneumon, then doth her poison destroy her adversary; and so on the contrary, if the Ichneumon first bite the Aspe, then is the Ichneumon conqueror, and so for this cause she covereth her body as aforesaid." This author further tells us that if an ichneumon chances to find an "Aspe" by the waterside, "it ketcheth hold on the taile, and so draweth the beast into the Water, and receiveth help from the fluds to devour her enemy." It will be observed that in neither of these stories is there any suggestion of any vegetable antidote to the snake's poison, but that victory waits on the most active and cunning of the combatants. The story of the mungoose and its antidote is generally ascribed to the natives of India; but it is noticeable that Sir Emerson Tennent mentioned it as being of European origin, and said that the natives of Ceylon attached no credit to it. The ichneumon was also supposed to sometimes encase itself in its armour of sun-dried mud before attacking the crocodile in the manner described in our recent article—a story which apparently sorely exercised Topsell's mind, as, after describing the animal as "sitting close upon the liver of the Crocodile, and feeding full sweetly uppon his intrals," he expatiates upon it as follows:—"I wonder for what cause the beast should rowle her selfe in sand and durt, to enter into the Crocodiles belly; For first of all, if after her roling in the durt, she dry her selfe in the sunne, yet will not that hard crust be any sufficient armour of proofe to defend her small body from the violence of the Crocodiles teeth, and besides, it encreaseth the quantity of her body, making her more unfit to slide downe through the Crocodiles narrow throate; and therefore the Authors cannot be but deceaved in ascribing this quality to her when she is to enter into the Crocodile but rather I beleeve, she useth this defence against the Aspe, and therefore the Author seeing her so covered with mudde might easily be mistaken in her purpose. For it is true indeed that when she seeth the Aspe upon the land she calleth her fellowes who arme themselves as beforesaid before the combat, by which meanes they are safely preserved, from the bitings of their enemies; or if it be true that they wallow themselves in the mudde, they do not dry themselves in the sunne, but while their bodies are moist, slide downe more easily into the Crocodiles belly."

Notwithstanding their belief in these wonderful stories, which, however, if we except the crocodile story, are not much more incredible than some of those which pass current at the present time—for example, the fable of the vegetable antidote mentioned above—the old writers knew a good deal about the Egyptian ichneumon, at all events, and were perfectly aware of its value as a vermin-killer. Topsell tells us that "it eateth indifferently every living thing, as Snales, Lizards, camelions, all kinds of Serpents, Frogs, mice, and Aspes," and that it "loveth all manner of foules," and he was quite aware of its propensity for destroying the eggs and young of the crocodile, "whereby," he adds, "the mercifull providence of God doth notably appeare, for the safeguard of mankind, which in those countries where these noisome beasts are bred, hath provided such an enemy to destroy them, both eggs and birds, as is friendly and tameable by the hand and wit of man." This reference to the tameableness of the animal is perfectly correct; indeed, mungooses are—as they have doubtless been from time immemorial—often kept in a semi-domesticated state to clear houses of vermin, such as snakes, rats, and mice, and a tame mungoose is as fascinating, but withal as bloodthirsty, a pet as can well be desired, and we should not advise any one who takes an interest in his poultry-yard to attempt to keep one. Bennett, in his *Tower Menagerie*, gave the following instance of the rat-killing power of a mungoose:—"The individual now in the Tower actually on one occasion killed no fewer than a dozen full-grown rats, which were loosed to it in a room sixteen feet square, in less than a minute and a half."

The mungooses, or ichneumons, belong to the family *Viverridæ*, which also includes the Cryptoprocta, the Genets, and the Suricate, specimens of all of which can be seen in the "Small Cats' House" at the Zoo. There are a large

number of species, the best known being the Egyptian ichneumon (*Herpestes ichneumon*), the Pharoe's mouse of the ancients, about which the wonderful stories were told, and the grey or Indian ichneumon (*H. griseus*), the best known of all. They are widely distributed, being found throughout Africa, Southern Asia, and the Indo-Malayan Archipelago, the Egyptian ichneumon being also found in Spain. Some years since mungooses were introduced into Jamaica for the purpose of destroying rats, which infested the sugar plantations; and they have since, in company with stoats, weasels, and other "vermin" been turned down in Australia and New Zealand in the hope that they would destroy the rabbits, which have become such a terrible plague; but we doubt whether, in the latter case at least, the remedy will not prove worse than the disease. There are at the Zoo at the present time, in addition to specimens of the Egyptian and Indian ichneumons, a white-tailed ichneumon (*H. albicaudatus*) from British East Africa, and a Puisa ichneumon (*Bdeogale puisa*), also from East Africa; the latter being "new to the collection," and, as will be seen, belonging to a different genus to the others, from which it differs in having only four toes on each foot. It is a curious little brown animal, by no means beautiful, and possesses a bushy tail, which oddly reminds one of a bottle-brush. "And thus much for the description of the Ichneumon."

PICTURE GALLERIES.

WHEN the irrepressible young charge of Jane Eyre clamoured for a Parisian *cadeau*, and vexed the austere soul of Mr. Rochester, the distinction between a Christmas present and a *cadeau de Noël* was perfectly understood by all those persons who figure in that entertaining scene. At the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, there are on view certain paintings by French artists which are collectively described as "Cadeaux de Noël." The title is appropriate. Many of them were designed for reproduction in *Figaro Illustré* during the past twelve months; and, as all who know that entertaining journal are aware, were reproduced in colour with exceeding skill. Sport, the theatre, the seaside in the season, and the fashionable world everywhere, and always in season, are the subjects of these typical representations of Parisian life. Some of the paintings—and among the most piquant and engaging are these—were designed for the covers of *Figaro Illustré*. Here is M. Jules Béraud's "Fairy Queen" (9), a pretty Titania in pink, at the footlights, ready to play Ariel also, it would seem, or to sing from *Mignon* "Je suis Titanie." M. Gilbert's elegant "Spring Flowers" (6) and M. Béraud's "Bather" (16) both served as decoration for the cover—that unusual place of honour, as English visitors must think. Then we must note M. Lucius Rossi's "Carnival at Nice" (10), a group of dazzling ladies on an elegant triumphal car; "The Swing," by François Flameng (13), a study of millinery, it may be, that is passing pretty; and M. Jacquet's extremely smart costume-piece, "On the Mountains" (19), a kind of Gallic and glorified version of "She wandered down the mountain-side." By Delort we have two capital examples, "The Rendezvous" (4) and "The Health of the Young Couple" (5); and excellent character-studies by F. Roybet, "Waiting" (1) and "The Salutation" (14); and a pleasant, Tissot-like picture of a lady, "In a Wood" (32), with the sunny foliage of horse-chestnuts like a heavenly frame about her.

THE THEATRES.

IN *Charley's Aunt*, by Mr. Brandon Thomas, produced at the Royalty Theatre on Wednesday evening, Mr. W. S. Penley, who on that occasion entered upon his first essay in management, demonstrated the possession of an amount of tact with which his warmest admirers would never have credited him. In this country critical opinion and popular sentiment are equally opposed to the assumption of female characters by male actors. Not only has Mr. Penley played the part of an old lady, but he has made her the pivot of the play, and has drawn genuine laughter throughout three acts of a farcical comedy without a vestige of offence. Subject to the drawback involved in fitting a particular part to a particular actor with such strongly marked peculiarities as those of Mr. Penley, and to the inevitable prominence of that part, Mr. Brandon Thomas has written an excellent farce, interspersed with slight passages of pretty delicate comedy. Not to go too deeply into detail, Jack Chesney and Percy Wykeham are preparing to entertain their sweethearts at Oxford when their plans are nearly upset by the non-arrival of the young ladies' aunt, Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, but manage to carry out their programme without any apparent violation of the proprieties by inducing Lord Fancourt Babberley, a good-natured undergraduate, who is engaged in some private theatricals, and has the costume ready, to impersonate the Aunt. This he does, but finds himself terribly embarrassed, first by the matrimonial projects of two elderly gentlemen attracted by the widow's money, and afterwards by the arrival of that lady herself, who, with a keen appreciation of humour, and to further some views of her own, assists for a while in furthering the deception.

The fun soon becomes fast and furious; and one is almost relieved by some love-making, both playful and graceful, and by the interruption caused by some necessary, but rather obtrusive, explanatory matter. The third act is the best and briskest of the three, and the interest increases consistently to the very end—a most excellent thing in farce as in other things. Mr. Thomas has done his work well, in thoroughly workmanlike manner, and with a keen appreciation both of the humorous and the lightly serious possibilities of his theme, investing even little Lord Fancourt Babberley with a more than passing sympathetic interest. It is unusual to find the butt in a farce a gentleman, but the innovation is none the less welcome. We do not laugh the less heartily at the little man, and we like him, perforce, all the better. We have said all we need to say about Mr. Penley's intensely droll performance. Mr. Brandon Thomas played an excellent Colonel Chesney; and Mr. Ernest Hendrie deserves high commendation for his stolid rendering of the pseudo-widow's other suitor. Messrs. Percy Lyndal and H. Farmer were sufficiently boyish as the other undergraduates; Miss Ada Branson, as the real Donna Lucia, is to be congratulated on the very favourable impression caused by what we believe is her first appearance on the London stage; and Misses Emily Cudmore and Nina Boucicault were all as sprightly and attractive as the occasion required—Miss Boucicault displaying a delightful comedy touch in a little love scene, half coy and half coquettish.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE appearance in central London of a new Choral Society is an event of some importance; for, since the demise of the Sacred Harmonic and Henry Leslie's Choirs, the burden of giving choral concerts at St. James's Hall has rested solely with the Bach and Handel Societies. The Middlesex Choral Union, which made its bow on Thursday week, has begun well by an interesting revival of Handel's *Joshua*—a work which has probably not been heard in London since 1847, though it is tolerably familiar at German festivals, and was revived at Gloucester last autumn. Though it will not bear comparison with some of the Saxon master's more familiar Oratorios, *Joshua* contains a sufficient proportion of fine numbers to entitle it to an occasional hearing. It comes rather low down in the chronological list of Handel's Oratorios, having been composed between July 19 and August 19, 1747—a very short time even for the rapid workmanship which was no uncommon thing in those days. Signs of haste are not wanting in the work, and several of the airs and choruses are of the stereotyped pattern too common in Handel's less careful work; but, on the other hand, the opening chorus, "Ye Sons of Israel," the march, the solo and chorus, "Glory to God," and the airs "See the raging flame," and "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain," are as fine as anything which proceeded from his prolific pen. The performance by the new choir was in nearly every respect most satisfactory. The chorus is excellent in tone and very well balanced. It sang with correctness and spirit, though a little more delicacy in light and shade would have been an improvement, and a greater precision in attacking leads might also have been attained. The conductor, Mr. James Shaw, has a steady beat, and evidently kept the forces under him well in hand, though he should guard against a

tendency towards dragging the pace, which was occasionally very conspicuous. The principal solo parts were in the experienced hands of Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mr. Ben Davies, the parts of Caleb and of the Angel being filled by Mr. Robert Newman and Mr. Branscombe, the latter of whom in particular created a favourable impression.

On the following evening the Bach Choir gave its forty-first public concert, the programme consisting of Mendelssohn's "Meerestille" Overture, Beethoven's Cantata on the same subject, Dr. Joachim's fine scena "Marfa," and Verdi's "Requiem." It might have been thought that so attractive an entertainment would have ensured the attendance of a large audience; yet, strange to say, St. James's Hall presented a beggarly array of empty seats, and the secretary of the Society has written to the daily press announcing that the concert resulted in a loss of 300*l*. That such a state of affairs should be possible in a city with any pretensions to be considered musical is simply disgraceful, especially as the Bach Choir is no new claimant for public favour, but has long deserved the recognition and support of amateurs by its constant maintenance of all that is most sterling in music. In spite of the discouraging effects of a half-empty room, the choir sang throughout in its best style, and Professor Stanford gained fresh laurels by the sympathetic and spirited manner in which he conducted the "Requiem," a work demanding qualities in a conductor not usually called into play by oratorio. Since its first production in this country, in 1875, Verdi's "Requiem" has suffered undeserved neglect. It was at first received in England with a considerable amount of distrust, especially by purists, who could not forgive certain sins against strict rule to be found in it; but every successive hearing confirms the opinion that it is in its way a masterpiece, and worthy to take a very high place among musical settings of the Office for the Dead. No other composer has so fully realized the emotional side of the text, and if the setting occasionally is apt to be operatic, there is much excuse to be pleaded, especially in the case of a composer of such intensely dramatic sensibility as Verdi. The remembrance of the admirable quartet of singers who interpreted the "Requiem" on its first production rendered the solo parts the least satisfactory feature in Friday's performance. Miss Brema, who took the mezzo-soprano music formerly associated with that admirable artist, Mme. Waldmann, was the only one who was really equal to the arduous task, and she sang throughout in a way which should distinctly increase her growing reputation. The soprano was Miss Anna Williams, who was earnest and artistic, though the music is written for an exceptional voice, and is rather beyond the means at her command. It was a mistake to engage a light tenor, like Mr. Shakespeare, for a part written for a voice of robust quality; the contrast between his essentially lyric method and the dramatic style of the music was occasionally very incongruous. Mr. Black's sonorous bass voice told with effect, but his style is rather ponderous and wanting in contrast. In spite of these slight defects, the whole performance was very good, and one of which the Bach Choir may justly be proud.

At the Popular Concerts of the past fortnight the chief attraction has been the admirable clarinet-playing of Herr Mühlfeld, who on the 12th inst. was heard (with Miss Agnes Zimmermann) in Weber's Duet in E flat, Op. 48; an extremely difficult work, of which he gave a most brilliant and finished performance, besides taking the leading part in Brahms's beautiful Clarinet Quintet. Among other recent concerts, mention may be made of an interesting performance on the 15th at St. James's Hall in aid of the Nursing Homes of St. Mary's, Plaistow, at which the Sisters Ravogli sang the pretty duet "Sparve il sol" from Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, in much better style than usual. Signorina Giulia Ravogli revived an uninteresting scena from Vaccai's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and Miss Macintyre's lovely voice was displayed to advantage in Chaminade's "Ritournelle" and the vocal version of Mascagni's hackneyed Intermezzo. In both songs her besetting sin of incoherent pronunciation was only too conspicuous. Other interesting numbers in the programme were the settings by Schumann and Wagner of Heine's "Two Grenadiers" (sung respectively by Mr. Henschel and Mr. Bispham), and the amusing recitations of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore.

At the concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music last Monday the most noteworthy features were the promising playing of Miss Sybil Palliser in Saint-Saëns's Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 22; the agreeable voice and careful singing of Mr. Arthur Appleby in a scena from Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, and Miss Ellen Bowick's intelligent recitation of Grieg's ballad, with orchestral accompaniment, "Bergliot."

A SONG OF THE EXMOOR HUNT.

AWAKE, arise! The south wind sighs,
Beneath a cloudy curtain
Old Sol is snoozing in the skies,
There's scent to-day for certain.
And down deep o'er Slowley Steep
The harbourer swears we shall drop, boys,
On brow, bay, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

Look up, a stream of sporting pink
Along the ridge is rushing,
Morn's ashen cheek you'd almost think
To rosy red was blushing;
But few, few, so smart of hue
And spick and span from the shop, boys,
Shall stick to-day to brow, bay,
Tray and three on top, boys!

What ho! the tufters on a find
Are tuning to the nor'ard.
Hark back! hark back! 'tis but a hind!
The stag himself! Hark for'ard!
O'er hedge, spine, sedge and rhine,
Full cry we course and hop, boys,
Behind brow, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

Past Dunster towers and Wootton bowers,
Up Cutcombe Crest he's gliding.
Here, roadster friends, your fun it ends,
We've done with arm-chair riding,
And full sail, head to tail,
Down Dunkery side we drop, boys,
On brow, bay, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

We've chucked a City swell to the pig
In his mixen at Cloutsham Corner;
We've hung our artist by his wig,
Like Absalom, in Horner,
Till hard pressed by all our best
From Boscombe Head full flop, boys,
Goes brow, bay, bay and tray,
Tray and three on top, boys!

A boat! a boat! the Weirmen float,
And after him go racing;
But see! to shore he heads once more,
His foes with fury facing.
And back, back! he hurls the pack,
Or heaves them, neck and crop, boys,
Till now, now, down goes brow,
Bay, tray and three on top, boys!

Yet only five of all the hive
That set on foot the sport, boys,
Rode straight and true the whole hunt thro'
And mingled at the mort, boys!
Now name, name those sons of fame,
Who'll match them nearer and farther?
Jim Scarlett, Bissett, and Basset were there,
With Parson Jack Russell and Arthur.

REVIEWS.

PABLO DE SEGOVIA.*

THERE are in this very stately book one essential and three subordinate parts. The essential is formed of the one hundred and ten drawings of Goya Redivivus, we mean the

* *Pablo de Segovia: the Spanish Sharper.* Translated from the original of Francisco de Quevedo-Villegas. Illustrated with 110 Drawings by Daniel Vierge, together with Comments on them by Joseph Pennell, and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Quevedo by Henry Edward Watts. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

very remarkable Spanish artist, Daniel Urrabieta, whose name "in art" is Vierge. The subordinate parts are the text of an English translation of Pablo de Segovia, some "comments" on Vierge by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and an essay on Quevedo by Mr. H. E. Watts. The text of the story cannot be separated from the work of Vierge. Of the other two parts we are not prepared to say so much. Mr. Pennell's comments are really not necessary. A careful critical estimate of a striking draughtsman, written by one who is himself a clever workman in the same field, would always be worth reading. Art criticism written by the few who combine literary with technical skill must always have an exceptional competence. But the effort to give a fair critical estimate of Vierge is what is least visible in Mr. Pennell's comments. They are, in truth, a kind of "Oratio pro domo sua ad Pontifices," if we allow that *Pontifices* is Latin for Philistines. Mr. Pennell is in a terrible taking about the little respect the world, and especially that part of it which consists of writing men, habitually shows to the illustrator. It is much if he is called pretty. We are afraid that Mr. Pennell has treated literature with the little attention he accuses it of showing to his own side. Otherwise he would know that it has taken note of those authors "qui se sauvent de planche en planche," and of such as are saved by beauties not their own. We might ask what the sins of the world to illustrators have to do with the merits of Vierge, or how we are better able to appreciate this artist after reading contemptuous remarks about the benighted ignorance of a "land where *Art* with a *mission* and a big *A* has descended upon the people." But the question would be idle. Mr. Pennell is one of those modern artists who show a curious inverted vanity in speaking of their art as a brainless handicraft. It is a queer type—the Gandish of realism, so to speak, which yet awaits its Thackeray. What Mr. Pennell has actually to say of Vierge reminds us mainly of the enthusiastic Jew who was heard singing the praises of Jaggers. All the others he thought were cagmaggerth. There are only Vierge, and his imitators; all the rest are cag mag—including shoddy commercial persons like Raphael, and inferior creatures like Holbein, Dürer, and a string of others. Mr. Pennell is also careful to remind us of the superiority of the United States, which its artists and writers seem to find such an excellent country to live out of.

Looked at for his own sake, and not as an excuse for talking of the excellence of our own leather, Vierge is unquestionably an individual, vigorous, and memorable artist. His individuality does not prevent him from being also intensely Spanish. He descends through Goya from Valdez Leal. We hardly need the evidence he supplies in the brief notes on his life printed in this volume to see that he had studied the first of these two. His connexion with the second is one of temperament and of race. There has always been in the Spaniard—and it comes out in art and literature alike—a love of dwelling on things grotesque, ugly, or even putrid. This taste is quite compatible with the power of seeing grace and elegance, though it is an outward sign of that something hard and narrow in the genius of the race which has condemned it to produce so little beauty of the highest order. Put the finest canvas of Velasquez by the side of a work of Titian's of the same comparative rank, and the gulf which divides the Spaniard from the very highest in art must be felt at once. It was not that the Spaniard was betrayed by his hand, but he had no vision of something which the Italian saw. Pure beauty is, we take it—judging not only by this book, but by the original drawings and other work of his lately shown at Barnard's Inn—beyond the power of Vierge. That is his limitation. It is characteristic that he has selected Quevedo's story to illustrate voluntarily and as a labour of love. We may be told that the work of the illustrator has a decorative value independent of the text. So it has; but, after all, he chose that text to illustrate, and whoever will impose upon himself the severe task of reading through the *Pablo de Segovia* will see that the selection was not made at random. Vierge must have had some inborn sympathy with this hard and dreary study of callous roguery, of filth, starvation, and the gallows. The man himself is brave, and a conscientious artist; but he felt that this subject suited his powers, and he took it, as he had every right to do. It would not be easy to exaggerate the skill with which he has executed with his hand what his eye saw. Form and movement, here and there a graceful female or some dashing manly figure, but for the most part the blackguard picturesque, the grotesque, and the hideous—these are the things which Vierge sees. He selects and sets them out with unfailing firmness of touch, putting down what he wants to make visible, and sacrificing whatever is not essential to his purpose. No one who has seen "all the furnace of the light struck up against the blinding wall" in Spain can accept Vierge's shadows as even approximately true. On p. 22 there is a drawing of five hungry figures sitting round a table, and a sixth, which is hunger personified, coming in through the door. They are all flooded in a light which is of impossible force. But the figures in that conventional light are of masterly ugliness, drawn with the perfection of precision. Hunger reigns all through these drawings, as it does in the book, as it did in the Spain of the seventeenth century. It is an ugly thing, and one would not like to have it for ever before one's eyes—one would as soon hang up the "Charnel House" of Valdez Leal. But it would be well to have these drawings in a portfolio, and to be able to look at them from time to time as pieces of masterly workmanship. And, as we have said, the starvation, the rags, and the filth are not all—though they are the rule.

Quevedo, and what Mr. Watts has to say of him, must necessarily be of very secondary interest with us now. Pablo de Segovia is here only because Vierge has illustrated him. And yet the Spanish writer is a striking figure in literary history and a remarkable man in himself. There are few who are more completely shadows of a great name. For a time he had a greater reputation than any of his countrymen, with the doubtful exception of Cervantes; a round dozen editions of Sir Roger Lestrange's translation of his *Sueños* were printed here in less than fifty years. His *Marco Bruto* was translated under the title of *The Controversy about Resistance and Non-Resistance*, for the benefit of Dr. Sacheverell, by a noble Lord. Byron took his name when he published the *Vision of Judgment*. It is there alone that most Englishmen of our time have seen it. And yet Quevedo would be an excellent subject for reconstructive criticism. To make him readable now would be impossible, but it would not be beyond the power of a competent critic to do with him what Cousin did with the French romances of the seventeenth century—namely, by selection and interpretation, to show what he once was, and what influence he had. Mr. Watts says that he was as distinctly the second as Cervantes was the first of Spanish humourists. We doubt how far it is possible to rank men of letters by their numbers in this military fashion. It is certainly impossible where men differ not in degree but in kind. If Quevedo was a humourist, then Cervantes was not. Definitions of humour are notoriously dangerous, but it is pretty generally agreed that it does exist where there is no love. Now Quevedo is as hard as the nether millstone. Mr. Watts says that he has been called "The Spanish Juvenal—the Spanish Ovid—the Spanish Lucian." He has been so called by persons to whom names do not represent distinct conceptions. It has been given to no man to be Juvenal, Ovid, and Lucian in one. But the word "very" is wanted before Spanish when Quevedo is compared to a writer of any other race. Mr. Watts allows that Quevedo differed from all these three great men—so strangely joined here. He did. He differed in this—that he wanted the something of universal which there was in all of them. If he is interesting, it is because he was completely and exclusively Spanish. His language is the very marrow of his native tongue. In ideas, beliefs, and passions he was a Spaniard of the generation in which Spain fell into its decadence. He may be read for the sake of his time and country, but for them only. His life was adventurous, and therefore attractive. A man who was the friend of that erratic genius the "great" Duke of Osuna, and the enemy of the Count Duke of Olivares, whom Mr. Watts harshly calls "worthless," could not want for adventures. But in literature he neither invented, nor did he put immortal life into the forms of other men's work. Talent, facility, learning, patriotism, pride, ferocity—he had them all. They were enough to make him a marked personage, but not to place him with Juvenal, Ovid, Lucian, or with Horace, Rabelais, and Swift, to whom also, it seems, he has been likened. These things are echoes of Spanish rhetoric. With the last-named the comparison is not quite absurd. Quevedo was perhaps definable as "the soul of Swift dwelling in a dry place."

This *Pablo de Segovia* gives as fair an opportunity of placing him as any of his writings, for it brings him at once into sharp conflict with one of the really great masters of literature. Quevedo took the *novela de pícaros*. He shortened it, freed it of excrescences, gave it a certain acrid flavour of his own—but he left it as he found it, dull, sordid, artificial, local. Le Sage took it and made it universal. We are sorry to see that Mr. Watts, though recognizing the genius of Le Sage, seems to give some countenance to the foolish Spanish tradition that *Gil Blas* was done in "collaboration," or was the result of "stealing." Here again, the difference is one of kind. The form of the *novela de pícaros* was taken by the Spaniards one from another, and was not intrinsically original to begin with. The incidents are always the same, with mere apparent differences. Le Sage took the form, and perhaps a score of incidents; and if the score had been a hundred, it would not have mattered. Mechanical form and

incident are what is of least importance in literature. In these things "Il pleut des inventeurs," as M. Brunetière says, "mais ceux qui sont rares, ce sont ceux qui rendent les inventions des autres pratiques et viables, en les dégageant de ce qui s'y mêle presque toujours d'erreur ou parfois de folie; ce sont ceux qui les corrigent ou qui les rectifient au moyen des inventions opposées ou contraires; ce sont ceux enfin qui réalisent ce que l'inventeur s'est borné d'ordinaire à entrevoir, à ébaucher—ou à rêver." Le Sage belonged to the class of men who are rare.

NOVELS.*

IT is all very well for Mr. Black to call his new novel *Wolfenberg*, and endeavour to persuade the careless or very young reader that it is about a long-haired German musician, in a small town, who dies after a vast deal of intellectual conversation. Its name, by which it forms part of the Universe, is either *The Orotania*, or *A Crimean Cruise*—we are not sure which. It is true that the yacht is a steam-yacht, one of those which conveys a select number of first-class passengers on a trip for so many days, at an inclusive fare, and that no part of its course takes it through the Western Highlands; but it is essentially the same yacht that we know so well, and covet so much, and it has several of the same people on board, who behave very much in their usual fashion. There is that rather exasperating nameless person, the most frequent (and shortest) periphrasis for describing whom is "our Mrs. Threepenny-bit," and the still more nameless narrator of the story, her husband, and their friends are not all new. New, however, at any rate to us, is Wolfenberg, who is neither a German nor a musician, but "the great American artist—the most imaginative painter that America has yet produced." He is travelling with an American young lady, named Amélie Dumaresq, and her mother. The artist, being unhappily married, and the soul of honour, has a beautiful Platonic friendship with the young lady, which continues strictly Platonic on her side, but comes to a tragic end all the same. Every one who knows his Black, as every one should, can imagine the sort of novel that is made out of these opportunities. Among the lesser personages who have greatly pleased us is one Miss Penguin, an elderly spinster who wrote delightful verses. Several of them are given, all fairly good, and this is a specimen:—

> Pale Penelope, fare you well—
> We meet no more upon this side Hell:
> Farewell to the shining Cyclades—
> I end my life in the Sirens' seas.

Besides being a classical poet, this lady had a dog named Phaon, who from time to time insulted and perturbed a choleric Major, and occasionally even bit him and tore his trousers. The Major one evening sneaked in the dark to the part of the deck where Phaon lived in a crate, just as the ship was setting out on its homeward journey, and, though a splash was heard forward in the darkness, the dog was never seen again. Far on in the third volume, as the travellers were approaching their journey's end, the Major extracted two little white teeth—alleged to be those of an inquisitive shark—from the patent log, and presented them to a lady—not Miss Penguin—to make into a brooch. With masterly reserve Mr. Black says nothing further on the subject. Of course, the book abounds with passages that are more or less clever and amusing. "*Nos et mutamur in* illness" is a pleasant travesty. On the other hand, the curious may find a shocking example of "did not have."

Mrs. Henniker has made decided progress in the art of romance. It is true that *Foiled* is almost entirely about persons of decent breeding and more or less good birth, and that a rather large proportion of them are sinful enough to have hereditary titles; but she knows what she is writing about, and her characters are as true to nature as those of other writers of repute. They are fortunate enough to arouse and reciprocate the amorous passion pretty freely, and go through a considerable quantity of high-class bliss and unmitigated affliction. Ultimately virtue triumphs and vice receives its due meed of catastrophe. The least convincing part of the story is the fate of an exceedingly worthy and almost equally tiresome country gentleman, who, upon the accidental and unexpected discovery that his wife very much prefers somebody else with whom she has for a long time carried on an affectionate correspondence, carefully but rather clumsily arranges a revolver accident and shoots himself dead. The performance is not edifying in itself, and "swears" considerably with the rest of the unfortunate gentleman's character. Taken as a whole, the story, without being superlatively good, is clever, well written, and decidedly worth reading.

The Tower of Taddeo is the work which "Ouida," with characteristic emphasis, has repudiated in the columns of the *Times*, because it has pleased Mr. Heinemann to publish it in three volumes, whereas she sold it to the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier with the intention that it should appear in one. It would have made one long volume, whereas it makes three decidedly short ones; but we are wholly unable to imagine that it would have been otherwise than a depressing little tale in any corporal guise that it might have assumed. Long centuries ago Taddeo Gaddi built a tower at Florence, and much later it was inhabited by Ser Checchi, a librarian by trade, and a collector of old books and manuscripts by choice. "This Turk he had one ounly darter," and her name was Beldia. To her entered Odisio, a Lombard architect, who had seen her marketing, and loved her "on sight." Also there came in the night her brother Cirillo, who was a scamp, and spent his father's money, and insisted on carrying off Beldia's jewels, in order to escape the consequences of having shot a policeman. Moreover there was always entering Messer Aurelio Vestuccio, a money-lender and a fiend. And ultimately Odisio, having won Beldia's love, went to Brazil to make a fortune to marry her upon. While he was away Vestuccio sold up Ser Checchi, and carried off all his beloved books to be bought in (being of great value) for ridiculous prices at a "knock-out auction." Wherefore Ser Checchi broke his heart and died, and Beldia did charing and odd jobs for a year and a half, until Odisio came back poorer than ever (having been wrecked on a desert island, and never got to Brazil at all), and took charge of her. And the municipality of Florence, because they hated everything old and beautiful, bought the Tower, and pulled it down, and put up instead "the chimney of a factory, belching forth its stinking vapours to the sullied waters and the outraged heavens" to witness if "Ouida" lies. That is the story, and it would be a poor compliment to the author to say she has not written many more interesting. We have, at all events, the satisfaction of reflecting that, according to her own statement, it makes no difference to her what any one thinks of it.

Mrs. Lovett Cameron is an author from whom we know pretty well what to expect. She has done books better and worse than *A Sister's Sin*. It is not nearly so good as *In a Grass Country*, but it is by no means bad. Lil Garnier was the sister who sinned, and Daphne Garnier the sister who survived. They were daughters of the Dowager Lady Denison's agent, and her ladyship's youngest son, Mr. Eric Denison, was the occasion and the partner of Lil's lapse from virtue. He treated her extremely badly, and when Lil, with the help of a little bottle which she stole from a doctor who loved her dearly, had precluded herself from any further dealings with her seducer, and had, moreover, revealed all in a letter to Daphne, that heroine swore to be revenged upon Eric. He was not a fortunate person—among other things, his parents had an uncomfortable habit of cursing him with their dying breaths—and he underwent a variety of misfortunes, some at the hands of Daphne, and others not. At last, however, it all came right. The doctor who had loved Lil never married; but he had a rather entertaining half-sister who did, and was, indeed, one of the instruments wherewith Providence chastened Eric, and made something of a man of him. The seduction of well-brought-up young ladies is to the ordinary taste not a particularly pleasant subject for a novel, and Mrs. Lovett Cameron has no claim to be considered great enough to deal with any tragical subject she pleases. Effie Deans and Hetty Sorrel have positions in literature; but they owe them to Sir Walter and George Eliot. Lil Garnier cannot rank with these distressful damsels, and has not the same excuse for her failings as they. Subject to this qualification, *A Sister's Sin* is an interesting story, and well put together. As to whether or not it is fit to lie on the drawing-room table, that is a matter of taste, and depends a good deal upon whose drawing-room it is.

There are few more unequal writers than Mrs. Hungerford. Not infrequently her Irish or Hiberno-Indian novels are exceedingly bright, fresh, and pleasing. Then, again, they are sometimes singularly sloppy. In *Nora Creina*, she touches a level to which we trust that she may never sink again. There are two girls, Nora and Sophie, living with an excessively and, indeed, almost impossibly disagreeable stepfather, and pursued at an early age by three lovers, two genuine and one—whom the heroine, of course, originally prefers—worthless. Their relations

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* *Wolfenberg.* By William Black. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Foiled. By the Hon. Mrs. Henniker, Author of "Sir George" &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

The Tower of Taddeo. By Ouida, Author of "Under Two Flags" &c. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

A Sister's Sin. A Novel. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Author of "In a Grass Country" &c. London: White & Co. 1893.

Nora Creina. A Novel. By Mrs. Hungerford, Author of "Molly Bawn" &c. London: White & Co. 1893.

with these and other persons are both unreal and uninteresting. The author has contracted a vile habit, Transatlantic in its origin, of italicizing words, particularly adjectives, in order to make the conversation artless and affecting. Here are extracts from a single page of conversation between Nora and her genuine lover, when all has, at last, come right. "Ah! but there was *one* thing." "Said *what*, my soul?" "Oh! it seemed to put me so *far* away from you." "'Oh! do—do promise,' sobs Nora wildly, 'to be angry with me very *soon* again!'" "What would I *not* do to make you happy?" There are two similar instances of the abuse of italics on the following page, and five more on the page after that. All the people in the book constantly say "Pouf," and the continual and extravagant eulogies upon Nora's physical attractiveness become almost disgusting. In the first chapter we learn that several families "were famed for their beauty, and of them are Nora's ancestors. From the flowers of their charms she seems to have culled the sweetest colours and the choicest sweets. Like a fair, priceless lily—fragile, slender, exquisite—she stands apart, the very type of beauty perfected. Her face is as pure as dew, as clear as sunlight, and lovely beyond words. The girl herself hardly knows how good she is to look at. Such eyes! Such lips! The eyes so dark and blue!" One is almost irresistibly impelled to add, "But she won't wash clothes!"

RADCLIFFE'S NOBLE SCIENCE OF FOX-HUNTING.*

FIFTY years ago there was but a scanty supply of sporting literature of any sort—as Mr. Blew, the editor of the work under notice, points out—not more than half a dozen treatises on hunting had preceded Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's "Noble Science," so that when it made its first appearance, well got up, beautifully and profusely illustrated, it at once achieved the very considerable popularity due to its intrinsic merits; in fact, to use the stock phrase, no sportsman's library was complete without it, and there was probably not a boy in England belonging to a hunting family who did not know by heart the couplets from Somerville which underline the large plates descriptive of the main features of a run, or who had not somewhat improved his acquaintance with the classics amongst the quotations wherewith Mr. Radcliffe, after the fashion of the scholarly gentleman of his day, largely interspersed his pages. We can see it still, the tall pale blue-book which we regarded as the Holy Writ of Hunting, to review which even now seems a task akin to a criticism of the Old Testament. As a matter of fact, the reviewing has been already done by Mr. Blew, who, with his notes and commentaries, brings the fourth edition up to date of modern thought, and it is pleasant and instructive to find how little a true sportsman like himself, on points of real importance, differs from, or adds to, the dicta of his predecessor of half a century ago. Curious it is, too, to be reminded that the vexed question of "Wa re wheat!" then held precisely the same debateable position in men's minds that it does at present, the farmer always hating to see this crop ridden over, though there has been abundant proof that, even when trampled out of sight, and apparently out of existence, it is rather improved than otherwise by the treatment. As, however, it was, and is, the ineradicable opinion of tenant-farmers in general that wheat is thus injured, one can only feel surprised that, taking into account the difference in value of the article between the thirties and the nineties, anybody should have been allowed to ride over sown land then, or that so much fuss should be made about it now. As already stated, there are not many or grave points of disagreement between past author and present editor; but on one subject Mr. Blew is, with good reason, inflexibly sceptical—namely, the pace at which hounds cross, or are often reported to cross, a country. He scoffed at Mr. Vyner's records in *Notitia Venatica*; he is equally incredulous as to Mr. Radcliffe's assertion that his hounds—the Hertfordshire—"completed six miles in eighteen minutes," and that the same pack "accomplished thirty miles in two hours and twenty-eight minutes," or at any rate holds that, if the latter statement as to *hounds* be correct, it is very certain that *horses* did not gallop at rather more than twelve miles an hour for two hours and a half. Mr. Radcliffe emphasized his preference for a *quick* hound over a *fast* one—sportsmen will readily understand the distinction—but these must have been flyers indeed, who did the six miles in eighteen minutes; it is doubtful if it could be done on a high road, and sounds an impossibility in a cramped country, even had they been schooled, as Mr. Blew tells us the Blankney hounds are, to fly their fences by practice over nets in the kennel.

A propos of hounds' speed, there is on p. 70 an account, quoted from Mr. Warburton of Hunting-songs fame, of the match at Newmarket in October 1762, between the hounds of Mr. Meynell and those of Mr. Smith Barry over the Beacon Course—running the reverse way. Threescore horses, amongst them at least one King's Plate winner, also started, and were beaten anyhow by the dogs. The ground is said to have been covered by the winner, Mr. Barry's Blue-Cap, in a few seconds more than eight minutes. A hounds *v.* horses contest on the flat has for so many years been talked about that it is now hardly likely to come off; indeed, the immense amount of public interest it would excite must needs be an almost certain bar to a satisfactory conclusion. Still (setting aside as wholly mythical the time record of 1762) we fancy that some of our modern T.Y.C. sprinters would easily accomplish that task of beating the hounds wherein the vaunted stayers of old so egregiously failed.

Mr. Radcliffe's exposition of method with his pack both in kennel and field is still, for the most part, received as sound doctrine. His let-'em-alone-as-much-as-possible principles were formed on his experience as a master of harriers, that a foxhound, if left to himself, will hunt a lower scent than any other species of dog. The theory may be, and very likely is, correct; but it does not find much acceptance amongst old-fashioned hunters of the hare, most of whom believe that for superlatively keen nose you must look to the descendants of some breed of harrier or beagle which in all probability never existed.

On the necessity of the huntsman being, in addition to the other qualifications of his craft, well mannered and of courteous address, Mr. Radcliffe greatly insists; and here his editor chimes in with a most pertinent expression of wonder that, whereas affability is universally deemed requisite in a professional, there yet appears to be a tacit agreement that the amateur is at liberty to "throw his tongue" as freely as he pleases. Perhaps the explanation would be that more civility is expected from a paid servant than from a man who works gratuitously. The argument at best is not lofty; but even from the great unpaid some shreds of courtesy are surely due; moreover, where a subscription of any sort is taken, the huntsman must be held in some sense to be a salaried servant.

As to the buying and conditioning of hunters, and all matters pertaining to stable management, as well as on the art of riding to hounds, most of the views which are upheld in the "Noble Science" are still regarded as the "authorized version," though there are exceptions which have, of course, not escaped the editorial eye; such as the advice to give long sweating gallops in clothes by way of preparing horses for the winter's work, or Mr. Radcliffe's scorn for what he considered the old-world superstition against washing their legs—a superstition which, he says, had even invaded Newmarket. Few and far between are nowadays the stables where much, if any, galloping is done before the commencement of the season, long versus strong work being the wisely established custom; while, if there is one veterinary maxim more insisted on than another by writers of experience, more rigidly enforced by men who are masters of their own grooms, it is that which forbids the washing of a horse's legs with hot or cold water under any circumstances, more especially after hard work, strict abstinence from such ablution being the only hitherto discovered way of avoiding mud fever.

Few things strike the reader of old sporting works more forcibly than the permanency or stability of the price of hunters. It is fair to assume that, for every man who hunted when the "Noble Science" was written, at least twenty go out now; yet we are here told, more than once, that it was absurd to expect to buy a good or fair animal, for hunting purposes, under 100*l.*, while Lord Alvaney, and, no doubt, other leading lights in the shires, were prepared to give as much as 700*l.*, provided they could get something "which would jump a little higher and a little further than other people's horses." Surely, however, the author was in advance of his age in holding the opinion which he reiterates, that it is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that a real good hunter will not go, or is not the best to ride in *any* country, and that he himself esteems a Northamptonshire crack the perfection of a mount for the provinces. Unusual liberality of judgment for a man who habitually hunted in Hampshire and Hertfordshire, since our forefathers were firmly convinced that a special class of horse was created for special counties. We have, indeed, repeatedly heard the Leicestershire flyer sneered at in the Blackmoor Vale, despite his manifest superiority to the local scrambler. With regard to hunting costume, the sumptuary laws laid down in the "Noble Science" are, as might have been expected, severely orthodox; the idea of a gentleman appearing at the covert-side clad in anything but the regulation scarlet—the use of which colour in the chase is traced back to the time of Henry VIII.—in all likelihood never entered the head of the writer, and he would probably have

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* *Radcliffe's Noble Science of Fox-hunting.* Revised and corrected by William C. A. Blew, M.A., Editor of Vyner's "Notitia Venatica." London: John C. Nimmo.

struck a man who suggested to him the possibility of his wearing in the roughest weather a "ratcatching" dress, such as not infrequently disfigures our end-of-the-century sportsmen; yet our modern hunting man when fully got up wears almost identically the same garments as did the dandy of the thirties. The same short tops, creamy leathers (variety in their colour was always the eccentricity of an individual), the same tall hat, slightly altered perhaps in shape, and the same tail coat, formed then as now the distinguishing features of the garb; and if the youth of to-day does not wear the bird's-eye neckcloth which encircled the "squeeze" of Pomponius Ego, the now fashionable twice-round white cravat would have been pronounced far more correct by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, though he admired "Nimrod" as much as Mr. Surtees despised him.

If, in conformity with the usage of gentlemen of his class and period, Mr. Radcliffe's style was a trifle stilted, still it cannot be denied that he was an excellent writer of prose; of his poetry, if we may judge by one or two specimens of which he seems to have thought not unfavourably, the less said the better. To him also might have been applied that verse of Achilles's statue anent the late Lord Gardner:—

With him no hunter ever dared refuse,
So good his hands, though damnable his muse.

CYNEWULF'S CHRIST.*

THE poetry of our Saxon fathers has been divided by Professor Earle into two main classes, primary and secondary. The primary poetry is that of which the inspiration is mainly native, and is headed by the Beowulf. The secondary poetry is that of which the inspiration comes mainly from a foreign, often, of course, a Latin ecclesiastical, source. At the head of this secondary poetry stands the name of Cynewulf. He has himself attested the authorship of his four most important works—namely, the one before us, the *Elene*, the *Juliana*, and the *Andreas* (for the *Fata Apostolorum* may be regarded as an appendix to the last-named work)—by weaving into their texture the runes which spell his own name, in a manner which reminds us of those alphabetic and acrostic Latin poems which were such a favourite exercise of mediæval ingenuity, especially in the Carolingian age. And some have thought that they detected similar traces of himself in one of the many riddles which bear his name. Besides the above-named poems, others are ascribed to him, with greater or less degree of certainty. But though the name of the author and his principal works stand thus fast,

Stat magni nominis umbra,

the man himself eludes our grasp, as Casella's shade in the *Purgatorio* eludes the grasp of Dante:—

Tre volte dietro a lei le mani avvinsi,
E tante mi tornai con esse al petto.

It is impossible even to fix his date within two centuries. Some critics have wanted to identify him with the Cynewulf who was Bishop of Lindisfarne, 737–780 A.D., and though this idea is now generally abandoned, the majority of recent critics are inclined to place him in the eighth century. Kemble and Thorpe, however, with whom of living writers Professor Earle is inclined to agree, would identify him with that Cynewulf who was Abbot of Peterborough at the end of the tenth century, and became Bishop of Winchester at the beginning of the eleventh. Mr. Gollancz is, therefore, a little too absolute in calling the work before us on his title-page "An Eighth Century English Epic," and in saying in his Preface that "critics are at one in placing" Cynewulf "in the second half of the eighth century."

The title of *Epic* as applied to this work is at least equally open to criticism. Thorpe, who in 1842 first printed this and the other poetry which is contained in the Codex Exoniensis, paid little attention to the structure of the poems, because, as he asserted, "though interesting to the philologist, they possess little attraction for any other class of readers," and he regarded them merely as a disconnected series of hymns. It was Dietrich who in 1853 first called attention to the connexion of the poems, which he saw to be concerned with the three chief moments, if we may reverently say so, in the life of the Redeemer—the Incarnation, the Ascension, and the return to Judgment. But, though this connexion does exist, it is far from amounting to the unity of an epic, and is often of the slightest kind. In the midst of one part the poet will digress on the slightest provocation to subjects which would belong more appropriately to another part. (We do not know, by the way, why Mr. Gollancz should call the parts *Passus*, as if he were dealing with a thirteenth or fourteenth century poem.) Thus the poem which the editor places at the end of Part I. might as well—or even, perhaps, better—come at the beginning of Part II. So in the third poem of Part III. the author, in working out the idea of the passage "they shall look on him whom they pierced" in connexion with the Day of Judgment, inserts a long description of the Passion which one is inclined to say would have come better in Part I. Again, the whole tone of the poems is lyric rather than epic, and many a fine passage sounds the true note of religious and poetic ecstasy in a way which makes one stand amazed at such a judgment as that of Thorpe quoted a little earlier in this review.

Take, for instance, the beautiful address to Jerusalem—lines 49 ff. (though the historic and heavenly Jerusalem are, it is true, rather strangely mixed up together):—

O sight of peace, holy Jerusalem!
Choicest of royal thrones, citadel of Christ!
The native seat of angels and of the just,
The souls of whom alone rest in thee ever,
Exulting in glory. No sign of aught unclean
Shall ever be beheld in that abode,
But every sin shall flee afar from thee,
All curse and conflict.

The inspiration of this passage is clearly derived from the Book of Revelation. But it is a strain which has given us some of the most rapturous of the mediæval hymns, and has been prolonged almost to our own days in such hymns as that of Kosegarten's

Stadt Gottes, deren diamantnen Ring
Kein Feind zu stürmen wagt.

Take, again, the Miltonic passages in ii. 2:—

He whom ye gaze on here . . .
Will surely yet again with ample host
Revisit all the races of the earth . . .
Open, ye gates!
The Lord of all, the King, Creation's Source,
Will lead through you unto the citadel . . .
The folk which from the devils He hath reft
By His own victory. Peace shall be shared
By angels and by men hence evermore
To all eternity. 'Twixt God and man
There is a covenant, a ghostly pledge,
Love, and life's hope, and joy of all the light.

It can hardly be necessary to recall to our readers' memory Milton's great passage at the end of the Seventh Book of *Paradise Lost*:—

Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world:
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.

So, too, some of the passages which express the craving of the world for the coming of the Redeemer strike that very note of ecstatic expectation which is heard in many of the Advent antiphons:—"Veni Domine, et noli tardare, relaxa facinora plebi tuae. . . . O Clavis David, et sceptrum domus Israel . . . veni et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbra mortis."

And here we touch upon a point to which we called attention some time ago when reviewing Colonel Lumsden's *Beowulf*, and which Mr. Gollancz rightly notices in his preface—namely, the undertone of pathos which is heard in much of this old northern poetry. In the present case this note is most audible in those passages which tell of the misery of unredeemed mankind. Men are "sad in prison," "wrapt round with darkness," "weary thralls, worn out with weeping" "in a vale of death," until Christ comes to release, enlighten, and console.

It is interesting to notice that, in addition to the alliteration which is the characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry as regards its outward form, we also have instances of that principle of rhyme which was destined to supplant it—*e.g.* on pp. 50, 138. So in the same way in the metrical poetry of classic Rome we have occasional suggestions—for example, in Virgil's line,

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit—

of the same principle of rhyme, which became the dominant principle of mediæval Latin verse.

We have already given some specimens of Mr. Gollancz's translation. It will be seen that it is in a sort of irregular blank verse, with an attempt, not very consistently kept up, to reproduce the alliteration of the original. Passages even better than those which we have quoted will be found on pp. 11, 35, and have

* *Cynewulf's Christ.* Edited, with a Modern Rendering, by Israel Gollancz, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: David Nutt. 1892.

again a ring of Milton about them. But this level is by no means uniformly maintained, and the great fault of the translation, from the literary point of view, seems to us to be the undue proportion of rather unpoetical Latin words, such as "propitious," "child-conception," "inherent nature," "mental understanding," "resident," "perpetrate." Nor is the translation free from actual slips. Thus, in line 664, "his muþes gæst" is wrongly translated "*spirit* of the mouth"; it is really "the guest, or inmate, of his mouth"—*i.e.* the tongue, as Thorpe rightly saw. It is possible that there is a similar mistake in line 1452. In line 792 "his" is inserted, contrary alike to grammar and to sense. In line 1086 "swát" is wrongly translated "sweat"; elsewhere it is rightly given as "blood." In line 1583, "speeding with *mystic* shadows," there is nothing in the original answering to "mystic," and it gives a modern sentiment to the passage which is wholly foreign and inappropriate. So, too, there is sometimes shown a deficient sense of the meaning of the technical terms which occasionally occur. Thus, "mund-bora," line 27, is translated "guardian-angel." Thorpe's "protector" is much nearer the legal force of the word. Thus in 823 A.D. the East Angles sought Egbert "to mundboran," as protector against the Mercians. Again, in the glossary "wíte-þéow" is translated "tortured thrall." It really means "penal thrall"; *i.e.* one who has been adjudged to slavery as a punishment for crime, in contrast to those who were slaves by capture, purchase, or birth. A very slight acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon law would have made this clear; and it is needless to point out how appropriately the expression is used by the poet to depict the condition of unredeemed humanity. There are some other slips and omissions in the glossary which need not be enumerated here. The notes strike us as being a little meagre, but some of them are of real value. Rather more care should, however, have been exercised in some of the critical notes. On page 169 we have the following notes on three consecutive lines:—

1486. *mec*, so MS.; Thorpe, Grein, *me*.
1487. *heardra*, Grein, *heardre*.
1488. *swærra*, Grein, *swærre*.

Now in 1487-8 Grein has the readings attributed to him, but he expressly acknowledges that he took them from Thorpe, so that the omission of Thorpe's name gives the erroneous impression that Grein was the first to introduce these readings. In 1486 Grein has *me*, probably by a mere oversight, as he notes no variation from the MS.; but Thorpe has *mec*, and does not even suggest any alteration. We trust that Mr. Gollancz, when he edits the Codex Exoniensis, will see that his apparatus criticus is correct.

The appendices contain an interesting excursus on the Cynewulf runes, and some of the Latin originals which the author can be shown to have used, notably an Ascension Homily by Gregory the Great, and the well-known alphabetic hymn on the Day of Judgment. It is due to the originality of the poet to say that the passages in which he has followed these models most closely are among the least successful parts of the poem.

We have called attention to some of the defects of the work before us. But, in spite of these drawbacks, it is a work of real interest and importance, and a very welcome contribution to English literature. It is curious, as Mr. Gollancz remarks, that this should be the first time that Cynewulf's *Christ* has appeared as a separate work after an interval of a thousand years more or less.

FAIRY TALES.*

ALL Indian tales are good, but we have not often come across a more fascinating volume of them than Mr. Swynnerton's. It is rather difficult to say whether its attractions are greater in the letterpress or in the illustrations; but it is easy and decisive to say that even a well-meant attempt of the compiler's to degrade his work from literature to folklore, by indexing his tales as belonging to "the Wooden Horse type," "the Younger Son type," and similar *enfantillages* of grown-up pseudo-scientific infants, does not injure its interest in the very smallest degree. All intelligent persons, of course, know that stories do thus fall into types; that the human brain, though an ingenious engine enough ("which," as Mr. Kingsley used to say, "is not so very wonderful—considering"), can only make its stories in types, and that in China and Peru alike there will be very considerable resemblances between the products. But this sort of classification, when pursued too far, is childish with the peculiar childishness natural, it would seem, to this age, which makes laborious tables of the rhymes in the *Divina Commedia*, and thinks it has done something. Mr. Swynnerton, however, is to be excused for paying this tribute to common nonsense. It only occupies a page or two, it will conciliate the folklorists, and it will not grievously offend anybody else. Indeed, nobody else with sense could be offended in face of such an agreeable banquet. In the first, the least, but still no unimportant place, Mr. Swynnerton has had the excellent taste and the almost more than excellent sense to have his stories illustrated—lavishly illustrated—by native artists. These illustrations consist, besides initial letters, and so forth (good, but too frequently repeated), of little woodcuts interspersed in the text which remind us of nothing so much as of a school composed of natives who have studied Bewick. We hardly think that any Indian would have drawn them without some knowledge of the English woodcut school of the last century and the beginning of this; but we are sure that nobody would have drawn them except an Indian who had had this training. They are the very quaintest things that we have seen for a very long time, and for the purposes of illustration they excel much greater matters.

But the tales ought not to be postponed to the cuts. They were gathered, Mr. Swynnerton tells us, on the banks of the Indus, just where it issues from No Man's Land, in the shadow of the Black Mountain, and close to the abodes of those interesting and turbulent persons ending in -zai, who are good enough to keep our Indian army from rusting. They are very numerous, they bear singularly few marks of "cooking," and they are exceedingly diverse in kind. Mr. Swynnerton tells us, as an illustration, how he found in Poggio the counterpart of the story of the afflicted widower who was met seeking his wife's body after a flood *up* stream, and, being gently remonstrated with, pointed out that, from the natural contrariness of the dear departed's disposition, it was perfectly certain that her body would not consent to float *à vau l'eau* like that of any ordinary person. Those who are familiar with tales, folk and other, will be able to hit without difficulty on many other parallels. But this is the least part of the enjoyment to be got out of the book, which may be read with pleasure by the least learned and least comparative student.

The number of stories is, as has been said, very large, and their individual extent ranges from "The Prince and the Vizier's Son," which is some fifty pages long, to mere anecdotes of a dozen lines. One interesting group of the latter concerns the Banerwalis, or inhabitants of the district of Baner, the Gotham of the Upper Indus, where all the men are supposed to be brave—and stupid. It was a Banerwali who gave the pathetic proof of recognition of his wife's peculiarities above referred to. Another large, though less well-defined, group deals with that favourite subject of Oriental story, the triumph of astute and not too scrupulous cleverness over brute force. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the curious story of Ulphoo and Shurphoo. Ulphoo and Shurphoo were half-brothers; Ulphoo was clever, and his mother dying, and, exhibiting less naively the same consciousness of the ways of her own sex which the Banerwali showed, recommended Shurphoo's mother to send Shurphoo to school and let Ulphoo go into the fields to work. The other wife, of course, promised to do this, and, of course, did the contrary, so that Ulphoo got the good education and did justice to it. When they grew up Shurphoo's stupidity got him into a chapter of accidents which culminated in his having his eye pulled out by a cruel "moghul" (let us thank Heaven that he is not a "Mughal"), who was wont to engage his servants on the terms that, if they got angry with him, he might pull one of their eyes out, subject to the *peine du talion* if he got angry with them. Ulphoo undertakes to revenge his brother, and the last and most interesting part of the story is occupied with the intolerable tricks he plays upon the Moghul in order to enrage him off his guard. Again and again the master flies out, and then declares he is not really angry; but at last, of course, Ulphoo is too much for him, and the penalty is exacted. The touch of cruelty in this story is not uncharacteristic, and, it need hardly be said, is a mark of genuineness. If we had space we should like to comment on many other interesting stories, familiar or unfamiliar to the ordinary reader. There is a variant, for instance, of the "Seven at a Blow" story, interesting among others of the kind for being, as Mr. Swynnerton thinks, among the oldest stories told. There is the curious "Fuzzle Noor and the Demon," wherein Fuzzle Noor is a handsome shrew, who is a terror to all her husbands, human or diabolic, and the demon is like the usual Indian demon, a decidedly lubber fiend with his wits very much to seek. "The King and the Parrot" has an odd and unusual touch of sentiment. Also, there are mixed with these tales (one might guess them to be younger than the pieces of shrewd and rather hard observation which have chiefly been

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* *Indian Nights Entertainment.* By the Rev. C. Swynnerton. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

Fairy Tales of a Parrot: adapted from the Persian. By A. Condie Stephen. London: Nister. 1892.

A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With Sixty Illustrations by Walter Crane. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

commented on hitherto) certain stories which recall our own fairy stories, and certain others which approach the *Arabian Nights* tone. Two good examples of these occur side by side in "Lal Badshah, the Red King" (which is full of memories of "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Scheeweisschen" and so forth), and "Prince Beiram and the Fairy Bride," which is *Arabian Nights* all over, and in which the very name of the heroine, Ghulab Bano, suggests our old beloved the fairy Peribanou. The "Princess and the Ogres" may also be highly commended, and we are bound to say that the native illustrator's notion of an ogre is most chaste and agreeable. These ogres, it should be observed, play double parts, and are ghouls. Also we learn that the cat taught the tiger all he knows. We always thought it.

Mr. Condie Stephen's version of, or rather selection from, the Tooti Nameh makes a handsome and pleasant book. We would that it had been printed and Mr. Tristram Ellis's ingenious drawings rendered anywhere in England rather than "in Bavaria"; but this, perhaps, is illiberality. The execution is very good, especially for those who like coloured illustrations (though these are not all coloured), and the book as a gift-book is handsome. The contents are of what may be called the composite order; for Mr. Stephen has forged an ingenious connecting plot wherein to insert the stories which he has taken from his Iranian original. A Sultan, who is hot and choleric (what else should sultans be?), has a beautiful daughter Ferooze, as all sultans should have. Ferooze is innocently in love with her cousin Meemoon. Meemoon is exiled as *de trop*; for the Sultan has not the slightest intention of bestowing his pretty daughter upon anybody, least of all on an heir-presumptive. Soon, however, there appears another candidate, the Emperor of Koroo, and it is "Oh! Koroo! Koroo!" with a vengeance. The Emperor's Ambassador is dismissed with a flea in his ear; a war ensues, and the Sultan has to go and fight. Meanwhile his wicked Vizier plots to get the Princess out of the protection of the faithful Black Guard, and drown her, with a view to which horrid consummation he invents forged messages from her lover, praying for assignations out of the palace. It is the business of a wise and faithful parrot with a bad temper to prevent her from keeping these appointments by telling tales till it is too late and the palace gates are shut. He does this with sufficient ingenuity, and his translator's connecting links are managed in a fashion which deserves at least an equal compliment. The parrot, though wiser and less offensive, is rather like a feathered Fadladeen, and is agreeable; Ferooze is very nice, and the amiable idiocy of her affectionate black nurse is well rendered.

There may, no doubt, be two opinions about the merit of those tales which Nathaniel Hawthorne amused himself by constructing out of classical legends some forty years ago. For our parts we think no great things of them. It is very hard to tell in English prose stories which are familiar to all true lovers of them already in Greek and Latin verse; nor was even such a genius as Lamb's equal to it in all estimates. But Hawthorne was under peculiar disqualifications. There is, perhaps, no nation on earth the *ethos* of which is so utterly unclassical as is that of the great nation whose home is in the settin' sun. In some ways, no doubt, Hawthorne differed from and transcended the typical American; but these ways, as it happens, did not in the least turn to classicality. The consequence was that he turned the divine old stories of Perseus and Bellerophon into something partaking of the characters of a German *Märchen*, an English nursery tale, and an American Thanksgiving Day story—a harmless thing enough, but standing to the originals in something the same relation as a New York brown stone house does to the Parthenon. In this particular edition—which is a handsome enough gift-book, as gift-books go—the masquerade is further complicated by Mr. Walter Crane's drawings. These drawings, reproduced in rather violent chromolithographs, exhibit, no doubt, the artist's poetical conception and fertile fancy, as well as his irregular drawing and eccentric composition. But their very style, accentuated as it is by the medium of their presentation, introduces a fresh disturbing element. The book will, no doubt, please children, for the pictures are big, and numerous, and bright; and it is needless to remark that Hawthorne could tell a story. Us it makes not happy; but rather the reverse.

THE HISTORY OF EARLY GREEK SCULPTURE.*

PROFESSOR OVERBECK'S work must needs have the first claim upon our attention. No living scholar, excepting Professor Brunn, has done as much to make accessible to the student and the general reader the results of archæological investigation. It is now nearly forty years ago since the first edition of his *History of Greek Sculpture* appeared, and since that time, besides innumerable smaller contributions to archæology, he has produced that admirable collection of all the passages in ancient authors referring to artists and works of art under the title of *Antiken-Schriftquellen zur Geschichte der bildenden Künste bei den Griechen*, and has written several volumes of his *Künst-Mythologie*, in which all the types of the Greek divinities represented in the extant works of art are tabulated, and the passages concerning them are collected in a critical manner.

The first volume of the fourth edition of this History of Greek Sculpture deals with archaic art from the earliest beginnings, wrapped in the mist of mythical traditions, down to the very gates of the highest period in the age of Pericles. The last chapter in this volume deals with "The Final Step towards Perfected Art," and ends with an account of the life and works of the three greatest artists of this period—namely, Pythagoras of Rhegium, Myron of Eleutheræ, and Kalamis of Athens. It may fairly be questioned whether it would not have been more consistent and more instructive to students if the pedimental sculptures from the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, one of the many important discoveries during the German excavations on that site, had been included in this volume. For, in spite of the chronological position which had been assigned to these works before the discoveries of the German excavators, and of the obstinate endeavour to squeeze the unyielding lapidary evidence which the spade presented to the student seated among his books into the narrow channels of preconceived hypothesis, all serious archæologists must now be agreed that these works precede the sculptures of the Parthenon, and belong to the preliminary stages leading up to the highest period, and not to that period itself.

The mass of new material which excavations have furnished since the previous edition of this work was issued in 1881, as well as the new aspects of the whole development of early Greek art which the elaboration of this material has since led to, has necessitated great changes in the construction of such a book. It has thus been increased by nearly one-third, while the number of illustrations in this volume alone has risen from fifty-three to seventy-six. The more recent excavations of Schliemann and the more careful study of the results of his previous work, as well as the valuable discoveries of the Greek excavators in pre-historic Greek art, notably those of M. Tzountas, have of themselves necessitated a complete recasting of the chapters dealing with these early periods; while the results of minor excavations throughout the Greek continent, the islands, in Asia Minor, and especially the thorough excavations of the Acropolis at Athens by the Greek Government, have created the same needs with regard to the treatment of the period of transition. These finds, it is true, have chiefly been in the domain of what may be called the minor arts, and not of pure sculpture. It will always remain one of the great difficulties in writing a book on the history of Greek sculpture to sever the various departments of art from one another without disfiguring and distorting the aspects of each by such a process of isolation of facts. For there is no period in the history of general art in which the various phases of artistic effort have been so organically interwoven as in the case of Hellenic art. Professor Overbeck has solved this difficulty in a very judicious manner, using these minor arts of pottery, goldsmith's work, gem-engraving, and die-sinking to fill out the lacunæ in the development of sculpture proper, and to throw side lights upon the works of sculpture where such are furnished by the minor arts. The early marble idols from the Greek islands, the rude terra-cotta images found in all sites of the ancient world, the Vafio gold cup, and many similar works, could never be omitted from an account of the development of early Greek sculpture. On the other hand, an extensive introduction of such works, and especially of vases, would not only make a book too voluminous, but would tend to confuse the reader endeavouring to grasp the stages of development in the one department of art. For this purpose it might have been better if the plan of separately dealing with the sculptors known through literature during one period, and of then allowing the extant monuments belonging to a long period to follow, had been amended by distributing the extant monuments within the more literary account of the period itself. For it is confusing to the reader to hark back to comparatively early works, when in the pages preceding their description he has already advanced much further into the regions of perfected art.

The greatest difficulty in dealing with this section of the history of ancient art at this moment presents itself in treating what might, roughly speaking, be called Homeric art. The works discovered in the tombs of Mycenæ, in Laconia, at Nauplia, and on many other sites; the more careful recording of what might be

* *Geschichte der griechischen Plastik.* Von J. Overbeck. Vierte umearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchandlung. 1892.

called the stratification of the objects as they are found in the soil; the comparison of these objects with the results of similar discoveries in Egypt and in Asia Minor; the advance made of late years in the critical study of the Homeric texts themselves—all these facts have given rise to a deluge of new theories in which it is difficult for even the strongest swimmer to keep his head above water. At the present moment there is hardly any subject in science, historical or natural, in which doctors differ more emphatically than on the question of the age of the Homeric poems themselves, and the life and objects described in them, as well as on the question concerning the relation which Egypt and the East hold to the earliest efforts of art in Greece. Recent discoveries seem to point to a distinct relation between Egypt and Greece; while the Phœnicians, the Assyrians, the Phrygians, the Carians and Lydians all make their claims felt. Furthermore, the greater and the weightier number of archæologists now tend to push back the date of the Homeric poems and the life described in them to a much earlier period (preceding the year 1000 B.C.) than was the case some ten years ago. They all believe that, after the destruction of the Mycenæan civilization, as described in the Homeric poems, there came with the Dorian migration into these districts a relapse into a kind of dark mediævalism, which lasted till about the seventh century before our era. The attempt to throw light upon this dark period is now occupying the attention of some of the ablest archæologists; while others, though fewer in number and of less authority, solve the difficulty by assigning a much later date (about the seventh century) to the works which have hitherto been ascribed to the Homeric period, before the year 1000 B.C. The writer of a text-book on the history of early art in Greece has two courses open to him. He must either weigh and balance the claims of the several theories and decide between them, or he must give a clear account of these various theories, and thus assist the student in his attempt to grapple with them. To adopt the first way it requires a genius of the quality of a Darwin, and there are few who would be bold enough to take this part upon themselves, and still fewer who could do it with any credit. The second course is the only one open to the historian at this moment. Professor Overbeck has performed this task very creditably, and has accordingly rewritten the chapters dealing with this period. But his account is singularly marred by his neglect of the non-German work and literature on this subject. The authorities whose views he chiefly considers are Köhler, Milchhœfer, Helbig, Dümmler, Schuchardt and Steindorff. But he ignores the very important contributions made, especially in England, by Petrie, Ramsay, Bent, Leaf, and others. In fact, with him as with so many other German scholars, there is a danger of what may be called the nationalization of science, which draws the limits of study with dangerous narrowness round the borders of the German nation and literature. Each smallest dissertation of an incipient Doctor in an out-of-the-way University of the Fatherland is thus quoted at length, whereas the *magnum opus* of a French or English scholar is ignored.

An admirable feature of the book is the frankness with which some of the views expressed in previous editions are here admitted as erroneous, and corrected. This is, for instance, the case in the treatment of the Daidalic school, and in the admission of an historical Daidalos among the first sculptors of the historical period.

A very valuable addition is also made in the treatment of the series of archaic female figures found on the Acropolis some six years ago. The author follows Studniczka in assigning one of these female figures to an inscribed base previously found, which bears the name of the early Attic sculptor Antenor. This ascription has not been fixed beyond all doubt. Several of these figures have been introduced among the illustrations, which are, taken as a whole, copious and instructive. A slightly increased expenditure on the quality of these illustrations would, however, make the book much more valuable. We are especially glad to see that the stock reproduction of the Townley Discobolos, whose head is wrongly placed on the torso and belongs to a later copy, has been replaced by an adequate rendering of the replica in the Palazzo Lancelotti at Rome. The book as it has now appeared certainly brings us a step forward; and will, for some time to come, be an indispensable guide to the student of ancient art.

17——.*

IT sometimes strikes one, in taking up such a book as this, that the youngsters who are even now being born into the twentieth century will at some quite near day think the seventeen-hundreds a wofully long way behind. But will they discover between their times and those such store of grand because large writing, of fine because polished prose, as those old-growing dates supply in foison? And the gentle easiness of Mr. Dobson's literary language suits itself thereto, glovelike. His familiarity with the century is that of one who is of it without being in it, though he seems indeed quite naturally to breathe it in and out, as we the air, or Gray's or Walpole's (and Selina's) goldfishes did "the lake below." One feels it would be safe to put any, the most minikin, question to Mr. Dobson on his period, and be certain of instant silvery answer, which is scarce what one might wager about the end-of-the-century "Encyclopédie vivante," who now, in Paris papers, adverts to herself in the brief and strange words: "Répond à toute question. Médaille d'argent."

It is one of the Goncourt brothers' boastings that it was they first who, in quite recent years, broke the news of Japan and of its -eseries to the Parisians and the now double-japanned French artists; but here, in one of these vignettes, we already have the "China and old Japan infinite" of our own long-ago—almost forgotten importations, like our stiff gardening, through the Dutch. At every page's turn too one comes upon some rescued literary trifle of delight—Gray's absorption in the technicalities of natural history; or how the ceaseless whirligig has revenged itself on stodgy *Rasselas*, once more popular than *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Then there are innumerable touches, like calling Horace Walpole's correspondence "the cooled expression" of his conversational sallies and *bon-mots*; the trees in Storer's engravings "pressed-out patterns in sea-weeds"; or Cowper "at his best, a humourist in a nightcap." And there are plenty of such pithy verdicts as "criticism loses its balance in superlatives," or the mere passing mention of "Mr. Pope of Twickenham and Parnassus"—an Iliad in a nutshell, to prolong the allusion.

One such just verdict on Hogarth's picture of Sigismunda, now in the National Gallery, sets one drawing comparisons. "He took unusual pains" with it, writes Mr. Dobson, "a thing which in his case was of evil augury." Can this be applied to the critic himself? By no means; for his happily-named Vignettes are more like his favourite Bewickian tailpieces—see for example the delicate paper on "Steele's Letters." But all the same, is there not sometimes about to break forth a certain dainty artificiality that never does, but is just going to, make-believe a very tiny little bit too much about our literary naywords, our "mums" that suggest the patness of the "budget"?

The very best of dogs is the slave of his nose, and the very best-natured critic reveals a human pleasurableness when he comes to a "point." The "feather-bed" that Carl Moritz missed in England was probably not a bed you lie in, but the stuffy aversion, so dear to Germany and France, that lies on you, if you don't kick it off. And wasn't Walpole's little dog a Toutou, or is it we that are oblivious? But this is more a question for the printer.

The judgment on Hogarth is so good that it encouraged us into a quotation (not out of its place in the eighteenth century), "Non est ornamentum virile concinnitas"; and so the readers of these papers must never expect to encounter the rough-and-tumble lustihood of either Hogarth or Smollett. That well-known aspect of the century, which some may allow to be the more naked, if not the truer, must be looked for elsewhere—to wit, in the works of those broad-spoken and broad-grinning humourists and their compeers, who were by no means wont to wield the smoothing-iron for a weapon.

Some essayists set one, frankly, to sleep, other some arouse and fatigue with over-jolting; but these, or any, papers of Mr. Dobson's impart a grateful condition of self-satisfied repose, which smooths (since we have used the word) without annoy, and soothes without a recoil. And the book is a pleasant book to write about.

A MODEL BLUE-BOOK.*

THAT they order some matters better in France no one who casts his eye over the pages of the handsome volume just published by the *Office du Travail* will think of denying. This "Blue-book"—its colour, to be exact, is an agreeable buff—deals, in some seven hundred well-printed pages, with the question of employment agencies—a question which has for a long time excited a large degree of public interest in France, and which, as will be seen, bears upon the subject of labour bureaux for the unemployed, now much in evidence in this country. The work opens with a very complete and highly interesting retrospect. We begin with the contracts of hire—mostly for a year—which

* *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes.* By Austin Dobson. London: Chatto & Windus.

* *Le placement des employés, ouvriers et domestiques en France.* Paris: Berger-Levrault et Cie.

followed the abolition of serfdom, and we are next made acquainted with that extremely curious system which furnished George Sand with so many picturesque details for her singularly powerful, but painfully morbid, story, *Le compagnon du tour de France.* Originally formed as benefit societies, in direct connexion with the Church, these companies of workmen soon acquired considerable influence as Trade-Union combinations, the members of which were linked together by mysterious rites and secret tokens. In England too, in the early days, Trade-Unions had their solemn mysteries. The ceremonies accompanying the initiation of members of the Yorkshire Woolcombers were of the most elaborate character, and of a nature so terrific that many a novice remained for weeks after his reception in a dazed condition.

Whether the Woolcombers have by now abandoned their outside and inside tiler, their mystic verses, and their skeleton, we are unable to say; but a well-known Trade-Union of cotton operatives (that of the cardroom hands) still has its privy password. But what distinguishes the French *compagnonnage* from any form of organization known in this country is its migratory character, a tour through a specified list of towns, in each of which he worked for a certain period, being undertaken by every member of the fraternity, as soon as he had mastered the elements of his craft. In the sixteenth century we find that workmen frequently obtained employment by application to the secretary of the masters' guild, and in 1748 a law was passed forbidding the engagement of artisans—domestic servants were still allowed to be engaged through registry offices—otherwise than through the guild officials. However, Acts of Parliament and edicts of police proved impotent to suppress the prohibited private Employment Agencies, while the Revolution of 1789 made a clean sweep of the guilds, and put an end to the official system of engagement.

In 1803 Napoleon took the matter in hand; every workman was to have a *livret* of official form to be signed by his employer, and *visé* by the mayor; a system of registry offices was established with a fixed tariff of charges, these offices being managed by private individuals, each of whom had a monopoly of one trade. Next we come to the Revolution of 1848, and to the establishment of the famous National Workshops, the disastrous history of which is—however much it may suit the modern advocates of municipal factories to forget it—too familiar to require repetition here. The Provisional Government ordered that the mayor of every district in Paris should open an employment registry free of charge; the Prefect of Police went further, and decreed the suppression of all private registries; but this action of the police was illegal, and had no effect.

Under Napoleon III. the regulation of registry offices was placed in the hands of the municipal authorities, but in Paris in those of the Prefect of Police. The rules made by the police for the Paris registries (which remain in force to this day) provide for the abolition of the fee paid on inscription, irrespective of the success or non-success of the applicant for employment, and fix with precision the remuneration which the *placeur* is entitled to demand. A few years ago, in 1884, a statute was passed enabling trade associations (whether of masters or of men) to establish employment bureaux; and a considerable number of such offices has been opened, especially in large cities where the Trade-Unions have instituted centralized labour exchanges. The *Bourse du Travail* at Paris, for example, had nearly 40,000 names on its books in 1891, and found work for over 30,000 of the applicants. Within the last few years, municipal labour registries have been revived in certain instances, and appear to work well. For we are told that in 1890 the registry maintained by the first *arrondissement* of Paris found places for 1,009 out of a total of 1,410 applicants. Compare this with the work of our Chelsea municipal labour bureau, which between October 5, 1891, and August 31, 1892, registered 1,987 men and boys (the minutes of the evidence before the Labour Commission do not state the figures as to females), but succeeded in finding employment for 567 only of these applicants, and we shall certainly not quarrel with the remark made in the book now under review that the results of this English experiment "have so far been somewhat unsatisfactory."

However, our object is not so much to contrast English and French methods of finding work for the unemployed as to point out the striking superiority of this business-like document when compared with the garrulous and unreadable compilations upon which we in this country are content to rely when we are investigating similar problems. Suppose a question like this of the unemployed to be referred to a Select Committee—what happens? A scratch team of M.P.s is got together, more than half of whom know nothing about the subject. The Committee has no machinery available for the systematic collection of facts, and can only put random questions to such casual witnesses as may be brought before it, probably by some fussy and ignorant faddist who takes upon himself to "run the show." Ultimately, a mass of questions, mostly irrelevant, and of answers, mainly imbecile, is published in the most unwieldy form possible, accompanied by a report, generally of a vague and impracticable character. No one dreams of wading through the evidence; the conclusions of the Committee are treated with the profoundest contempt; net result, the subject is shelved. Now let us see what our French neighbours do. They hand over the inquiry to a member of the staff of their liberally-equipped Labour Department—a trained investigator, thoroughly versed in labour questions, and accustomed from long experience on the press to the lucid presentation of facts and figures. He, in the first place, compiles from the best authorities a clear and concise history of the subject up to the present day; and, in the next place, sends out to every prefect in France, to more than three thousand trade organizations, and to all the keepers of registry offices, a carefully-prepared series of questions suited to elicit all the facts, all the complaints against the existing system, and all the proposals for the amelioration of this system. The answers are tabulated, analysed, and digested, and the French public have the results of this admirably-organized inquiry placed before them, in the shape of a volume which, if not as amusing as *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*, is at any rate—what surely no English Blue-book ever was—readable from end to end.

A PARLIAMENTARY DIARY.*

NOBODY knows for certain, though there are many peopl quite ready to tell us, what "future generations" will think about anything; and, as regards many things, it does not perhaps matter quite as much what they may think of them as is commonly assumed. Hence it will be enough, no doubt, for Mr. Lucy that the present generation does, unquestionably, relish his sketches of Parliamentary incidents, and his studies of Parliamentary men and manners, and he will not concern himself greatly as to their reception by posterity. It may even interest him but mildly to know that there are two opinions of equal—which is to say, of equally infinitesimal—weight on the point, and that, while some regard the value of his sketches and studies aforesaid as essentially perishable, there are others who see in them, as they express it, a rich mine of material for the Macaulay of the future. What would the historian give, exclaim these enthusiasts, to know as much about the speech and manner, say, of Marlborough or Bolingbroke as our descendants will learn from Mr. Lucy's pages about these characteristics of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield? What a find it would be for an Irish student of the politics of the seventeenth century to unearth some contemporary delineator of Strafford who had studied "Black Tom" in the "Castle" Council Chamber as minutely as Mr. Lucy has studied Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons! O that some one (Dryden or another) had been able to look down on Achitophel Shaftesbury from the Gallery of the House of Commons, and do the same justice to his features and bearing as has been done by Toby, M.P. and his faithful draughtsman in attendance to the profile and demeanour of Sir William Harcourt! So ask and so exclaim the theorists who regard the "descriptive reporter" as the preserver of material for Macaulays of the future; while, on the other hand, there are those—a vastly smaller body, it is true—of an opposite school who raise question whether, after all, a later generation of students, or even a later public at large, may take as lively an interest as our own in the noses and chins, the collars and attitudes of the leading statesmen of the Victorian era. As regards the collars, it is perhaps to be hoped that they will not, since if they do it is to be feared that their sense of historic proportion will suffer. For Mr. Lucy and Mr. Furniss are between them responsible for the creation and popularization of a Great Gladstonian Collar Myth, which is as purely mythical as any legend ascribing supernatural attributes to prehistoric heroes. In another hundred years, if these Diaries are then being read, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to convince the student that collars to the full as large as those of "the first of living Englishmen" were actually worn in their boyhood by thousands of men as yet not far advanced beyond middle age.

As has been said, however, Mr. Lucy need not trouble himself much, perhaps, about the validity or invalidity of these objections; nor do we see that a reviewer of his *Diary of the Salisbury Parliament* need much concern himself with them either. The book, like its two predecessors, is lively reading

* *A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament*, 1886-92. By H. W. Lucy. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. London: Cassell & Co.

enough; often risky of course in point of taste, but on the whole, or at least with only one very glaring exception, steering clear of disaster in this respect. That is to say that, while there are not a few things which a fastidious reader might think were better away, there is, perhaps, but one passage—the description of Mr. Goschen on p. 418, and in particular the extreme crudity (to use no harsher word) of its reference to that statesman's infirmity of short sight—which can be positively said to shock. This should certainly be toned down in any future editions, and while the author is about it he might well revise other observations of his on the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, though containing nothing as outrageous as the passage to which we have referred, would be all the better for a little modification. Of most of his other satirical pen-portraits it is fair to say that the freedom of their handling, where it is least chastened, is usually most justified, because most brazenly invited. It would be the very pedantry of manners to insist on the observance of the same rules of delicacy towards men who habitually court notoriety at any cost of self-respect, and would far rather have it accompanied by what to other men would be the most galling ridicule, than go without it altogether. Tenderness for skins so tough would be misplaced; and, as we have said, it is only justice to Mr. Lucy to admit that in operating on this class of cuticle he is least careful to temper justice with mercy. Mr. Furniss, as a conscientious caricaturist, can of course take no account of any claims to leniency or provocations to severity of treatment. The salient point for exaggeration must be relentlessly seized, even though it were the nose of a sage or the forehead of a saint—as indeed it is on p. 253; and, on the other hand, ineptitude itself, or unscrupulousness incarnate, must escape scatheless if it presents no feature which lends itself to caricature. Every one knows how great is Mr. Furniss's skill in seizing his opportunities, and how little on the whole it is affected by the necessary limitations of intractable subjects, and this volume abounds with examples of both these characteristics of his art. For the rest, it should be added, before dismissing the Diary, that over and above its mere jocularities, the book has another and higher kind of interest for the contemporary reader, which may also mean real value to the student of the future. We refer to its penetrating observations upon character, and to its often acute criticism of contemporary Parliamentary oratory in its true inwardness, and as something wholly distinct from and far more significant than the mere external peculiarities of the orator.

TWO BOOKS UPON BOOKS.*

MR. H. B. WHEATLEY has done well to add to *The Book Lover's Library* a selection from the fugitive pieces of the late William Blades, the author of *The Life and Typography of William Caxton* and the bright little *Enemies of Books*. He has also done well to prefix to the selection in question a short biographical sketch of Mr. Blades's life-work. An active and energetic business-man, Mr. Blades occupied his leisure in studies connected with his calling as a printer; and, by dint of writing only upon those subjects with which he was practically acquainted, managed not only to acquire a reputation as a specialist, but also to make several noteworthy contributions to the literature of his particular speciality, printing. Of the contents of the little volume of re-issued pieces, now put forward by Mr. Wheatley, it is not easy, from their excessively technical character, to give an adequate account. Four papers, *De Ortu Typographiæ*, discuss the rival claims of Coster and Gutenberg; a fifth examines the pictorial presentment by Doyle [J. E.], Wehnert, and Maclise of the first printing-press; a sixth discourses of the cryptic subject of "Signatures in Books"; while the opening essays relate to "Books in Chains," a pair of papers of which the second must have cost its writer a "vast" of patient inquiry. The first is confined to one collection of chained volumes, that over the sacristy in Wimborne Minster. It is an exceedingly interesting little record, and our only regret is that we have failed to find in it any account of the time-honoured (and extremely improbable) story of that copy of Raleigh's *History of the World* which suffered so terribly from the undisciplined midnight studies of Master Matthew Prior.

Hamlet's "Words, words, words!" is the best criticism of the other book which we link (or chain) to the *opuscula* of Mr. Blades. Without the General Catalogue to which it is the Index, the critic is in a position as embarrassing as that of one who has been presented with a match, but without the box upon which alone that match can be ignited. We are able, nevertheless, to report generally of Mr. Bernard Quaritch's closely-printed volume that it appears to be most conscientiously compiled; and, having ourselves had some experience of work of this nature, we can readily endorse his claim that an "enormous amount of labour" has been involved in its preparation.

* *Books in Chains; and other Bibliographical Papers.* By the late William Blades. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

Quaritch's General Catalogue of Books. Part XVI. The General Index. London. 1892.

NEW PRINTS.

SEVERAL publications of interest, both in colour and in black-and-white, have been issued lately by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., of New Bond Street. The portrait of the late Duke of Devonshire, engraved after the admirable painting by Mr. G. F. Watts, is a good reproduction of a very interesting example of portraiture. From the painter's standpoint, indeed, this is an excellent reproduction. In "The Old Mill," by G. Lopisgich, we have a fine impression of a vigorous example of dry-point, which reveals to an unusual degree the value of artistic printing and of a prepared material, such as the paper of this imprint, with its remarkable surface-gloss, which produces the effect of actual burnish. The play of silvery light in the further willows owes much of its force and breadth of effect to the means employed, and it is not so much a printed impression of the etcher's work that we see as a mirroring of the plate itself. Among the reproductions in colour we have received from the Goupil Gallery are some water-colours by Delort, "En Faute" and "Le Gendarme Rouge," and a series of piquant character-drawings, by M. Lucius Rossi, of modish young ladies in fancy costumes and "mighty pretty," as Mr. Pepys would say. These prints, being already mounted, are acceptable Christmas gifts. We have also to note a charming reproduction of Mr. G. H. Boughton's attractive picture "In Love," which is wonderfully successful in rendering the colour of the original.

The Art Union of London offer to subscribers this season an engraving by Mr. McCulloch, by way of a "special issue," of Sir John Millais's painting, "Souvenir of Velasquez," which was a prominent Academy picture in 1868. A better choice could scarcely have been desired by those who would possess a souvenir of the artist. Mr. McCulloch's mezzotint is in all ways a felicitous work. The Art Union also issues a new etching by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, entitled "Late for the Ferry," comprising a distant view of King's Lynn beyond the river, with its picturesque buildings all bright and sharply defined in the clear air of summer evening, while in the foreground some imposing young fisherwomen are hasting, with noble strides, along the wooden causeway to the ferry-house. This building, by the way, is of toy dimensions; or the young woman approaching it must be over seven feet in height. The co-relation of these objects is hard to determine any way.

From Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Bristol, we have received an artist's proof of an excellent engraving by Mr. Cormack of one of Lawrence's most charming portraits, the enchanting "Countess of Blessington," whose witchery, as here portrayed, gives a new significance to the Byronic epigram, and convinces you, at a glance, "beneath Blessington's eyes" of the radiance of "the reclaimed paradise." This brilliant work is rendered with equal skill and sympathy by the engraver.

MR. HENRY IRVING ON THE DRAMA.*

THIS is a collection in book form of four lectures delivered by Mr. Irving, beginning with his address, "The Stage as it is," delivered at the Sessional Opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1881, and finishing with "The Art of Acting," given at the same place, and on an exactly similar occasion, just ten years later. The second address is also entitled "The Art of Acting," and was spoken to the students of the University of Harvard in 1885; "Four Great Actors," the remaining speech, having been made at the University of Oxford in June 1886. It is well that these utterances, which, as Mr. Irving says in one of them of one of them, may be said to possess something like an official character, should not be allowed to lie buried in the newspaper columns of their day. It is pleasant to notice throughout the tone of dignity and independence maintained by the author in speaking of the worth and status of the stage and its professors. He insists emphatically that the practice of "this art, most beautiful, most difficult, most rare," conscientiously studied and diligently carried out, is a life study worthy of any

* *The Drama.* Addresses by Henry Irving. London: William Heinemann. 1893.

man's abilities, and resolutely declines to speak the language of apology in connexion with it. His views of the morality of the stage are admirably summed up thus:—

> 'Depend upon two things—that the theatre, as a whole, is never below the average moral sense of the time; and that the inevitable demand for an admixture, at least, of wholesome sentiment in every sort of dramatic production brings the ruling tone of the theatre, whatever drawback may exist, up to the highest level at which the general morality of the time can truly be registered.'

To the young student of the stage the earlier of the two addresses on "The Art of Acting" will be of especial value, the second being rather a vindication of acting as an art than a practical exposition of its working; although throughout the book will be found instruction, warning, and encouragement to the young, and everywhere the necessity of hard work and perseverance is forcibly emphasized. With excellent discrimination, Mr. Irving points out the scope and function of the stage, contemns the cant which glorifies the drama but sneers at the stage, and is justly indignant at the impertinence of fussy reformers. His plea for full scenic accessories is conclusive and marked by a nice appreciation of their proper limits, though he holds very reasonably that it is quite possible to sacrifice too much to mere accuracy of detail. His hints on the importance of a not too tightly dictionary-tied elocution, and of judicious physical exercise, are revived at a particularly appropriate time, and cannot fail to have weight. The "Four Great Actors" are Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, and Edmund Kean. Excellent and useful as is the matter of these addresses, their style possesses the courtly grace and genial humour which give so great a charm to Mr. Irving's personality. The mixture of practical shrewdness and philosophical grasp exhibited in the book is no less characteristic of the man, and gives to the lectures a value even beyond that bestowed upon them by the distinguished representative position enjoyed by their author.

VERTEBRATE FAUNA OF LAKELAND.—THE SPORTSMAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

A *VERTEBRATE Fauna of Lakeland* (excellently printed on good paper and illustrated by several first-rate plates) is the outcome of the recreations of a country parson for a period of some years; it bears the impress of much careful work both in the field and in the library. Mr. Macpherson is already well known to ornithologists for his studies among the British birds; he has contributed something about almost every species, and we believe that he is even professionally acquainted with that interesting species, the gaol-bird. In reviewing a book of this kind one obviously thinks of the Rev. Gilbert White; in the present case there are more reasons than one for reverting to the naturalist of Selborne, since Mr. Macpherson is, as was his illustrious forerunner, a member of Oriel College, Oxford. Ornithological literature is crowded—indeed, we may often say with perfect truth, burdened—by books dealing with the birds of counties and neighbourhoods. The book before us is, apart from its special features, into which we shall inquire presently, better than many of these works, inasmuch as it takes the vertebrate fauna generally, instead of being restricted to birds. Another plan adopted is to be commended; the author has selected, not a county with artificial boundaries, but a tract of country with marked physical features and perfectly natural limitations. We can, therefore, learn something about the influence of their surroundings upon the living inhabitants. The mammalian fauna of this district is, of course, not numerous.

Mr. Macpherson has eked out the very scanty list of actually living forms by saying something about the bear, the wolf, the wild boar, and other animals which inhabited the Lakeland area within the historic period, but are now extinct, and also about the marine mammalia, such as the grampus and the whale. We are not at all sure that this is of great use; the practice of including extinct forms tends to give the impression that the conditions under which they lived were the same as at present, and without a geological sketch it would be impossible to understand how it is that the brown bear, of whose occurrence in Lakeland "there is not any historical allusion," could have existed, and how it was finally exterminated by adverse circumstances. The distribution of extinct mammals should be treated of in a separate work, as it does not necessarily bear any relation to the existing physical characters of the country. So, too, with the marine mammals; the porpoise is well known to live in the seas which surround the British Islands; hence its occurrence on the coast of Cumberland is of no particular interest. It is quite otherwise with birds, which naturally occupy the largest share of the author's attention; it is important to know that a particular bird inhabits and breeds in the Lake District; by careful observations of this kind in every locality, it is possible to arrive at generalities which are frequently of real value. The section on birds includes, as works of this kind do include, a notice of various occurrences of rarities. "A small ash-tree," says Mr. Macpherson, "which stands alone in a roadside hedge near Allonby, has often been pointed out to me as the identical tree out of which Robert Dawson shot a Rose Pastor about the year 1877." If for "shot" we could read "observed" the above sentence would be far more interesting and satisfactory. No sooner does some occasional ornithic visitor put in an appearance in our country than it is promptly shot. Unfortunately there is a sale for these unlucky creatures—ornithologists are almost invariably collectors first and naturalists after. They justify their proceedings by the perfectly true statement that these casual immigrants do not, as a rule, appear in the nesting season, and are of opinion that they are not likely to stay and breed; but they give the birds no chance to prove or disprove the latter assertion. It is well known that many foreign birds will breed freely in this country; it is equally well known that oceanic islands were originally stocked by immigrants from neighbouring continents; it is also a well-ascertained fact that birds have extended their range by their own unaided efforts—for example, from Australia to New Zealand. If therefore the occasional visitors to this country were treated with respect and encouraged to remain, not in museums, but at large, such experiments might lead to interesting results in the science of geographical distribution. Could not the British Ornithologists Union bind themselves to purchase no such birds from local dealers, and to use their influence to prevent others from doing so? The experiment would at any rate be quite harmless.

Among occasional visitors not avian, Mr. Macpherson records a lizard, which was identified by Mr. Boulenger of the British Museum as a native of the interior of South Africa. This lizard is also apparently a rare species, which increases the difficulty of accounting for its presence in Lakeland; another equally extraordinary instance was the discovery of a jackal in Epping Forest. The creature must have lived there for some time unmolested; it was exhibited at the Zoological Gardens. The book concludes with some account of the fishes of the Lake District; here again we think it would have been better if the author had confined himself to the fresh-water fishes and had neglected those of the surrounding sea.

It is a long way from the English Lakes to South Africa, and fishing for charr in Windermere is probably a less exciting sport than angling for crocodiles with a bullock's liver—an excellent bait, according to Messrs. Nicolls and Eglington, who have recently published their experiences in *The Sportsman in South Africa*. This book is written by two gentlemen who modestly "claim no literary merit for their work." As to the scientific part of it, which is limited to the identification of the species by their technical names, and to short descriptions, frequently copied from Layard and Sharpe's *Birds of South Africa*, the authors acknowledge their indebtedness to various competent specialists. We are glad to observe that they only allow two species of rhinoceros, in accordance with the views of that veteran (not in years, but in experience) huntsman, Mr. Selous; a specimen of the Black Rhinoceros, whose death at the Zoological Gardens, a year or two ago, was chronicled in this *Review*, was at various times a living proof of the futility of creating species by the varying length of the horns. During its long life the proportions between the horns altered so considerably that at one time it would have been referred to one species and a few years later to another. A good deal of space is devoted to the antelopes. From the sportsman's point of view, and from that of the naturalist also, the antelopes are the most important of the South African mammals; they are very numerous in Africa generally, and new kinds are constantly turning up. A work upon the antelopes is greatly wanted, and such a work would probably have been by this time in our hands but for the untimely death of Sir Victor Brooke, who was our principal authority upon the group. The beasts of prey have a separate chapter to themselves, of which the lion gets the lion's share. The authors, of course, detract from the supposed nobility and generosity of that carnivore, stating, somewhat unexpectedly, that it looks a far finer beast in captivity than when at large. Another fact about the lion strikes us as being at least not generally known; it appears that the expression lions roaring after

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* *A Vertebrate Fauna of Lakeland.* By the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, M.A., with a Preface by R. S. Ferguson, F.S.A. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

The Sportsman in South Africa. By James A. Nicolls, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., and William Eglington. London: The British and Colonial Publications Co. 1892.

their prey is only accurate if the word "after" be understood in a sense not usually attributed to it in this phrase. "A full voice," remark the authors, "is invariably a sure sign of a full stomach." The leopard in South Africa can change his spots; a black variety is known in which the spots have nearly entirely disappeared. This animal is not always hunted for its skin alone; it is esteemed as an article of diet by the natives, and a gentleman known to the authors, misled by his imperfect acquaintance with the niceties of the Bechuana language, ordered leopard for dinner in mistake for mutton; the reader will doubtless be prepared to hear that its flavour resembled that of veal. On the whole, this is not an uninteresting book, but it does not appear to fill any particular gap.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VI.

NEW Relations, by Emma Marshall (James Nisbet & Co.), is a story, common enough in life, of the difficulties of step-relations getting on with each other, particularly when the step-mother and step-daughter do not meet until their children are growing up. There is a dreadful little story of a man who nearly kills his child in a drunken fit—dragged in unnecessarily, we should say—and the selfish girl in the book is a very unpleasant character; otherwise the story is interestingly told.

Maud Melville's Marriage, by E. Everett-Green (T. Nelson & Sons), is a particularly pretty story of the seventeenth century. It is written partly in the shape of autobiographical fragments by Lady Maud Melville; whilst the rest of the story has been supplied by the author from memoranda and correspondence, making it a charming tale.

Godiva Durleigh, by Sarah Doudney (Hutchinson & Co.), is a not uncommon story of a girl's life, with its hopes, aspirations, disappointments, and trials, with out-of-the-way incidents, seemingly dragged into what might otherwise be a dull story, to put more stirring interest into it. Godiva Durleigh's character is decidedly well drawn, and Lady Colinette, who becomes a sort of fairy godmother to her, is charming. The lover is rather an exasperating young man, in whom it is difficult to take much interest.

In the Days of Chivalry, by E. Everett-Green (T. Nelson & Sons), is a tale of the times of the Black Prince, which will be taking to both boys and girls; for it combines perils and heroic sufferings in its heroes with the romance that always endears a book to its girl readers.

The Sound of the Streets, by Mrs. O'Reilly (Wells Gardner & Co.), is a tale about girls of the London working classes. It vividly describes some of their lives and ways, and has a good moral.

The Forlorn Hope, by A. L. O. E. (T. Nelson & Sons), tells a story of the United States in the time of Lloyd Garrison, and, whilst it is very faithful to history, weaves a capital story into it. To quote the author's own words in a "note," "I plead guilty to having dressed up fact with a good deal of fiction. . . . But such additions are lawful in a tale like mine. I only claim *fact* for outlines; the filling up is left for fancy."

A Pair of Old Shoes, by Christabel Coleridge (Wells Gardner & Co.), is a prettily-told story of the last century, founded on the fact of "a pair of thick small shoes, with sharply-pointed toes, such as were worn a hundred years ago," being found in a blocked-up attic of a large country rectory, when some alterations were being made. "The shoes were a good deal worn, and covered with the thick clay mud of the country. Who wore the shoes, and why were the rooms shut up? These pages will try to tell"—and we must congratulate Miss Christabel Coleridge on the way in which she has disclosed the secret.

Ten-Minutes' Tales for Every Sunday, by Frances Hariott Wood (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a book that ought to find its way into every household with young people who like being read aloud to on Sunday; for, though the stories themselves are short, they give much to think about, and each has a lesson of its own. The book has two volumes—beginning with Advent Sunday, and ending with the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

The Ladies' Treasury is a "Household Magazine of Literature, Education, and Fashion," edited by Mrs. Warren (Bemrose & Sons). It has papers on authors and their works, on matters of the day, on needlework, gardening, cookery, fashions, and many other subjects, all useful and interesting to ladies. Its fashion plates, too, are very good.

Two well-got-up Birthday books, from Marcus Ward & Co., will be pretty gift-books—one with quotations, ancient and modern, and an introduction by J. R. Macduff, D.D.; the other, *Red-Letter Days*, by Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Clock on the Stairs, by Alice Weber (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a bright, pretty story of children who are very childlike in their thoughts and ways, and evidently understood by the writer, and who are unawares made to love a dreaded step-mother—the dread of whom has been put into their head by the usual devoted and wrong-headed "Nanna." "Nurse says she will be everything that's cross, and disagreeable, and interfering, and unkind; we shall always be dressed shabbily and sent to bed early, and hardly ever allowed to see father." How mistaken nurse proves we will leave the readers to find out. The illustrations are particularly good.

Only a Guard-Room Dog, by Edith E. Guthell (Methuen & Co.), shows the faithfulness, courage, endurance, and sense of even "a little mongrel Skye terrier," from the time, as a little waif and stray, he was received by the "Drabs" as a guard-room dog, to the time when he sacrificed his life for his baby friend. It is a touching story, well worth reading.

Flower Folk, by Edith Carrington (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a quaint fancy. It is composed of three stories—"A Cowslip Colloquy," "Poppy People," and "Princess Primrose"—in which the flowers are the good fairies of the folk.

Marton House; or, a Twofold Quest, by the Ven. Archdeacon Chiswell (J. Masters & Co.), has for its hero a young squire whose father has just died, leaving him full young to bear the heavy responsibility of a large property to look after, and his duties as squire of the parish. The story, with all its details, is interesting in itself and interestingly told, and makes its reader follow sympathetically the fortunes and misfortunes of Arthur Headley. Of the other characters, Mrs. Moberly, the Rector's wife, her daughter Alice, and Mrs. Granville, Arthur Headley's aunt, are all well drawn. That inevitable animal in romantic tales of a few years ago, the bull, again reappears in this one; but he is not so common as he used to be, and so can be regarded as a good, useful, old friend to novel-writers and readers.

In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell (Seeley & Co.) is a particularly pretty story by Mrs. Marshall, founded on historical facts. Mrs. Marshall tells us in her preface that the scenes in the home-life of Rachel Lady Russell are taken from her letters, published in 1832. The imaginary characters in the book are made very real and interesting, and the illustrations are really good. *Bluebell* (John F. Shaw & Co.) is another of Mrs. Marshall's books, but in quite a different style, being a sketch of "Child-life Now-a-days," and it will be good for children to read, containing as it does some useful moral lesson.

The best part of *Olga's Dream*, by Morley Chester (Skeffington & Son), is found in the illustrations by Harry Furniss and Irving Montagu. It is not a book to fascinate children, and, to our thinking, grown-up people may find it dull.

Black and White, by Geraldine Butt (John Hogg), is an Anglo-Indian story for children, and will appeal far more strongly to Anglo-Indian children than to English ones, though the author has made her book as easy as possible for English children to understand by giving the meanings of the Indian words she uses at the beginning of the book.

A Troublesome Trio; or, Grandfather's Wife, by Mrs. Bray (Wells Gardner & Co.), tells of three boys who were sent home from India to live with their grandfather, and whose father and mother were drowned on their way back from India. At the age of sixty the grandfather married a young wife, with whom Geoffrey, the eldest of the troublesome trio, refuses to get on, he sets her at defiance, and encourages his younger brothers to rebellion. They resent—perhaps naturally—having a young baby as their "aunt." However, it all comes right in the end, the misunderstandings are cleared up, and the baby aunt finally cements the friendship between "grandfather's wife," as the boys will call their step-grandmother, and her nephews.

Fairy Tales in Other Lands, by Julia Goddard (Cassell & Co.), have already appeared in *Little Folks*, and are founded on our old favourite fairy tales dressed up in foreign fashion. The first is a Chinese "Beauty and the Beast," then comes a Scandinavian "Jack the Giant-Killer," an Egyptian "Puss in Boots," and so on, ending up with a Japanese "Riding Hood." It is a quaint idea, and to those who do not love the old stories, as we do, may not be the indignity to them that it is to us.

An Affair of Honour, by Alice Weber (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a pretty story of a little orphan child, whose brother leaves her to pay her grandmother a visit, and get strong. The story shows how much good a little innocent child can unconsciously do to her elders—not betters.

Bread and Butter Stories, by Edith Carrington (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) These stories are very fanciful, and require older

minds than children's to appreciate them, especially the last, called "Breaking of Bread."

The Heiress of Courtleroy, by Anne Beale, is a story that girls will like, as it is full of romance that is not too improbable.

The Coming of Father Christmas, by E. F. Manning (Frederick Warne & Co.), is a truly delightful book for children, with its pretty illustrations and verse, and attractive binding.

Violets for Faithfulness, by Sarah Doudney (Marcus Ward & Co.), is another prettily-got-up book, inside and out. Some of the verses are particularly sweet and touching.

Cousin Deb, by Alice Garland (John Hogg), *Little Joan Maitland*, by E. C. Phillips, and *The House of Sweet Memories*, by Georgiana M. Craik—both these last from Griffith, Farran, & Co.—are all nice books for children.

A Life's Labour, by Emily Margaret Mason (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a story of the working classes in West Yorkshire, with excellent moral lessons.

Messrs. Dean & Son have as usual a number of delightful books for little children. *Little One's Own Wonderland* is a capital volume of all kinds of instructive and amusing papers and pictures. *The Surprise Model Picture-book* is a surprise indeed. *The Little One's Own* is full of amusing coloured pictures. *The Old Mother Hubbard of* 1793 *and the Old Mother Hubbard of To-day* cleverly shows the difference in treatment between a hundred years ago and now. *A Visit to the Country*, with surprise model pictures; *The Animal Toy-book, The Gold Medal Book of Objects and A B C, Ten Little Nigger Boys, One Two Three*, and *The Animal and Landscape Painting Book*, are all admirable in their way; whilst *Little Riding Hood, Visit to the Zoo, Cinderella*, Nos. 1, 2, 3 of Messrs. Dean's Prize Series, are attractive little books for children.

Wild and Tame (John F. Shaw & Co.) are good pictures and pages of animal life. *Little Mother Goose*, illustrated by Jessie Watkins, and *Puss in Boots*, illustrated by E. Caldwell (Marcus Ward & Co.), are most fascinating.

From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have a prettily illustrated edition of *The Peep of Day*.

"The Dainty Books" sent us by Innes & Co. are decidedly fascinating. *For Grown-up Children*, by Mrs. Walford, has four stories—"The Difficulty of a Darling," "Such a Little Thing," "Three Feet of Obstinacy," and "An Involuntary Offering." *Master Bartlemy*, by Frances E. Crompton, and *Mum Fidgets* and *The Two Richards*, by Constance Milman, all belong to the "Dainty Books" and are pretty reading.

A Good Little Book for the Grown-up Boys and Girls, "all the Poetry and the Pictures by Squire Tom, jun." (Digby, Long, & Co.), is an original idea well carried out. The illustrations are really humorous. *Brownies and Rose Leaves*, by Romer White (A. D. Innes & Co.), is a nice collection of fairy stories and songs. "The brownies come to you from brownieland, and the rose leaves are taken straight out of Mother Carey's pot-pourri jar." There are many good illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke.

Captain January, by Laura E. Richards (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.), is the story of a dear old sea-captain who saves a little child from a wreck and adopts her. There are very touching passages showing the love and devotion between "Star," as he calls her, and her adopted "Daddy."

The Princess Heliotrope; or, Peter Stummel and the Magic Cherries, by Pynx Gryph (T. Fisher Unwin), is a story full of fancy and some humour, and so are its illustrations, by Gertrude Trotter.

Once upon a Time is one of the Children's Library books published by Fisher Unwin, and contains some curious fairy-tales translated from the Italian of Luigi Capuana, and illustrated by Mazzanti.

Elfie's Visit to Cloudland and the Moon, by Frances Vescelius Austen (Sampson Low & Co.) Elfie's delightful time with Mr. E-ma-ji-na-shun, with whom she has a long ramble, and the old friends she meets out of her toy-books, ought to give any little one who reads about her an equally delightful time. The illustrations are worthy of the book, and are by E. J. Austen.

A Little Dog's Diary, by Mrs. Clinton Baddeley (Digby, Long, & Co.), is the diary of a very dull little dog. *A Visit to Madame Tussaud's* (J. E. Hawkins & Co.) gives a good idea by its pictures and letterpress of all you see there. The Christmas Number of the *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low & Co.) contains "reviews of books suitable for Christmas and New Year's gifts, with illustrations from many of the best and most artistic books of the holiday season." It has also an excellent photogravure in the frontispiece of Ellen Terry as Queen Katherine. The "Driquic" blotter is a very good one, and is to be had at 19 New Bridge Street, E.C. Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book (Virtue & Co.) is a particularly useful one. It has hints on household economy, laws relating to masters and servants, an almanac, wages-table, and many other useful things, besides the complete tables of expenditure. A Fan Almanac from the Grafton Fur Company is a capital idea. It is covered with photographs of all our good actors and actresses on one side, and has a calendar on the other.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have noticed briefly, as they appeared, the former volumes of M. Martin Philippson's *Histoire du règne de Marie Stuart* (1). We may now say that it is, on the whole, by far the best single history of its special subject that we know. It is not the most amusing; for M. Philippson, though not a dull writer, eschews the picturesque almost as carefully as Captain Fitzchrome eschewed a quotation, and is disdainful of scandal to an almost excessive degree. As it stops when Mary took boat for Cumberland, it is dramatically, and even logically, incomplete. The author has an excusable, but rather irritating, habit of referring us to essays and monographs of his on important points which, in such a book, he should, we think, have at least summarized in footnotes or appendices. But he is master of the voluminous modern literature of the subject, he appears to have taken his older documents always at first-hand, and has even contributed some new information, and he communicates the whole in a clear, orderly summary which is of the highest value. Finally he answers, in point of argument and opinion, to the two tests which we ourselves, after some study of the matter, have come to regard as most conclusive. When we meet an anti-Marian who believes in the *Casket Letters* we mutter "Holà!" when we meet a Marian who wants us to believe that Bothwell carried off Mary against her will we murmur "Hélas!" The one can know very little of evidence, and the other nothing at all of human nature. M. Philippson does not believe in the *Casket Letters*, and he does believe that the Foulbridge abduction was, if not regularly arranged, a "sweet compulsion." This being so, it is not surprising to find him thoroughly sensible on the other main points. He does not believe that Mary planned the murder of her husband, or was even, in the strict sense, privy to it; he not only believes, but proves, that she in no way enticed him to Kirk of Field, and he, admitting that proof either way is impossible, acquits her of more than a "growing affection" for Bothwell before Darnley's death. What he seems to speak of with occasional indecision is the extent to which Mary may be supposed to have been aware of the Craigmillar bond and the projects founded on it. That she expected that the conspirators would in some way or other set her free from Darnley is pretty certain; but was it by death or simply by divorce? Sometimes M. Philippson seems to us to write as if he charged her with consciousness of the turn things would probably take (though he definitely pronounces that she "n'était pas coupable" of Darnley's death), and finds fault with her for not warning Darnley of Murray's projects, as she had warned Murray of Darnley's. We should ourselves say that she simply shut her eyes to what might happen, and not merely refused to know anything—there is proof of that—but to think about it. Such refusals are quite possible and not uncommon.

It will be seen that M. Philippson is no partial judge even to Mary, and certainly he is not to others. For Darnley it is nearly impossible that any one should have a good word. On Lennox M. Philippson is, we think, a little hard. He does justice to the infamy of Murray's conduct, as to the brilliancy of his intellect, and he somewhere almost textually repeats an observation of our own (which we seem to remember drew down much wrath from a Scottish critic) to the effect that, except Kirkaldy of Grange, there was not a nobleman or gentleman on either or any side whose unsupported word is worth a moment's credence.

M. Théodore de Wyzewa remarks plaintively of his little story *Les disciples d'Emmaüs, ou les Etapes d'une Conversion* (2) that he hopes he has not *contristé* "les âmes pieuses." But then he also remarks that he knows two very learned ecclesiastics, one of whom thought the Emmaus passage was in the Acts and the other in St. John. These neo-Renanists are not to be taken too literally. As for the pious souls, we do not know that they need be much *contristées*; but without venturing to speak for them, we should say that they would, and we are sure that we rather wish that M. de Wyzewa and his likes would let sacred subjects alone. If these subjects must be degraded, we prefer the Voltairian form of degradation, which is at any rate openly inimical. M. de Wyzewa's disciples—he names the second Simeon—are a pair of ill-conditioned fellows who are running

(1) *Histoire du règne de Marie Stuart.* Par Martin Philippson. Tome III. Paris: Bouillon.

(2) *Les disciples d'Emmaüs.* Par T. de Wyzewa. Paris: Perrin.

away from Jerusalem, and of whom Simeon thinks Cleophas a pedantic prig, and Cleophas Simeon a Philistine brute. Two parables having been recounted to them by their Master, they misunderstand each the one addressed to him, and after parting in all uncharitableness, live for thirty years, Simeon in antinomian indulgence, Cleophas in a pharisaic cultivation of the intellect. Old and miserable, they meet again, and the piece ends with Bowers of Bliss, which have resulted from the action of a passer-by who heard the Emmaus parables, and tried to carry them out by establishing a sort of Golden Age Agapemone in a distant valley. There is no great harm in the thing, and pretty certainly no harmful intention; but it shows once more that the camel and the needle's eye were prophetic, among other things, of French men of letters and the spirit of Christianity.

M. Charles Benoist's volume of collected Essays on European leaders of men (3) is devoted in largest measure to Italian subjects, and of these most largely to the Pope, beside whom stand Cardinal Rampolla and Signor Crispi. Prince Napoleon, William the Third of the Netherlands, and Cardinal Lavigerie complete the gallery, a rather oddly composed one, but treated with a great deal of knowledge and in a fairly interesting manner.

The eighth part of MM. Hatzbek and Thomas's remarkable *French Dictionary* (Paris: Delagrave) goes from "De" to "Désarticuler" and contains many interesting things compactly put. Here might Lady Margaret Bellenden have learnt that when she said "disjune" she was keeping the strict form of the Low Latin *disjunare*; and here may one find many excellent but half-forgotten words. We thought, for instance, that we knew our Montesquieu pretty well, but we had forgotten the useful word *décisionnaire*, which he uses for a "cock-sure" person.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE uses of foreign travel are many, and one at least—the making of a book—is as sweet to the modern traveller as any of the uses of adversity. The simile is more apt than travellers are possibly prepared to admit, and for our part is a perfectly natural reflection, very feelingly expressed. In old times, when everybody did not travel, the voyager was somewhat of a discoverer. He was as a conqueror of wild and unknown lands, and at the very least was engaged in receiving first and deep impressions of new peoples and new countries, or he was usefully employed in correcting the errors of former travellers. In either field of enterprise he enjoyed an unexhausted world. Nowadays the case is altered, and a very large number of the travel-books unceasingly produced present nothing but the dreary iteration of impressions of the beaten track. Mr. Edward Carpenter's experiences of Indian travel, *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta* (Sonnenschein & Co.), is of this afflicting type of book. Mr. Carpenter was greatly taken with a great many sights in India which have greatly taken a vast number of other visitors before him. They called for no new record. Of Buddhism he holds certain discourse, it is true, though we cannot say he sheds any light on the subject. He had "an interesting conversation" with Colonel Olcott; but he omits to give the particular and full report of the conversation, and to show wherein its interest lay. It is fair to say that this is the only instance we can note where the traveller succeeds in tantalizing us. For the rest, Mr. Carpenter was very much struck by the importance of the National Indian Congress. He is convinced that we are "face to face with an important social movement in India," and in all ways takes the Congress very seriously, as any delegate might, at its own measure of value. "The Pagetts M.P.," he remarks, "may be ponderously superficial about it, but the Kiplings merry are at least equally far from the truth." Thus is Mr. Kipling weighed in the balance by the casual tripper.

Of a truth, it is well said by Deputy-Surgeon-General C. T. Paske, in his retrospect of life in Lower Burmah, *Myamma* (Allen & Co.), that the new-comer in the East has much to learn and unlearn, and experience with him is the growth of years. Mr. Paske's impressions of Burmese waterways, of Moulmein, Tavoy, Mergui, and other Burmese stations and towns are set forth in a style that is somewhat scrappy, though they are not wanting in vigour and brightness of touch. The pictures of the natives and of native life, of the scenery and land-cultivation, have a good deal of freshness.

Mr. Charles Augustus Stoddard's *Spanish Cities* (Chapman & Hall) is made up of descriptive sketches of Seville, Cordova, Toledo, Madrid, Zaragoza, and other cities of Spain, and is altogether a good example of the kind of book which the intelligent and observant tourist, well equipped with such guidance as Ford supplies, is apt in producing. There is, indeed, not a little historical and guide-book information incorporated in the volume. But Mr. Stoddard is an agreeable writer, and his notes on Spanish cities cannot fail to revive in readers, who know the country, pleasant memories of Spain. His book is fully illustrated, after good photographs, many of which are reproduced in excellent style.

Among the tolerably extensive literature of the "Dark Continent" description, Mr. E. J. Glave's *Six Years of Adventure in Congo-Land* (Sampson Low & Co.) is decidedly not the least interesting. Two distinct expeditions are dealt with in Mr. Glave's experiences on the Congo. He was selected, in the first place, by Mr. H. M. Stanley to establish a new station on the river at Lukeola, and at the mere report of their coming the inventive medicine-man of that wild village announced that Mr. Stanley was about to introduce among the natives a terrible monster, half-buffalo, half-lion, who would prove anything but King Log to them. When the steamer arrived there was a rush of people to the river, and a demand on Mr. Stanley by the headman to produce his monster. It is a pleasing circumstance, considering what some travellers have written on the lack of humour in savages, that when Mr. Glave appeared, "hollow-eyed and gaunt" with the fever he was then suffering, there arose roars of laughter from the crowd, who thought it was an excellent show. How Mr. Glave made good his undertaking to form a station at Lukeola, and how in other ways he proved himself to be a hard-working pioneer of Mr. Stanley's expeditions, his book very completely and very readably sets forth.

Mr. Nehemiah Bartley draws upon colonial "memories of fifty years" in his rambling notes on Australia and Polynesia, collected under the title *Opals and Agates* (Melbourne: Gordon & Gotch). The absence of anything like method or literary form in this curious miscellany will not, we hope, lead the impatient reader to break away at the start from its bewildering intricacies. There are some strange stories of old colonial days scattered amidst the devious flow of reminiscences.

Mr. Bartley's reference to the giant men and fairy women of Nukuhcva, by the way, recalls the delightful *Typee* and the entertaining *Omoo* of Herman Melville, reprints of which are before us, published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, with a memoir of the author by Mr. Arthur Stedman. There ought to be an eager public for these books at the present time; for, although Mr. Stedman speaks of their wide circulation in the past, we must assume that he means an American sale, or a sale of American editions. Since we first read them in the original editions of Mr. Murray, we have never once met with a single reprint of *Typee* or *Omoo* in England.

The "World's Columbian Exposition" at Chicago seems to have suggested various books about Columbus and his voyages. Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, in *Christopher Columbus, his Life and his Work* (Gay & Bird), has reduced into compact form the story of the four voyages, and has utilized the critical investigations of modern historians, such as Henry Harrisse.

Mr. Frederick Saunders sketches the career of Columbus in *The Story of the Discovery of the New World* (Elliot Stock), and gives a sound estimate of his achievements and character, with an introductory chapter on "Ante-Columbian Explorers." Among the illustrations of this little book are facsimile specimens of the "First Letter" and of Lhoyd's "History of Cambria," 1584.

The new illustrated edition of Washington Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (Nelson & Sons) is a reprint of a charming book which needs no commendation with those who share the author's dislike of "that pernicious erudition which busies itself with undermining the pedestals of our national monuments."

The new edition, the twentieth, of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, edited by Benjamin Vincent (Ward, Lock, & Co.), shows an increase of some eighty pages on the last edition of 1889; and of the whole of this additional material three or four pages only appear as addenda, and these refer to events that have occurred during the present year. Nothing but the admirable supervision that has long distinguished this excellent Cyclopædia and indispensable reference-book could have produced this desirable result. The incorporation of so large a number of fresh facts and dates in the body of the work is a striking example of industry, research, and promptitude. Under the heading "Andes," for example, we find the ascents of Mr. Whymper duly recorded, with particulars quoted from Mr. Whymper's volume, which was only published last year. Many tests have we applied to this new edition, and in all instances have found it accurate and "up to date."

Cassell's New Biographical Dictionary, being confined to one volume, and to brief and strictly relevant notices of eminent persons, will be found a useful work of reference by the general reader whose library shelves are too limited to hold a many-tomed universal biographical dictionary. The articles supply the

(3) *Souverains, hommes d'état, hommes d'église.* Par Ch. Benoist. Paris: Lecène, Oudin, et Cie.

information most needed in a concise style, and are wholly free from details and superfluities.

The Windsor Peerage for 1893 (Chatto & Windus), edited by Edward Walford, M.A., issued with commendable promptness, is a compact and handy volume, comprising, in addition to a full descriptive peerage, lists of baronetcies, orders, obituary, and a full index.

The Pearl Cyclopædia (Walker & Co.) is a useful companion to the general reader or writer, since it is of handy form, printed from good clear type, comprises some seven thousand references to old and new topics, and may be carried in the pocket, or lie conveniently on desk or table for consultation. Among other good features, the variety and extent of the historical material is especially notable.

Among recent new editions we have received *The Naturalist on the Amazons*, by H. W. Bates (Murray), with a memoir of the Author by Edward Clodd; Mr. J. K. Fowler's *Echoes of Old County Life* (Arnold); *Besom Ben Stories*, by Edwin Waugh (Heywood); *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, fifth edition (Fisher Unwin); *Sketches by "Boz"* and *Christmas Books* (Macmillan & Co.), reprinted from the first edition, with illustrations and introduction by Charles Dickens the younger; Mr. Baring-Gould's *Old Country Life*, with illustrations (Methuen & Co.); *Cleveden*, by Mary Linskill (Bentley & Son); *A Strange Story*, by Lord Lytton (Routledge & Co.); *Shelley's Poetical Works*, edited by H. Buxton Forman, Vol. V., "Aldine Edition" (Bell & Sons); *The Author's Manual*, by Percy Russell (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Shelley's Poetical Works* (Dicks).

We have also received *A Sanskrit-English Dictionary*, by Arthur A. Macdonell, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *Italy and her Invaders*, by Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., second edition (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Hegel's *Lectures on the History of Philosophy*, translated by E. S. Haldane, three volumes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co); Dr. Hertwig's *Text-Book of the Embryology of Men and Mammals*, translated by Edward L. Mark (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Catalogue of Eastern and Australian Lepidoptera Heterocera* in the Museum of Oxford University, by Colonel C. Swinhoe, F.L.S., F.Z.S., Part I. "Sphinges and Bombyces," with eight plates (Oxford: at the University Press); *An Introduction to the Study of the Constitution*, by Morris M. Cohn (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press); *Mother and Child*, by Edward P. Davis, M.D. and John M. Keating, M.D. (Philadelphia: Lippincott); *The History of Florence*, translated by Hannah Lynch from the French of F.-T. Perrens, Vol. I. (Methuen & Co.); *Studies of Religious History*, translated from the French of Ernest Renan (Heinemann); *A Digest of the Death Duties*, by A. W. Norman, B.A., B.Sc. (Clowes & Sons); *Electrical Papers*, by Oliver Heaviside, in two volumes (Macmillan & Co.); *A Précis of Modern Tactics*, by Colonel Robert Home, revised and re-written by Lieut.-Colonel Sisson C. Pratt (Harrison & Sons); *The Westminster School Register*, 1764–1883, compiled, with biographical notes, by G. F. Russell Barker and Alan H. Stenning (Macmillan & Co.); *A History of Socialism*, by Thomas Kirkup (A. & C. Black); *Electric Ship-Lighting*, a Handbook of Practical Fitting and Running of Ships' Electrical Plant, by John W. Urquhart (Crosby Lockwood & Son), with illustrations; *The Economy of High Wages*, by J. Schoenhof, with an introduction by T. F. Bayard, late Secretary of State, U.S.A. (Putnam's Sons); *A Handbook of House Property*, by Edward Lance Tarbuck, fifth edition, enlarged (Crosby Lockwood & Son); and *A Shorter Working Day*, by R. A. Hadfield and H. de B. Gibbings, M.A. (Methuen & Co.)

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Help urgently needed for the Support of over 1,600 Destitute and Orphan Children under the Society's care, and to enable the Executive to accept very many deserving cases.

CONTRIBUTIONS will be gratefully acknowledged by E. DE M. RUDOLF, Secretary.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:
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"It would be totally impossible for the present work of the Church of England to be carried on with half its efficiency if it were not for the help of the Additional Curates Society."—The Archbishop of Canterbury.

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[HOME MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.]

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Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS.

THE Society is the only organisation co-extensive with, and as comprehensive as, the Church of England, that has for its object "to increase the means of pastoral instruction and superintendence," necessary if the Church is to be faithful to her mission amidst a population increasing yearly by vast numbers.

The recent census has shown that the population of England and Wales has more than doubled since the Society was founded in 1837.

Each year the Society has done its utmost to provide for the maintenance of additional Mission Clergy, to minister to the large populations gathered in and around our great towns.

Number of grants for the year ending

EASTER.	
1840	104
1845	236
1850	335
1855	325
1860	400
1865	484
LADY-DAY.	
1870	536
1875	646
1880	643
1885	653
1890	988
1891	1,046
1892	1,105
1893	**1,129**

During the last ten years the Society's grants have increased by nearly 500.

The Society has no permanent Fund; its power to make and continue grants depends on the money contributed by Churchmen and Churchwomen year by year. In the confident assurance that their endeavours to make the Society's aid commensurate with the Church's evident needs were approved by all faithful Churchpeople, the Committee have been yearly extending the Society's operations. It is in the same assurance that when the Society's own need is known an adequate response will be forthcoming, that the present appeal is made.

Without due provision for the supply and yearly maintenance of a sufficient number of Clergy, neither churches, schools, nor indeed any parochial or missionary agency, can be fully utilised. Thus the vast importance to the whole Church of England of such a provision cannot be over-estimated. A very earnest appeal is therefore made to the whole body of Churchpeople to come forward in larger numbers and—in the case of those who already help us—with, where they can afford it, larger offerings.

JOHN GEORGE DEED, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS will be thankfully received at the Society's Office, Arundel House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. Cheques, Postal and Post-office Orders should be crossed "Messrs. Coutts."

SUN LIFE OFFICE

BONUS, 1892.

The Managers have the pleasure of announcing that the profits belonging to the policy-holders for the period since last valuation (viz.: Four-and-a-half years) are again remarkably large, and amount, after making ordinary and special reserves of greatly increased stringency, to a sum of **£225,850** in cash. This very satisfactory sum will be distributed amongst participating policy-holders only; and, as evidence of the successful character of the management, it may be stated that an aggregate return will thus be made of an amount actually in excess of all the loadings charged in the premiums for expenses, profits, and contingencies.

This statement, astonishing as it may appear, is nevertheless easily proved. The premiums received under participating policies during the period were £698,372, and the loadings thereon for expenses, contingencies, and providing bonuses amounted to £185,027. Now these policy-holders are about to be apportioned a sum of £225,850, as stated above, in cash bonuses, which returns to them

UPWARDS OF £40,000 IN EXCESS OF THE LOADINGS IMPOSED.

For further particulars write to the Chief Office, 63 Threadneedle Street, E.C.

HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS,
General Manager.

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ESTABLISHED 1829.

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(For Qualification, *see* Prospectus.)

This Society, conducted entirely on the Mutual Principle, offers the Absolute Security of An Accumulated Fund of £3,659,325, and an Annual Income of £390,656.

Attention is directed to the following Special Features:—

1.—The Annual Premiums charged are below the average, this fact being equivalent to an immediate Bonus.

2.—The Expenses of Management are on a remarkably low scale, No Agents being employed or Commission paid for the introduction of business. Large sums are thus saved to the Assured Members.

3.—The Rate of Mortality among the Members is very much lower than among the general population.

4.—The combination of the above favourable circumstances has resulted in the return of exceptionally large Bonuses to the Assured Members. The Bonus declared for the 5 years ending 31st Ma . 1891. amounted to £517,000, making the total Bonuses distributed £2,622 812.

5.—The Reserves for the Society's Liabilities have been estimated on the most stringent basis employed by any Insurance Institution in the United Kingdom. Participating life assurances h v been va ued by the combined Institute of Actuaries' H M and H M (5) T bles, with terest at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, credit being taken only for the net premiums according to the H M Table.

6.—Assured Members have therefore absolute security, with the prospect of the continuance of a high rate of Bonus.

WHOLE-LIFE and ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES are granted at Low Premiums, with right of Participation in Profits.

Further information on application to the Society's Office.

MATTHEW HODGSON, *Secretary.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE GRAND PANTOMIME every afternoon at 3.0, and on Thursday and Saturday Evenings at 7.30. The Boissets, Barnard's Marionettes, and other Free Entertainments will follow afternoon performances of Pantomime daily.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

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The powerful cast includes :—Mesdames Kitty Loftus, Rosie Leyton, Elsie Irving, Amy Liddon, Minnie Inch, Ada Barry, Florence Terriss, and Laura Linden; Messrs Mat Robson, Frank Ayrton, William Lugg, Reuben Inch, Arthur Watts, Watty Brunton, W. Brunton, sen., and Sam Wilkinson. The new, original, and Fin de Siècle Harlequinade by Mr. Charles Lauri's Company, assisted by Mons. H. Agoust. Scenery by F. Fenton, J. Pritchard Barrett, and Henry Emden. Dresses designed by Wilhelm, and executed by Madame D'Orlean. Ballets arranged by Madame Katti Lanner. Properties by F. Labhart and R. Eagle. Invented and produced by Oscar Barrett.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS BEFORE EASTER, 1893.

LECTURE HOUR, 3 o'clock P.M.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in the University of Cambridge. Six Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory) on ASTRONOMY. On December 27 (Tuesday), December 29, 31, 1892; January 3, 5, 7, 1893. One Guinea the Course; Children under 16, Half-a-Guinea.

Professor VICTOR HORSLEY, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., *M.R.I.*, Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. Ten Lectures on THE STRUCTURE AND FUNCTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM—THE FUNCTIONS OF THE CEREBELLUM AND THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGY. On Tuesdays, January 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14, 21. One Guinea the Course.

The Rev. CANON AINGER, M.A., LL.D. Three Lectures on TENNYSON. On Thursdays, January 19, 26, February 2. Half-a-Guinea.

Professor PATRICK GEDDES. Four Lectures on THE FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. On Thursdays, February 9, 16, 23, March 2. Half-a-Guinea.

The Rev. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D. Three Lectures on THE GREAT REVIVAL—A STUDY IN MEDIÆVAL HISTORY. On Thursdays, March 9, 16, 23. Half-a-Guinea.

Professor C. HUBERT H. PARRY, Mus. Doc., M.A., Professor of Musical History and Composition at the Royal College of Music. Four Lectures on EXPRESSION AND DESIGN IN MUSIC (with Musical Illustrations). On Saturdays, January 21, 28, February 4, 11. Half-a-Guinea.

The Right Hon. LORD RAYLEIGH, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., *M.R.I.*, Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I. Six Lectures on SOUND AND VIBRATIONS. On Saturdays, February 18, 25, March 4, 11, 18, 25. One Guinea.

Subscription (to Non-Members) to all the Courses during the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets, issued daily at the Institution, or sent by post on receipt of Cheque or Post-Office Order.

Members may purchase not less than Three Single Lecture Tickets, available for any Lecture, for Half-a-Guinea.

The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will begin on January 20, at 9 P.M., when Professor DEWAR will give a Discourse on LIQUID ATMOSPHERIC AIR. Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Mr. FRANCIS GALTON, Mr. ALEXANDER SIEMENS, Professor CHARLES STEWART, Professor A. H. CHURCH, Mr. EDWARD HOPKINSON, Mr. GEORGE SIMONDS, Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., The Right Hon LORD RAYLEIGH, Dr. W. K. RUSSELL, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

Persons desirous of becoming Members are requested to apply to the SECRETARY. When proposed they are immediately admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading-rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge. Payment: First Year, Ten Guineas; afterwards, Five Guineas a Year; or a composition of Sixty Guineas.

PERTHSHIRE, N.B.

ST. MARTINS AND BUTTERGASK.

THERE will be exposed for Sale by Public Auction at the MART, Tokenhouse Yard, London (unless previously sold by Private Bargain), on Wednesday, February 1, 1893, at Two o'clock precisely, these magnificent Residential, Agricultural, and Sporting Estates, as formerly advertised.

ST. MARTINS.—Extent 4,500 Acres, Gross Rental (including Rent of Mansion-House and Shootings) over £5,000.

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Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough, and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the Glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold in boxes, 7½d.; tins, 1s. 1½d.; labelled "JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly, London."

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Food, Drinking Water, Bedding, Clothing, and Shelter are now given.

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FUNDS Needed Specially for Giving Work. The Distress is very great, and increased by want of Drinking Water at Jerusalem.

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Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

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CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

President—LORD ABERDARE, G.C.B.

1,815 children have been rescued from infamous dens.

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7,750 children have been aided by the Boys' Beadle.

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Pensioners at all Ports of the United Kingdom.

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The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old Destitute, and Friendless.

800 Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.

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December 13, 1892.

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THE

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. AS was to be expected, home political news on Christmas Eve was exceedingly flat. There were still grumblings and growlings over Sir EDWARD REED at Cardiff; some documents, but none of importance, were added to the singular Walsall business, and it was announced that Mr. WALTER LONG would be the Tory candidate at Liverpool in the place of Mr. CROSS. It is scarcely surprising that Mr. LONG should have shaken the dust of East Wilts finally off his feet after that county justified its reputation for "moonraking" by submitting to the deception of the most barefaced lie that even an election ever saw; but plenty of other candidates could have been got for Liverpool, and for East Wilts it may not be so easy.

On Christmas Eve Mr. BURT, M.P., was banqueted and complimentarily addressed at Newcastle. Mr. BURT is more than a little too good for the breed to which he belongs—the breed of class agitators, who are equally detestable whether the class consist of dukes or dockers—and we need not grudge him his honours, such as they are.

Ireland once more absorbed interest in the first half of the present week; and Thursday's newspapers were chiefly occupied as regards home politics with Mr. GLADSTONE'S birthday and with Detective SYNNOTT'S funeral.

Yesterday morning were published the names of a Royal Commission on Old-Age Pensions, which includes the PRINCE OF WALES and divers well-known persons. The omission to represent the Church, to which exception has been taken, may perhaps be assigned to a wish to avoid difficulties with Nonconformist bodies.

On the previous day Sir EDWARD WATKIN, at a meeting of Channel Tunnel adventurers, had observed that their scheme was opposed by "what was called "Society" which he preferred to call "the cesspool of "Society." From which it would appear that the air of Snowdon and the communications of Mr. GLADSTONE have not exercised purifying influences on Sir EDWARD'S manners and language.

Ireland. The President of the Eviction Commission gave yesterday week a curious illustration of those qualifications which his panegyrists have discovered. While fully and handsomely acquitting a body of landlords, or a landlord-body, the Scottish Provident Association, of the charges of ill-treating their tenantry, he observed that a painful impression had been created in his mind by a pamphlet on the subject. An English judge allow his mind to be painfully impressed beforehand by an *ex parte* pamphlet!

On Christmas Eve Mr. MORLEY paid his first serious tribute to his Masters, by letting loose some of the murderers (or, to be strictly accurate and please Gladstonians, let us say the "felonious killers and slayers") of Inspector MARTIN. It is quite possible that a more disgraceful act has been committed by an Irish Chief Secretary; but we do not remember it.

A fearful comment on the folly as well as the criminality of Mr. MORLEY'S conduct was promptly given. Within a few hours a dynamite bomb was exploded in front of the Detective Office in Dublin, and though not much harm was done to the building, an unfortunate detective who was passing was blown nearly to pieces, and died in torture shortly afterwards. The murderers had taken the CHIEF SECRETARY at his word, and put at once into practice his theory that killing a policeman is no murder. On the other hand, Mr. MORLEY had just, in a feeble and tentative way, made a bid for the support of the extreme physical force party, and they promptly replied "Not enough." No one of course, save an idiot, will affirm that this particular effect was actually due to either or both of these causes. But nobody save an idiot (or a political apologist at his wit's end) will deny that either cause is sufficient to produce the effect, and that the provision of it ought therefore to have been avoided by sane statesmen at any cost.

On Monday an open verdict was returned in regard to the unfortunate victim by the Coroner's jury, and the organs of Home Rule in England and Ireland vied in noisy affectations of horror, and clumsy assumptions that of course no one would think it was their fault. Much talk and some inquiry have naturally taken place since, but nothing positive had up to the middle of the week been discovered. A man was arrested on suspicion at Nenagh, but promptly liberated. Meanwhile, the usual mournful irony of such things has not been wanting. The Irish Gladstonians have plaintively pointed out (following an immortal apology of their great leader, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, for the Manchester murderers) that, if poor SYNNOTT had not been so

singularly ill advised as to walk just that way at just that moment, no harm would have been done. And the English Gladstonians have blushingly hinted that "the right of holding a private magisterial inquiry "does not at the present moment exist in Ireland," and that, if it were revived in Dublin under the first Clause of the Coercion Act, "no objection would be "offered." And it is but a few weeks since the very persons who say this were shouting and roaring and throwing up caps over the "repeal" of the Coercion Act, the death of Coercion, and so forth. What a piece of work is Gladstonian man to be sure!

The member (till Parliament meets) for North Meath (still smarting under his defeat, and perhaps annoyed at the intemperate zeal of his humble colleagues in Exchange Court) wrote a furious and foolish letter to the *Times* of Thursday on the subject of the Dublin explosion, trying to drag in the old BERNARD business of five and thirty years ago. We are not particularly proud of the attitude of a good many Englishmen then; but, even if there had been any parallel in other ways, jealousy of the right of asylum is not quite the same thing as sympathy with crime.

Election Petitions. The re-count at Cirencester reduced Colonel CHESTER-MASTER'S majority from three to two, but left it serviceable; so that the regular trial of the petition will still have to come off in January. In North Meath Mr. Justice ANDREWS and Mr. Justice JOHNSON unseated Mr. DAVITT on the foregone conclusion of clerical intimidation, making also some strong observations on the employment of the secular arm under that picturesquely named *condottiere*, "Slasher GERAGHTY." The beaten party were impudent enough to whine about the non-acceptance of their offer to come down —in other words, their desire, on the one hand, to save a fresh exposure of their proceedings, and, on the other, to be able to say that, if the case had been heard, the result would have been different. When they asked leave for this, Bishop NULTY and his counsel doubtless remembered not certain words of the brutal Saxon SHAKSPEARE, which we may adjust to the occasion:—

> Tut! a toy,
> An old election judge is not so kind, my boy.

Scotland. An exceedingly interesting judgment was given yesterday week in the Justiciary Appeal Court by the LORD JUSTICE GENERAL and a full bench of six other judges, to the effect that cock-fighting is not an unlawful sport in Scotland. The judgments, especially those of the LORD JUSTICE GENERAL himself and of Lord YOUNG, were very well argued and supported, and uncompromising in tone. Cock-fighting, of course, is open to abuse, and we still shake our heads over artificial spurs. But until recently it has been a delight of many brave and excellent since the dawn of history; the cocks (except a craven here or there) appear to like it; and as for the "brutalizing effect" which it is supposed to produce upon that strangely brutalizable animal, the man of the nineteenth century, may no other century produce worse-hearted men than WILLIAM WINDHAM, than CHRISTOPHER NORTH, and than Admiral ROUS, all of whom during the successive generations of the present age were enthusiastic about it!

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The usual Christmas silence was broken last week only by Panama. M. RIBOT'S Government succeeded in repelling another furious, but rather disorderly, assault in the Chamber, on the subject of Ministerial privilege in regard to secret funds. M. RIBOT himself, who is "gleg at the uptak," handled the matter cleverly, and got a large majority. But M. FLOQUET, the President of the Chamber, who, being personally reflected on, gave up his chair to another for the purpose of speaking, had to be "a good "deal affected," and so forth, in order to produce an effect.

On the morning of Boxing Day the cold weather, which had come on England and the Continent alike, formed the chief subject of news, with a few political facts and rumours. The French Chambers had separated at last for their Christmas holidays, M. RIBOT'S Government having survived without difficulty a debate on the Swiss commercial treaty. In the quarrel between M. CLÉMENCEAU and M. MILLEVOYE the "fight didn't come off," the latter hero insisting on a sword-*and*-pistol combat, which the former seems not to have seen. There was good news of the working of Egyptian judicial reforms; bad news as to the chances of a speedy lifting of the *Howe*; and an insurrection in Argentina.

Tuesday's news was rather gossip and history than recent fact. Some account was given of the ingenious and characteristic exploits of the French Captain MONTEIL in the Tchad countries, where (being very well acquainted with the Anglo-French Agreement) the gallant officer made all the treaties he could within the English sphere. Well, well; he and Dr. PETERS can meet and exchange parchments if they like. The Swiss, undaunted, but provoked by the action of the French Chamber, were, it was said, about to meet controlment with controlment in the matter of tariffs.

A great public celebration of M. PASTEUR'S seventieth birthday in Paris was the chief item of Wednesday's news, with talk about the not very active agitation in India in regard to the Bengal restrictions on trial by jury, about the successful opposition of France and Russia to the establishment of municipalities in the Egyptian towns, and about a cathedral to be built at New York for two millions of money, and in a "new and strictly American style of architecture." For the two millions, that is quite possible; but a "new" style of architecture? *Il ne fait pas ce tour qui veut.*

The principal item of Thursday morning was a dynamite explosion at New York, which was very fatal, and arose from an incautious attempt to dry some cartridges used in blasting. Gladstonian newspapers in England have hung rather fondly over this, as those who would, an they dared, say "Unjust are ye, "O Unionists! Who knows that the poor Irish were "not innocently trying to dry cartridges on the pave-"ment of Exchange Court?" The Swiss were carrying their tariff war with France quite in a CONDÉ and Prince RUPERT fashion, running up some duties as much as six hundred per cent., to the great delight, no doubt, of German and Italian manufacturers. In fact, it does not seem that Switzerland has much to lose in the matter, while France has. In France itself M. ZOLA has been informing an "interwiever," as they say there, that Frenchwomen are as virtuous girls and as faithful wives as the women of any country in the world. Oh, what a man of art is M. ZOLA to have dissembled this fact so carefully for thirty years of strenuous novel-writing! What constancy in withholding the truth! What unflinching courage in suggesting the falsehood!

Yesterday morning a new, but unimportant, dynamite explosion in Paris was reported, with some details of the difference on the subject of delimitation between England and Portugal in Manicaland, and a gracious speech from the KHEDIVE to Lord CROMER, who had presented him with the Grand Cross of the Bath. But the most interesting item was the Russian refusal to negotiate "triangularly" with England and China on the Pamir subject, wherein the CZAR'S Government did not unwisely. For it is seldom possible to outwit a Chinese, and not always easy to bully a Briton; so that the application of the fittest mode of dealing with each party in the case can be more hopefully attempted when "Two's company" than under the anti-social publicity of Three.

The Head-masters Conference. On their second day of meeting last week the Head-masters chiefly discussed the teaching of English. Perhaps the wisest thing said was by Mr. PHILLPOTTS, of Bedford, when he observed that "the unintended result was sometimes "the most important." The dictum may sound more cryptic than it really is; but, if our "educationalists" would master and attend to its true inwardness, we should hear far less nonsense talked and see much less mischief done. On Monday morning an offensive and priggish letter, signed "T. E. PAGE," and dated from Charterhouse, in reference to the "religious education" debate, announced to the world Mr. PAGE'S views on the unimportance of dogma and ecclesiastical history, and his opinion that "public schools are not Church "schools." The former fact is chiefly interesting as showing that Mr. PAGE has reached the point which some persons thought a rallying point for "culture" in the early seventies—and has stopped there; as for the second, the authorities of the school which he adorns may contradict him if they like. If they do not, "Churchmen-parents, who think of Charterhouse, please "take notice."

The Law Courts. MACRAE, the man charged with the Althorp murder, was found guilty and sentenced to death on this day week. His counsel, Mr. ATTENBOROUGH, made an exceedingly good fight for him, the evidence being of the kind which leaves it just possible, though barely conceivable, that the prisoner is not guilty; but the jury wisely declined to listen. That X is not to be found; that a body which is probably, and property which is certainly, X's are found; that Y had a motive for killing X; and that Y's conduct has been that of a man who has killed and disposed of somebody, in the exact manner in which the somebody supposed to be X had been killed and disposed of—is the summary of the case. The only logical conclusion in such a case is the gallows; and the jury drew it.——In a not entirely dissimilar case at Glasgow, where two Irishmen were accused of a ghastly murder, the extreme sentence was passed upon one, MCKEOWN, while the other, MCNEILLY, was discharged as guiltless.——At Marylebone Police Court on Thursday some singular evidence was given as to the conduct of those important officers, more properly known as bailiffs, though by many names men call them. The court-martial on Admiral FAIRFAX, in the *Howe* affair, began on that day.——On Friday was published a long criticism of the Judges' Report of last June on Procedure Reform, which the Incorporated Law Society, following the example of the Bar Committee, had, at the invitation of the LORD CHANCELLOR, drawn up.

Christmas. Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and the new festival which has this year been introduced as a sort of "tiger" to these three days of cheer, were "very old-fashioned"—extremely cold, very dry, and bright enough in the country, though marred in London and other towns by fog. As is usually the case when a very sudden and very severe frost coincides with holiday-time, the ice was too rashly ventured on in many places, and fully half a score of deaths by drowning were reported in Tuesday's papers, the chief being that of General RICE at Loch-an-Eilan (not Loch Aneilan, as the newspapers would have it). The ice naturally became safer as the frost, which was of extreme severity, continued; but accidents still happened, and by degrees stories of freezings to death were added to them. The ordinary Boxing Day amusements appear to have been well attended.

Labour. "Bristol riots" is a title famous and of evil omen in English history. The riots at Bristol yesterday week caused by a procession of strikers under the notorious MCCARTHY, who defied the police and military, were far less alarming than their namesakes sixty years since, but they were not pleasant. And it may be remembered that, though individual *laches* put the finishing touch to the older affair, its cause was very mainly the tampering of one great party in the State with popular insubordination and military fractiousness. On the same day an amiable person named COWEY, President of the Yorkshire Miners' Association, threatening strikes, said pleasantly that "JOHN BULL would cry out for some coal, and "be willing to pay a price for it too, before long." At that moment poor, foolish "JOHN BULL" (from whom we are, by the way, glad to see that Mr. COWEY distinguishes persons like himself) was putting his foolish hand in his not too rich pocket all over the kingdom to give Labour Christmas-boxes and Christmas dinners, and what not. A striking contrast, and one not, perhaps, wholly to the disadvantage of "JOHN BULL."

Correspondence. As is customary at holiday seasons, the papers have been full of epistles, for the most part on old and rather well-threshed subjects. An exception in favour of some letters, especially those of Mr. LOCH, on Poor Relief and certain (chiefly Boothian) methods of effecting, or not effecting, it, may be made.——Yesterday morning Alderman BEN TILLETT took up his high-strung pen to defend the shabbiness of his colleagues towards Sir PETER EDLIN—and failed egregiously.

Miscellaneous. An interesting lot, the original manuscript of Lord TENNYSON'S first book, the *Poems by Two Brothers*, with the publisher's reserved copy and other appurtenances, was sold last week by auction, subject to copyright in the unpublished poems, for 480*l.* to Messrs. MACMILLAN & BOWES, of Cambridge. ——Very heavy weather seems to have prevailed in the Atlantic. Grave fears were entertained in the middle of the week as to the safety of the Cunarder *Umbria*. Nor when news came of her on Thursday was it particularly reassuring, for it was to the effect that she had been seen lying-to in mid-ocean, and had signalled "unmanageable, but not requiring assistance."——The amalgamation of the Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern Railway Companies has been again mooted. ——The fire at the colliery near Wigan was shown to have been due in all probability to carelessness in the use of paraffin torches; but a verdict of "accidental "death" was returned.

Obituary. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS had had a singularly full and varied career—Eton boy, schoolmaster without University education, soldier, actor, Old Bailey barrister, and police-magistrate—and was a man of great cleverness. The distressing illness under which he had long laboured, and against which he fought very bravely, had attracted to him before his death the sympathy of many whose ideal he did not exactly reach.——Archdeacon HESSEY was not for these days a very old man, being not yet eighty; but he had held prominent public positions for so long that he seemed older than he was. He became Head-master of Merchant Taylors' in 1845, and during his quarter of a century's incumbency that school turned out a most exceptional number of first-rate men. He had been Archdeacon of Middlesex for fifteen years, and had held other important posts (including the Bampton Lectureship) in the Church, and at both Universities. He was a sound, though moderate, Churchman, an excellent scholar, and a good man.—— Mr. R. D. DARBISHIRE was very well known twenty years ago as the last of the series of University oars who stroked Oxford to victory during the sixties, and the first of those who succumbed when Cambridge took its turn for a run of luck.——M. LE RAT was one of the most accomplished of those French etchers who, in the course of the last quarter of a century or a little

more, have restored the art to general popularity. He had not the extraordinary adequacy and competence of M. FLAMENG in rendering paintings, but occasionally surpassed him in original touches.

THE DYNAMITER IN DUBLIN.

A WEEK has now passed since "an explosive sub-"stance of a high class" was placed outside the Detective Police Office at Dublin Castle by some scoundrel or scoundrels unknown, and there exploded, doing considerable damage to the building to which it was nearest, shattering the windows of Mr. MORLEY'S library—or, to speak with the exactitude insisted on by Gladstonians, of a library "only occasionally used by "Mr. MORLEY"—and inflicting mortal injuries on an ill-fated detective of the name of SYNNOTT. The authors of this cowardly outrage being still at large, their identity and motive must for the present remain matters of more or less probable conjecture. All that any one can do before a capture which we can only hope may be speedily effected is to examine such conjectures as have hitherto been offered on these two points, and to consider to which of them the more and to which the less probability may be reasonably assigned. It should, however, be noted before entering upon any such inquiry that the Unionist theory of the crime displays at least this peculiarity, which we have failed to discern in other theories: it is manifestly believed in by those who have advanced it. Formed without hesitation or controversy among Unionists themselves, it has been unanimously accepted by them, and they have consistently adhered to it. With gross want of patriotism, but with one consent, they immediately determined, as a more than usually distracted Gladstonian print has comically put it, to make "political capital" out of the outrage by applying to it those inferential processes by which men are accustomed to guide themselves in the daily affairs of life. Declining, in this shameless spirit of partisanship, to treat the incident as exempt from those rules of reasoning by which effects are traced to their probable causes, Unionists have had the hardihood to assert that, inasmuch as this particular crime exactly resembles, in moral character, attendant circumstances, and manifest "ob-"jective," a variety of other crimes of which the authorship and motive are known, the most rational hypothesis to frame with respect to it is that it was committed by persons belonging to the same class, and actuated by the same motives, as the perpetrators of the crimes above mentioned. Unionists, in other words, entertain a strong belief that the murder of SYNNOTT was the work of men of the order of BRADY, CURLEY, GALLAGHER, DALY, and other ruffians who have expiated, or are now expiating, crimes, or attempted crimes, as cruel and cowardly, and that the motive of it was substantially and in general terms identical with that by which the aforesaid patriots were inspired. We say substantially, and in general terms, because whether the outrage is to be regarded as specifically provoked by the anticipated refusal of the Government to liberate the imprisoned dynamiters, or as a mere casual peal of the chapel-bell to remind Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY of their duties, is in our judgment an immaterial detail. In either case the crime would be in its essential features the same: a murderous outrage committed by the "physical force party" among the Irish Nationalists, with a view to intimidate the English Government and people.

As to the probability of this hypothesis, everybody is entitled to his own opinion; on the probability of any counter-hypothesis we are entitled to reserve our judgment until there is some sort of agreement among our opponents as to what that counter-hypothesis is to be. They have had exactly as long to construct it as we have had to frame our own; but it does not seem to be forthcoming in any consistent form. At present, indeed, there are even more counter-hypotheses than there are Separatist factions, because some of these factions apparently lay claim to two apiece. Was the explosion a mere act of "private revenge," as an English Gladstonian organ has timidly suggested? Or was it the work of Parnellites desirous of driving Anti-Parnellites into extreme courses, as an Anti-Parnellite newspaper at first suggested? Or was it the doing of Orangemen, as the same Anti-Parnellite print now considers, and our English Gladstonian organ has all along considered, the better opinion? Surely by this time they might have made up their minds. We suspect that they really prefer the Orange theory to any other, and that their hesitation in affirming it out and out is solely due to the fact that Colonel SAUNDERSON is wintering in the Riviera. In the meantime the only point on which the English and Irish Gladstonians agree is that "an enemy hath done this thing." They are sure that it must have been an enemy, because, say they, it is calculated to do so much injury to the cause which even the dynamiter is supposed to have at heart. To which contention there are these two answers at least, to say nothing of others. The first is, that, unless JOE BRADY is merely a character in a shilling-shocker, and his crime only a hideous dream of the romancer, there have been Irish patriots before this—for JOE'S patriotism, we take it, was unquestionable—with whom this argument had no weight whatever. It is, indeed, obvious that the question with a political assassin is not what other people, including the sillier kind of English Radical, think, but what he himself thinks, will be the effect of his crime. The second is, that, so far as Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians are concerned, it is not the truth, but the reverse of truth, to say that violence, whether of dynamiters or others, is "calculated to do injury to the cause" which the said dynamiter is supposed to have at heart. On the contrary, this person may with the utmost plausibility say to himself that, not only has violence been the means of extorting from Mr. GLADSTONE all his past concessions to Ireland, but that Mr. GLADSTONE has himself made memorable admission of that fact, and that Mr. MORLEY has actually appealed to the fear of violence as the principal, if not the only, inducement to the English Legislature to make these concessions larger still.

It is needless, however, to pursue this part of the question further. The Gladstonians would have done better to dispense with all these sophistries, and, admitting that the Dublin outrage is, in all human probability, of Fenian, or Invincible, or Clan-na-Gaelic origin, to have devoted their main efforts to the task of vindicating the "Constitutional" party among the Nationalists from all constructive complicity with the act, and of showing further that, even if they abhor and abjure the crimes perpetrated in their supposed interest, it is they, and not the party of violence, who in a Home-Ruled Ireland would get the upper hand. In saying that Gladstonians would have been better employed in attempting this undertaking, we mean only that success in it would really help them; not that such success would be within their reach. On the contrary, the purgation of the Irish "Constitutional" party was never so difficult; for the crime has happened at a moment so signally unfortunate for them that their conventional expressions of horror at it are, on this occasion, quite ludicrously hollow. What, for instance, is the good of Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites exclaiming in concert against the "wickedness," the "cowardly "cruelty," the "infamy," and so forth, of this "fiend-"ish" act, when they have been vying with each other in their efforts to obtain the release of men convicted of

crimes as wicked, cowardly, fiendish, and all the rest of it, as the Dublin outrage? Suppose the authors of that outrage were caught to-morrow, and by some miscarriage of justice escaped the capital penalty of their crime, how many years, or months, of penal servitude would it take to convert them into "wounded soldiers" and "prisoners of war"? Probably just as many as, and no more than, it would take to open the eyes of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY to the fact that it is the men by whom this species of soldiery is levied and paid who are the real rulers of Ireland.

DISTRESS AND RELIEF.

THE letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. BARNETT and his Committee of fellow-inquirers into the state of the London labour market is an altogether praiseworthy contribution to the various questions with which it deals. In the first place, it shows in a clear and convincing fashion what is the actual amount of existing distress from non-employment, and in what quarter of the metropolis it is to be found; in the second and most important place, it lays down true and sound doctrine as to what to avoid in the attempt to relieve it; and, in the third and only less important place because in matters of positive counsel valuable opinions will often differ, it formulates a series of recommendations for the direction of charitable effort. It would be disrespectful to certain members of the Committee to say that their Report surprises us by its common sense; although to several of their colleagues we should not hesitate to address a remark of that kind with the quiet conscience of those who feel that they have given every man his deserts. We can only suppose that the saner influences prevailed over their fiery opposites, and that in the contest between economics and hysterics the latter got the worst of it. One faint sputter of protest is, indeed, to be observed in the note which Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES appends to his signature by way of dissociating himself, with a modesty which it is not for us to qualify as overstrained, from one of the most sensible paragraphs of the letter which he subscribes. Otherwise, however, there is no sign of disagreement, and such passages as that which remarks upon the "attracting "of destitute persons to East London" by the "widely-advertised charitable operations of the Salva-"tion Army," and as that which pronounces so strongly against "anything of the nature of a 'Man-"'sion House Fund' for the relief of distress," receive the adhesion of several well-known persons whose names one would hardly have expected to find in such sternly rational company.

How much need there is for some well-constructed system of sluices to regulate the flow of that impetuous and, intellectually speaking, turbid tide of benevolence which sets, at a few hours' notice, in any given direction, the case of GEORGE OSMAN is sufficient to show. OSMAN is a dock labourer at present—or, rather, recently—in distressed circumstances, whose wife gave birth to a child which lived for only five hours. At the inquest the jury found, in accordance with the medical evidence, that the cause of the infant's death was congenital debility, due to a certain extent to the mother having been insufficiently fed. It was proved—or, at any rate, stated—that OSMAN applied to the relieving-officer for assistance, and was offered, and rejected the offer of, the workhouse. On this the Coroner—a little injudiciously perhaps, on such scanty information—permitted himself a few satirical remarks at the expense of our Poor-law system, and gave the man some tickets with which to buy food. That was all; yet, although the inquest was only reported in the *Times* of the 27th inst., the curate of OSMAN'S parish, Mr. KITE, has to write to the same paper on the 29th to say that "enough, and more than enough" help, both in money and clothes, had been sent to him for OSMAN'S case, and hinting with sufficient plainness that the case is not a deserving one. "It was im-"possible," he writes, "to investigate it fully before "the inquest, but it was even then obvious that a "man in good work for eighteen months could not "have been reduced to such dire destitution in the "short space of five weeks, unless there were other facts "beyond those brought to light at the inquest. The "real cause of destitution, into which I cannot here "enter, has since come to my knowledge, and quite "accounts for the present condition of the family." It is not difficult to fill Mr. KITE'S charitable hiatus; but what a lesson is the whole story on the danger of that breathless benevolence which cannot even wait twenty-four hours before indulging itself!

FRANCE.

THE Christmas holidays of the French Chambers have brought about a certain pause in the miserable Panama scandals, to use the name which in reality covers many other and different things. It is the confessed hope of the Ministers, and indeed of all who are interested in the support of the Republic in its present shape, that the furious excitement of the last month may quiet down in the recess. When the Chambers meet again on the 10th of January, the legal proceedings against the Panama Directors and the incriminated Deputies and Senators will be about to begin, and there is a possibility that the Deputies may be persuaded to suspend their activity until the tribunals have given their judgment. It is undeniable that this would be not only the fair, but the business-like, course. The Chamber has work enough to do without spending further time in renewed debates on the one matter to which it has paid any serious attention of late. The Budget alone might well occupy it while the Courts are hearing the cases of the accused. At the last moment the "provisional "twelfths" have been voted with the most reckless hurry, and there has not been even a pretence of debate on the condition of the finances. Yet France is threatened with a deficit; the revenue has fallen off since the rigid Protective system was adopted, and the floating debt is again accumulating. To this the majority of the Deputies, overpowered, according to party, by their hatred of the Republic, or, when they are Radicals, by their hatred of the Opportunists, or in many cases by sheer fear that they may be accused of endeavouring to hide corruption, can be got to pay no attention whatever. Their very last act was one which must aggravate the financial embarrassments of the country. They summarily rejected the commercial Convention with Switzerland drafted by the Cabinet when M. LOUBET was at its head. Switzerland has immediately retaliated by imposing still more severe duties on French exports. Although the present Cabinet is composed of the very men who drafted this Convention, they made no serious attempt to defend it. They dropped their own deliberately adopted policy without a struggle.

It is very credibly reported that there is a growing desire both in Paris and the provinces for a dissolution. Ministers may, perhaps, hope that what the constituencies wish is to see the Chamber attend to business, and that this will be made sufficiently plain to the Deputies to induce them to set to work when they come back. If so, a majority may be formed capable of stopping any attempt to renew the late Parliamentary riots. But it is more probable that the constituencies have ceased to expect any good from the Chamber, and

are ready for a dissolution in the hope of securing another and a better. If this is what the Deputies find to be the prevailing sentiment, they are much more likely to come back as intent as ever on proving their hatred of corruption merely to clear their characters, in view of the coming general election. Neither would the country be manifestly wrong if it has ceased to trust its present representatives. Whatever may be the truth of the innumerable charges of bribe-taking so freely made of late, the experience of the last three years has proved that the Chamber of Deputies is thoroughly incompetent. It has neglected its proper business, it has meddled with every detail of administration, it has allowed the finances to drift towards confusion, while it has wasted its time on angry debates. Worst of all, it has been shown that for years—long, indeed, before the present Chamber was elected—the politicians of the Third Republic have been on terms of the most suspicious familiarity with financial speculators, and have thought it a part of their duty as Ministers to regulate the distribution of good things among their supporters. On that point there can be no doubt. Ministers have avowed these practices and justified them. M. FLOQUET himself, who repelled the charge of personal corruption with so much virtuous indignation, has been the most explicit of them all. He has said, by way of defending himself, that, though he neither asked for nor received money from the Panama Company, he thought it his duty as Minister of the Interior to so regulate the distribution of the fund which the Company spent on "advertisements" that it should be fairly divided among the supporters of the Government in the press. We seem to hear a modern French echo of a speech once made in the House of Lords by a statesman who was also defending himself against a charge of corrupt practices. "When I was Treasurer "in King CHARLES'S time, my Lords, the excise was to be "farmed. There were several bidders. HARRY SAVILE, "for whom I had a great value, informed me that they "had asked for his interest with me, and begged me "to tell them that he had done his best for them. "'What,' said I, 'tell them all so when only one can "'have the farm?' 'No matter,' said HARRY, 'tell "'them all so, and the one who gets the farm will "'think that he owes it to me.' The gentlemen came. "I said to every one of them separately, 'Sir, you "'are much obliged to Mr. SAVILE,' 'Sir, Mr. SAVILE "'has been much your friend.' In the end HARRY "got a handsome present, and I wished him good "luck with it. I was his shadow then. I am Mr. "BATES'S shadow now." Indeed, so much do these things necessarily run upon the same lines, that the story of our own scandals of 1695, even down to Sir E. SEYMOUR'S famous saltpetre contract, has been repeated within the last few weeks in France. M. FLOQUET has been the "shadow" of the papers which got the Panama Company's money. It was not found that the Duke of LEEDS'S explanation was thought satisfactory, and we much doubt whether the shareholders of the Panama Company, whose money went to the papers shadowed by M. FLOQUET, will think his justification complete.

The second edition of M. ROUVIER'S address is no better than the first. He has added to his general statement, that he borrowed money to supplement the Secret Service from friends, the damaging detail that the friends included MM. VLASTO and DE REINACH. M. DE REINACH is now accused of defrauding the Company when he said that he could place its money profitably with politicians. We are not concerned with the integrity of M. DE REINACH, and it is no part of our duty to disentangle whatever truth there may be in the coil of stories told of his dealings with the Company, with politicians, and with M. CORNELIUS HERZ. What is absolutely proved is that M. DE REINACH and M. CORNELIUS HERZ were on terms with politicians which allowed them to advance money and support papers in the interest of their friends. It has not been proved that M. CORNELIUS HERZ was either directly or indirectly concerned in bribing anybody. It has been shown that he owned for a time a great share of M. CLÉMENCEAU'S paper *La Justice*, that he was promoted with most exceptional rapidity to a rank very rarely reached by foreigners in the Legion of Honour, that MM. CLÉMENCEAU and ROCHEFORT (they tell the story themselves) met at his table, and there arranged plans for annoying the Opportunist Republicans and driving M. CONSTANS from office. M. CORNELIUS HERZ is an American-German Jew, and it is at least startling to the less well-informed class of Frenchmen to learn that he has been so active for so long in French politics.

If the constituencies, reflecting on this story during the recess, come to the conclusion that it is time to put a stop to all this, they will not be to blame. M. FLOQUET'S own hands may be clean—indeed, nobody questions his personal integrity—M. ROUVIER may not be a penny the richer for the kindness of his friends, MM. A. GRÉVY and DEVÈS may not have known that they were pocketing the money of the Panama shareholders, M. SANS-LEROY may have changed his mind on a review of the evidence, the worst sin of M. BARBE may have been that he did not live to defend himself. Perhaps all this is thus; but none the less it has been shown that the kind of person described by M. ROUVIER as "a financier concerned in all important affairs" has been much—very much—too busy in Paris. Ministers have stood on terms with him which are not dignified, and Deputies have run after him for "tips" and shares in very safe "gambles." Whether, given the conditions of political life in Paris, it will be found possible to put a stop to all this, and what form the effort to stop it all may finally take, are questions by themselves; but that there will be some sort of attempt made seems highly probable, and experience shows that in France such an undertaking is as the letting out of a flood. M. JULES SIMON says that it is all a question of the corruption of a few; but unhappily that is not so. It is a question of a whole political party mixed up in financial speculation and with financial speculators, putting itself under obligations to them, and using its official position to push its private fortunes, if not by vulgar bribery, at least by sharing in Stock Exchange gambling with financiers who give good terms to men who may be useful to them. This cannot be corrected by allowing those of the party who have not been found out to punish those who have. The constituents are much more likely to think that a clean sweep is wanted—and this is another name for revolution.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

ALL the English and Welsh petitions which resulted from the General Election of the present year have now been decided, with the exception of that at Cirencester, where, at the end of next month, the judges will have to preside over what is practically a scrutiny only, charges of malpractice being apparently withdrawn. An article in the *Times* of last Monday drew attention to one result of the cases hitherto decided—the startling discrepancy between the decisions at Walsall and Stepney *in re* hat-cards and banners. It was worth doing, but we are inclined to attach less importance to this particular point than to a wider and more general consideration arising from the comparison of all the seven trials—Manchester as well as Walsall, Hexham, Worcester, Montgomery, and Rochester as well as Stepney. Finsbury, as turning merely on technical points of qualification, may be omitted. When the Legislature gets into what may,

without irreverence, be called its peddling moods, and at the same time, being half ashamed of itself, gives license to judges to repair its folly by their own discretion, it is practicably inevitable that in the upshot "one should "be taken and another left." Different judges—nay, the same judge at different times—may, and almost must, come to different conclusions as to the propriety of extending or withholding relief in very complicated sets of circumstances. The discrepancy, if discrepancy there be, is inseparable from the modern fad for niggling and tinkering legislation which at one moment treats electors as all-wise and omnipotent governors, and at another as irresolute and irresponsible children.

A very much greater evil, as it seems to us, is the ease with which petitions may be brought, and the complete immunity from unpleasant counter-inquiries which the technical device of "not claiming the seat" affords. In two of the recent cases, at least, it was clear, and was practically stated by the judges, that the petition was frivolous and vexatious, that it ought never to have been brought, and that its bringing was a gross hardship on the respondent. In another it was notorious, and was partly proved, though the completion of the proof was stopped as irrelevant, that the petitioners were mere dummies or stalking-horses, and it was freely affirmed and not, so far as we know, contradicted, that the money was found by a rich man who was not a candidate, who was not, so far as was alleged, even an elector, but who did the thing out of spite because the sitting member had taken part in one of the now usual "campaigns" against him, the maintainer, in another part of the country. Yet, again, it has been broadly hinted in many cases, and practically proved in more than one, that if there was any tar going, both sides had undergone the same brush; that the very practices which unseated A had been freely resorted to by his opponent; that persons who were active in managing the petitions had a career so much more than suspicious that they could not have come into court if they had not been technically safeguarded from cross-examination as to anything but the actual charges.

Now we should suppose that such a state of things must be equally unsatisfactory to the fanatics of "purity of election" and to those who chiefly wish for general fair play and honourable conduct. No rational man can think it of any importance whatever that two or three score shillings have been spent on hat-cards, or believe that a full-grown Briton can be induced to vote against his sacred convictions because he has received a shilling's worth of food at a sixpenny tea. Every rational person must be offended by the spectacle of a rich, ill-tempered, and unscrupulous partisan finding himself, not merely not hampered, but positively encouraged, by the law in something not unlike the fine old practice of common barratry. And it is a still more serious thing—a thing, indeed, for which it is impossible to discern any palliation or excuse—that the greatest part of this encouragement should lie in the refusal of the law so much as to inquire whether the petitioning party comes into court with clean hands or not. For ourselves, we cannot conceive on what ground the present state of things can be defended. If the first object is purity at any price, nothing surely can further that object better than a ruthless and impartial inquiry into the conduct of the whole election on both sides. If the object is to protect candidates of honest intention from vexatious attack and from the consequences of the blunders and peccadillos of their friends, that object is not likely to be prejudiced by removal of the present artificial screen of "not claiming the seat." A very simple change would do what is wanted. Make every petition carry with it liability to examination and cross-examination in regard to everything that has been done on the losing as well as the winning side: and, if the right of petitioning is not limited to the candidate or his authorized representative (to which there might be some, though no very strong, objection), adopt means for assuring the substance and *bona fides* of the actual petitioners. In short, extend to politics the same bare justice which cross-actions and counter-claims extend in ordinary civil cases, and the thing is done.

THE POOR-LAW COMMISSION.

THE object for which the new Poor-law Commission has been issued is one with which there is no fault to be found. The present Poor-law system is unquestionably superior to the slovenly and corrupting old system which it displaced. But it is not so self-evidently different from other human institutions that it can be declared out of hand to be free of all fault, nor is it so sacrosanct that it is to be considered privileged against an overhaul when responsible persons have argued that it requires amendment. A properly constituted Commission of Inquiry may be able to show that its supposed defects cannot be removed without incurring greater evils. This of itself would be a gain, since it would clear the ground and cut short useless discussion. We may take it for granted that the essential part of the reference is in the second clause. The inquiry whether something may not be done under the present system to improve the administration of relief to "persons whose de-"stitution is occasioned by incapacity for work, re-"sulting from old age," is really an inquiry whether outdoor relief cannot be given on easier terms. But the second portion of the reference will make it incumbent on the Commission to inquire into the very principle of our Poor-law system. It calls upon the Commissioners to inquire "whether assistance "could otherwise be afforded in those cases." Otherwise must mean in some way which does not make the recipients of relief paupers. The Commissioners will find this inquiry one which imposes no small burden on their patience and ingenuity.

The constitution of the Commission is not so easily judged as the reasonableness of the reference. Every selection of men or verses must stand two tests before it can be declared satisfactory. The first is the question, Does it contain what ought not to be there? That test the Commission stands fairly well. The most exacting critic will hardly be able to show solid reasons for saying that any one of its eighteen members is unfit or necessarily superfluous, while the name of the chairman will be universally approved. Lord ABERDARE will be confidently trusted to preside, while the names of the PRINCE OF WALES, Lord LINGEN, Lord PLAYFAIR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. RITCHIE, Mr. CHARLES BOOTH, Mr. C. S. LOCH—to mention only those of its members who are most manifestly qualified by rank, interest in the subject, and knowledge—will give authority and dignity to the body of the Commission itself. But the selection of names does not stand the second test to which it must needs be subjected equally well. This is the question whether what ought to be there is not absent. In this case the answer must, unfortunately, be answered in the affirmative. We do miss something which ought to be included in the list of the Commission. There is not on it any one direct representative of the Church. This is really a discreditable omission, both because of the effect it must have, and for the reasons which we cannot but believe have dictated it. The absence of the Church of England from a Commission appointed to inquire into a matter which she understands better than any corporate body in the kingdom must necessarily diminish its weight. It is indecent that the only share which the Church will be able to take in a

work peculiarly her own should be the evidence to be given by such clergymen as appear in the character of witness.

The reason for this exclusion is, we imagine, sufficiently indicated by the fact that no priest or minister appears on the list of members. We will not, without evidence to support us, attribute the absence of the Church of England to anything so mean as the determination of the present Ministry to punish the Church for its little love of Gladstonian Radicalism by deliberately abstaining from an act of justice and courtesy. The omission may be confidently attributed to another motive. As things go, the presence of a bishop, or clergyman of any rank, would have been resented if it had not been counterbalanced by the inclusion of many other "ministers of religion," ranging from Roman Catholic bishops to representatives of all subdivisions of dissent. Once upon this path the Government, under penalty of hearing that Nonconformist votes had become doubtful in the Eastern Counties, and that stirring articles were appearing in the vernacular papers of gallant little Wales, would have been driven to swell its Commission to unmanageable proportions. There have, unfortunately, been too many precedents of late years to justify the contention that intrusive or dissenting bodies have a right to sit by the Church of England. It may be, too, that the Ministry has been in some doubts how far it could select from the dissenting bodies obviously fit members of the Commission, even if it was allowed to choose freely, and was not driven to include the Salvation Army. In this pass it naturally perhaps, but neither courageously nor wisely, decided to deprive its Commission of the assistance which the Church could have afforded it.

THE YEAR.

THE only event of 1892 which had received serious attention previous to the meeting of Parliament was the death of the Duke of Clarence 14th of January. The Queen's speech opened with a touching reference to "the terrible sorrow which" had "afflicted" Her Majesty. This melancholy loss was properly commented upon by the leaders of all parties in both Houses. The remaining portion of a brief speech was devoted to a list of the measures which the Ministry intended to introduce to Parliament. It included an Irish Local Government Bill, an Agricultural Holdings Bill, Scotch and Irish Private Procedure Bills, an Indian Legislative Councils Bill, a Church Discipline Bill, one for altering the rules which limit the power of prisoners, the wives or husbands of prisoners, to give evidence in criminal trials, and one or two minor matters. Of these the first only was, or ought to have been, considered as contentious. The Agricultural Holdings Bill did, indeed, propose to commit Parliament to a sufficiently arduous effort to extend by law that class of yeomanry which has been unable to hold its ground in the economic condition of English agriculture. But considerations, not wholly unconnected with an intelligible desire to convince the new class of agricultural voters that their interests are dear to all parties, secured the Bill an easy course. It was read for the third time in the Commons on May 29, and, after undergoing amendment in detail at the hands of the Lords, was passed at the end of June. The Indian Councils Bill, which gives the Viceroy enlarged powers to avail himself of the services of fit natives, was quietly passed, after an unsuccessful attempt had been made to introduce the "elective principle" into a country where it is even less familiar than monogamy. The Clergy Discipline Act, which simply gives a bishop power to remove without unseemly delay and unjust expense to himself any clergyman found guilty by the Courts of immoral conduct, was passed unamended. It would not be necessary to mention so simple, so obviously reasonable, a measure in a general history of the year, if a most indecent attempt had not been made to obstruct its course by two Welsh members, and that in defiance of Mr. Gladstone himself. But a general survey cannot stop to take notice of small measures of which a good share does not fail to pass in the most barren Session. This produced, including the renewals and matters of form, the not despicable number of sixty-two. Among them we may spare a word for one which dimmed the lustre of Sir W. Harcourt's one great achievement by fixing a close time for hares.

While modest Bills were passing in quiet moments, the more conspicuous activity of Parliament was devoted to the preliminary conflicts of the majority and the Opposition. As not unfrequently happens in this, as in less complicated forms of wrestling, one of the combatants made use of his skill and agility to defeat the obstinate efforts of the other to secure a good grip. In the first nights of the debate Sir William Harcourt made as if he were coming up roundly. He denounced Lord Salisbury in good set terms for imaginary denunciations of the Irish race and the Roman Catholic Church. But when Mr. Sexton moved the Home Rule amendment which never fails, and when the Parnellite Mr. J. Redmond made a candid Home Rule speech, Sir William Harcourt slipped away to such good purpose that he slipped out of the ring. The incident, though not the first of its kind, was the first in this year of a long series. In and out of Parliament, on the platform or in the press, there has been a repetition of the same situation with a slight modification of the *mise en scène*. The Parnellites say that Ireland will be content with nothing less than Colonial Home Rule. The Anti-Parnellites say nothing, or say ditto. The Unionists ask whether that is what the English Separatists propose to give—and then the English Separatists imitate Sir William Harcourt, and go home to dinner, so that the question remains unanswered to this day. One approved Parliament manœuvre for avoiding unwelcome handgrips has always been the free employment of abuse and noise in place of argument. It was on noise and abuse that the Opposition relied to meet Mr. Balfour's Irish Local Government Bill, introduced on the 18th of February. Analysis of a Bill which was not heartily welcome to the supporters of the Government, and was dropped, together with the Procedure Bill, when the Ministry had decided on the date of dissolution, is now superfluous. The Bill was read for the second time on the 24th May, after a hostile amendment of Mr. Sexton's had been beaten by the handsome majority of 92, but it went no further. By this time the Ministry had come to the decision that the dissolution could no longer be postponed. It had sufficiently indicated its position as one of readiness to grant all just and equal things to Ireland, and to the agricultural voter as one of readiness to consider his interests. Its foreign policy required no definition, and was indeed not seriously impugned. The Opposition, though it cannot be said to have laid down any policy beyond one of unlimited confidence in Mr. Gladstone, had not been wanting in efforts to attract the utmost possible number of voters. It did not shrink from supporting Mr. O'Kelly's Evicted Tenants Bill; Mr. Haldane's Bill to give County Councils the right to earmark landed property at discretion, and buy it at any time within twenty years at the price fixed at the time of earmarking; Mr. Fenwick's Bill for the Payment of Members; or Mr. Leake's Eight Hours Bill in favour of the miners. All parties and both Houses must share the responsibility for the discreditable Eastbourne Act, which condoned the Salvation Army's defiance of the law. The dissolution on the 28th June left politicians free to devote themselves without disguise to the General Election.

The preparations outside the House had been all along vigorous on both sides. It would be idle to attempt to chronicle the speeches which were "inevitable and innumerable." But some of the incidents must be particularly mentioned. One was the presentation of Mr. Gladstone as their true and only friend to a select body of agricultural delegates, who met in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and feasted in the Holborn Restaurant. With this may be compared a highly amusing interview between the Separatist leader and a deputation of Socialistic workmen, who endeavoured to recruit him for the Labour Programme. Mr. Gladstone not only won an easy victory by an almost cruel use of his long training as a debater—entrapping his unlucky would-be hecklers into the most damaging concessions and contradictions—but he made it quite clear that he professed to appeal for support, now that the actual conflict was at hand, wholly and solely on the strength of his Irish policy—of which, however, he steadfastly refused to reveal more than the intention. The Loyalist conventions in Ireland, of which the largest and most imposing

was the meeting of Ulstermen at Belfast, formed a striking part of the preparation for the General Election. Occurring at different dates in June, on the very eve of the dissolution, they enforced the sentiments, fears, and determinations of loyal Irishmen with a force most accurately measured by the voluble, and mostly both stupid and abusive, anger of the English Separatists. The associates of the associates of the Clan-na-Gael were not ashamed to denounce as treasonable the language of men who announced their determination not tamely to be handed over to the tender mercy of traitors. A deputation of Irish Nonconformists visited England to appeal to their fellow-Nonconformists in Great Britain. From the action of a body calling itself the London Nonconformist Council, it appeared that too many members of the bodies included in the name were prepared to go all lengths in the hope of being the better able to gratify their hatred of the Church of England; but the Irish protest cannot have been without effect.

Although the polling could not be said to be formally closed till the return from Orkney and Shetland, which could not be made till the 26th of July, the contest was decided in the first two weeks of the month. The result justified the prophecy attributed, on perhaps doubtful authority, to Mr. Schnadhorst. Mr. Gladstone obtained a majority, at first estimated at 42, and since reduced, by the revision of the return for Greenock and the capture of a Separatist seat at Cirencester, to 38. The details of the contest show that all parties alike have in different degrees been disappointed. The Unionists, both Conservative and Liberal, have learnt that their Free Education and Agricultural Holdings Acts have not availed to save them from diminution of majorities and loss of seats in the country constituencies. But disappointment did not fall on the Unionists only. The Gladstonians failed to effect that destruction of the Liberal-Unionists which they had boasted of as sure. That party has, indeed, been reduced by nearly a third of its numbers, but it still remains a compact body of 47, possessing, by the ability of its leaders, an influence greater than is proportionate to its size. Mr. Chamberlain, whom the Separatists hate with a perfect hatred, has been shown to possess an influence in the midland counties of which it would hardly be possible to exaggerate the extent and the solidity. The great fall in the majorities of some of the most noted Separatists is another, and most certainly a keenly-felt, disappointment. Mr. Morley's appearance as a bad second to Mr. Hammond at Newcastle has been proved not to possess the significance at first attributed to it by his easy victory when a contest was forced on him by Mr. Ralli after his appointment to office. But Mr. H. Gladstone at Leeds and Dr. Farquharson in East Aberdeen had very narrow escapes; while the majority of Mr. Gladstone himself in Midlothian was reduced from 4,631—the figure of the last contest—to 690. The Labour party has shown itself unmanageable in several places, even to the extent of securing the return of a Unionist by dividing the Separatist vote in Perth. In Ireland the Unionists have gained ground, and the Parnellites, though greatly reduced, are not destroyed. The extent of their defeat, too, has been shown to be due to the use of clerical influence to an extent which must prove injurious to the Gladstonians in Great Britain. The Separatists remain dependent for their majority on the Irish vote; while many of the Scotch and English supporters are understood either to care little for Home Rule or to be decided that it shall be of the gas-and-water variety. The narrow character of their victory has been shown by the action of Sir E. J. Reed at Cardiff to have encouraged some at least of this stamp to assume an attitude of still verbally respectful, but undeniable, independence towards a leader who has only just escaped defeat after six years of strenuous effort in opposition. One feature of the election has been the free use of language which may be most politely described as highly figurative by the Separatists in the country constituencies. Mr. Long, in the Devizes district of Wiltshire, undoubtedly lost his seat largely because the agricultural labourers were told that his return would be followed by an instant and very great increase in the price of bread. This categorical lie has been ingeniously excused on the ground that it was only a metaphorical way of telling the agricultural labourer, in a manner adapted to his intelligence, that some of Mr. Long's friends are Fair-traders, that Fair-trade is Protection in disguise, and that Protection means dear food.

There was nothing in such a defeat to make it incumbent on the Ministry to follow the very modern practice of resigning without meeting the House. It very properly, and to the diverting annoyance of some Separatist Constitutional (and sciolistic) pedants, decided to force the Opposition to move a vote of want of confidence. If the leaders of the majority could not be forced to reveal what they meant by Home Rule, they could, at least, be compelled to make the discreditable confession that they dare not risk the revelation, and they were compelled to confess as much by a silence doggedly but shamefacedly maintained under the goading of Mr. Redmond, and the stinging criticism of the Unionist leaders. The Houses met on the 8th, and the expected vote was moved by Mr. Asquith, who had quite quenched his once burning thirst for information as to the meaning of Home Rule. Three nights of debate—Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday—were spent in the foreseen way, and then a majority of forty (350 to 310) turned out the Unionist Ministry in favour of Mr. Gladstone and nobody knows what.

The history of the next few days is one of those stories only to be told briefly, or at a length impossible here. How a Cabinet was formed of immense size with a small Cabinet in its arms, how it overflows with Peers, their relations, and the Old Gang to the inarticulate fury of the New Lights, how a slave waited upon Mr. Labouchere to obtain assurances that he did not want what he was not going to get, how Mr. Labouchere made use of this incident in the interests of *Truth*, how Sir E. J. Reed showed his expected indifference to office by declining a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, how Lord Rosebery took the Foreign Office when he had been properly asked to do so—all this and more will be told at proper length some day. The outward and audible noise of it was loud in the papers. The Ministry was formed on the expected lines, and got to work when Mr. Morley, the Chief Secretary, had vindicated his position at Newcastle by an unexpectedly considerable majority, and Sir W. Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had repelled a feeble but undeniably vexatious attack on his seat at Derby.

This work it is needless to say was and is double. The first and easier part is the concealment of what is meant by Home Rule. This has been effected with a success to which we shall apportion its meed of praise when we know whether there was more to conceal than a scientific but too probably hopeless longing to realize a political fourth dimension. Mr. Gladstone, after toying with Snowdon, Homer, and other things, is gone to Biarritz. The draft of his Bill is at home. The Cabinet tries to look virtuously resolute to reveal nothing, and that word describes with precision what is known.

The other division of the Ministerial day's work is not so easily done. This consists of the fulfilment of all the inconvenient promises made in Opposition. With Mr. Asquith at the Home Office, an effort was naturally made by his old clients of Trafalgar Square to enforce what he once called their right to make a debating hall and basis of operations of that meeting of many thoroughfares. It was unfair to remind the Home Secretary of what he said when he was counsel. In his new office Mr. Asquith has pooh-poohed the right for which he argued as barrister, but has permitted the use of the Square under restrictions which are not so strict as to prevent the professional demonstrator from imposing much extra work on the police. Mr. Asquith's difficulty has been as nothing to Mr. Morley's, who has a whole island of Trafalgar Squares to provide for. There the Parnellite goads the Anti-Parnellite to goad the Chief Secretary to govern according to Irish ideas. One of these—the release of the dynamiters in prison here—cannot be carried out without the help of Mr. Asquith, who has proved apparently unmanageable. The dynamiters remain in prison. But in Ireland Mr. Morley has a freer hand. There he has made more than one attempt to pacify those who want the whole loaf, and believe that threats will extort it, by timid offers of little slices of bread. The Gweedore prisoners have been released from the punishment they were undergoing for that "act of war," the killing of Inspector Martin, who, according to Irish ideas, justly incurred his death by endeavouring to arrest Father McFadden without first providing himself with a sufficient force to cool the noble Irish rage. This was on Friday. On Saturday, Christmas Eve, the full extent of Irish gratitude was displayed by a dynamite explosion in the Castle, by which another police officer, a detective, was killed, and the building damaged. Mr. Morley may reflect on the exact value

of the conciliation which gives the wolf enough to whet his appetite.

The chronic Irish welter, which is always worse, or not so bad, according to the firmness of Government, has undergone just the change which might be expected from the transfer of the Irish Office from Unionist to Separatist hands. Under a Chief Secretary who lets murderers out of prison, and a Viceroy who has ruled that expressions of loyalty to the Constitution under which he acts are provocations to ill feeling, there is naturally more freedom. Lord Houghton's snub to the Loyalists earned him as much as he deserved—that is to say, it was considered by the persons whom it was meant to conciliate as more than outweighed by his insulting conduct to Ireland in another matter. He did not give the making of his lackeys' breeches to a tailor approved by the patriot leaders. But these persons have been so busy with one another that they have had comparatively little leisure for the Viceroy. The Anti-Parnellites have had a little open domestic quarrel of their own, understood to be the public manifestation of much hidden struggle. It broke out in the *Freeman* office, and on the subject of the control of that journal, which, after supporting Mr. Parnell, turned to his opponents when the result of several elections showed that the priests would be too strong for him, and has since been amalgamated with the *Independent Press*. In May a meeting of the shareholders was the scene of a very lively conflict for the control of the combined papers between Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy, who criticized one another's morals and intelligence with truly Irish candour. Then they fell into one another's arms. This was a mere episode. The great conflict has been between the Anti-Parnellites, the party of the priests, and the Gladstonians, of the one part, and of the other the Parnellites, who, being excluded from this fellowship, have fallen back on posing as extremists and incorruptible patriots—a good safe line in Ireland. Abuse and cudgellings have been freely exchanged. The General Election reduced the Parnellites to nine, but they may recover the seats of North and South Meath. In these constituencies a Pastoral of Bishop Nulty's, which declared Parnellism to be heresy, has led to the unseating of the anti-Parnellite members, Messrs. Davitt and Fullam, on the ground of clerical intimidation. The trials revealed some striking examples of the use made by the Irish priest both of hell flames and the blackthorn. But, as the Parnellites are not extinguished, they still retain their power to drive their opponents by the simple process of always capping the patriotism and the promises of the Anti-Parnellites, who in their turn must drive Mr. Morley. The evicted tenants of the Plan of Campaign supply each with a stick to beat the next in the chain. These dupes of Mr. W. O'Brien's impudent fraud are personally in distressed circumstances. The Paris fund is still locked up, though there have been many reports of compromises by which it is to be released, which have all failed because, so it is said, the Parnellites insist on getting rid of Mr. Healy, whom the Anti-Parnellites would resign themselves to losing, but whom love of his country and the influence of the clergy combine to keep at his post. In these circumstances the task of providing for the evicted tenants has fallen on Mr. Morley. The Chief Secretary has endeavoured to provide for it by appointing a Commission, under the presidency of Sir J. Mathew, to report on the best way of restoring them to their holdings. It has not yet reported, but it has done something else. It has given Sir J. Mathew an opportunity of showing that, if he is a judge on this side of the water, he is an Irishman on the other. At the first public meeting of the Commission he fell foul of the landlords, and of Lord Clanricarde in particular, in a style which has induced the whole body to have no further dealings with the Commission. He quarrelled with their representatives on the question whether it was decent to allow all kinds of stories to be told against the landlords, and to permit of their publication without allowing cross-examination. He quarrelled with one of his colleagues on the same point. Another left at once to take a permanent post. Sir J. Mathew remains with the remnant to hear all that anybody has to say against the landowners—an occupation which is varied by disputes on side issues with the Land Commissioners.

At home and in non-political matters the year has not been one of great interest. The cholera, which has been fatal on the Continent so near us as Hamburg and Paris, did not touch England. Though trade has been, and is, distressed, there has been no great crash. But the coal strike has supplied an extraordinary instance of the follies into which whole bodies of workmen can be led by agitators, and their own obstinacy. In March a general strike took place among the coal-workers, not for an increase of wages, but in order to force up prices by an artificial famine, with the ultimate object of avoiding a reduction. The movement, though not, as had been threatened, universal, was so far extended as to create some real distress in industry, and among purchasers in the towns—more especially among the poor. There was even for a time a panic, by which the middlemen profited immensely for a few days. But the strike came to an end with the week—having produced no effect beyond the already mentioned distress to the poor, some inconvenience to the trade, and the loss of wages to the men themselves. It left one very serious consequence in the strike of the Durham miners, which was prolonged till the end of May, having lasted in all for ninety days, and affected no less than 200,000 men directly, to say nothing of those who were indirectly injured by it. The obstinacy of the Durham miners was accompanied by a great deal of violence. They would not even allow the pumps used to keep the mines clear of water to be worked. In this case the object of the men was to resist a reduction of 15 per cent. in their wages, but they were finally compelled to accept a compromise arranged by the Bishop of Durham, by which the reduction was fixed at 10 per cent. This same belief that wages can be kept from falling by creating an artificial famine has been given as the excuse for the very considerable strike in the Lancashire weaving trade. Bristol has revived its old reputation as the most turbulent town in England by a furious riot, growing out of a strike, just before Christmas. Happily, on this occasion the troops were used in time, and the town escaped being gutted, as it was in the historical riots of sixty years ago.

In foreign and colonial affairs the most conspicuous as well as the most intrinsically interesting events of the year have been connected with Uganda. In May stories began to arrive of wars in that region in which Captains Lugard and Williams, agents of the East Africa Company, had taken an active part. The reports came from members of the Roman Catholic Missions, who accused the English officers roundly of fomenting a religious conflict, and of treating them personally with great harshness. Subsequent reports from Captain Lugard, confirmed by himself on his arrival in England in the summer, threw a very different light on the story. The version of the English officers was that the Protestant Waganda had not attacked, but had been attacked by, the Roman Catholics; that they themselves had been compelled to intervene to protect our clients, and that if the King Mwanga had gone into exile, it was because he was carried, not because he was driven. His subsequent return and declaration of adhesion to Protestantism would seem to show that the English is the true version. But the historical accuracy of the competing accounts of the wars of religion in Uganda was a matter of academic interest as compared to the question what was to be done with our "influence" in the country. It was known that the East Africa Company could not maintain its posts in Uganda without further Government support, and that Lord Salisbury had accepted its decision to retire. The change of Ministry occurred before an alternative could be decided upon. The hostility of many members of the new majority to a forward policy was notorious, and although confidence was felt in the patriotism of Lord Rosebery, there was some anxiety as to how far he could secure a free hand. The decision of the Ministry was commonly understood to imply an invitation for an expression of public opinion in favour of retaining a hold on the country. Lord Rosebery accepted the "principle" of retirement by the Company, but prolonged the Government allowance for three months—from the end of the year till the end of March. The public support understood to be asked for was freely given. A Commissioner, Sir Gerald Portal, has been sent up on the part of the Government, and the nomination of an officer whose forward views are well known is considered to be a guarantee that there will be no surrender of a country which cannot now be left without national discredit and danger to our position in the Nile Valley.

Minor foreign affairs have been—the final settlement of the Behring Sea Arbitration, after somewhat unmannerly difficulties had been raised by Mr. Harrison, the outgoing President of the United States, as to the terms in which the Canadian fishermen were to be compensated for their losses

in case the decision is in favour of England; and the defeat of a very idly ingenious attempt of the Sultan to introduce novel limitations into the firman of investiture of Abbas Pasha, who has succeeded his father Tewfik as Khedive of Egypt. An English Mission to Morocco has gone to Fez to arrange a treaty of commerce, and has returned without success, after negotiations disturbed by riots. As a set-off to our failure, a French Mission has gone the same road to no better purpose—so that hitherto Mulay Hassan has managed the game of playing one big neighbour off against the other with some success. The Russians have made some suspicious movements on the Pamir, and have advanced claims in their approved old manner; but their leader, Colonel Yanoff, has been disavowed and recalled, while the claims have not been pushed to the point at which England would have to choose between surrender and the presentation of an ultimatum. In Afghanistan, the Ameer Abdurrahman—the Mulay Hassan of the East—has been in hot water with tribes, which are his subjects, or are not, or are one or the other according to circumstances. The Indian Government has been so far interested in his position as to send him an invitation to receive an English special mission headed by Lord Roberts, which invitation he has contrived to accept in principle and elude in execution in a very Mulay-Hassan-like fashion.

The more notable events of the year which do not come under any particular head have been mostly transacted in the law courts. The Pearl case ended in the only remaining creditable manner, by the surrender of the lady accused of the theft, and her plea of guilty. All three of the United Kingdoms may be said to be discredited by the horrible Montagu case. A Scotchwoman, a convert to Roman Catholicism, married to a gentleman of English descent—and that of the best—resident in Ireland, was found guilty of causing the death of one of her own children, a little girl of less than three, was recommended to mercy by an Irish jury on the ground that she had severe theories of discipline, and was sentenced by an Irish judge to the absurd punishment of one year's imprisonment. Two scoundrels who had contrived to commit a long string of murders of women were finally brought to justice—Deeming at Melbourne and Neill in London. The loss of the s.s. *Bokhara* in the Eastern Seas and the s.s. *Roumania* on the coast of Portugal were two of the most terrible wrecks ever known. At this moment H.M.S. *Howe* is on an unmarked rock in the difficult channel which leads to the landlocked Spanish harbour of Ferrol.

The course of affairs in foreign countries has been full of changes of Ministries, of negotiations, and conflicts—none of them leading as yet to any definite result. Russia has been struggling with famine, cholera, the results of both, and with financial embarrassments, none of which things has put any stop to the persecution of the Jews. The Balkan Peninsula has been, as usual, full of rumours and of plots against M. Stambuloff. As usual, too, the first have ended in smoke, and the second in the suspension of conspirators, leaving M. Stambuloff stronger than ever and Bulgaria nearer than before to independence. In Austria, Italy, and the small Powers the old elements have produced the old conflicts, or the old peace, but no decisive event. It is interesting to Englishmen to see that the "union of hearts" which binds Norway to Sweden threatens more clearly every day to end in divorce, or in the complete reduction to conjugal submission of the weaker vessel by the strength of the stronger. In Germany, the elements of what may become a very serious political conflict indeed have been at work all through the year. Pitiably enough, the great genius of Prince Bismarck has not saved him from the error of imitating the fallen favourites of all time, and from endeavouring to fret the master who will not let him rule. But the restless activity and the unstable will of the young Emperor have been no less manifest. Early in the year he had committed himself to the open support of an Education Bill which was to give great powers to religious teachers. In a published speech he took for his model, and recommended to his subjects for imitation, the confident courage of Sir Francis Drake, who swore on the peak in Darien to sail an English ship in the South Seas. But Sir Francis swore on his knees, and subject to Divine pleasure; and he did it. The Emperor swore after dinner, only referred to the Divine powers as equal allies with the House of Hohenzollern in an offensive and defensive league; and, when his Education Bill was proved to be unpopular, he let it drop. At the end of the year Germany is preparing to debate an Army Bill in which the Emperor is necessarily interested, and which is apparently no less unpopular than the other measure. The events of French history for the year have been as those of a battle or a ball—innumerable, confusing, disputable, and hardly to be told coherently in any space. It has had three changes of Ministry in one twelvemonth; dynamite explosions; a semi-Socialistic and wholly wrong-headed strike in Carmaux, which provided the Chamber with matter for incoherent debate; a Paris jury has found extenuating circumstances in favour of the chief dynamiter, a few days after the Chamber, in a wild panic, had made exploding dynamite a capital offence; there has been a really spirited and well-conducted small war in Dahomey, under an officer of the English name of Dodds, and of part English, part French, part negro descent; the Pope has authoritatively declared that it is the duty of Frenchmen to support the Republic, and some Conservatives have thereupon withdrawn from supporting the monarchical parties. But all has been smothered and thrown into oblivion by the outbreak of hatred, malignity, indignation, fear, and nervous excitement called generally "the Panama Scandal." A sweeping denunciation of his colleagues in the Chamber by M. Delahaye, combining with the announcement that the Government had at last decided to prosecute the Directors of the Panama Company, and the sudden death, for a time set down as suicide, of a financial speculator named Baron Jacques de Reinach, suspected of participation in the bribery of Deputies, let loose a storm which is quieter for the moment now that the Chamber is in recess, but is assuredly not ended. The successive stages of this crisis—for it is that beyond dispute—have been, taking only the main points, these:—First, it was announced that the Panama Directors were to be civilly prosecuted; then M. Delahaye declared in the Chamber that a hundred Deputies had received bribes from the Company; then the Chamber appointed a Committee of Investigation; then M. Pourquery de Boisserin moved that judicial powers be given to the Committee, without success; then the Committee demanded that an autopsy should be held on the remains of M. Jacques de Reinach, and when the Ministry refused upset it; then a week was spent in endeavours to form a new Cabinet, without result, and the old was reconstructed under M. Ribot as Premier; then M. Ribot ordered the autopsy, but refused to grant the judicial powers to the Committee. As, however, he was supported by a very narrow majority, the Ministry, to vindicate itself, took the strong course of instituting criminal proceedings against the Panama Directors and the members of the Senate or Chamber of Deputies, one of them being M. Rouvier, who was its colleague till his name was implicated. On the very day before the recess began the name of M. de Freycinet was all but dragged in. The net result has been as yet to prove that the politicians of the Third Republic have used their position to push their fortunes on the Stock Exchange, and have not shrunk from putting themselves under obligations to financial speculators. The want of a formidable competitor makes it almost certain that the Government of France will continue to be called a Republic; but it is by no means impossible that there may be profound modifications in the form of the present constitution, which is assuredly deeply discredited. In the United States the way has been prepared for a great change in policy. The Republican Convention at Minneapolis having put aside Mr. Blaine, and the Democratic Convention at Chicago having chosen Mr. Cleveland, the Presidential conflict was fought out between him and Mr. Harrison. It resulted in a most unexpectedly complete victory for the Democratic party. They have now a President of their own, and a majority in both Houses of the Legislature, and it is considered certain that the late extreme Protective policy of the Republicans will be modified. Since the Brussels Conference called at the invitation of President Harrison has ended by demonstrating the unwillingness of the European Powers to change their established currency systems, it has become no less certain that the United States will cease their disturbing efforts to keep up the market value of silver.

The first name to be mentioned in an English obituary of this year is that of the Duke of Clarence, the ultimate heir to the throne of this country, whose sudden death on the eve of the date fixed for his marriage had a pathetic as well as a national interest. Next to him we may mention Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, not a strong, but an

honest, man. England and France lost the acknowledged chiefs of their literatures, Lord Tennyson and M. Ernest Renan, within a few days of each other. Mr. Woolner, a sculptor of power and a writer of verse, died in the same week. Mr. Walt Whitman, of whom it is debated, not wisely in the opinion of many, whether he was a poet at all, and Mr. Whittier, of whom it is not denied that he was a poet, if a small one, have been lost to America. Mr. E. A. Freeman was an historian of vast learning, individual ideas, and strong prepossessions, not unmixed with prejudices; but his influence as an inspiring force on the historical studies of his time, his command of a vigorous and sonorous, if somewhat limited, English, and his power of packing much in a small space without crowding, were beyond dispute. Cardinal Manning began as an Anglican divine, and ended as a typical Roman ecclesiastic of a certain modern stamp. Lord Sherbrooke, more famous as Mr. Robert Lowe, was a politician whose cleverness was not the less conspicuous because he never fitted exactly into any recognized ranks. Sir Richard Owen was in the first rank of scientific men. Less famous names than these were those of Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, an admirable scholar; Mr. Spurgeon, the Baptist preacher, whose eloquence compelled hostile critics to acknowledge that he was a force; Mr. Fyffe, a writer on modern history; Mr. Cooper, the Chartist poet; Colonel Grant, the traveller; and Mr. Macgregor, once extensively popular as "Rob Roy." Sir George Campbell was an Indian official of note who had a Parliamentary career not uncommon, in a less degree than his, with men of his training; and Sir Lewis Pelly had won high distinction in India. Abroad we have to note the deaths of Cardinal Lavigerie, the African missionary, and the agent, if not the inspirer, of the Pope's pronouncement in favour of the Republic; of General de Laveaucoupet, who fought with honour in the war of 1870–1; of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, a sailor and writer on sea affairs who attained to the honours of the French Academy; of M. Xavier Marmier and M. John Lemoinne, also of that honourable body; of General Deodoro da Fonseca, who founded the Brazilian Republic; of General Klapka, one of the Hungarian leaders in 1848; and of General John Pope, a really clever, but ruinously conceited, man, who went into Virginia to shear General R. E. Lee, and came back woefully shorn. The gaps made in the ranks of the stage by the loss of such artists as Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Miss Lydia Foote, and others have been already noted in our weekly "Chronicle."

CHILDREN OF THE ROAD.

WHO was it rendered *Mens sana in corpore sano* as "A ranging mind in a roving body"? He ought to have been a sturdy tramp, and might have edited the other less aged saw which says every Child of the Road should have four main pockets on him; one to keep his health in, another for his money, the third for a good pal, and the last—a roomy one—for patience. As for the third pocket, men are various; but the world is wide, and that light of religion Nûr ed Dîn, from whom is borrowed that term of Child of the Road, dropped into poetry over the question in *The Thousand and One*, speeding his parting son with—

Thou wilt find a friend in the place of him thou leavest;
And fatigue thyself, for by labour are the sweets of life obtained.

Sir Thomas More was even more cynical in the turning out of this pocket—"worse and more of it," as the saying used to be. "How every fool can play upon the word," says Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he is stating harder things of his creator's own puns than ever any other commentator has since rung the changes on without acknowledgment. However, "it is much that the Moor should be more than reason"; and to bear it out, he, Sir Thomas, knocked two of the wanderer's pockets into one; "for, although he wisheth one to carry always his Friends bout him abroad, thereby hee meanes peeces of gold."

A handy man might add another small poke—they have done so in the German knapsacks these many years—for his Berlepsch or his Baedeker, and some of these booklets will again give him another piece of sage advice:—

Qui pense à voyager
Doit savoir écouter,
D'un pas égal marcher,
Ne point trop se charger,
Dès l'aube se lever,
Et soucis oublier. (1650.)

The last is the hardest of all. You shall see the fussy gadabout fret his gizzard into a series of indigestions over each last hotel-bill. He never settles down fair and easy to his going far; never finds spare stretches to loiter round the shops with Florus, or loaf in the taverns:—

Ambulare per tabernas,
Latitare per popinas.

He is ever, like a fugitive, in some dread or other about the time and its tables, or the troubles that never come; and can't see the sights for his guide-books, like the perfunct who bring their plays to the theatre, or the 'prentice wright who "carried the coach-wheele upon his back, when he might have trilled it before him all along."

The wonder is how such pilgrims ever do come to rambling; but most of them soon get too much of it, and fall away into the vast reserve of stay-at-homes. They are the sort of men who should be examined before giving them passports, as "the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh" used to do to those who "came heretofore to the Lords of the Council for a license to travel"; so reported Edward Leigh in the times when a man took his old cloakbag about him, and put himself into a caroach. These are the wights that maintain and justify the patron saints of wayfarers; a Saint Fiacre (who set up in business with other duties), or a Japanese Buddhist Jizô, who became the providence of rovers because he is the helper of those who are in trouble. Therefore do they put him on way-posts, and for some similar reason, doubtless, they carve gods on the Corean milestones.

Some wretches, again, travel from a wandering mania; but these are congenitally unfitted for the enjoyment of the road. Others are driven about by Care; but in this wise they spoil a good thing, and get not rid of a bad. There was such a man, who spent a day—one day—in Rome, as though it were some Rosherville of the penny boats; and another was known who went to Japan, but, restless in every fibre, had to keep moving, and left the land of the cherry-blossom by the same steamer. As old Florio rendered the tag:

Care, looking grim and blacke, doth sit
Behind his backe that rides from it.

Item: Here cannot be comprehended all vagrom men, but your ocean bagman of the first chop, who globetrots, and between whiles does Norway (and that) without a knapsack, is fuller of wrinkles nowadays than even your Queen's Messenger used to be—in novels. A mem. worth keeping in that third pocket.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE year is ending in gloom at home and abroad. In this country particularly, the liquidation of bad business accumulated during the reckless speculation in the years immediately preceding the Baring crisis has been nearly completed—at all events, has gone so far as to justify the belief that we should now be on the eve of recovery were it not for foreign influences. For over two years new enterprise has been almost discontinued, savings have been going on at the usual rate, and the embarrassed houses have been able to realize a considerable portion of the assets that at one time were unsaleable. Unfortunately the revival which seemed about to begin in the summer was checked by the extremely bad harvest, which has plunged the country into agricultural depression, and since then the silver crisis has become more and more grave. In the Far East trade has been very much checked. The fluctuations in silver have been so frequent and so violent that few people cared to incur further risks. At the same time the exchange banks were involved in losses which lowered their credit, and compelled them to restrict their engagements. One of those banks has gone into liquidation, another has been compelled to reorganize, and all of them have been forced to observe so much caution that merchants have not been able to get the accommodation to which they were accustomed, and so mercantile business has declined. In India more particularly there is a further fear that the Government may stop the coinage of silver—at all events for private persons. If it were to do so, the consequences might be serious, and naturally, therefore, every one is waiting upon events. It seems almost certain that the price of silver would in that case fall heavily, and that the silver hoards, which in India

are believed to be of enormous magnitude, would therefore be depreciated. Besides, prices would be likely to fall, and that might further disarrange trade. Over and above all this, there is the danger that, if the mints were closed, the competition of China in the tea-trade would increase and that the Indian cotton manufacturers would lose the advantages they now possess. In the United States, owing to the unwise purchases of silver for the past two and a half years, the currency has become redundant. Gold is being exported at a season when, under other circumstances, it would have been received, and there is grave apprehension that gold will go to a premium, will then be hoarded, and will ultimately disappear from circulation. What will happen then nobody can say. It may be, of course, that the American public will not be alarmed. They may have sufficient confidence in the ability of their own Government to fulfil all its obligations not to be discomposed. On the other hand, it is certain that in the Eastern and Middle States the silver policy pursued so long is looked upon with the gravest apprehension. Bankers and merchants may, therefore, take alarm, and there may be a crisis. The danger is sufficiently great to warn all who are concerned to put their houses in order; and so there is a falling off in business and a widespread feeling of uneasiness. Upon the Continent the influence of the silver crisis is aggravated by the Panama scandals in France, the renewed famine in Russia, the proposed increase of the army in Germany, the deepening of the crisis in Italy, and the apparent imminence of bankruptcy in Spain. Of all those minor influences, however, the most depressing for the moment is undoubtedly the state of France. Grave, however, as the situation unquestionably is, there are still reassuring considerations. The first of these is the long time that has been given to all who are concerned to prepare for contingencies. For nearly half a year now all well-informed observers have seen that the silver crisis was rapidly approaching. They had full warning therefore, and nearly all great houses everywhere have been making the necessary preparations. The public, moreover, has not been speculating, except in France. There confidence continued long after it had given way elsewhere, and that is one reason why the state of things in Paris creates so much apprehension. In all other countries—even in the United States—speculation has long been checked, and consequently it is to be hoped that fresh bad business has not been accumulated. Even if the crisis proves as serious as many people apprehend, it is not likely that the after consequences will be as disastrous as at first sight might be expected. There will, of course, be a shock to credit, and there necessarily must be some failures. But if the preparations against contingencies have been as general and as complete as there is reason to believe, the shock will not be anything like what it was when the difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers came to be known. There will not be the same lock-up of capital, the same accumulation of unsaleable assets, the same long liquidation of bad business; it is quite possible, indeed, that the recovery may be much more rapid than would now seem possible. The crisis has been so long foreseen, if the preparations are adequate when it comes, it may be felt as a relief, and investors generally may feel justified in acting more freely than they have been doing for the past two years.

Money continues exceptionally cheap and plentiful for the last week of the year. Usually there is much borrowing from the Bank of England, and high rates are charged outside; but this year very little has been borrowed from the Bank, and the quotations outside are unusually low. At the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, operators obtained all the accommodation they required at about 3 per cent., while the discount rate in the open market is little better than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. All this is evidence of the utter stagnation of enterprise, and the general gloom that prevails.

The price of silver has been maintained at slightly over 38*d.* per ounce. The closing quotation on Thursday was $38\frac{1}{4}$*d.* Nobody is willing to buy, except on a great concession, for future delivery, and there is not very much demand even for immediate delivery. The reassuring telegrams from New York have somewhat abated the apprehensions that existed. It is now hoped that the crisis is not so imminent as it appeared last week; but that a crisis is inevitable before long nobody doubts.

Upon the Stock Exchange business is as stagnant as ever; but on Wednesday an attempt was made to put up prices. The method adopted was very skilful, there having been large buying on Continental account of Consols, which rose to a trifle over 98. In Paris, too, the great operators busily spread the report that during the adjournment of the Chambers members would come to a better state of mind, and further efforts to rake up scandal would easily be defeated. In the course of the day, however, confidence somewhat gave way on sinister rumours. In New York, too, there was some recovery of courage, owing to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury that much of the gold recently withdrawn from the Treasury has been replaced by deposits, and that there is no danger of any inability on the part of the Treasury to fulfil all its engagements. But the courage was not long sustained; for it shortly afterwards was reported that next month the shipments of gold would be on an extraordinary scale, and that probably the metal would go to a premium. The belief is spreading that it will be impossible to carry the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act through the present Congress, and it is known that there is a silver majority in the new House of Representatives. It is, therefore, very uncertain what course Congress will adopt; but, if the Act is not repealed, and the purchases of silver are continued on the present scale, it is inevitable that gold must go to a premium. Under these circumstances all operators in London feel it incumbent upon them to be very cautious how they act. Nobody can know what may happen from day to day, and it is expedient, therefore, to husband all resources. The silver crisis and the Panama scandals undoubtedly cause the chief preoccupations, but not the only ones. The news from Russia becomes graver and graver every day. In spite of all official denials, it is now notorious that many of the provinces are being ravaged by famine as severe as last year's. Owing to the famine, to the low prices of produce, and to the expulsion of the Jews, it is feared that there will be a commercial crisis; and then, people are asking anxiously, will the Government rush into war to divert the attention of the people? There is much danger, too, of bankruptcy in Spain. In the present state of Paris it is useless to attempt to borrow there; it would be still more useless to try to do so in London; and yet it is not easy to see how the Government can pay its way unless it can obtain pecuniary assistance abroad. Unfortunately, the Bank of Spain is in as dangerous a state as the Government, and at any moment specie payments may have to be suspended. The acceptance of the resignation of Dr. Plaza, the Argentine Financial Agent here, has made a bad impression, as it is supposed to foreshadow an interference with the Rothschild arrangement and a severe cutting down of interest.

The agitation for the amalgamation of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company with the South-Eastern, which has been going on for some months, has at length called forth a reply from the Directors of the South-Eastern. In the middle of last week a circular was issued by the Committee which is conducting the agitation, laying down the basis on which the negotiations ought to be conducted, and pointing out the reasons in favour of amalgamation. Amongst these, perhaps, the most strongly-urged was the conflicting interests of Sir Edward Watkin, who is Chairman of other Companies as well as of the South-Eastern. The South-Eastern Board, in its reply, states that the basis laid down is impossible, for when negotiations were opened between the two Companies in 1890, one of the demands of the Chatham and Dover Company was that annual payments should be made to it, ranking before the claims of the South-Eastern shareholders, to the amount of nearly 300,000*l.* The Directors go on to say that, as matters stand at present, amalgamation is impossible, but that they wish so strongly for a friendly agreement with the Chatham Company that they have proposed a working arrangement which, if adopted, would secure all the advantages to be obtained by complete fusion.

During the week British, Indian, and Colonial Government stocks have all advanced. Consols closed on Thursday at $98\frac{1}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the same day business was done at $98\frac{5}{16}$, which represents the highest quotation of the year; Indian Sterling Threes closed at 98, also a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Halfs closed at

99½, likewise a rise of ¾; and New South Wales Four per Cents closed at 110, a rise of ½. There has also been a general advance in Home Railway Ordinary stocks, especially the heavy lines. Great Western closed on Thursday at 163⅞, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 105½, a rise of 1; Midland closed at 157¾, a rise of ¾; and London and North-Western closed at 172¾, a rise of ½. In dividend-paying American shares the movements have been diverse. The better class have given way. Thus New York Central closed on Thursday at 112¼, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ¼, and Lake Shore closed at 133½, a fall of ¾. But the less assured have advanced. Milwaukee, for instance, closed at 78¾, a rise of ¾, and Louisville and Nashville closed at 72¾, a rise of 1. Argentine railway stocks are generally lower. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed on Thursday at 20–2, a fall of 1; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 122–3, likewise a fall of 1; and Central Argentine closed at 68½, a fall of 1½. Argentine Government Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 67¾, a fall of 1½, and the Funding Loan closed at 66¾, a fall of 1¾. In International securities there has not been as much movement as might have been expected from the excitement in Paris; but French Threes closed on Thursday 96½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Spanish closed at 63 3/16, a fall of ¾; Greeks of 1881 closed at 64½, a fall of as much as 3½, and the '84 bonds closed at 61½, a fall of 4.

PANTOMIMES.

ACCORDING to a now well-established custom, the Crystal Palace pantomime was performed for the first time on Saturday afternoon. The title is *The Babes in the Wood and Bold Robin Hood*—a mixture, as may be imagined, of two well-known stories, with more or less pertinent glimpses of some others. On the whole, this must be pronounced a children's pantomime, since Mr. Horace Lennard's book has been mainly written with a view of pleasing the young people. Yet the humour certainly "leaves to seek." Mr. Sam Wilkinson has achieved renown on the variety stage, but can hardly be said to have imported his usual vivacity into this production. Miss Kitty Loftus makes an extremely diverting Jack Daw, and dances, sings, and acts with great energy, much to the general benefit of the performance. Of the two robbers, whose names—we blush to record it—are Tarara and Boomdeay, the former is represented with great ability by Mr. Arthur Watts, who is imbued with something of the spirit of true burlesque. The mention of burlesque reminds us that Maid Marian, an insignificant part, finds no less accomplished a representative than Miss Laura Linden, an actress who has done excellent work in that branch of her art. We do not grudge Miss Linden's services to the children, but wish that she had to do work more worthy of her capabilities and their appreciation. An excellent alphabet scene did something to add to the gaiety of the afternoon; but the best thing was the procession of the animals from the Noah's Ark, the scene being quaintly and consistently painted in the true archaic spirit which prompted the contrivance of our early toys.

Drury Lane pantomime is a pantomime in name only. It is called *Little Bo-Peep, Little Red Riding Hood, and Hop o' my Thumb*, and it is written by Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Wilton Jones. Sir Augustus Harris seems to have gone to work at the pantomime in the same spirit in which he creates opera seasons. With the exception of Mr. John D'Auban, an eminent professor of stage and music-hall dancing, the company are mostly music-hall performers of some note, and, in addition, we have the Brothers Griffiths. We have not the slightest objection to the Brothers Griffiths, whose work is genuinely funny and not less genuinely pantomime work. The book of Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Wilton Jones is, to say the least, dull, and even common. A redeeming feature is the grand procession of Fairy Tales, including living representations, all pretty faithfully rendered, of many of the legends dear to the hearts of childhood, and the earlier procession of all the sports, from golf and horse-racing to yachting and cricket (marbles and tipcat alone being excepted).

We are told that comparisons are odious; but it is nevertheless sometimes our duty to make them, and in this case a pleasing one. The New Olympic Theatre is by no means as large as Drury Lane, and the management lacks many of the advantages possessed by Sir Augustus Harris. In spite of this, however, we have no hesitation in declaring *Dick Whittington* as performed in Wych Street to be superior to the Drury Lane production. To begin with, Mr. Horace Lennard, although he has written some villanous rhyming couplets, has respected the integrity of the story, and has, moreover, told it in a pleasant straightforward fashion, qualities of infinite value in such a connexion, since the youngsters are not obliged to pause every few minutes to ask themselves if the piece is *Dick Whittington*, or *Babes in the Wood*, or *Jack and the Beanstalk*, or if they are being slily dosed with a little Æsop. Singular to relate, there are no less than three singing voices in the cast to which one can listen with pleasure, their possessors being Miss Kate Chard, Mr. Deane Brand, and Miss Amy Farrell, all of them capable vocalists and welcome additions to any pantomime company. Except in so far as some of these have appeared at music-halls, the variety element is, happily, entirely unrepresented at the New Olympic, the management of which is, to that extent at least, entitled to our hearty thanks. Miss Edith Bruce, the Whittington, is already favourably known in connexion with many Christmas successes at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Charles Lauri has in his time played many cats, but none better than the present. Miss Alice Brookes was a charming Alice; Mr. Julian Cross's costume as Captain Barnacle was full of humorous suggestion, from the draught-markings on his sea-boots to the Plimsoll load-line across his chest; and Mr. Fred Emney, Miss Kate Sullivan, and Mr. Victor Stevens were all suitably funny as Alderman Fitzwarren, his wife, and the cook. Among the various dancers of the ever-welcome hornpipe we must not forget to mention the very pretty little step by Miss Rosa Kelly, a tiny mite of about two feet high. There are also other members of the company whose good work we should like to mention if we had the space. From beginning to end, the stage was full, in varying degrees of course, of life, colour, and movement. There was ample drollery, and scarcely a dull moment. The great scene, the Palace of the Emperor of Morocco, was worthy of any stage in London, not excluding the Empire or the Alhambra. The scheme of colour, blue in many shades, from the palest to the deepest, contrasted with strong yellows, was most tasteful and effective, and while bearing evidence of ample care, was not weakened by any niggling affectation of minute detail. A sufficiently handsome transformation scene preceded an excellent harlequinade. Mr. Oscar Barrett must be congratulated on the success of this genuine pantomime, the stage management of which was flawless. The scenery was more than usually good, the Palace scene, with its suggestion of heat mist, forming a particularly suitable background to the great pageant, and the music throughout was judiciously selected.

ENGLISH CHESS.

ONE of the most notable events in the chess world during the winter season will be the great North and South match, to be played at Birmingham on the last Saturday in January. There are to be a hundred players on either side; and the idea has been taken up so warmly that, in spite of time-tables and the chapter of accidents, few games are likely to be forfeited by absence. It will be the first time that so many as two hundred English chess-players have been brought together to try conclusions under the same roof; and, indeed, chess is almost the only game at which such an encounter, short, sharp, and decisive, could be arranged beforehand for a given time and place. The actual play will not occupy more than four hours and a half, whilst some of the competitors would prefer a limit of four hours. The shorter the time allowed for play, the heavier will be the labour of the adjudicators, who will in any case have plenty of work cut out for them. Mr. Blackburne has been agreed upon as umpire, and there is no doubt that his decisions, which must naturally be somewhat summary in their character, will be received, on the whole, with as little cavil as those of any one else who could have been selected. The adjudication of unfinished games is sure to be one of the most important features of this match. It has been sug-

gested that the players of such games ought to be required to put their respective claims before the umpire, leaving him to decide whether White or Black can see his way to victory, without taking account of any superior combination on either side which might occur to his own mind, but which the players themselves would probably not have seen. Clearly, however, that plan would not always work. Neither White nor Black might be able to show that he had a won game, and it is precisely for such cases that a strong umpire is indispensable. As a general rule, when two cautious match-players have been fencing with each other for the last half-hour or so, the umpire understands that neither can see much beyond a draw, and that to give one of them the benefit of a dubious chance, of which he has already declined to avail himself, would be an act of something more or less than justice. The games which are really difficult to adjudicate are those in which one side, with a manifest inferiority of strength, has been struggling intelligently for a draw, and those in which both sides, approximately equal in forces and position, are conducting a healthy combination of attack and defence. Games of this kind could not be fairly decided without submitting them to the sole judgment of a player of Mr. Blackburne's repute; and, with an even number of such games before him, even Mr. Blackburne will be only too happy if he can pair off his decisions, one against another.

The effect of playing a hundred men on each side will inevitably be to neutralize, or at any rate to dilute, such casual advantages as either the North or the South might be supposed to possess at the outset. Thus, the Southern team, captained by the Rev. W. Wayte, will include the pick of a very large number of metropolitan players whose excellence has been frequently demonstrated. It has been urged that the twenty-five Southern counties, comprising the London and home county clubs and the two Universities, are favourably handicapped, in comparison with the fifteen Northern counties. The best players of the North naturally do not think so, and the strong Lancashire and Yorkshire clubs, in particular, have good ground for believing that their team will be able to hold its own at Birmingham. In fact, the original challenge came from the North, though most of the preliminary arrangements seem to have been left in the hands of the new Southern Counties Chess Union, which, under the chairmanship of Canon Deane, promises to combine the existing clubs in a strong and active organization.

The tournament and match play of the autumn and early winter months has been of a specially interesting character, and bears witness to a steady improvement of calibre on the part of the average English amateur. It is unnecessary to dwell on the details of this play, but an exception ought to be made in favour of the continued brilliance of the Cambridge University Club, which is just now one of the strongest in the kingdom. Messrs. Gunston, Atkins, Schott, and Keynes might be matched against the four best amateurs of any other club—not, perhaps, with confidence in their victory, but with absolute certainty that they would acquit themselves well. In a recent match between the Cambridge and the British Chess Clubs, which was won by the former, the players above-mentioned made even scores with Messrs. Mortimer, Trenchard, Donisthorpe, and Hirsch. It would be excellent sport to see these fine exponents of the game matched once more in friendly rivalry. But, as the North and South teams will include nearly all the best amateurs in England, each list being drawn up in order of estimated merit, we shall have a good opportunity of comparing our strongest players.

MR. CHARLES MORRITT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. CHARLES MORRITT'S entertainment, which takes place at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, every afternoon, is a very varied one, and, by avoiding monotony, he makes it a very attractive one. Mr. Morritt is well known for his sleight of hand, which he has often displayed at the Egyptian Hall, and which is the first proof which he gives in his own entertainment of his powers of conjuring. The Shadowgraphs are also too well known to want further remark here. His cage mystery "Flyto" is ingenious, but his "latest unfathomable mystery, the Missing Lady," is the most seemingly wonderful piece of deception of all. The lady is placed in a chair, is bound round with ropes, hauled up several feet from the ground by a sort of crane in full view of the audience with no curtain near her. Mr. Morritt fires a pistol and she is gone in one second, the empty chair remaining! Next to Mr. Morritt's own performance in merit comes Lieutenant Frank Travis's ventriloquism, the climax to this clever performance being his smoking a cigarette whilst he makes an old man sing a song. Miss Nellie Ganthony gained much applause last Monday by her charming and graceful imitations. The Veveys in their musical entertainment were delightful; so was their clever dog, who accompanies their music with a song. Paganini Redivivus charmed his hearers with his violin-playing and the tricky but very clever "One-Hand Effect." Altogether, this is an entertainment to be seen. We would suggest that shorter "waits" would be a great improvement.

THE NOBLE CONVERT.

"Conciliation has not wholly subdued them. . . . The right of holding a private magisterial inquiry, and of summoning witnesses to appear, although there is no accused at hand to be prosecuted, does not at the present moment exist in Ireland. If it were revived in Dublin, little objection could be offered."—*Daily News.*

GOOD Gladstonian, sweetly reasonable!
And you find these wicked acts
So enlightening—when unseasonable?
What an open mind for facts!

"It has not subdued them wholly"—
Manly candour! Has it not?
Does it spread a little slowly
The Conciliation-rot?

Do you need more time to fit it
To suppress the Crime-disease?
Well, 'tis noble to admit it
On such trifling signs as these.

So it proves the scourge has lasted,
Lingering, if no longer rife;
Just this one poor fellow blasted,
In an instant, out of life?

Just this hint of recrudescence,
Just this transient relapse,
And you own that convalescence
Is not quite complete—perhaps.

Nay, magnanimous admission
Does not even stop at this—
"Powers of private inquisition
Would," you say, "be not amiss.

"'Gainst the Crimes Act, when protesting,
Ne'er did we that section blame,
Though we—for we *will* be jesting—
Gave it an opprobrious name.

"We confess it worked not badly,
That addition to our laws,
And we now would welcome gladly
That hung-up 'Star-Chamber Clause.'

"Only tell us which to swallow
Of the pledges we rehearsed,
Only tell us which to follow
Of the paths we scorned and cursed.

"Something—anything—we care not
What abasement you impose;
This alone we know, we dare not
Keep the road we rashly chose.

"Anything—Coercion's leaven
With Conciliation mix!
Anything, in earth or heaven,
That will help us in our fix!"

Good Gladstonian! Cease appealing,
Pity's gates on you are shut;
Pure contempt's the only feeling
For the figure that you cut.

How you look! your projects routed,
Cringing thus in panic blind
To the Authority you flouted,
To the Law you undermined.

Tell us, *you*, should we your last or
First presented face survey;
Brand you for your factious past, or
Scorn you in your mood to-day?

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.*

IN the preparation of these two large volumes Mr. Barnett Smith has shown an amount of industry that, if not perhaps entirely well directed, is worthy of commendation. He has written a great deal, and has, as a rule, taken such pains to avoid mistakes as are consistent with the nature of his work, which appears to be a compilation from various second-hand, though undeniably good, authorities, rather than the result of original research. He has extracted or recast the information bearing on his subject that lay ready to his hand in the works of Bishop Stubbs, Hallam, Freeman, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Lecky, the late Lord Farnborough, and other modern authors, and has combined his materials so as to produce a consecutive history of the English Parliament, together with short accounts of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland. If he has to any extent worth consideration derived matter from original authorities, we have failed to discover it in the large portion of his book that we have gone through for the purpose. It is quite possible that there may be people who like a medley of this kind, and may be glad to have the learning of eminent historians presented to them, digested or undigested, as the case may be, by Mr. Barnett Smith, specially as what he has written or copied is for the most part accurate and important. We are not of their number, liking to read men's work in their own books. While there are very many passages in this book avowedly abstracted from other authors, they by no means represent the extent to which scissors have been used in its manufacture. Not a few passages have been taken without acknowledgment from Bishop Stubbs's *Constitutional History*, and appear here thinly disguised by some changes in the order of the sentences, or in a few trivial words. If any of our readers desire to know the nature of the treatment which Mr. Barnett Smith appears to think entitles him to use the Bishop's work as his own, we may refer them to vol. i. pp. 154, 270, 285, 286, of this book, and suggest that these pages should be compared with the Bishop's *Select Charters*, pp. 472, 473 (ed. 1870), and *Constitutional History*, iii. 142–44, 223, 224. Somewhat similar, though less undisguised, assistance appears to have been obtained from Hallam's *Constitutional History*, while a comparison between vol. ii. p. 246 of Mr. Barnett Smith's book with Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i. pp. 443, 444, affords results so startling that we will, partially at least, lay them before our readers:—

Mr. Lecky.	Mr. Barnett Smith.
In the latter years of Anne, however, the circle of political interests had widely extended; and, to meet the demand, short summaries of Parliamentary debates, compiled from recollections, began to appear every month in Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain*, and, in the following reign, in the *Historical Register*. Cave, who was one of the most enterprising booksellers of the eighteenth century, perceived the great popularity likely to be derived from such reports, and he showed great resolution in procuring them. In 1728 he was brought before the House of Commons, confined for several days, and obliged to apologize for having furnished his friend Robert Raikes with minutes of its proceedings for the use of the *Gloucester Journal*. . . . In 1731 Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was soon followed by its rival, the *London Magazine*, and in 1736 Cave began to make Parliamentary reports a prominent feature of his periodical, &c.	In order to meet the popular demand for Parliamentary information during the closing years of Queen Anne, short summaries of debates, compiled from recollection, began to appear in Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain*, and, in the following reign, in the *Historical Register*. At length Edward Cave, the enterprising publisher, perceiving the popularity likely to be gained by such reports, made strenuous efforts to procure them. In 1728 he was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons, confined for several days, and obliged to apologize for having furnished his friend Robert Raikes with minutes of the proceedings for publication in the *Gloucester Journal*. . . . Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1731, and it was speedily followed by the *London Magazine*. In 1736 Parliamentary reports became a prominent feature of Cave's periodical, &c.

The only hint given by Mr. Barnett Smith of the use which he has made here of Mr. Lecky's work is that at the end of the two or three pages about Parliamentary reporting he has cited as authorities *Parliamentary History*, *Lecky's History of England*, and other books. Neither here nor, as a rule, elsewhere does he vouchsafe any more precise references to the works of other authors, even though they may, as in the case of Mr. Lecky's *History*, fill several volumes. One effect of this system of giving insufficient references is obvious; a reader not familiar with the books referred to is unlikely to find out the extent and character of the use made of them. It is possible that Mr. Barnett Smith may have more matter that may fairly be called his own in this book than we think; we cannot attempt to investigate fully the extent to which he is indebted to others. Nevertheless, we do not consider ourselves called upon to review his *History* exactly as we should review an independent work on the same subject.

In spite of the care that he has generally betowed on these volumes, he has not escaped every pitfall. It needs no great familiarity with the early history of Britain to appreciate the passage in which he cites the letter of Elutherius (*sic*), the Pope, to Lucius, "one of the Kings of Britain in the second century," as illustrating the constitutional position of the ancient Britons. And we are unable to allow that this decidedly obscure subject is in any way elucidated by his quotation of Freeman's remark that the institutions of King, Lords, and Commons are to be discerned in a rudimentary state "in days which were ancient in the days of Hengest." Though charitably inclined, we confess to feeling amused at the trouble of a compiler who finds, or thinks that he finds, one of his most trusted guides at issue with another. Mr. Barnett Smith appears to be exercised about a "great Witenagemot," which, "according to Mr. Freeman," was held at Oxford in 1015. "There is," he says, "no record of the above witenagemot in the Select Charters, but Bishop Stubbs" mentions a meeting of the witan in Ethelred's reign at Woodstock. If Mr. Barnett Smith had taken the easy course of looking at the authorities for Freeman's statement, which, we suppose, are the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Florence of Worcester, he would have found that a very startling event took place at the Oxford Assembly, and would not have been driven to suggest that either Freeman or Bishop Stubbs believed Oxford and Woodstock to be virtually the same. What, too, can he mean by saying that there is "mention of a school or college at Oxford in 802"? If we are to go one better than the Alfred myth, we might as well "find mention" of the Greek and Latin schools at the ford of the Isis in the times of the Britons. While we did not expect scholarly writing in this book, we think that Mr. Barnett Smith might have abstained from describing Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II., as "Prince Henry," or lands pertaining to an episcopal see as the "appanage of a bishop." Nor should he have said that the statute against heretics of 1402 partially introduced into England "the horrors of the Inquisition"; the law of England had no more to do with the Inquisition than it had with the Fire of London. He sometimes, as in his attempt to enumerate and distinguish between the different Councils of the realm under the Norman and Angevin kings, gets into a slight muddle by not sticking close enough to one safe guide. That he is not acquainted with the results of the latest researches on the subject is perhaps evident from what he says with reference to the carucage of 1198.

Not entirely to pass over the later portions of his work, we may observe that it is silly to describe Bishop Gardiner as "infamous," and that he is mistaken in saying that the Speaker Charles Abbot gave his casting vote for the impeachment of Lord Melville. His mistake probably arises from a failure to understand a note in Lewis's *Administrations of Great Britain*. The incident towhich he refers took place on the motion for a vote of censure on Melville. When three months later Leycester moved that the House should proceed against Melville by impeachment, and should stop the prosecution by the Attorney-General, the votes were 166 for, to 143 against, the motion. While, however, this book contains some errors, it is, as we have already observed, on the whole, carefully written. Like most books made up from secondhand materials—our belief that this is certainly not an unfair description of the one before us is strong—it is extremely dull, and, to any one acquainted with the sources from which much at least of it is taken, highly irritating to read. Down to the end of the Yorkist reigns the point at which Bishop Stubbs's *Constitutional History* stops, it is full of good learning, occasionally spoilt by lack of knowledge on Mr. Barnett Smith's part. The treatment of the history of the Tudor times and specially of the reign of Henry VIII. is extraordinarily poor; but at the quarrel between Charles I. and the Parliament the narrative improves a little, though, considering the amount of material in Mr. S. R. Gardiner's volumes, it ought to be much better. For the reign of Charles II. we have little besides what is better told in Hallam's *Constitutional History* and Ranke's *History of England*, and this exceedingly interesting and difficult period is to our mind slurred over. At the end of the section on the Revolution we get a very short

* *History of the English Parliament; together with an Account of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland.* By G. Barnett Smith. 2 vols. London, New York, Melbourne, and Sydney: Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co. 1892.

account of the Parliament of Scotland, and the Irish Parliament has a section given to it after the chapter on the reign of George III. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Lecky, and Erskine May, to call the late Lord by the name most familiar to us, seem to be Mr. Barnett Smith's chief guides. Indeed, in places the very words that he uses can be found in Stanhope's *History*. It would really seem as if they had been picked out of it, here a couple and there half a dozen. How hardly he leans on Mr. Lecky we have already seen. His book goes down to the last Extension of the Franchise, and the subsequent Redistribution and Registration Acts, and ends with an appendix of documents, notes, and lists. The volumes are well got up, and contain several interesting facsimiles.

NOVELS.*

IN spite of the many clever sketches and epigrammatic sayings scattered up and down the pages of *From One Generation to Another*, Mr. Merriman's latest book is as inferior to *Prisoners and Captives* as *Paradise Regained* is to *Paradise Lost*. The steady grip of his subject and the wonderful self-restraint and concentration which characterized the former story and made it remarkable are absolutely lacking in his last novel. He does not even tell his tale with care, and all kinds of small contradictions and discrepancies mar his work. In Seymour Michael, the Indian soldier who sacrifices everything and every one to himself, Mr. Merriman has attempted to portray a man whose real personality he does not clearly conceive. Consequently the outlines appear dim to his readers and the general effect somewhat fantastic and theatrical. If, with all his selfishness and unscrupulousness, his secretiveness and relentless will, Mr. Merriman had been content to endow him with strong personal courage, the picture would have been intelligible and consistent. But, unluckily, he has striven for originality, and made Michael a coward, although it was simply impossible that the man should have risen to the position he did if once he had drunk of the milk of the white doe. Soldiers will forgive many vices in their leaders; but they will neither forgive nor forget that. Then, again, Mrs. Agar, as he has described her, was not at all the sort of woman to cherish, even for a short time, a passion of hate for the man who had jilted her for a richer woman, and who had allowed her, for his own ends, to believe the report of his death. Still less is it likely that her hatred would be impressed indelibly on the effeminate nature of her unborn child. She was weak and small all through, and mortification and spite were all she was capable of feeling. Hatred is a passion that implies some steadiness of character, and Mrs. Agar had none. Her own ease, a moderate amount of excitement, and her son's welfare, were all she cared for, and it is doubtful whether she could ever have gained and kept the affection of a slow, honest, tenacious, boy like her step-child Jem. Jem, whose temperament was as uncomplex as well could be, is extremely natural and attractive, and so is Dora Glynde, the girl he is in love with. Mr. Merriman is at his best when dealing with people who are straightforward and single-minded, hence Jem's lonely soldiering among the Ghoorkas on the edge of the Pamir has all the stamp of reality. Not so General Michael's shifts or dodges, or even the young Arthur Agar's womanish caprices.

The end of the story is melodramatic and absurd. All the characters are assembled in Mrs. Agar's Hertfordshire drawing-room, and Jem charges Michael with having (for the second time in his life) allowed a false report of death to stand, and taken advantage of it to send Jem on a dangerous mission, for which, even if successful, the real hero would get no credit; and also with having broken his word and suppressed the fact of his existence from Miss Glynde. Mrs. Agar denounces him as the false lover of her youth, and her son Arthur, seized with a paroxysm of inherited hate, chases him into the garden and strangles him before any one can interfere. It might be expected that some awkwardness would ensue; but their minds seem quite set at ease by a doctor, who was present, declaring that Arthur was unconscious of what he had done, and would probably soon come to himself. Mr. Merriman has a way of always referring to a very unnecessary and conventional person as "'Sister' Cecilia." Why can he not leave the poor woman her courtesy title without the inverted commas, as he would have done had she been Lady Cecilia?—these little repetitions are apt to become irritating. Then, considering that he is always referring to the facts, it is strange that he does not settle for good and all the respective ages of the two brothers, instead of perpetually contradicting himself on this point. In vol. i. p. 156 he makes Jem say, "Arthur is twenty-three—five years younger than myself," and in vol. ii. p. 15, Arthur himself informs Michael that "he is not twenty-one yet." In vol. i. p. 94 we are told that old Squire Agar had been "three years and more beneath the quiet turf" before Jem, still "under age" (p. 219) went to India; yet Jem, when, by his own confession, twenty-eight (vol. i. p. 156) declares to Michael that "his father died three years ago" (vol. i. p. 153). He further considers that a young lady can "do a season" and be home by the end of May, and he mixes up the Soirée of the Royal Academy with the Private View, and announces its taking place in the early days of the same month. These are small blemishes, but they are unworthy of Mr. Merriman, who has a capacity for better work. It would, however, be ungenerous to close any review of him without referring to some of the epigrams scattered up and down his pages, which are things we shall remember. "Mrs. Glynde's somewhat old-fashioned Christianity was of that school which seeks to depreciate by hook or by crook the enjoyment of those sparse goods that the gods send us." (This was the school to which the Fairchild family belonged.) "Railway Companies and women are by many looked upon as fair game for deception. Consciences tender in many other respects have a subtle contempt for these two exceptions." "More men come to grief by making too much love than too little." This last is excellent, and is worthy of a place in the sacred pages of La Rochefoucauld.

If Mrs. Barrington had continued *Lena's Picture* on the same level as that on which she opens it, she would have done a very masterly piece of work. The description of the Prevost household, with the terrible shadow of madness always hanging over it—with a little sister already in an asylum, and the mother carried there soon after the story begins—is simple and true, and told without fine language or exaggeration. The *motif* of the book, too, is of terrible interest to many. Should any one marry who has beyond a doubt madness existing in his family? Of course the answer is clear enough to those who are in no ways concerned, or at a moment when even the sufferers have no reason for pleading specially. So at sixteen and twenty-four Lena Prevost and her brother George determine to lead a life of loneliness. It is two years later before George's resolution is tried, and he silently accepts his fate, and three years after Lena's own temptation comes. In the sad, dreary days after Mrs. Prevost has been removed to the asylum, Lena is forcibly taken possession of by her neighbour, Lady Lovat, who, basking in prosperity herself, is overcome by pity for the lonely girl. Mrs. Barrington has not quite succeeded in making us grasp Lady Lovat's charm. She is intended to be the exact opposite of Lena, and to be a creature of radiant brightness, morally, mentally, and intellectually, but she is really only a name—or rather, a conversation—and talks too much and too frequently of her happiness for a person that is truly happy. However, she and her husband, Sir Bernard—described rather unkindly by Mrs. Barrington as "a magnificent Englishman, bright-coloured, splendid"—insist on taking Lena, who is very musical, to worship at Bayreuth. On their way they meet with a friend, Lord Brampton (his "style and title" are perhaps a little too suggestive), and his travelling companion, the artist, Gustave Allbretcht—why does Mrs. Barrington give her hero such a very awkward name? Then follow pages of talk about Wagner and art, when everybody waxes exceedingly eloquent and extremely long. We have all had experience of late years of how people, when their blood is up, can hold forth about Wagner, and non-musical folks have sometimes been driven to wish that they too might go to Bayreuth, so as to see if they would act differently from the common herd. But, no doubt, this presumption would be fitly punished! It is on their return from a performance of *Tristan und Isolde* that Allbretcht discloses his love to Lena, and she confesses hers. Then the remembrance of the past sweeps over her, and she retracts her vows, and rushes away. The rest of the book is occupied in the discussion of the great problem by various combinations of peoples—Will she, or will she not? It must be allowed that here, at the crucial moment, Mrs. Barrington hardly rises equal to the occasion. She fails to impress us with the awful solemnity of the issues at stake, but rather contrives unconsciously to make her readers feel as if there was something morbid in Lena's persistent refusal. When, on the morning following Allbretcht's proposal, she tells him the whole story of the family tragedy, Mrs. Barrington observes, by way of comment on her narrative, "The moment she touched on their

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* *From One Generation to Another.* By H. S. Merriman. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

Lena's Picture. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

Jane Field. By Mary E. Wilkins. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

Chequered Courtship. By A. A. Gore. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Nilus. Da due Signore. London: Truslove & Shirley. 1892.

trouble the feeling came back that she herself belonged to it, and it alone; that she must bear her burden, or she was dividing herself from those who needed her love and pity most, and that if *she* was to be ill, *he* would suffer." This, too, is the light in which Allbretcht views it; for he answers that he quite sees her point, but wishes to add something to her life by sharing her trouble. One does not, of course, expect a young girl to say bluntly to her lover, "We have no right to pass on this curse to our children"; but her brother, whom Lena writes to consult, would have put the case strongly, instead of telling her that she must decide for herself; and, what is still more curious, the fact is never mentioned even by the Lovats in their most private conversations. But Lena remains deaf to all Allbretcht's entreaties, and goes home to solitude, and in a short time to death. Her figure is natural and sympathetic, and so is that of her brother George; the others are a shade conventional and hazy. Yet, after all, the book is in most respects above the average. Mrs. Barrington should, however, pay a little more attention to her style. She is too fond of repeating the same word, and her sentences sometimes have a clumsy ring.

There is no need to introduce Miss Wilkins to the British public. She has already a large circle of admirers, and another of haters, composed of the people who are interested in "the day of small things," and the people to whom such details are a weariness. *Jane Field* is longer than the other little stories which have made her name familiar, otherwise it deals with the same characters that we all know so well. Miss Wilkins's heroines are always drawn from the byways of existence, and have mostly no graces of form or feature to fascinate the eye. Here the tale groups itself round three or four old women, all rough, uneducated, and unattractive, according to our superficial ideas, but each one absolutely different, and with a strong personality of her own. Strongest of all is that of Jane Field herself, who deliberately, for the sake of her consumptive daughter, personated her dead sister and gained her inheritance, only to find herself regarded with horror by the very person for whom she had sinned. Miss Wilkins has touched a true chord when she makes Jane Field decline every small lie that her position forces on her, even while she is living a great one; she also shows her observation of the credit and debtor account kept by humanity towards its own conscience, when she describes Jane Field as declining to profit, even in her starvation, by the large stores that she finds in the house, and eagerly assenting to the requests for furniture that come from the rapacious Mrs. Maxwell, whose daughter is the defrauded heiress. Many little episodes can be found throughout the book, each telling its own tale of the stubborn, unyielding New England pride, of which no man can say if it is a vice or a virtue, and none is more humorous and more pathetic than this same Mrs. Maxwell's conduct when she first hears, at a tea-party at her own house, of her daughter's elopement. Another curious trait, which has nowhere its parallel in England, is the extraordinary love of dress manifested by these old women, and their contempt of any one so very much out of the fashion as Amandy Pratt was, in the muslin wrapper with "the shoulder-seams pretty long to what they wear 'em." Were the ladies who came over in the *Mayflower*, we wonder, so much more particular as to the fall of their Vandyke collars and the set of their dove-coloured garments than the wives of the cavaliers at home were about their gay clothes, or whence has this marked difference arisen? One thing is certain about Miss Wilkins, she blows her trumpet with no uncertain sound, and the notes are either music to the ear or a discord. There is no middle way.

It is difficult to conceive of any "courtship" less "chequered" than one in which a young lady accepts a proposal, and four or five months afterwards marries the gentleman, with nothing intervening except a threat of ejection from her father, which was never carried out, in consequence of his sudden death. To be sure the lover in question, Werner Spengel, had a wife living at the time he first met Winifred Newman, and occasionally his conscience prevents him from seeking a meeting with that young lady; but the inconvenient wife soon dies, and there is nothing to hinder him from following his own will. There is something so very artless about Miss Gore's novel that it almost disarms criticism. On p. 102 Winifred receives an offer from a man who appears before the reader for the first and last time, which is probably the very mildest ever recorded, notwithstanding the fact that the man managed to kiss her twice in spite of her refusal of him. This young lady has many lovers, though she is neither a beauty nor a heiress, and answers the offer of one of them on a postcard, saying she will think over it. This must be damping to the affections of the most fervid swain. For the rest, the novel, whose scene is laid in Hamburg, is full of the usual musical talk, and of Wagner. The incidents are both bald and tame, and the language reads more like a literal translation from the German; phrases such as "made his greeting be dignified," "the so recently resolute worker" being of common occurrence. Miss Gore frequently uses the word "tasteful," which is hardly to be considered classic, and enlarges on the "extreme yet delightful dresses of the ladies" (p. 228) with all the gusto of a newspaper reporter. But should not such a devout Wagnerian be aware that any couple foolish enough to go to Bayreuth in the month of March, in the expectation of seeing Wagner's performances, would have their journey for nothing?

The "Due Signore" are eminently up to date in Egyptian discoveries, as is proved by their tale *Nilus*. Whether, however, it was worth while taking the trouble to weave ghosts, a murder, and two or three love stories (all told in a manner so deadly flat as to take every bit of excitement out of them) into a series of quotations from Mr. Budge, Mariette Bey, Maspero, Belzoni, Flinders Petrie, Strabo, Pliny, Herodotus, and many more may be doubted. The same results could be obtained by reading Baedeker. Reprinted at the end is Mr. Stuart Poole's short notice in the *Academy* of Miss Amelia Edwards.

MORE ABOUT WILD NATURE.*

THE success of Mrs. Brightwen's fresh and unaffected *Wild Nature Won by Kindness* has led her to repeat her experiment, and we have here a new volume of confidential hints about natural history, such as cannot fail to please the readers of that very popular little volume. Mrs. Brightwen has nine or ten new pets to tell us about, and their adventures are no less amusing than those of her earlier friends. Katie the shrew, Ruby the red-pole, Mungo the ichneumon, Impey the fox-bat, Joey the kestrel, Sylvia the wood-mouse, and Pixie the starling, form the principal stars in this new troupe, and about each of them Mrs. Brightwen has something engaging to tell us. We like Mungo best of all, and the chapter which is called "The Sorrows of a Lady afflicted with a Mongoose" is one of the most amusing that the author has written. The mongoose or ichneumon is most widely known, probably, in connexion with the story of the man who was carrying his wife's boa home in a bandbox, but the difference is that Mrs. Brightwen's *was* a "real mongoose." It was (and we trust is) a very lively grey-furred quadruped with a chocolate-coloured nose, most affectionate manners, and great want of tact in dealing with the furniture. If his mistress was ever tempted by his coo-my-doo ways to loosen his collar in the drawing-room, he was up on the cabinets in a moment, making hay with the Wedgwood vases. "I had," says the lady sadly, "what would be called 'a lively time' for the next few minutes, until I had Mungo safely in my lap with the chain on his collar again." If he were ever chained to a tree-stem in the garden, he would always, within five minutes, have dragged his serpent-shaped head through the collar, and be digging up a large area of turf, or scaring the poultry, or smashing valuable china, and all in sheer expenditure of energy, being the most amiable, the most sweet-tempered of unquenchable firebrands.

Impey, the fox-bat, should have acted the part of the King of the Antipodes, in *Chrononhotonthologos*. His mistress, like the Queen in that play, "realized the difficulty of loving anything that would always live upside down," for the gentle Impey was never discovered doing anything but hanging to branches by his hind-feet. Katie the shrew was a cannibal, neither more nor less, for what she liked best was to devour dead field-mice, careless of their close relationship to herself. These pretty, but irascible, little beings are very hard to tame; but nothing resists Mrs. Brightwen, and Katie has learned to know her name, and come when she is called. Mrs. Brightwen gives some graceful notes of the way in which, as a child, she herself gained her remarkable knowledge of nature and still more unique success in winning the hearts of animals:—

> 'When I was a little girl I used to rise at six o'clock, and taking Polly [a handsome green and orange parrot] on my wrist, away I went bridle in hand out into the fields, where my pet donkey would come to meet me. The bridle would soon be adjusted, and "we two," Polly and I, enjoy our early canter through the dewy grass. I needed no saddle, from long practice I had learned to ride securely sitting sideways and holding a lock of Shaggy's woolly coat. . . . The tiny feet of the donkey made no sound on the grass, so I could watch the habits of wild creatures to great advantage. For instance, on skirting the banks of the river Mole, which ran through our fields, I used to see kingfishers perched on branches close to the water with eye intent upon their finny prey; the brown water-rats sitting up like little kangaroos cleaning their fur; a water-hen with stealthy tread picking

* *More about Wild Nature.* By Mrs. Brightwen. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

her way amongst the reeds. . . . After his ride Polly would be placed on a tall tulip-tree, where he loved to sit all day, occasionally calling out, to the astonishment of passers-by, "Poll the king's trumpeter, root-ti-too-too-too."'

We can but indicate the charming details to be found in this book with regard to the playfulness and complete docility of a kestrel, and the chapter which tells us of the sentimentality of a rose-pastor. A second section of the volume deals with "Inmates of the Grove," outdoor pensioners of Mrs. Brightwen, such as Highland kyloes, "rather too bulky to be petted," as she says, but susceptible of much intelligent observation, a donkey of rare gifts, foxes—regarding whom Mrs. Brightwen is, perhaps, a little heterodox—squirrels, and the whole army of hungry birds. One very interesting and very novel chapter is dedicated to "Footprints in the Snow," and is illustrated by exact facsimiles of the marks left in winter by a variety of animals and birds. This is, perhaps, the portion of *More about Wild Nature* which offers the most positive addition to general knowledge.

The remainder of the book is occupied with useful hortatory notes on the mode in which impressions of nature should be recorded, and on a variety of home recreations, connected with natural history, which can be easily and advantageously cultivated, such as the creation of home museums, the studying of insects, and the like. It is specially in reference to this portion of the volume that *More about Wild Nature*, in a graceful preface, is dedicated to Professor Sir William Flower. Mrs. Brightwen has gained in ease and elegance, as a writer, since we first had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and has lost none of that freshness which was the feature of her earlier venture. We believe that *More about Wild Nature*, with its happy philosophy and its genial teachings, will be a useful addition to many a country book-room.

CAIRO.*

MR. LANE POOLE has done well to gather these "sketches" into a volume which will prove most useful to the innumerable travellers who now every winter visit the Nile valley. Cairo has a prior claim on their attention, but this is the first book, unless we are greatly mistaken, which is devoted to the "Victorious City" alone. A number of Mr. Seymour's beautiful drawings, as well as other illustrations, are a great set-off to the volume. Mr. Poole hardly does justice to the improvements which have recently been made in the railway department when he complains that the carriages are exactly "like those of England thirty years ago"; but in one particular we must agree with him. He says of the guards, porters, ticket-collectors, and station-masters, that they closely "resemble their European contemporaries, except that they are less expeditious and infinitely more civil." He is behind the times, too, when he speaks of paying for lunch on the journey in francs. Egyptian shillings have now for some years superseded francs.

Mr. Poole has a most ardent love for the signs of antiquity which were so obnoxious to the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha. "The arrival of visitors for the extravagant festivities that celebrated the opening of the Suez Canal" presented an irresistible opportunity for using "the Viceregal paint-pot." Irreparable harm was done to the old buildings on that occasion. The Turks, says Mr. Poole, with just indignation, cannot create, but they can spoil; "and it is hard to know which deserves the greater damnation, their neglect or their restoration of the monuments of Cairo." People who do not themselves use strong language may be glad to read these words and others employed by Mr. Poole. The views he gives of the older mosques are accurate and picturesque. That of the curious tower, or "mibkhara," of the mosque erected by the mad Khalif, Hakem, is especially good, but it is only one of many which we might pause to praise. Mr. Poole is anxious to be very accurate in the names and titles of the Mamluk kings. Each of them had a royal title, then an honourable surname. Then came a patronymic followed by the proper name, and the whole concluded with a reference to the Sultan who had brought this particular Mamluk into Egypt. Every visitor to Cairo will remember to have seen scores of monuments, of more or less beauty and importance, in what is known as the Eastern Cemetery. The ornamentation of each of these largely consists of inscriptions, often written in the most complicated characters, and containing long lists of titles such as those mentioned above. Each of these tombs was built in the lifetime of the Sultan who proposed to be buried in it, but a great majority, killed on the battlefields of Syria, found no other burial than the maws of jackals and vultures; and nothing remains but some half-defaced inscription on one of the small mosques to record that it was built by, say, "Al Sultan al Malek al Mansour Husam al Deen Aboo al Feth Lagin al Mansoury," or words to that effect. Mr. Poole, on page 99, gives a wonderful example of what he calls a geometrical Kufic inscription of this sort. The chapter on the Museum of Arab Art will be found particularly valuable by visitors to Cairo, who too often neglect this most important collection because there is no published guide or catalogue. "Our French friends," says Mr. Poole, "who are so fond of twitting us with our supposed trick of whittling our names on the monuments of Egypt (where the biggest and most glaring are always French), are the chief spoilers of Cairo." We cannot quite agree with Mr. Poole in this sweeping condemnation of the French. It is quite true that they have defaced more monuments in this way than all the English and Americans put together; but the worst examples all over Egypt of these inscriptions are owed to the Greek commercial travellers who voyage up the Nile, leaving their marks everywhere. One anecdote of Mr. Poole's is, however, nearly enough to account for his antipathy to the French methods of improving Cairo. "If we ask," he says, "who was the Goth who cut a great square piece out of the Mosaics of the mosque of Bars Bey in the Eastern Cemetery, the door-keeper will amaze us by answering that it was the enlightened Mariette, the denouncer of English tourists, who ruined the Mosaics in order to send an *objet* to the Paris Exposition."

Passing by a most interesting chapter on the daily life of "The Cairene," we come to one entitled "The Revels of Islam," in which we have a full account, by a writer who thoroughly understands what he is writing about, of the Moulid al Neby, the Doseh, the procession of the Holy Carpet, and the Eed al Kebeer. These are things little understood by the ordinary tourist, and the succeeding chapter on "Education and Religion" helps to fill up the outline. The chapter on the Copts will also, notwithstanding Mr. Butler's book, which told us so much that was new, be found full of information. Mr. Poole mentions the numerous Coptic settlements in other parts of Egypt. There are few things in which the British occupation has wrought a greater change than in the position and conditions of the Copts throughout Egypt Even so lately as the time of Lady Duff Gordon they were downtrodden and degraded to such an extent that she has hardly ever a good word for them. At the present day the Copt is not afraid to hold up his head; his superior education influences his position, and many travellers report that it is easy to recognize a village as Coptic, on account of its neatness and comparative look of prosperity. After a short visit to Memphis Mr. Poole settles down to a long dissertation on the fellaheen, and concludes with a chapter on "England's Work in Egypt," which is calculated to encourage the advocates of a continued occupation.

* *Cairo: Sketches of its History, Monuments, and Social Life.* By Stanley Lane Poole. London: Virtue. 1892.

THEORIES OF THE UNIVERSE.*

MR. GORE'S new book is decidedly interesting. It deals in turns with cosmogony and cosmology, and both subjects possess the charm of dim grandeur attaching to what is remote, colossal in scale, and almost, or altogether, unknown. We are, accordingly, presented with a series of chapters on the various theories at sundry times put forward, to account for the origin and apparent distribution of the worlds around us. The line pursued with regard to them is expository, not critical. Much information is afforded as to their purport, little as to their intrinsic value. Mr. Gore's attitude is, indeed, professedly neutral. His object is not to enunciate ideas of his own, but to interpret to his readers the ideas of other people. Necessarily, however, he has selected such as, in his opinion, merited interpretation; and selection is in itself a kind of criticism. Thus, he rightly passes by in silence the paradoxical speculations of those too numerous clever blockheads who, without the capacity or the wish to inquire, complacently maintain against all comers that their particular key alone fits the lock of the universe. Some other omissions are less justifiable. Professor G. H. Darwin's theory of the moon's origin, for instance, might well have claimed prominent notice, as including a much larger element of probable truth than the somewhat damaged hypothesis of ring-shedding through combined rotation and condensation. For in it the necessary effects of "tidal friction" in the moulding and development of systems were first definitely traced out and tested by mathematical analysis; and tidal friction constitutes, perhaps, the most important addition ever yet made to the

* *The Visible Universe: Chapters on the Origin and Construction of the Heavens.* By J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1893.

resources of cosmogonists. To this mode of action Mr. T. J. J. See, in his remarkable extension to binary stars of Professor Darwin's research, attributes the high eccentricities of the paths pursued by them, an increase of length relative to breadth being an undeniable accompaniment of the enlargement of orbits by tidal friction. Tidal friction, moreover, must have exerted enormous power over bulky, diffuse, and nearly equal masses revolving in very close proximity, such as the spectroscope asserts to be actually existing, and may be plausibly conjectured to exemplify the initial state of physically double stars. Their primitive unity, if this were so, is next to certain; and, indeed, origin by fission seems to have played at least as important a part in the development of the cosmos as origin by annular separation.

The nebular hypothesis, however, may be looked at from a general as well as from a particular point of view. It professes to explain the gradations of sidereal metamorphosis, on the one hand, and the domestic architecture of the solar system, on the other. Sir William Herschel concerned himself with the first set of facts, Laplace with the second. Herschel, from the evidence solely of his stellar and nebular observations, maintained all the stars to have been formed out of a shining fluid still diffused through vast tracts of space, and still in course of transformation into orbs of light. And the truth of his bold generalization has been practically demonstrated by the revelations of the spectroscope and the camera. Laplace, on the contrary undertook to expound the mode of transformation of diffused primordial matter into the rotating and revolving globes constituting the solar system, but did not look beyond. His scheme was most skilfully devised; nothing so seductively complete can at present be substituted for it, and one is loth to abolish what cannot be replaced. Yet it must be admitted that the processes carried out in nature cannot have conformed, even approximately, to those prescribed to her by the French geometer. An impartial account of how the case stands will be found in the work before us. The late M. Roche's ingenious expedients for propping up the Laplaceian edifice, already in the sixties cannonaded and crumbling; M. Faye's more recent onslaught; M. Wolf's careful discussion and somewhat hesitating conclusions, are all briefly, yet intelligibly, touched upon.

Our author devotes a considerable proportion of his space to the details of hypotheses regarding the structure of the Milky Way. The subject is one of profound interest to every student of the heavens and suggests endless secondary problems. Even the "general reader" should welcome the information afforded to him in Mr. Gore's pages as to how it has presented itself to minds of various stamp and calibre, from Wright of Durham to the late Mr. Proctor. In a certain sense, its solution may be said to have become more difficult with the progress of science. The original "disc-theory," propounded by Wright in 1750, was more satisfactory, relatively to what was then known of the state of the skies, than any of the more elaborate views, by which the manifold data now at hand are sought to be combined and reconciled. But the appearances to which it had seemed to correspond were very superficially apprehended; Herschel's early attempts to penetrate their deeper meaning proved fatal to the first synthetic grasp hastily laid upon them; and the disc-theory had to be resolutely, if perhaps regretfully, abandoned. Its definiteness and engaging simplicity, however, gave it a false vitality which long survived its logical demise, yet might well, by this time, have become totally extinct. Mr. Gore, nevertheless, speaks of this effete conjecture as if it still enjoyed a certain degree of credit. He himself, it is true, discards it, expressly stating that he "believes it to be quite untenable"; but he does not give it strongly enough to be understood that no one commanding the use of reason, and a fair general acquaintanceship with the facts of modern stellar astronomy, could possibly maintain the zone of the Milky Way to represent the visual effect of an extended stratum of equally distributed stars, seen from the inside.

He evidently, however, possesses the great advantage of an unbiassed mind; his judgments, so far as they gain expression, are moderate and reasonable; and he neither caters for popularity nor strains after effect. His book has, accordingly, a serious value as a contribution towards the history of astronomical thought. The illustrations are excellent. They include reproductions of Mr. Barnard's wonderful Milky Way photographs, of Mr. Roberts's photographs of nebulæ, and of the Paris photographs of clusters, besides some delicately executed drawings by the author himself. An appendix collects sundry useful facts and formulæ. We may, in conclusion, quote the result of Mr. Gore's calculation relative to the situation of the sun in space during past geological ages. He is now travelling away from a point in the vicinity of Sirius, at the probable rate of about 440 millions of miles per annum. Ten million years ago, then, supposing this velocity and direction to have remained without change, and Sirius to figure as a fixed point, he was far enough on the other side of that brilliant orb to reduce its light, on arrival after a journey of 758 light-years, at our then inchoate luminary, nearly to the feebleness of that of a ninth-magnitude star! Truly, time and space are strangely correlated.

THE GREAT WAR OF 189-.*

IT has, we believe, been observed that the grocer's apprentice can be cured of a taste for figs by one unlimited debauch. If there is, as the editor and publisher manifestly continue to feel persuaded, a class of readers who have a disorderly taste for Battles of Dorking, we strongly recommend their friends to make them a Christmas present of *The Great War of* 189-. Should this volume not produce the desired effect of curative satiety, their case may be given up as hopeless. The authors (they are seven—an admiral, a colonel, a captain, and four special correspondents) have toiled to produce a complete, final, and exhaustive specimen of the kind. They have let it all go in, from Bulgaria to New Caledonia, war-balloons, torpedoes, electric-lights, lance-rifles—no expense has been spared. At the end the reader is even supplied with ready-made criticism in the shape of two interviews, specially produced for the occasion, with Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Charles Dilke. We desire to speak with becoming respect of the cooks of this noble feast. The correspondents claim our first thanks. They are excellent. They talk about their emotions, dinners and cigars, the affability of distinguished persons to them; they say that the censure will not allow them to say anything, and they draw pictures of themselves running up hills on all fours, just like real correspondents in a real war. The three warrior cooks are also entitled to our gratitude. Admiral Colomb supplies a carefully prepared example of his famous naval threat. He shows how an English fleet, which had nothing to do with the matter, simply told the naughty French and Russians that they must go home without thinking about attacking the Germans, and how they obeyed. We were not yet at war, but this was just to show that we were Sir Oracle. Whether Sir George Tryon will be pleased with the battle he fights near Sardinia we do not know. It strikes us as much more in the style of Hotham than the style of Nelson. Perhaps careful study of strategy, and much deferential consideration of the naval threat, leads to the fighting of battles *à la* Hotham. The military gentlemen also provide a glorious feast. How they divide the slaughter does not appear. We are left to draw our deductions from the conflicting views expressed. Thus, on p. 183 we are told that the German line had a marked superiority over the French "clumps," and that the Germans, generally speaking, were ahead—while on p. 274 we find the German line called a pedantic folly, a "slave-driver's discipline," calculated to excite the contempt of the veterans of the Wilderness and Gettysburg. This individuality of the cooks gives a pleasing variety to the feast. The illustrations, which have already done duty in *Black and White*—in which the *Great War* first appeared—are numerous. On the cover is a design appropriate to the season. It represents, if we are not mistaken, a policeman setting fire to a plum-pudding—a pleasing scene of domestic felicity, but surely not quite so appropriate to the subject as to the time of year.

THE VICTORIAN AGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.†

THE new literary history of the last fifty years which Mrs. Oliphant, in conjunction with her son, has written is, in some ways, a complement, and in others a palinode, to that other history of the English literature immediately preceding which she wrote some years ago. It is agreeable and reconciling to see the attempts that she has made to adjust—as in the case of Peacock—her former verdicts to the protests of respectful but dissident criticism. We are not, indeed, too certain that what Mrs. Oliphant proposed to do is possible to be done. We agree *simpliciter* with the opening sentence of her preface:—"It is always somewhat rash to attempt to determine the final place in literature of contemporary writers." It is true that the examples produced in support are not quite conclusive. For, in reference to the mistakes of former generations, it is written:—"Looking

* *The Great War of* 189-: *a Forecast.* By Admiral P. Colomb, Colonel Maurice, R.A., Captain F. N. Maude, A. Forbes, C. Lowe, D. Christie Murray, and F. Scudamore. London: Heinemann. 1893.

† *The Victorian Age of English Literature.* By Mrs. Oliphant and F. R. Oliphant, B.A. 2 vols. London: Percival.

back upon the past age, the reader smiles, if he sometimes shudders, to see Davenant or Congreve placed above Shakspeare, the age of Anne regarding as barbarous the age of Elizabeth, and, in nearer days, Southey placed on an equality with Byron and Wordsworth." Of these three, the last only is a complete instance of strictly *contemporary* judgment, whether mistaken or not. Still there is truth, though not the whole truth, in the general axiom, though we should prefer to state it in a somewhat different way. A general survey of contemporary literature is rash, because it is so exceedingly difficult to know whom to include and whom to exclude. On the *sommités* of any particular period we do not believe that competent contemporary judges have ever gone very far wrong. As far as we know anything about him, there does not seem to have been much mistake made about Homer; there certainly was none made about Dante; it has been proved up to the hilt, though a still popular tradition runs contrary, that there was very little about Shakspeare. We who write, while experiencing not the slightest desire to shout and gesticulate about any of the three, trouble ourselves no more about the final fate of Tennyson, of Hugo, of Heine, than we do about the multiplication table. But when you get into the second, and still more into the twelfth and twenty-second, circles, the contemporary critic in a small space is in a real difficulty. His brother, who deals with former ages, knows nothing like it. He looks at his authors, he notes the traditional judgment, he considers whether there is anything to redress in it. Sometimes he thinks there is, and he does his best. Much more often, if he has a tolerably well-balanced mind, he finds that there is little to alter, though perhaps something to add, and fill in, and illustrate; and he knows how to allot his pages and lines with a pretty fair certainty of doing no injustice. The contemporary critical historian, as distinguished from the contemporary critic of work as it appears, is torn with doubts and difficulties. "A has been desperately unpopular: I like him: may I set my liking against the general verdict?" "B has sold *x* thousand copies; am I justified in saying that there is nothing in him?" "C did good work yesterday, is doing work less good to-day, may do work better than ever to-morrow: on what footing am I to treat him?" These are the nobler considerations, and the ignobler are not wanting. "Z is an uncommonly good friend of mine; shall I not praise him? Y is a perfect brute; am I to yield to the opportunity of 'telling him his fact,' or, going into the opposite extreme, shall I let my natural quixotism induce me to speak of him better than he deserves? X may review me to-morrow; shall I give him a good place? W is certain, whether I speak well or ill of him, to speak ill of me; shall I disable him beforehand?" Such and much more also is the army of spectres that beleaguers the walls of this particular Prague.

Mrs. Oliphant and her son, however, have chosen to defy the spectres, and they have by the defiance produced an interesting book. It omits few writers of any importance, and it at least endeavours to allot the *mot juste* to each of them. That the standpoint of the criticism is, on the whole, rather that of the intelligent and cultivated layman than of the trained censor may be rather an advantage than otherwise. For we have got into an epoch where the apparently trained critic has sometimes no training at all, and though he can hardly deceive his fellows who have had a different experience, he deceives the outsider dreadfully. Mrs. Oliphant and her son play cards on table. They say in effect, "We are both, we trust, decently educated and intelligent people; one of us is not exactly the least among men and women of letters; and here is what we think about other men and women of letters." We have seen books, and critical books, conceived on a worse scheme than this.

It is, therefore, in no hostile spirit that we venture to point out a few things which want rectification as fact or which surprise us as opinion. We take no very lofty view of Leigh Hunt, and when a recent writer described him as "a noble fellow," we could only suppose that it was either "his f-f-f-f-f-un" or that his own idea of nobility is a little peculiar. But we do not think that it is fair to charge Hunt with "enduring spite." The weakness as well as the amiability of his character saved him from that. It is an oversight, though, of course, only an oversight, to speak of "that curious and unlovely compiler of material for history, *Henry* Greville," when Charles is evidently meant. There was nothing unlovely about Henry. A notice of Borrow, which is not quite happy in fixing his real virtue, has a grievous omission in fact by not so much as mentioning *Wild Wales*. An estimate, very fair and very good on the whole, of Macaulay is marred by the omission to point out the real blot which his saner adversaries find in him. That blot is not inaccuracy of positive statement; it is a continual *suggestio falsi* from which the unlearned and ignorant can hardly escape. The more you examine the documents of any matter which Macaulay has examined, the more do you admire his learning and his acuteness; but the more also do you shake your head over the impalpable unfairness, the subtle leading of the blind into the ditch, which marks him. In the too brief passage on Praed we come upon a statement which, as an enthusiastic Frenchman once remarked to us in reference to something about Victor Hugo, "nous a fait bondir." It is this:—"He is chiefly remembered, we fear, as the author of several very clever charades in graceful verse." Praed's charades *are* clever and their verse *is* graceful; but we can assure Mrs. Oliphant that most people known to us who know Praed at all never even think of him as a charade-writer, though they may know "The Vicar," and "Good-night to the Season," the "Letter of Advice," and "Verses on seeing the Sleeper Asleep," by heart. "No, we're sunk enough now, God knows! But not quite sunk," as Mr. Browning observed on a less provocative occasion. The notice of James Thomson is all the more unfortunately inadequate that it will probably encourage his undisciplined admirers to say, "Ignored of course," and that of Edward Fitzgerald is still worse. It is a grievous error to say that Mr. William Morris's "beginning of poetry was made with *The Life and Death of Jason*, in full pride of the academic traditions of youth." Mr. Morris was thirty-two when that excellent poem appeared; he had left Oxford for many years, and his beginning of poetry had been made eight years earlier, with the much more unripe, but, let who gainsay that will, much more promising and original *Defence of Guinevere*, in which there is uncommonly little academic tradition. The passages on modern novelists are piquant, but unequal. Without being a Meredithian *à tous crins*, one may be rather aghast at seeing Mr. Meredith dismissed with a dozen lines, which chiefly concern his verbal gymnastic, and mention only one of his books by name. And, however "unequal" we may think Mr. Stevenson, it is strange to say (after, it is true, high praise of some things of his) that others are "nearly as bad as anything that has recently appeared in print." To think of the badness of some things that have recently appeared is, as some, but not those who speak English, say, a "solemnizing" thought. Mr. Stevenson is a clever man, a very clever man, but all his nature, assisted by all his art, could not, we think, nearly reach it.

And now let us to the pleasanter task of drawing up a similar list of merits. Mrs. Oliphant has an amiable and very excusable tendency to logroll her fellow "Blackwoodsmen," as she fondly calls them, and this has resulted, in the case of Lockhart, in a far juster and acuter appreciation of that generally undervalued man of letters than we remember to have seen in any book of the kind. One phrase, "the natural melancholy of Lockhart's genius," does justice, which has rarely been done before, to a quality which constantly underlies, and may even be thought in some respect to have caused, the mordant cynicism of the "Scorpion's" style. The Carlyle section is also very good, literary, patriotic, and personal sympathies combining to make Mrs. Oliphant protest against the biographical mistakes or treachery which, as she fears, have produced "an impression not now to be effaced." But we believe that she takes too gloomy a view. There are at least seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal in this matter, and *Exoriare aliquis* who out of the seething mass of indiscretion and contradiction will some day extract a *Life* of Carlyle that will do him justice is no mere sanguine prayer. The Dickens sketch is good, and so is that of Thackeray, though it is news to hear that *The Hoggarty Diamond* gave no particular foretaste of what was to come. Under the head of Mrs. Gaskell, to whom justice is done as to her original work, we note with satisfaction a second denunciation of that new terror, the indiscreet and disloyal biographer. It is again satisfactory to find stress laid in the notice of Anthony Trollope on the exaggeration and misconstruction of his own revelations as to his punctuality and regularity of work which have sometimes been current.

On the whole, therefore, we need speak no ill of the book. It was a very difficult, and perhaps a not very necessary, thing to do, and it has been done not without a good many slips and inadequacies. But it has also been done with fair knowledge, without, we think, any intentional, even if unconsciously intentional, unfairness, and in a way which will give the average unliterary person a very full and by no means untrustworthy conspectus of Victorian literature.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS'S ESSAYS.*

AT an age when we could read almost anything, from *Bell's Life* to the *Epigoniad*, one work entirely defeated us. It looked like a rather nice book; it contained conversations, but

* *Essays and Aphorisms.* By Sir Arthur Helps. London: Scott. 1892.

no! Ellesmere and Milburd, or Milverton, or some such name, were too tedious. The little volume before us contains extracts from the writings of Sir Arthur Helps, and a brief biography of a blameless and intellectual, but not very interesting, career. We are informed, in this sketch, that Sir Arthur Helps used to walk up and down, dictating his book, and smoking a cigarette. We are inclined to doubt whether the world will not let die volumes which are composed in this manner. It is also stated that, if Sir Arthur Helps could get a book he wanted in no other way, he would buy it. This, we trust, is not so rare a virtue—nay, to ourselves it seems that to buy a book is the first way of obtaining it that naturally occurs to the human mind, if indifferent honest. Were it not so, how could authors exist? They would perish if the public only begged, borrowed, or stole their productions.

As it is hardly worth while to review the good-humoured sagacities of Sir Arthur Helps's Essays—for, indeed, they are known to all who care for that kind of discussion—we prefer to meditate on his Aphorisms and pregnant sayings. English is not a good language for aphorisms; it lacks point and neatness, at least when compared with French; and while we can all write aphorisms, as we can all write sonnets, very few aphorisms are good. It is, then, no grave charge against Sir Arthur Helps that he is not precisely a Rochefoucauld; sometimes he is good. Any student of John Knox's writings will appreciate this:—"The religion of some sectarians consists in a definite notion of an infinite subject." Mr. Knox's notions were astonishingly definite; so were those of Mr. George Borrow, who points out, with infinite gusto, that God knew exactly where to hit Sir Walter Scott. But perhaps sectarians are not more remarkable for the definiteness of their ideas than many worthy people who can hardly be called sectarians. The following is not very brilliant:—"Those who never philosophized till they met with disappointments have mostly become disappointed philosophers." Then every philosopher has been a disappointed philosopher, whatever that phrase may exactly mean. "We always believe the clouds to be much higher than they really are, until we see them resting on the shoulders of the mountains." But they are higher when they are off the shoulders of the mountains. We might as well say that we always think a man's hat, on a hat-peg, much higher than it really is, till we see it resting on his head. "A friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ludicrous position." Who can sympathize with such a friend? A friend is a man who may laugh without annoying you when you are in a ludicrous position. "He is one who ought to sympathize with you, and not with the multitude." But suppose you sympathize with the multitude, and laugh yourself? Then the grave friend seems to rebuke you for your want of humour. Nay, we might very well argue that the friend has a better right to laugh than other people. "The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success." Such men rather remind us of the gifted twins in *The Golden Butterfly*. "Few men have wished for memory so much as they have longed for forgetfulness," is, we think, an original sentiment attributed to Themistocles. In a long aphorism Sir Arthur Helps says that the names of the Pyramid-builders are unknown, and he calls them "brick-piling monarchs." Their names are perfectly well known:—

Cheops and Chephren
Were very bad men,
Mycerinus the pious died sooner,

says the poet. We call them Shu-fu, and Sha-fra, and Men-ka-ra, and spell their titles in other ways; but their names are known, and they did not pile bricks. "They are more *definite* objects of contempt" now, as Sir Arthur Helps says they will be when their names are found out; but we are not disposed to damn them, as Charles Lamb did some one, "at a venture." "There is a want of refinement in the man who loves a parody." This is cruel if one loves a good parody but even too well. At least such a student has Aristophanes on his side, if Sir Arthur Helps is against him. "Alas, it is not the child, but the boy that generally survives in the man." So much the better for the man; would that the boy survived in more of them! The following puzzles us:—"It is not in the solar spectrum alone that the least warmth is combined with the deepest colour." Where is it, then?

These reflections do not over-stimulate; but they are easier reading than the discussions of Ellesmere and Dunsford.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VII.

THE new volume of *The Portfolio*, edited by P. G. Hamerton (Seeley & Co.), holds a foremost place, as usual, among the artistic gift-books of the season. Of the illustrations of this handsome book we note some exceptionally fine etchings, such as Mr. William Hole's remarkable rendering of Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna; Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's "A Spanish Shepherd"; Mr. G. W. Rhead's "Violante," after Palma Vecchio's painting in the Vienna Gallery; Mr. C. O. Murray's interior, "St. Mark's, Venice," and "Over the Border," after Mr. McWhirter's picture; and, lastly, an example of "Etchings on the Clyde," by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, of whose skill and artistic qualities Mr. Hamerton writes an appreciative and critical review. Mr. Loftie's history of the Inns of Court, which runs through the volume from month to month, we have already discussed on its appearance as a separate book, together with Mr. Railton's admirable drawings. For the rest, mention must be made of Mr. F. G. Stephens's excellent papers on Mr. Briton Rivière, illustrated by an imaginative drawing of "Midnight Assassins"—giraffes flying across the desert pursued by lions—and of capital illustrated articles on J. F. Lewis by Mr. Claude Phillips.

Vanity Fair Album exhibits this year an excellent gallery of portraiture, representing the statesmen, the judges, the "Men of the Day" of every degree of eminence and reputation. The description applied to the kind of caricature so diversely illustrated by these clever drawings is capable of a very varied interpretation, as may be exemplified by comparing the engaging "Lord Elcho," the wonderfully vivid and animated "Canon Ainger," or the exquisite picture of the Hon. George Curzon, with such entertaining examples of caricature, "drawn not unkindly but truthfully," as are presented in the portraits of Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, Mr. Seymour Keay, and Mr. J. W. Maclure. These last are, every whit, as profound and enlightening studies as any in the Album. The range of subjects the collection reveals is scarcely less remarkable than the artist's range of accomplishment. No more amusing and instructive volume has been produced this Christmas.

The new edition of *The Oregon Trail*, by Francis Parkman (Putnam's Sons), with illustrations by Frederick Remington, is got up in handsome style, and will move some to mournful memories of what has been and never more will be, now that the glory of wild life in the prairies has departed, and the last free Indians will soon follow the last free bison. It was in 1846 that Mr. Parkman struck the Oregon trail westward from Missouri across the Rockies. Now, as he says in his preface to the interesting record of that experience, "irresistible commonplace has subdued" all the old charms of a roaming life in the West. Happily, Mr. Remington has proved an admirable ally to the writer in preserving the picturesque aspects of that life. His drawings are wonderfully suggestive. It were superfluous to add a word to Mr. Parkman's terse commendation of the artist's pictures. They are "as full of truth as of spirit." Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's *Play in Provence* (Fisher Unwin) is a cheerful and sunshiny chronicle of a holiday tour spent in the country of Mistral, and Daudet, and Zola, and comprises some exceedingly vivid descriptions of Nîmes, Avignon, Tarascon, Arles, and of old places less known to tourists, such as Martigues, and Saintes-Maries, with its quaint feast. Mrs. Pennell's vivacious account of Martigues should of itself set every reader agog for the journey, though there is a world of enticement in Mr. Pennell's brilliant drawings. The artist, indeed, has never done better work than these very clever and sparkling vignettes of Provençal cities. This year's *Art Annual* (*Art Journal*) is devoted to the "Life and Work of Hubert Herkomer, R.A.," of which Mr. W. L. Courtney is the appreciative recorder. This volume is very well illustrated, and contains a full account of the art school at Bushey. Mr. W. E. Cooke's *Haddon Hall Illustrated* (Philip & Son) contains fifty drawings of Dorothy Vernon's house, both within and without, and is a complete representation of its many picturesque features. A charming little gift-book is *At Sundown*, by J. G. Whittier (Longmans & Co.), with delightful illustrations by E. H. Garrett. The poetry is printed on one side of the paper only. The drawings, especially the landscape studies, are extremely pretty. Dr. O. W. Holmes's ballads *Dorothy Q.* and *The Boston Tea-Party* (Gay & Bird), illustrated by Howard Pyle, are among the poet's most characteristic writings, and welcome in any form. As here reproduced, with silver-edged paper and a binding in which silver prevails, they make a very dainty little book. We may also note a new edition of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, with Mr. Hugh Thomson's capital illustrations (Macmillan & Co.).

An old legend is freely adapted in Mr. Owen Wister's romance *The Dragon of Wantley* (Lippincott & Co.), wherein a certain knight plays an unknightly part as a sham dragon. The version, however, is not without humour, despite the spirit of modern pantomime which undoubtedly animates it, and Mr. John Stewardson's illustrations are clever and diverting. The humour of Mr.

A. B. Frost's facetious fables, *The Bull Calf; and other Tales* (Nimmo), is the humour of the American comic papers. It is somewhat primitive, in fact, and we shudder to think of the "tales" apart from Mr. Frost's spirited and amusing drawings. "The Humane Man and the Bull Calf," for example, is scarcely to be read aloud if you wish your audience to "smile any." But with Mr. Frost's racy pictures it is another matter. "Violet's Experience" may serve to illustrate the point. Violet is an untamed mule. Her owner puts up an iron man for her to kick at when tied up in the yard. The result is set forth in the brief dialogue of a nigger and the owner. "Ain' that yo' kicken muel Vi'let?" says the wondering nigger. "Dis yer," replies the other nigger, "my muel Vi'let, but she ain' a kicken mule no mo'! She's done had a 'sperience." To taste the humour of this you must have Mr. Frost's drawing of the dejected mule before you.

Canon Atkinson's *Scenes in Fairyland* (Macmillan & Co.) is an excellent book for thoughtful and imaginative young people. There is a pleasant freshness of fancy in the adventures of Mr. Greenbead and Mary, and in all ways the book may be said to set forth a new and delightful world for the wonder and amusement of children. The illustrations are good. Mr. Frank Stockton's collected tales, *The Clocks of Rondaine; and other Stories* (Sampson Low & Co.), comprise new stories and old. "A Fortunate Opening" is a sea-yarn that shows the author's invention at its best, and the "Christmas Truants" is not less characteristic of his whimsical humour. The story of the bells and clocks of Rondaine has a useful moral. The last story of the volume, "The Great Show of Kobol-Land," we reviewed last year as a separate publication, though no note is appended by the publishers to indicate that it is now reprinted. As it is placed last in the set, readers may be induced to buy what they already possess and do not want. The date "1891" is on the title-page of *For King and Country; or, Kintail Place*, by Jane A. Nutt (Sonnenschein & Co.), a story of the fortunes of a Royalist family during the war in La Vendée. It is a well-imagined story, abounding in incident, and shows a careful and fairly persuasive use of historical material. But we cannot call it a new story, either on the evidence of the title or from our recollection, unless our memory serves us ill, of a story with a similar title, such as "Kintail Place," published, we think, a year or two ago. *Randall Davenant*, by Captain Claude Bray (Warne & Co.), is a tale of the Mahrattas during the romantic years of Clive's career in India. It is a stirring story, full of adventurous episodes, and reveals a careful study of history. Mr. Kirk Munroe, in his rousing story *Cab and Caboose* (Putnam's Sons), tells of a boy's experience on American railroads, and incidentally provides suggestive material for timid travellers who propose to visit the States next year. Rodman Blake, the hero, performs wondrous feats of courage in times of emergency, and is a capital fellow from all points of view. But we share his surprise at hearing of the speed of one hundred miles an hour on American railways. Yet we are assured that by the time the Columbian Exposition is open, that rate of travelling will be achieved by the expresses on "our best stretches of road, such as the Pennsylvania, the Reading, and the New York Central." Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson's *Stories Told in an African Forest* (Sampson Low & Co.) are genuine stories of life at Fort Bodo and other stations of central Africa, and of experiences of Mr. Stanley's exploration party. They are told by "grown-up children of Africa," and are just the kind of stories to entertain all sorts of children. Mr. Walter Buckley's illustrations are capital.

The Doctor of the "Juliet" (Methuen & Co.) is a sea story by Mr. Harry Collingwood, illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, the hero of which is a young and totally inexperienced surgeon, who has the best of luck as befits the hero of a book for boys. He sets sail in a yacht as the medical adviser of the Earl of Exford—the owner—and passes through extraordinary perils with wondrous good spirits. He is carried off by a mutinous crew in the *Juliet* while the noble owner and his friends are enjoying shooting on the island called Saxenburg. He escapes one night, and fortune sends in his way a water-logged vessel, manned by an old seaman and a lovely young lady. This interesting party of three eventually get wrecked on an island off the North Australian coast. Then follows the usual course of events. Jack Hazlewood finds the mysterious skeleton, with the mysterious document referring to buried treasure, and, lastly, the treasure itself. The *Juliet* arrives at the island with her piratical crew, and is regained by Jack through the aid of certain penitent pirates who deplore their wicked life and would better themselves. Mr. Collingwood is a lively story-teller, whom we have known less conventional and more inventive in previous stories than in this. Mr. Lindsay Anderson writes in praise of the Mercantile Marine in the *Story of Allan Gordon* (Chapman & Hall), and well may the mercantile service deserve the author's commendation. Yet there are matters in his story, which is, by the way, a very good story, that seem to us a trifle too rosy-hued and pleasant for curious and inquiring youth to contemplate. *Hearts of Oak*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Shaw & Co.), is a story of the navy and of mighty Nelson, told with excellent spirit. The hero, strange to say, is no cocky Scotch boy, but English by birth, the son of an English officer, with no North British ancestors. Yet he does excellently well on shore and at sea, and is as good a hero as any that Dr. Stables has drawn. *The Robber Baron of Bedford Castle* (Nelson & Sons) is a story of England in the thirteenth century by the Rev. A. J. Foster and E. E. Cuthell. It is a lively story, with a well-laid plot and an effective, if rather stagey, villain, the renowned Sir Fulke de Breauté, who has dispossessed the rightful owner of Bedford Castle. This "disgrace to Knighthood," as he is termed, is somewhat strange of speech at times, like other characters in the story, though it is fair to add the speech is not so archaic as the specimen we give seems to imply:—"Certes, bold miner, meseemeth I have now discovered whence thou gottest that close knowledge of Bedford Castle which stood thee in such good stead at the Council of Northampton." We have also received *Maggie Steele's Diary*, by E. A. Dillwyn (Cassell & Co.), a short story, well told; *Penelope and the Others*, by Amy Walton (Blackie & Son), a homely narrative of the sayings and doings of a party of young country lads and lasses; and *Chris Willoughby*, by Florence E. Burch (Nelson), a "tale for boys," decidedly wholesome in tone, yet somewhat dull in style and matter.

Out of the Fashion, by L. T. Meade (Methuen & Co.), is a pretty story for girls. It begins with a description of a family of four girls, motherless, but with an adored father, who surrounds them with every luxury. At the time the story opens the girls are beginning to be uneasy about unpaid bills, and serious troubles come, from which they are rescued by the good fairy of the story, Miss Jessica Power, an admirably drawn character. There is a pretty love story running through it, though its hero, Mark Danby, is not as interesting as he might be. We may point out that there are several pages missing in the copy of the book sent to us, from 262 to 267. Luckily they do not leave very much to the imagination.

Ida's Secret; or, the Towers of Ickledale, by Agnes Giberne (Shaw & Co.), is a good story well told. It begins with the return to their homes of two young men—Mervyn Stanhope and his faithful friend and servant Jem Collins—who had left as boys to go out in the world together without their people's consent. They come back to find many changes and the necessity of making their lives at home. Mervyn's parents are both dead, his father died when he was quite a child, and his mother during his absence; his sister Ida lives with her grandfather, a morose old man, whose temper makes him difficult to get on with, and who lives with a sin on his conscience, which Ida has found out in a way which makes her believe she is bound in honour to conceal it. What she goes through in consequence, how it all comes right in the end, and how good the other characters in the book are we leave readers to find out.

A Prince of the House of David; or, Thirty Years in the Holy City, by the Rev. J. H. Ingram, LL.D. (Routledge & Sons), is best described from the author's own words in the preface. The book is in the form of letters written by Adina, a Jewish maiden, to her father, in which she portrays "the wondrous events of the three years during which the Saviour of mankind taught in the cities of Judea, as they may have appeared to one who, living in the midst of these great things, relates them in the confidential intercourse of a child with an absent father, adding to the report of each new wonder the reflections such marvellous incidents have excited in an ingenuous and thoughtful mind."

The Siege of Norwich Castle, by M. M. Blake (Seeley & Co.), is another of those favourite stories, of which there seems a greater abundance than ever this Christmas, full of romance based on historical facts; it is a story of the last struggle against the Conqueror, and is quaintly told and full of interest.

Dolly, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Frederick Warne & Co.), is a very pretty love-story, written in Mrs. Burnett's particularly pleasing manner, with delicious touches of humour here and there. If we were to begin to quote from it, we should not know where to stop, and it would spoil the reader's interest, which must be kept up all through. The illustrations by Hal Ludlow add to the attractiveness of the book.

The Harvest of Yesterday, by Emily Sarah Holt (Shaw & Co.), is a tale of the seventeenth century, and interesting in its way. We are told by the author that "the setting of the tale is in the strange and complex time when England set forth on her journey to the land which God would show her, without knowing whither she went." A great deal of the history part of the book is well set forth. *All's Well* (Shaw & Co.) is another

story of Emily Sarah Holt's, and is a tale of the times of Queen Mary. It is more simply told than *The Harvest of Yesterday*, and will interest younger people.

Adrift in a Great City, by M. E. Winchester (Seeley & Co.), is a very pretty story prettily told, and with very good illustrations by C. P. Jacomb-Hood.

The Two Dorothys, by Mrs. Herbert Martin (Blackie & Son), tells of a little girl called Dorothy, one of a large family, who is sent to make a long stay with an Aunt Dorothy (hence the two Dorothys), who is a great trial to her niece, as is her niece to her. Notwithstanding this, the aunt is much displeased when her niece leaves her to help her stepmother look after the children, and is some time "coming round," but she does so at last, and all ends happily. The book is illustrated by Gordon Browne.

Cyril's Promise, by William J. Lacey (T. Nelson & Sons), is a book with a safe moral, though maudlin in parts, as books on the consequences of intemperance and good of total abstinence are apt to be. Why they should be, with such an excellent object in view, we fail to see.

Jack Forrester's Fate, by Catherine Shaw (Shaw & Co.), is a sentimental story, and very improbable.

The bound-up volume of *The Sunday Friend*, edited by the Rev. G. H. Curteis (Mowbray & Co.), contains very nice Sunday reading and interest for children.

SIR C. AITCHISON'S LORD LAWRENCE.*

THE two volumes of Mr. Bosworth Smith and the spirited sketch of Lord Lawrence by Sir R. Temple, in the series of "English Men of Action," might be reasons for holding another memoir of the Civilian-Viceroy to be superfluous. But Sir William Hunter's list would have been manifestly incomplete had it not included Lawrence. Readers who are invited to learn something about a dashing Portuguese adventurer and a dimly-seen Buddhist monarch may surely give a few hours to the two hundred pages in which the early training of the district officer, the action of the Chief Commissioner before and during the Mutiny, and the consolidation of the Empire by the same man as Viceroy, are succinctly told. No much better chronicler than Sir Charles Aitchison could have been found. His early service was passed in the Panjab. He was Under-Secretary in the Foreign Department, and for a short time Secretary in the same office, during Lord Lawrence's reign; and he ended his career as Lieutenant-Governor of that very province which Lawrence had been instrumental in converting from a perpetual source of danger into an element of solid strength. Sir Charles, like his former chief, has learnt the art of compression. No subject of importance has been entirely omitted. And while there has been a full acknowledgment of the labours of Mr. Bosworth Smith and others, the events in which Lawrence took part are related with a distinctness, a due sense of their relative importance, and a technical and departmental knowledge which renders searching criticism unnecessary. One or two slight defects may be noticed. In p. 70 we are told that in 1856 Lawrence went down to Calcutta to bid farewell to Lord Dalhousie, and to be informed of the "well-earned honour of knighthood proposed for him." It should have been added that this honour was a Knight Commandership of the Bath. Lord Dalhousie would never have recommended, nor would Lawrence have accepted, that wonderful distinction which is conferred on railway Superintendents and provincial Mayors. At p. 22 there is a lively sketch of Calcutta about the year 1830, and we are told of its putrid drinking-water, its bubbling sewage, its half-burned corpses floating down the river, all of which ought by rights to have made the City of Palaces a graveyard. Yet it is perfectly certain that in that year and for many a long day afterwards Englishmen of every profession, judges, bankers, barristers, secretaries, merchants, lived and worked, rode and read, without being decimated, without any hill sanatorium to resort to, and with no more change of air than could be attained by a fortnight's trip on the Ganges or a week's tossing in a pilot brig in the Bay of Bengal. The picture is as onesided as that of the India which, beyond "a tiger or two and a little heat in the middle of the day," had nothing disagreeable about it. There is also, we think, an unintentional exaggeration in the phrase which describes the famine in the Lower Provinces, or, more correctly, the Orissa famine of 1865-6, as one which "in magnitude had not been seen for nearly a century." That disaster was limited to three districts of the Province of Orissa and to a part of Midnapur. Elsewhere—in Central Bengal, for instance—there was, no doubt, scarcity and some suffering. But we must hold that the earlier visitations of 1837 and even of 1860, in the Upper Provinces, were more severely felt over a larger area by a more numerous population. The severity of Indian famines has recently been measured by the public attention and sympathy which they excite.

In his brief account of Lawrence's early life in the Delhi Division, stress is laid on the practical knowledge of the village population necessarily acquired by a district officer engaged in tracking crime, quelling or preventing disturbances, holding an even balance between rival factions, and fixing the assessment of the Revenue at a rate which the agriculturist and the village community can afford to pay. John Lawrence, at the Station or in camp during the cold season, was always ready to hear every complaint, to mount his horse and visit the spot where a murder or a robbery had taken place, to look closely into the work of his native subordinates with their rods and their measuring chains, to joke with the young, to be patient with the long-winded tales of the greybeards, to give medicine to the sick, rebuke to the village tyrant, comfort to the starving, and generally to appear to all classes as the embodiment of a just, a conciliatory, but an irresistible power. We trust that the opinion of the author that "this class of district officer is as extinct as the mastodon or the megalosaurus" is not to be taken in a strict and literal sense.

Very possibly the modern system of governing India is "elaborate" and "highly organized." But we cannot conceive of any successful system in any Indian province which, even now, can be successfully worked by district officers, be they magistrates, collectors, or judges, who are out of touch with the villagers, and whose official knowledge is limited to musty circulars and precedents. There is yet plenty of room, in spite of the patronizing advice of Baboos who can only talk, and the spread of municipalities that, as we have just been told, by no means answer the expectations of their authors, for the guidance and control of men who have not quite discarded the traditions of the Dalhousie and Lawrence school.

All Anglo-Indians know, and all Englishmen ought to remember, how Lawrence, after furlough and marriage, was selected by Lord Hardinge to be the Commissioner of the neat slice of territory annexed at the close of the first Sikh War, and entitled the Jalandhar Doab. Here the simple district officer expanded into the monitor and guide of a very able set of men. His subordinates were warned, in language which no one could mistake, to make their assessments light. Rajputs were told that they must not let widows burn, nor infant daughters die untimely deaths. The selection of John Lawrence to be Member of the Board of Lahore, after the final overthrow of the Sikh army and the cession of the Panjab, was the natural outcome of his excellent administration of the Trans-Sutlej Province between 1846 and 1849. The work done by Lawrence and his colleagues in the Five Rivers has been told by many pens; generally in terms of just admiration, and occasionally with reluctant and extorted praise. But when every allowance has been made for the exceptional and favourable circumstances under which this pacification was carried out—for the picked men, for the lessons of failure and success derived from a century of conquests in India, for the character of the people, for the vigilant and generous countenance of Lord Dalhousie—it may be fairly asked if any more wonderful transformation has ever taken place in any period of ancient or modern history.

The pacification of the Panjab is a work which entitled Lawrence and his colleagues to the thanks and rewards which officialdom can bestow. By his conduct in the Mutiny he earned the admiration and respect of his countrymen of all classes. We shall not repeat a story which has been told in histories, personal adventures, Blue-books, diaries, and memoirs, and which is compressed into fifty pages by Sir C. Aitchison; but to two or three points attention must be drawn. The first vigorous attempt to check rebellion was the disarmament of the three thousand Sepoys at Lahore by four hundred European infantry and twelve guns. Lawrence was then away—not at Murri in the hills, as it has been elsewhere incorrectly stated, but at Rawul Pindi in the plains—but he was the first to recognize the tact and energy shown by Sir R. Montgomery and the General in command. This one vigorous act on the part of his subordinates only nerved Lawrence to greater personal exertions. While he was watching the suspects, encouraging loyalty, raising new levies, collecting funds, availing himself of the services of chiefs like Pattiala and Jhind, stripping his own province of every available soldier for the recapture of Delhi, everything in the Panjab went on as in the time of profound peace and prosperity. Martial law was never proclaimed, though open mutiny was met by stern and severe measures of retribution. Every man was at his post, and over them was the Consul who

galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni gente laborat.

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* *Rulers of India—Lord Lawrence.* By Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

On one or two incidents of this period there ought to be no further misapprehension, and here Sir Charles Aitchison gives no uncertain sound. Herbert Edwardes, a very gallant and able officer, administrator as well as soldier, entirely mistook the position of affairs when he recommended, as a last resource, the abandonment of Delhi in preference to the relinquishment of Peshawur. On the capture of that city hung the fate of the Empire. Both before and after that event every sort of vicissitude was experienced in many provinces. There were episodes of heroism, of disaster, of feebleness, of success snatched out of apparent defeat, of triumphs won against overwhelming numbers and all calculation. But many a failure might have been converted into success, and some posts which were held might have been lost, without either case proving decisive in the long and unequal contest. Every man in India, loyal or seditious, Englishman or native, Prince or merchant, looked to Delhi. As long as that city was held by the Sepoys no one could guarantee that more evil was not before us in the most remote and peaceful provinces. When it fell, in September 1857, there was a universal relief; and although other places had to be reduced or preserved, and ample room was still left for splendid displays of endurance, strategy, and *derring-do*, the capture of the Imperial city was to all intents the downfall of mutinous hopes and the restoration of British supremacy. To find a parallel, we must go back to the days of which the English historian states that "the fidelity of the allies of Rome which had not been shaken by the defeat of Thrasymenus, could not resist the fiery trial of Cannae"; and yet Arnold is enabled to declare his conviction that, "if panic had, for one moment, unnerved the iron courage of the Roman aristocracy, in the next their inborn spirit revived, and their resolute will, striving beyond its present power, created, as is the law of our nature, the power which it required." Livy, describing that greatest of Roman defeats, puts into the mouth of a noble Roman language which exactly fits the action of Lawrence two thousand years afterwards:—"Negat consilii rem esse Scipio juvenis, fatalis dux hujusce belli. Audendum atque agendum, non consultandum, ait, in tanto malo esse. Irent extemplo armati, qui rem publicam salvam vellent."

The treatment of the Empire by the Viceroy is obviously less attractive than the resolution which stemmed the tide of the Mutiny. It was not to be expected that the field of civil administration would present similar opportunities for vigorous self-assertion. There can be hardly two views about measures which helped a commander to recapture a stronghold and recover a kingdom. There may always be a diversity of opinion as to the necessity and the result of civil reforms. Lawrence found it easier to keep Pathans and Sikhs to their allegiance than to persuade colleagues to adopt his financial and legislative plans. Lord Sandhurst, Sir Henry Durand, Sir William Grey, and even Sir Henry Maine, were not at once converted. But the outcome of opposition and discussion was much useful and permanent work. Steps were taken towards the decentralization of finance, a measure to be much more fully developed by Lord Mayo. Plans were entertained for the extension of railways and canals. Better accommodation was provided for that very necessary but very costly article, the English soldier. The native army was reduced to reasonable limits. Big questions relating to revenue, rent, proprietary rights in land, and what, in short, in a loose way might be termed the three Fs, were taken up, discussed, and settled by the dogged determination and practical knowledge which the former district officer and Commissioner had brought with him to Council. It may be doubted whether any purely English statesman, whatever his capacity and training, could have passed Lord Lawrence's Acts dealing with these thorny questions in Oudh and the Panjab. Into controversial matters arising out of the Orissa famine and the wild commercial mania at Bombay we need not enter. Sir Charles Aitchison could not have passed these over in silence, nor have said less than he has done. There would have been less suffering in Bengal and no great financial disaster in the Western capital had due attention been paid to the Viceroy's warnings and calls for information.

The Afghan controversy is disposed of by Sir Charles with firmness, in temperate language, and without harsh epithets towards opponents. He is warranted by his own intimate knowledge in crediting Lord Mayo and Lord Lawrence with identity of policy. And it is clear to us that the surviving friends and subordinates of the latter statesman may now boldly assert that to strengthen the North-West frontier of India, to avoid foreign complications and premature forward movements, and to have nothing to say to treaties to be observed by one party and be disregarded by the other, is just what would have been sanctioned by their former chief. A despatch written by the orders of Lord Lawrence at the close of his administration, and instinct with his whole spirit, is quoted in this Memoir; and it would be difficult to detect a flaw in its reasoning or a sentence at variance with the decision of the late or the present Government.

We get glimpses of the mode of conducting business and the domestic and private life. Nothing could be purer than Lawrence's home or more enduring than his friendship. Few statesmen were better judges of character, and nothing again could be more pithy, decisive, and vigorous than his written minutes and his pencilled notes. At the meeting at the Mansion House held to do him honour after his decease his character was described by a speaker following Lord Derby as "rugged perhaps in some of its outlines, but one which flattery never deceived, over which sophistry won no triumph, and which no amount of rewards or honours, conferred either by the favour of the Sovereign or the gratitude of the community, could alter, degrade, or spoil." It is pleasant to reflect that another tribute to his services and character, expressing the general feeling of India, came from the pen of the late Lord Lytton.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ARTHUR CHUQUET is less well known than most of the writers who have undertaken volumes of the *Grands écrivains français* (1), but he has received or chosen in Rousseau one of the most difficult tasks of the series. In one way, it is almost impossible to say anything new about Rousseau; in another, there is always something new being said. Only the other day, for instance, the publication of M. Henri de Rothschild's autographs of the correspondence of Jean-Jacques with the Boy de la Tour family added something, if not very much, to our positive knowledge. The patient industry of divers Swiss biographers has taken a good deal out of the romance of the Mme. de Warens story; though we rejoice to see that the common conscience of mankind recoils from obeying the ruthless one who insisted that we should call her Mme. de "Vuarrens." It has become abundantly clear—though but ten years ago it was thought unnecessary scepticism to hold the view—that the *Confessions* are simply, as M. Chuquet calls them, *un roman*—a romance founded on fact, no doubt, and always more or less true subjectively, but to be received with the utmost caution in regard to the order and the details of the history. Alas! even the romance of the Charmettes has gone, and it is clearly demonstrated that it was not there, if anywhere, that sensibility can regard him and his *maman* with palpitating heart. On the other hand, Rousseau, except for a few dullards or malcontents, is definitely "placed" both as man and man of letters. You cannot get out of the fact that, on one side of him, as some one here quoted pithily remarks, "il avait été laquais et en gardait quelque chose"; you need spend very little pains to show that, on another, he was a great genius and a great man of letters. *Que faire*, then, in a series-book of not quite two hundred pages about him? We were, during the process of reading M. Chuquet's book, in two minds about the wisdom of what he has chosen to do; but, on the whole, we have come to the conclusion that it is very well done. M. Chuquet has not often argued a point, and has scarcely ever indicated an authority; he does not indulge much in regular criticism. But he has gone over the life and the works in a quaint conversational way—rather like a series of easy lectures than a book—first putting together what, from the multifarious sources, seems to him to be most noteworthy in the Life (which occupies some seventy pages), and then passing in a similar cursory review the most remarkable of the works. The whole book has, as we have hinted, the characteristics rather of spoken than of written style; and when it is first read there may seem to be about it something a little offhand and peremptory. One gets accustomed to this, however, and the final and total impression is decidedly favourable. The chapter on the *Nouvelle Héloïse* is, we think, the best thing we have read on that very variously judged book; and the indication of the main points in the famous *Discours* of 1750 is very acute and competent. It is necessary to have read a great deal of Rousseau literature to be aware how much knowledge M. Chuquet has put together in a cursory and unpretentious manner; and we fear we must add that those who have read most Rousseau literature will be most agreeably surprised at the good sense with which he refuses to be blinded either by the foibles of the man to the genius of the man of letters, or *vice versâ*.

Although one of the Huets established himself in England and died here a year or two before Waterloo, it may probably surprise Englishmen who are not specialists to see one of the stoutest and most richly illustrated volumes of the *Artistes*

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Rousseau.* Par Arthur Chuquet. Paris: Hachette.

célèbres (2) Series devoted to names so little famous. We say "names," because M. Gabillot has thought proper to devote a chapter to the three sons of Jean-Baptiste Huet—respectable delineators of plants and animals for the most part, the youngest of whom died no longer ago than 1852. M. Gabillot, however, might, and probably would, reply that it was precisely because his subject is not much known that he had to say so much about him and produce so many specimens. There were, in fact, two men in Huet *père*. The one was a pupil of Boucher, who persistently painted pastorals, allegorical pieces, conversation pieces, and the like, in the style of his master, but with no very great merits of drawing, and still fewer of composition and colour. The other was an animal-painter who painted and, still more, drew animals with such astonishing vigour, fidelity, and freedom from undue convention that really M. Gabillot is justified by his specimens in putting him second, if second, to Barye, alone among French artists in this department. When one looks at things such as "Les compliments du jour de l'an" and "Les présents du jour de l'an," one wonders at the perennial fancy of mankind for seeing trivial and utterly uninteresting subjects handled with neatness, despatch, and no other virtue whatever. When one looks at such things as "L'été" one says "Pretty enough, very pretty; but most decidedly *not* inevitable enough"—a sentence which applies to "Portrait de femme," though that is not at all contemptible. But look at his studies and finished pictures of lions, rams, birds, wolves (he knew the wolf as, perhaps, hardly any other painter has known him), and there will be no more grumbling or patronizing.

M. Edmé Champion is one of those well-intentioned, but rather unwise, critics who are just too perspicacious to see no fault in their idols, but cannot see one in them without instantly trying to plaster it over with excuses. The proceeding is always somewhat inept, but we can hardly conceive a worse subject for it than Voltaire (3). His measure surely has been taken long ago by all real critics. They know him to have been a man of immense ability and versatility, of great though unequal knowledge, of a really kindly nature, but hopelessly *borné* and prejudiced in certain ways, as vain as a peacock, and as mischievous as a monkey—a man who did at least as much harm as he did good, who had no historic sense, and very limited literary appreciation. And they are content with these facts. M. Edmé Champion is not content with the facts, but goes about to bedeck and bedrape the uglier ones among them with the queerest excuses and "you're anothers." "Did Voltaire do injustice to the middle ages?" Perhaps a little, but so did Fleury and Fénelon, those orthodox men. He does not speak well of the Papal policy in Italy; but "il reste à cet égard bien loin de Machiavel." (Really M. Champion must have been driven hard here.) He was no more a Voltairian than Wilkes was a Wilkite. If he spoke evil of Shakspeare, so does M. Jules Lemaître (Voltaire, let us observe, could read English). Is not *Candide* dreadfully pessimist? Well, perhaps not so very. Has he blasphemed democracy? (We wish he had never done anything worse.) Well, hardly ever; and he has said some quite nice things about it. It is touching to see such fidelity, but we very much fear that, if M. de Voltaire himself is reading the book now somewhere, his face must wear almost as diabolic a sneer as that which some portraits very unjustly attribute to him in the flesh.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE story of Charles Knight's life and labours—*Charles Knight: a Sketch*, by his granddaughter, Alice A. Clowes (Bentley & Son)—is practically the story of the origin and development of cheap books and popular literature. Charles Knight was identified with the movement—partly educational, partly philanthropic—which led to the formation by Brougham and others of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. When there were no cheap books of any kind he was engaged, as a youth, in planning a remedy for the want. He had, as it were, to create the demand by making the supply; for when cheap books were not the public was virtually non-existent, or had to be discovered. Now that "good reading," as the writer of this memoir remarks, "is within the reach of the poorest," it requires something of an imaginative exercise to realize the conditions in which Charles Knight set himself to work. Probably there are very few among the millions for whose reading cheap reprints of the chief works in English literature are now continually issued who have any but the haziest notion of the difficulties that beset Charles Knight. The cost of production in the days of the Paper-duty and the Newspaper-stamp might seem to render the idea of cheap literature an impossibility. Charles Knight lived to see the repeal of these taxes on knowledge, as they were called, and the enormous impulse that was thus given to the publication of cheap literature in serial form. His remarkable enterprises, however, were carried out in the face of these obstacles; and the most vaunted productions of latter days, when there was no risk whatever incurred by publishers, cannot be compared with the boldness and extent of Charles Knight's undertakings. The cheapness of a cheap book in the 'thirties was relatively greater than that of our cheap "libraries" of to-day. These and other comparative points are clearly suggested in the present volume, which includes many letters, mostly of a congratulatory nature, from eminent persons, and an interesting sketch of the elder Charles Knight of Windsor and his publishing relations with Canning and Frere in connexion with the *Microcosm*.

The title of Mr. Grant Allen's collected magazine essays, *Science in Arcady* (Lawrence & Bullen), will suggest to some minds a repellent incongruity. What has Science to do with Arcady? It is like the bull in the china-shop. But these apprehensions will be speedily allayed by reading the present volume. It is the man of science in Arcady whom Mr. Grant Allen would present in these pleasant and various meditations. Agreeable indeed is it to think of the man of science, fled from the press to the hills and meadows, intent on nature and the study of nature, in a poetic mood, softly murmuring to the music of the streamlet's fall "When daisies pied and violets blue." It is a picture as pretty as it is rare. It is true that Mr. Allen, when he invites us under "The Greenwood Tree," has a good deal to say about the "mysterious chlorophyll," and calls aloud, as to a brother scientist, not an Arcadian, to "cut down that British oak with your Gladstonian axe," and is in other ways deplorably unarcadian. But this, all this, is in the pleasing style of instructive illustration, and the Forest of Arden had, we know, very strange visitants.

Dr. Charles Abbott's studies of wild nature in New England and New Mexico—*Recent Rambles; or, in Touch with Nature* (Lippincott & Co.)—are mostly written in accord with the poetic sentiment "The world is too much with us." The writer shows in these sketches of bird-life in woods and on riverside that he has seen not a little in Nature that is his. He is an observer of considerable individuality, refusing to see things through the visual organs of others. He has taken note, by the way, of a little difference between his observation of birds in the rain and the conclusions of Mr. John Burroughs. Dr. Abbott says there is no doubt that birds are disabled temporarily by getting thoroughly wet. Mr. Burroughs declares there is no danger for them in a storm of rain. The question is one that might have engaged the curious and methodical inquiry of Gilbert White. Everything, we should say, depends upon the continuance and violence of the rain and the condition of the bird. Dr. Abbott records the utter disablement, for a time, of redstarts by "a sudden dash of rain," such as are called "lashings" of rain. So helpless were these usually nimble birds that he captured one, and saw another seized by a squirrel. Dr. Abbott's book is charmingly illustrated from photographs. One of his studies deals with an old vagabond—using the term in its literal sense—who had taken up "Thoreau's plan," with improvements of his own, and found it did not pay. This victim of Thoreau, as he is called, is a sad illustration of the influence of the philosopher of Walden. He would not beg, and to dig he was ashamed. He sat still, on a log mostly, gazing at a frog, as if he were the subject of the ode in *Pickwick*.

It cannot be due to any narrowness of selection that the experiment attempted by the series of volumes of "International Humour" is less productive of piquant international comparisons than might have been expected. The humour, as presented in these translated extracts, is strangely satisfying and all of one kind. Yet the *Humour of France*, by Elizabeth Lee (Scott), ranges from the *Fabliaux* and Rabelais even unto humourists so diverse as Daudet and Henri-Frédéric Amiel. That of *Germany*, by Hans Müller-Casenor (Scott), is not less liberal in selection, and if "the scanning of a broad field" is, in truth, the only means by which "a general idea of a nation's humour" may be obtained, nothing could be more convincing than this volume. Mr. A. Werner, who is charged with the delicate task of translating *The Humour of Italy* (Scott), begins with Boccaccio and Ariosto and ends with the shrewd jests of the modern newspaper. Altogether, this book is likely to leave the English reader convinced, with Mr. J. A. Symonds, that Italian humour died with Ariosto. There are good things in the volume, such as the extracts from Verga and Pratesi, among the moderns, but humour is decidedly not the animating spirit of them.

For young entomologists who are collectors and field natural-

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—Les Huet.* Par G. Gabillot. Paris: Allison.

(3) *Voltaire—Etudes critiques.* Par Edmé Champion. Paris: Flammarion.

ists, the introductory illustrated handbook by Messrs. A. W. Kappel, F.Z.S., and A. Egmont Kirby, *Beetles, Butterflies, Moths, and other Insects* (Cassell & Co.), should prove a valuable companion and guide. It supplies practical directions as to the collection and preservation of insects and their arrangement in the cabinet, with useful notes on their habits and haunts. The descriptions of the specimens figured in the coloured drawings are clear and brief, while the characteristics of the various orders are not less admirably set forth. The illustrations, comprising over one hundred and sixty examples, will greatly assist the collector in identifying his spoils.

Mr. A. E. W. Marsh, in *Holiday Rambles in Madeira* (Sampson Low & Co.), writes of Madeira as if it were a little-known island, and he is tempted to spread the knowledge of it by describing his own experience of a recent sojourn. Invalids, no doubt, do not flock to Madeira as they once did when the climate was not less renowned than the wine. Many people go there in the course of the year who see Funchal and do not see Madeira. Mr. Marsh saw the island in a more leisurely fashion, and enjoyed the country and climate thoroughly, as his bright account of his rambles suffices to show. Hence his eagerness to demonstrate to others the existence of "a new place," within a few days' voyage of England, that is full of delights. His book is prettily illustrated from photographs that give an excellent impression of the scenery.

We have also received *British Fungus-Flora*, by George Massee, a classified Text-book of Mycology, Vol. I. (Bell & Sons); *The Dawn of the English Reformation*, by Henry Worsley, M.A., cheaper edition (Elliot Stock); *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., third series (Macmillan & Co.); *The Ethics of Aristotle*, translated, with analysis and notes, by J. E. C. Welldon, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Land Nationalization*, by Harold Cox, B.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Great Indian Religions*, by G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Theory and Analysis of Ornament*, by François Louis Schauermann (Sampson Low & Co.), with illustrations; *The Chemistry of Life and Health*, by C. W. Kimmins, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Prayer-Meeting Theology*, a dialogue, by E. J. Morris (Putnam's Sons); *Unalism: or, New yet Old Christianity*, by Unitas, M.A. (Elliot Stock); *Hindustani Idioms and Vocabulary*, by Colonel A. N. Phillips (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, by Leon Kellner (Macmillan & Co.); *The Algebra of Coplanar Vectors and Trigonometry*, by R. Baldwin Hayward, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Geometrical Drawing*, by A. J. Pressland, M.A. (Percival & Co.); *Practical Physics*, an introductory handbook for the laboratory, by Professor W. F. Barrett and W. Brown (Percival & Co.); *Naked-Eyed Botany*, an elementary text-book, by F. E. Kitchener, M.A.; (Percival & Co.); *An Introduction to French Prose Composition*, by Professor A. L. Meissner (Percival & Co.); *A German Historical Reading-Book*, a capital selection from Schiller, Ranke, Freytag, and others, with notes by H. S. Beresford-Webb (Percival & Co.); an extract from M. Villemain's *Souvenirs des Cent Jours*, edited, with notes, by Granville Sharp, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); Virgil's *Georgics*, Books III. and IV., edited by C. S. Jerram, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *An Academic Sketch*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., being the Romanes Lecture, 1892 (Frowde); *The Works of Xenophon*, translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A., in four volumes (Macmillan & Co.); *The Great Disclosure* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Religion of Life*, Addresses by the Rev. M. R. Neligan, M.A. (Skeffington & Co.); and *Mohammedanism*, by G. T. Bettany, M.A., illustrated (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.)

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